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VOLUME XI.

JULY, 1899, TO DECEMBER, 1899

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G. O. SHIELDS (Coquina), Editor and Manager

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NEW YORK
23 WEST TWENTY-FOURTH STREET
1899

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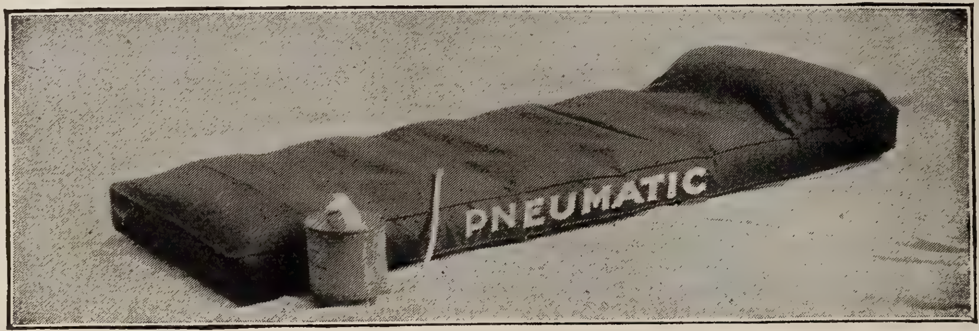

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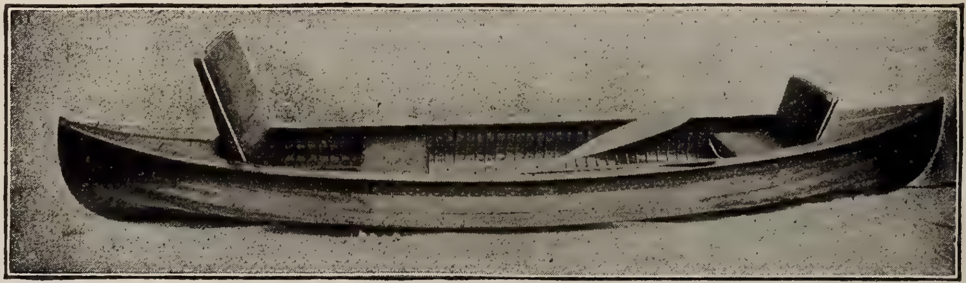

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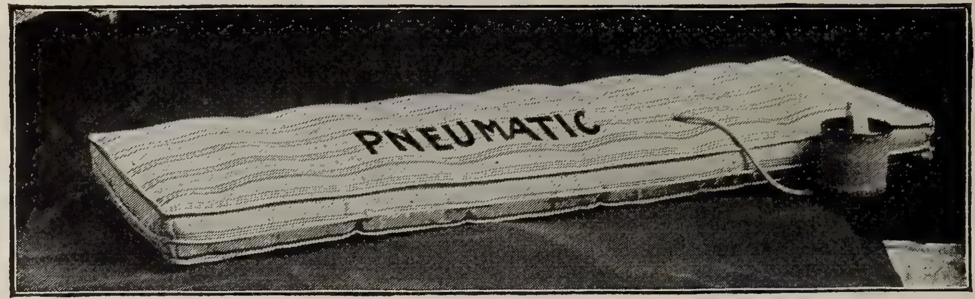

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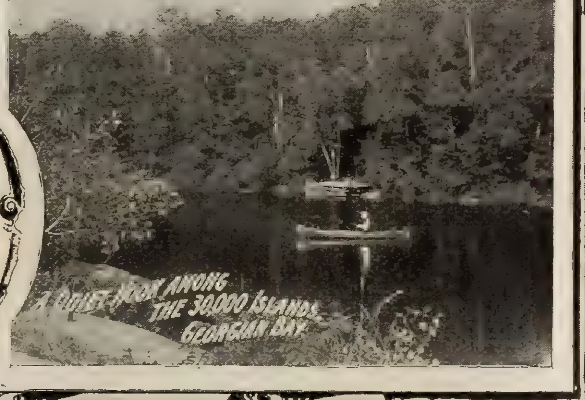

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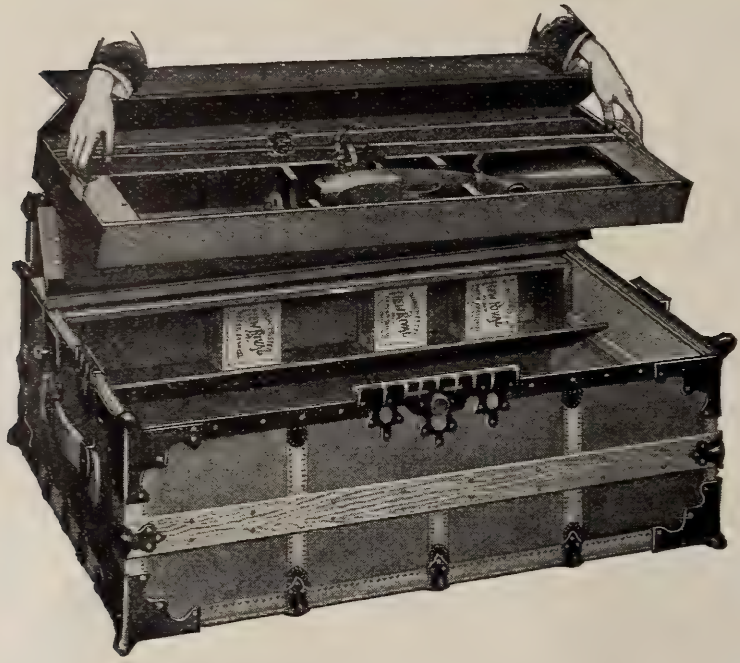

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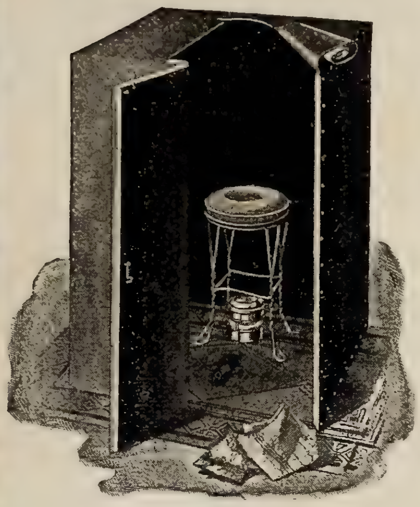

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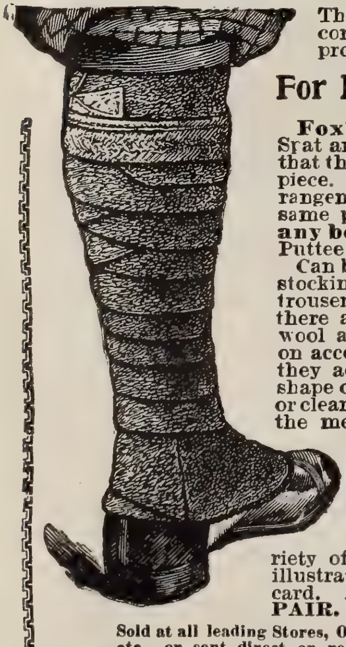

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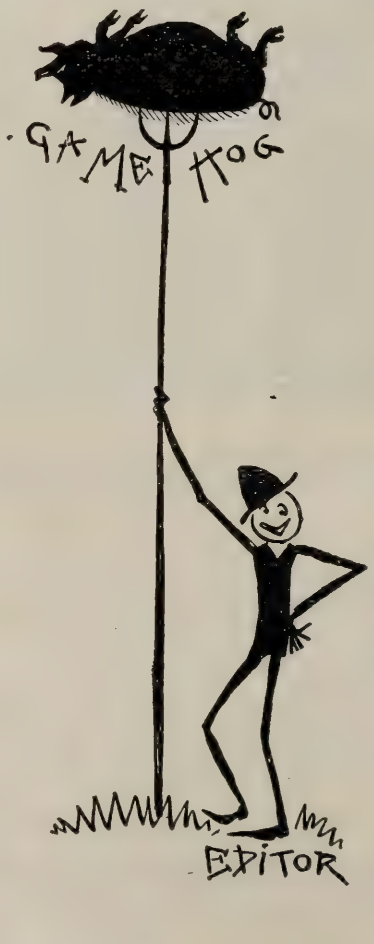

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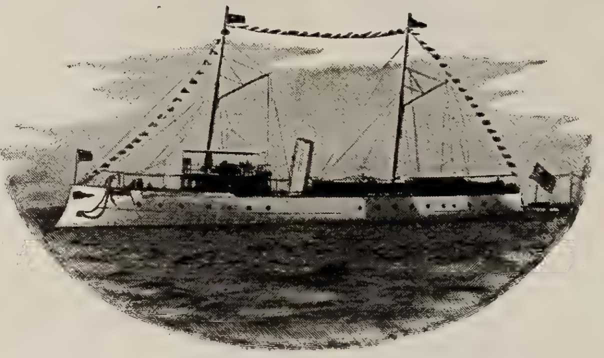

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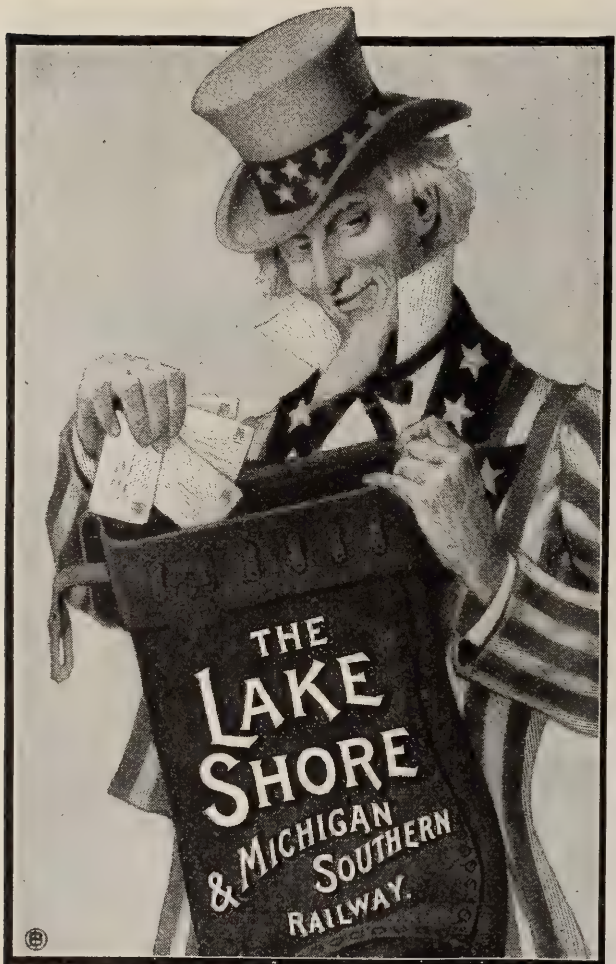

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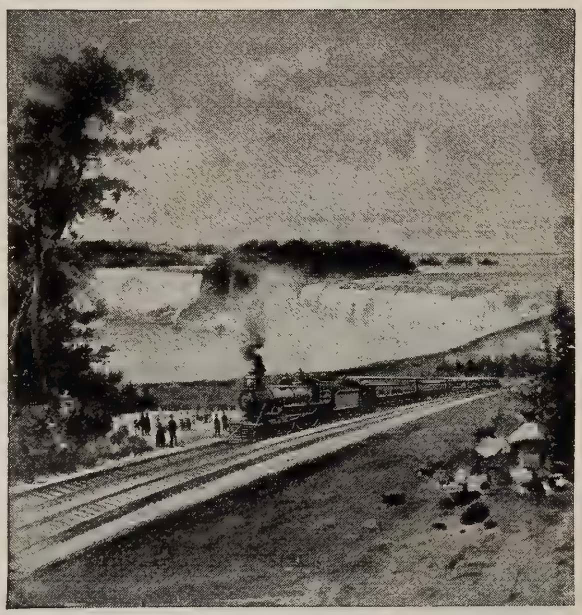

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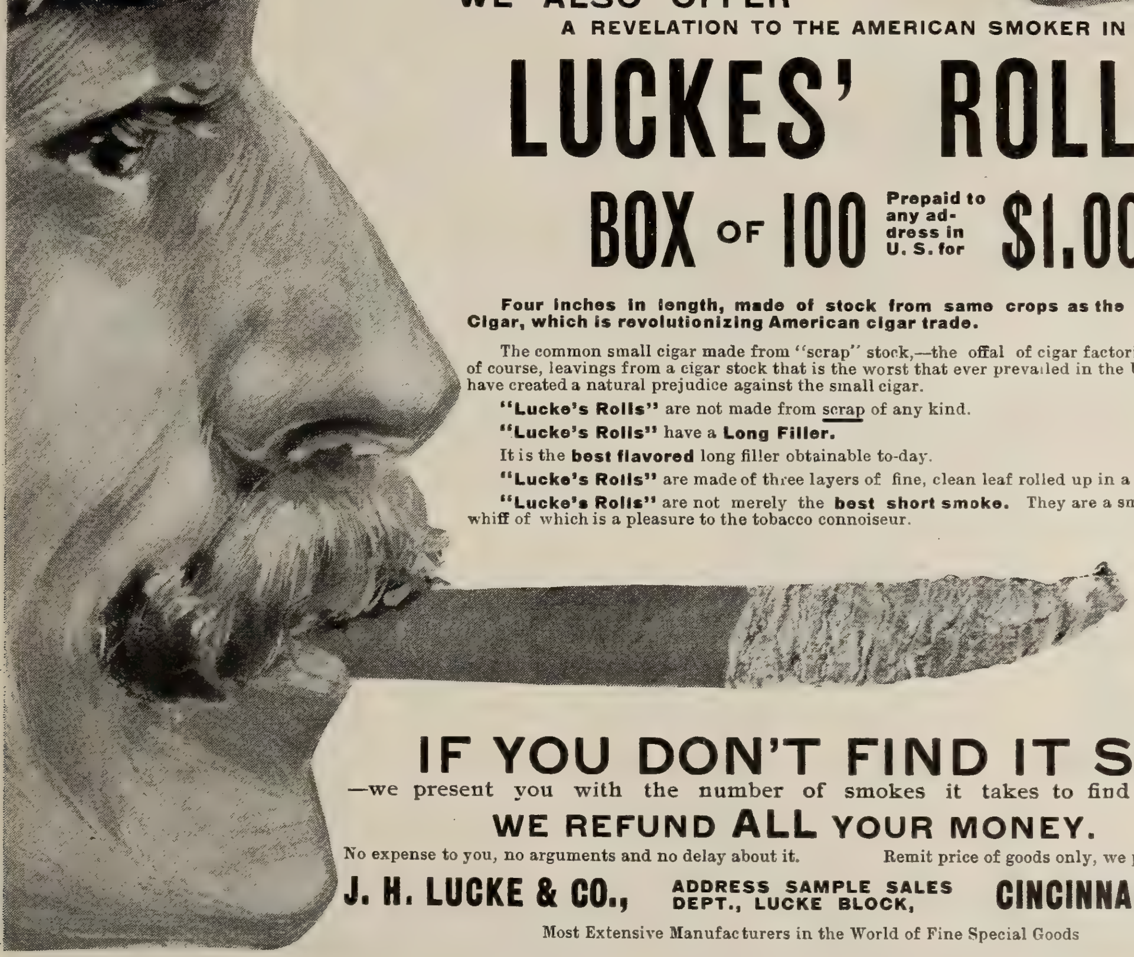

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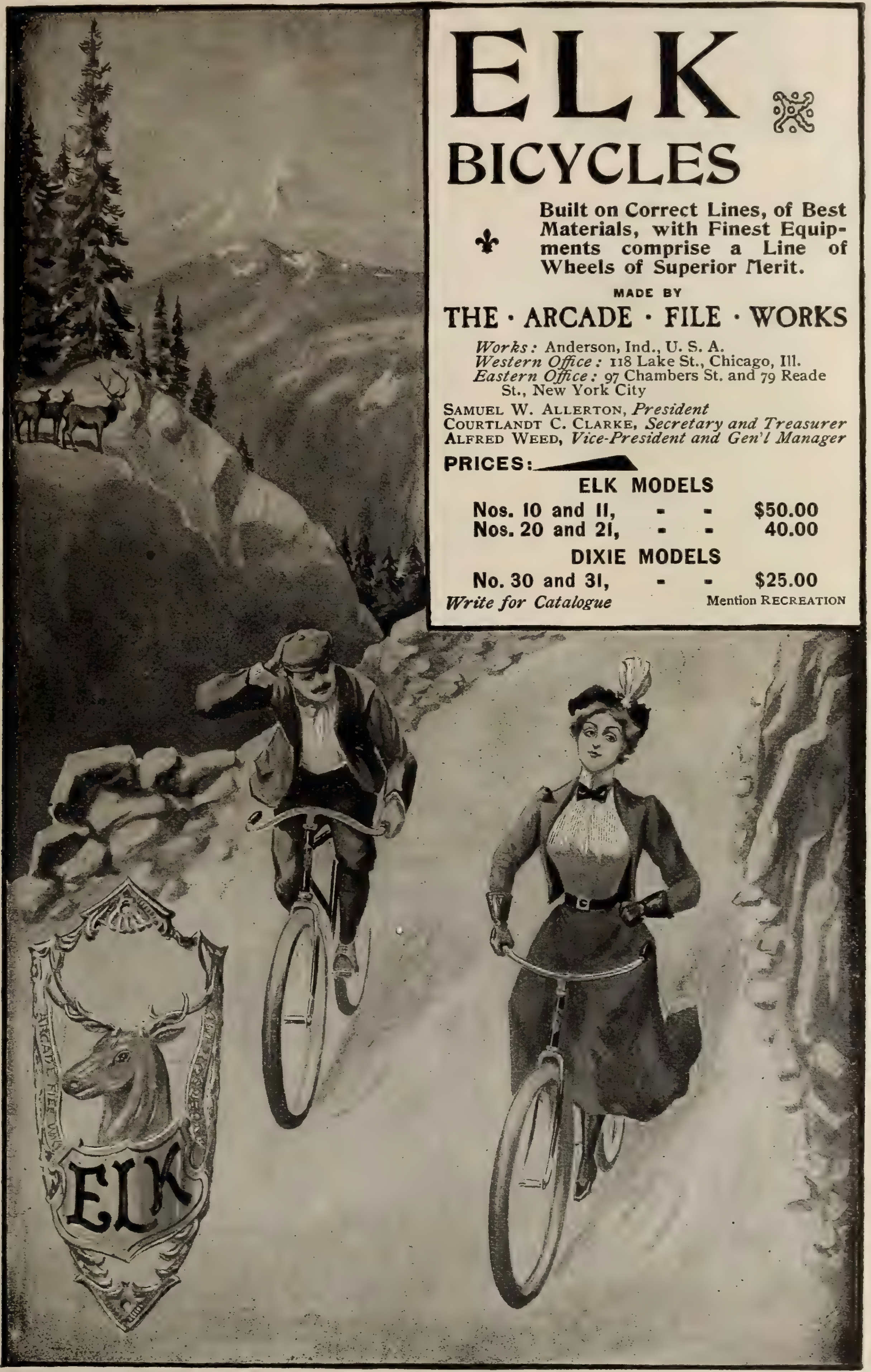

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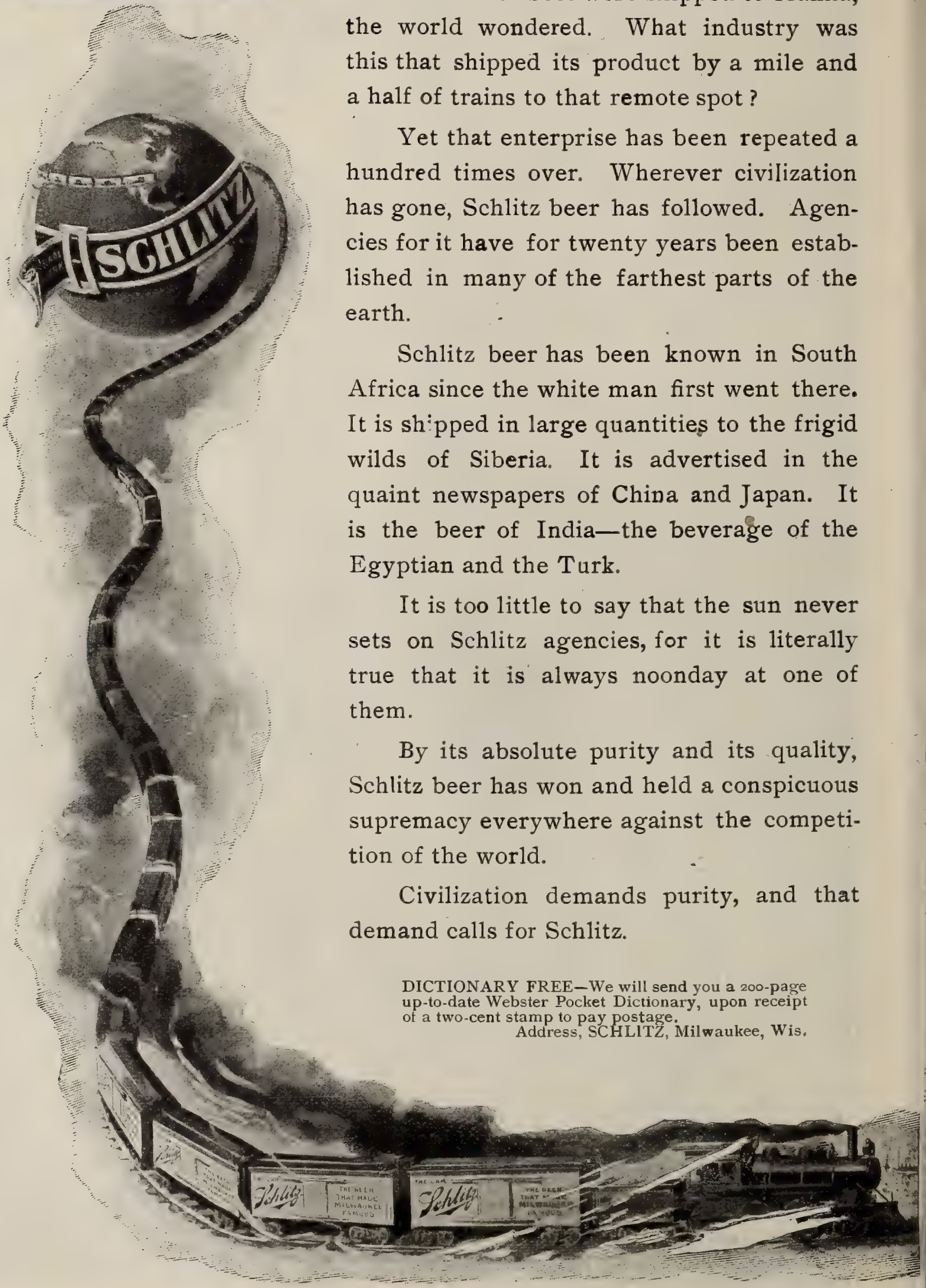
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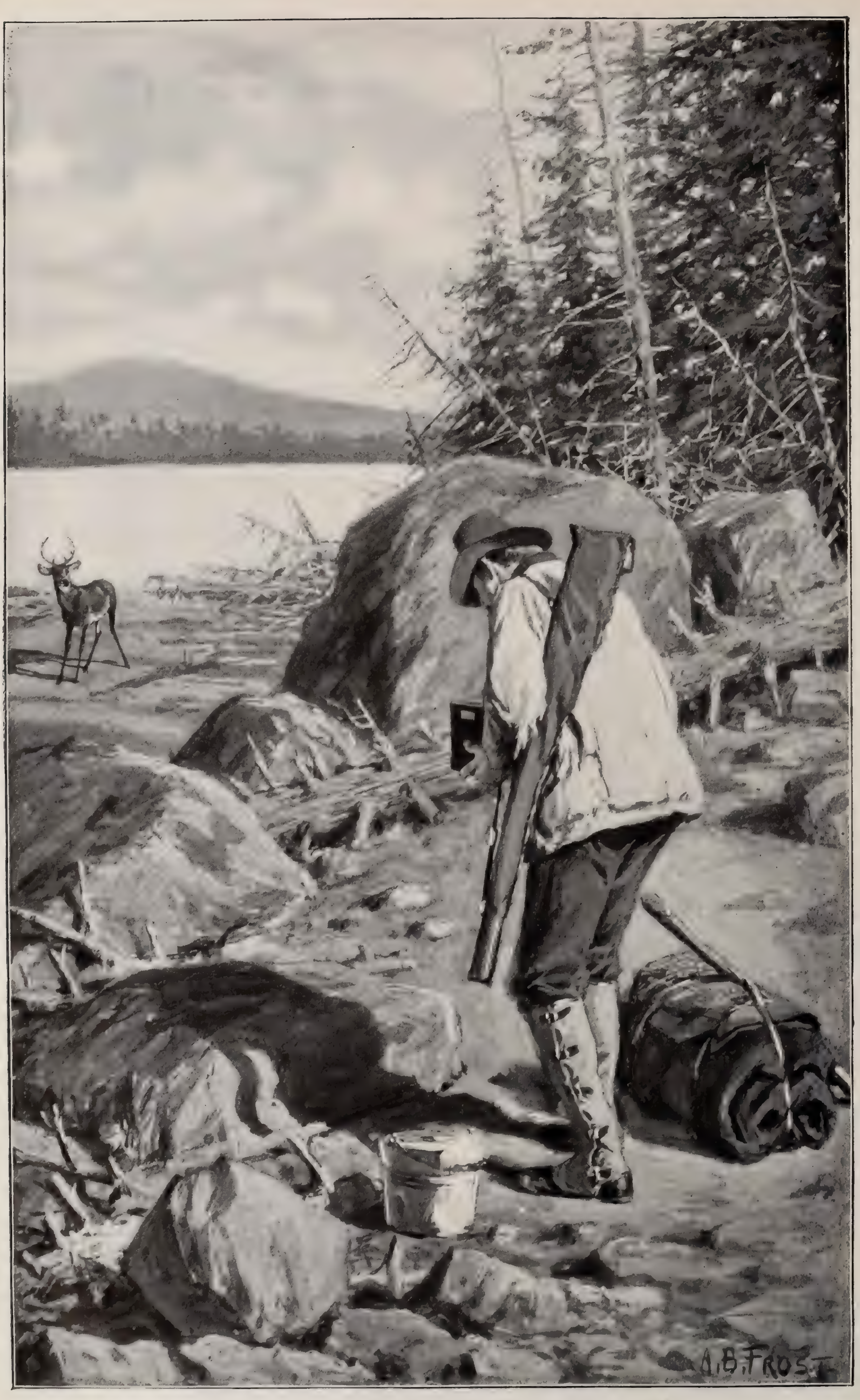


A MEETING ON THE PORTAGE.
The gun was not ready but the camera was.

RECREATION

Volume XI. JULY, 1899. Number 1.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

A "LION" HUNT IN COLORADO.

C. A. DEANE.

In the summer of 1866 I was with a party of government surveyors in Southern Colorado. Just as we had finished work one day an animal, scared out of a ravine that we were crossing, took refuge in a large cottonwood tree. In our party was a young man who had a penchant for procuring the skins of birds and animals, for mounting.

The cry from one of the party that the beast in the tree was a mountain lion was enough to enlist Deane's earnest effort to secure its hide, and we agreed to wait while he went for a gun to the nearest ranch, 2 miles distant. He was urged to make all haste as the lion might come down and make trouble for its besiegers.

Deane left on the jump, and as he dashed down the bluff, in plain sight of the ranchman, who, with his wife and 2 children were working in a cornfield near his cabin, they stampeded for shelter, and the way they went over the corn hills, each with a child on his back, would have shamed an antelope.

Arriving at the cabin Deane found the ranchman with his gun ready for business, his wife pale with fright, and the children howling like a young cyclone.

"Where are they?" he demanded.

"He's up a tree?"

"What's up a tree?"

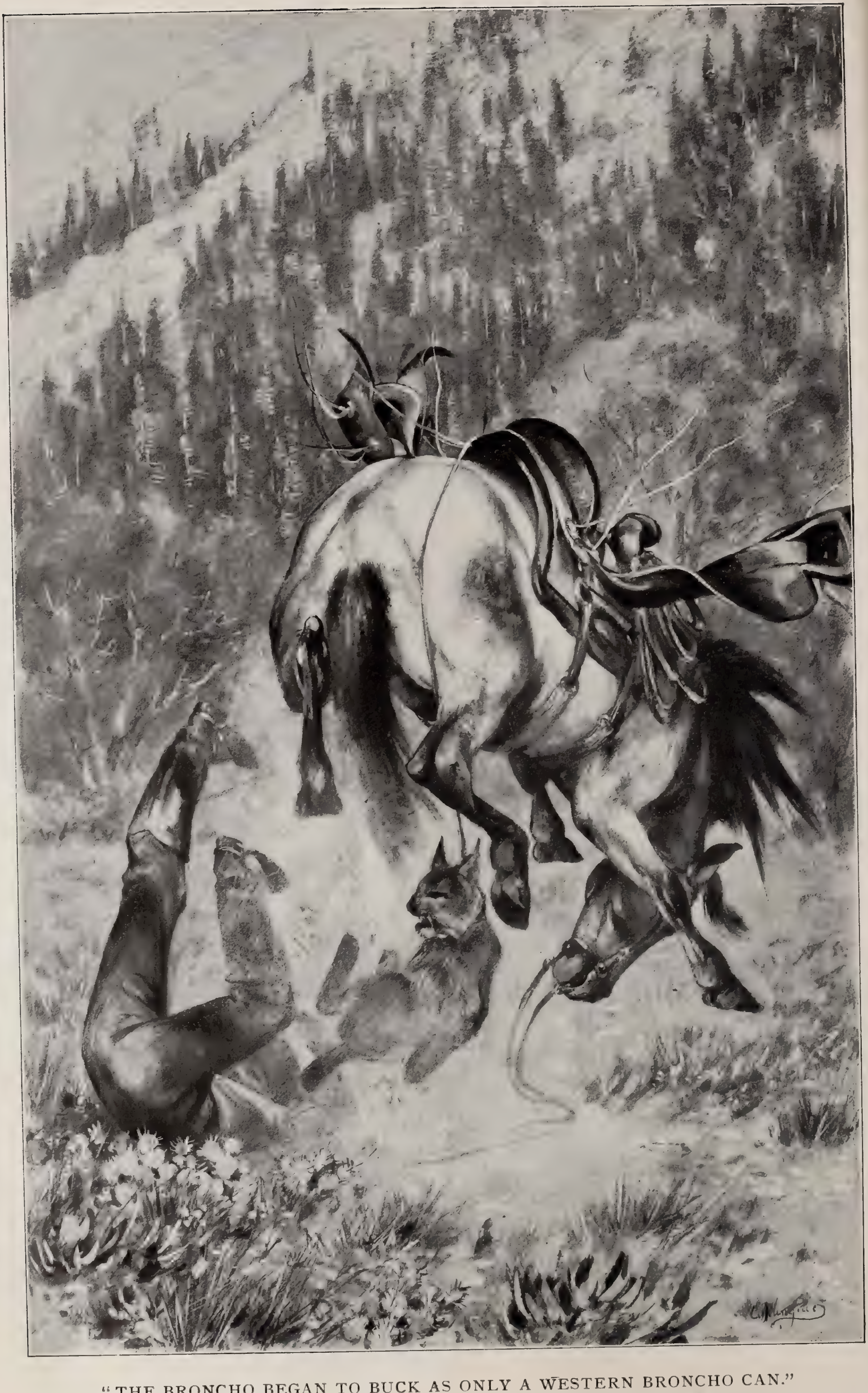
"A mountain lion."

"Oh! I thought the Injuns were coming, but I'll get him; the varmint has been stealing my pigs."

A hurried return, and the ranchman soon sighted the lion in the tree. With a look of disgust he said "cat!" pulled the trigger of his gun, and down came the beast. Without another word its slayer left for home.

The lynx, or bob-cat, for such it proved to be, was a large one and Deane wished to save its hide, so Ely, the flag boy, kindly offered to take the cat to camp on his pony. A halter rope about 4 feet long was tied to a ring in the saddle and around the cat's neck, which was then swung across his saddle, and Eli mounted. All went well till the cat slipped off, when the broncho, unused to having its heels bumped with such natural history specimens, began to buck in a way that only Western bronchos can do to perfection. Eli was landed on his back in a bunch of cactus, and the pony made a wild dash for camp.

Jim, the cook, had supper all ready in tin dishes which were placed on a large poncho, spread on the ground. Across these the broncho charged, his feet and the dragging cat knocking our supper into the middle of next week. Another charge and the dutch oven was upset, the fire sent in all directions, and the pony wound up his



"THE BRONCHO BEGAN TO BUCK AS ONLY A WESTERN BRONCHO CAN."

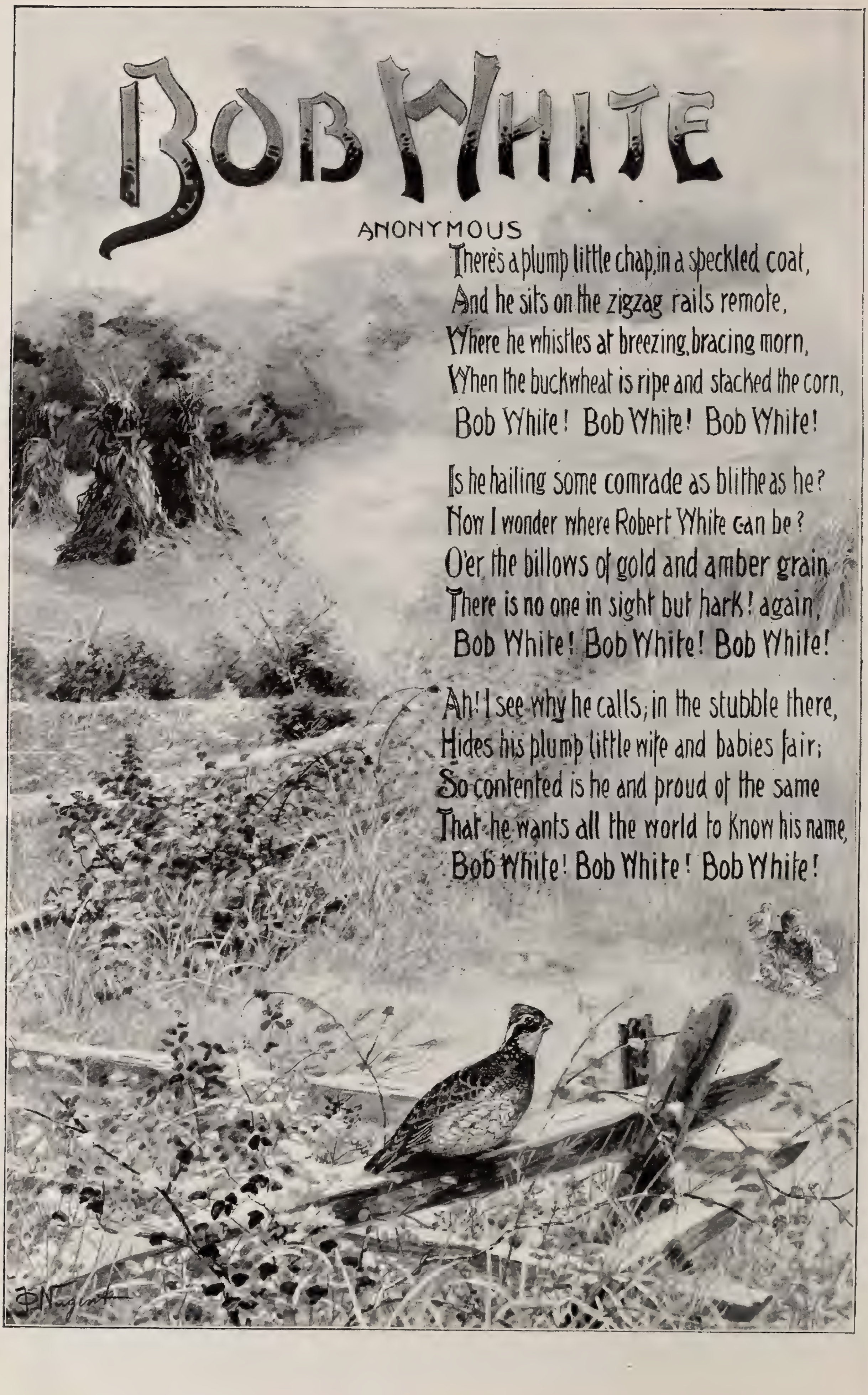
journey by charging into the open tent. Down it came on top of the broncho, and the kicking and bucking that then broke out soon converted the tent into ribbons.

Jim, who had been but a few weeks in the territory, and had never before witnessed such antics, believed the beast was possessed with a devil, and had fled up a tree for safety.

Such was the condition at camp when we arrived. The cat was already skinned, the pony ditto in places, the tent ruined, and Eli laid up for a week.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY MART SMITH.

NELLIE GLADSTONE AND HER BABIES.



BOB WHITE

ANONYMOUS

There's a plump little chap, in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezing, bracing morn,
When the buckwheat is ripe and stacked the corn,
Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be?
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight but hark! again,
Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there,
Hides his plump little wife and babies fair;
So contented is he and proud of the same
That he wants all the world to know his name,
Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!

EVENING REVERIES.

JAMES J. WESLORE.

While puffing my old briar pipe and gazing at the ceiling I have been thinking of bygone days spent on the river and in the woods around my old home at Exeter, N. H.

In the corner of my room there now, stands my first gun, a 16 bore, single barrel, not over 5 pounds in weight. It was given to me when I was but 12 years old and has an interesting history. Some of my first exploits with it were laughable. I always carried a small screwdriver with me to remove and put back the lock. Many a time, when I have had a squirrel sighted along the little old black barrel, has the cap failed to explode. Then I would take off the lock, cock it, and screw it back into place; by that time the squirrel would be in the next township.

My prospective brother-in-law made a new stock for the gun, fitted it with a new lock and the next day came near shooting me with the combination. We were walking abreast through the woods, he with my gun and I with one borrowed for the occasion, when a chipmunk darted across in front of us. Jack, being left handed, shot from his left shoulder. The squirrel came my way; so did the charge from the 16 bore, passing within a few inches of my breast.

Two days later a party of us were having a swim up river. Some were in the water, others reclining and running about the bank. The gun lay on the ground, full cocked and loaded with bird shot. One of the boys hooked his big toe in the guard, pulled the trigger and filled Whacker's leg full of lead. During a greater part of the next forenoon the venerable Dr. P. was digging shot from Whacker's calf.

My next gun was a single barrel, breech loader. My father bought it from a friend in the country, who the morning before had fished it from the bottom of a stream where it had laid some time. Yet it was a good gun. At 100 measured yards it would drive B.B. shot out of sight into a green pine board.

Never shall I forget the Thanksgiving Day shoot held at Exeter, that year. It was at live pigeons, and noted shots from Boston, Worcester and other cities were on hand. I was rabbit hunting that day and happened across the ground where the match was being held.

Colonel G., of Exeter, was present. As he had no gun I offered to loan him mine, much to the amusement of the boys. Nevertheless, the Colonel won the match, and the boys thereafter handled my old gun as if it were worth hundreds of dollars.

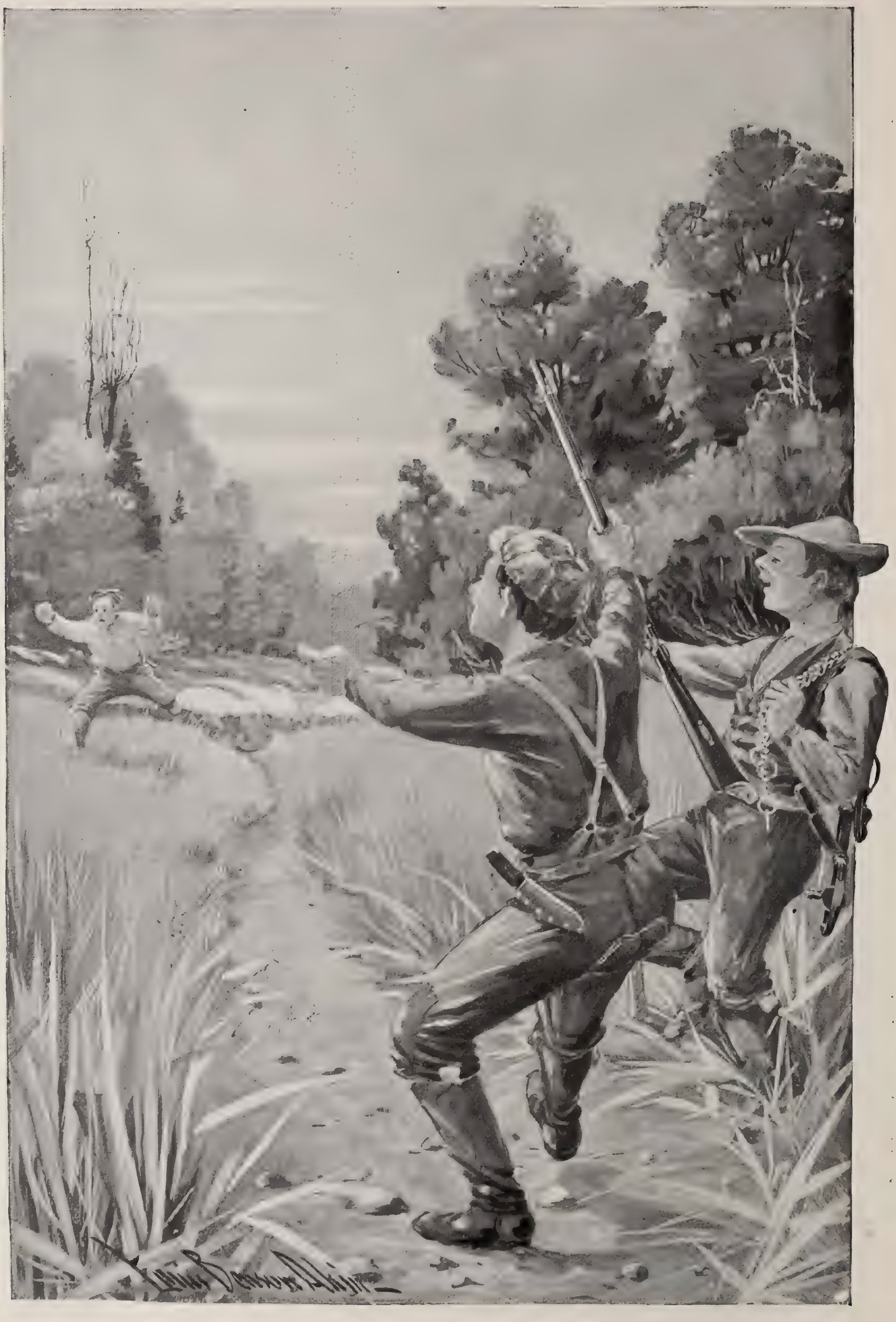
One cold morning Ted and I started for the great meadows hoping to find some stray ducks there. Disappointed in this, we built a blind at the entrance of the meadow brook and awaited events. Perhaps 2 hours had passed when I heard a whir of wings, and saw 3 black ducks drop into the stream. Then it was a question who could get the first shot. Neither of us daring to move for fear of putting the birds to flight.

By twisting about I could just see the top of the head of a duck. I fired at it, slipped another cartridge in the gun and jumped up. The duck I had seen was floating feet up; another was going up stream before the wind, one wing trailing in the water; and the third was squaring away for Hampton marshes.

Ted had a single barrel, muzzle loader, which he unloaded at the flying bird, but with no result. Then I killed the wing-tipped duck, and Ted said: "You fool! if you had kept quiet we would have bagged the lot." All the time he was rapidly removing his clothes and in he went, breaking the thin ice along the edge of the water, and retrieved both birds.

"One belongs to me because I went in after them," he said, his jaw chattering and his legs blue with cold. We started for home immediately, a duck dangling from the barrel of each gun and hung artfully by one leg so it would look the larger. We took a long way round to get home, going through several streets, all the time talking loudly.

In the same stream and in almost the same spot I killed another black duck, 4 years ago. I was sculling a small boat on the river and just before entering Meadow brook I heard a loud quacking some distance up that stream. I sculled to within a few feet of a sharp bend in the brook and got on my knees just as the duck left the water. I had no difficulty in covering him and saw him fall; but find him I could not. The water at that point was 8 to 10 inches deep, clear as crystal and perhaps 15 feet from bank to bank. The bird struck the center of the stream about 50 yards from me. I searched for a half hour and was about to give up when I noticed a small feather on a weed near the bank. Pushing over there I found the duck stone dead,



"GO FOR 'IM! CATCH 'IM! STEP ON 'IM!"

3 or 4 feet from the water edge in a bunch of flags. Not a ripple had it made on the surface in getting there. A cunning bird is the black duck.

I was coming down river one morning, after a trip to the big oaks, with a bunch of grays and 2 dipper ducks stored away under the stern seat. Opposite the mouth of the cove I saw a boat drawn up and a fellow running along the bank, apparently trying to aim at something hopping in and out among the weeds. When I heard the report of his gun I went ashore and found Lucien wringing the neck of a large sandpiper, of the variety I have heard called teeter-tail.

He put the bird in his pocket and sat down to talk. Presently I saw the sandpiper flutter from his pocket to the ground and run groggily along the bank. It had gone 25 or 30 yards when Lucien, chancing to turn, saw it. "There is another!" he cried, and picking up his gun, fired at and missed it. At the report of the gun a gray squirrel jumped from a tree near by and ran off through the grass. Lucien not doubting he had killed the bird went at once in pursuit of the quadruped. In a few minutes he returned unsuccessful and again ran across the sandpiper, which had moved quite a distance from where he last saw it. This time he made a kill, and picking up the bird, he went to get the other one he had killed. His surprise at not finding it became positive flabbergastation when he felt in his pocket and discovered that of 3 birds shot he had only one to show.

Another experience of my boyhood comes back to me as I write. It was while I owned the 16 bore. Two boy friends, Syl. and Wayland, and I formed what we called a trapping and hunting club. As they were not allowed to carry guns, they took charge of the traps—steel traps, box traps and twitch-ups. For miles around, every woodchuck hole, rabbit hole and every crevice in the rocks that looked as if used by an animal had a trap at its entrance. I carried the gun and we wore belts in which were stuck lathing hatchets, and butcher knives. Every morning we set forth to visit all our traps. We had more or less success, usually less, in these daily trips throughout the warm weather.

Fall was coming and school was about to open. So one morning we decided to wind up the season, collect the traps and store them until the following year. We had nearly completed our round on that eventful morning when a yell and a whoop from Syl. announced glad tidings. "Hurrah!" he screamed, "I've got a fox!" Rushing up we found him pointing to a black and white animal fast in a steel trap. Syl. flourished his hatchet and shouted that I was not to shoot the fox; it was his and he was going to tomahawk it. I recognized the animal at once, but not feeling warranted by such slight acquaintance in introducing him to the boys, I remained silent.

Uttering what was intended for a warwhoop, Syl raised the hatchet, but the weapon never reached its mark. Before it could descend the skunk used his hydrodynamic gun with dire effect. The hatchet flew into the air and Syl stood with his eyes shut, gasping for breath and making convulsive gestures like a galvanized frog.

I shot the skunk and Wayland and I started for home carrying the corpse between us. Syl followed on behind, rubbing his eyes and holding his nose, save when he let go to enunciate abusive remarks on us and our burden.

Just as we were entering my yard we met my father. Pointing across the field, he told us to hustle to the river and throw that thing in. We did.

Syl's clothes were buried in the garden for a fortnight; but for weeks after they were resurrected, whenever there was a hot fire in the school room stove, a subtle aroma stole from them which had the power of turning all eyes reproachfully upon poor Syl.

Another time when we were putting out some traps and looking after others Syl went ahead of us up a little brook to see if a certain box trap was all right. Yet, it was all right and there was a rabbit in it. Syl yanked him out and started back to us shouting,

"I've got 'im! I've got 'im!"

In crossing the brook he slipped, fell and lost his hold on the rabbit, which lit out down through the little meadow. Syl forgot how fast the rabbit could run and lit out after him yelling to us,

"Head 'im off! Stop 'im!"

Way and I were so absorbed in watching the race we forgot we had the gun and shouted to Syl.

"Go for 'im! Catch 'im! Step on 'im, why don't you?"

In about 2 seconds the rabbit reached the brush and Syl sauntered sadly back to get his hat.

Those were indeed great days. Now the noble forest in which we used to hunt has fallen before the axe, its beauty is gone, its animal life is extinct; and it will be a century before other youngsters can enjoy the life we once led in and about the old "Eddy" woods.

BY PERMISSION GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

McLEAN CHANNEL—'MONG THE 30,000 ISLANDS OF GEORGIAN BAY.

"OLD SQUAW" SHOOTING.

JOHN BOYD.

I will tell you of shooting that duck of many names, known locally here as "Cowheens." He is the same sturdy little fellow that shooters on the Atlantic seaboard call the "Old Squaw," and in other localities as "South Southerly," "Long-tailed Duck," "Organ Duck," or "Old Wives;" while among scientists he is simply *Clangula hyemalis.*

Only in the very late fall, and in the winter do we find these on the Great Lakes, and then they are seen in myriads, on waters that would be entirely avoided by the rest of the Duck tribe.

On Toronto bay, with its tooting ferries, surging steamers, and numerous sailing craft, they find suitable feeding on the small shell fish and minnows with which it abounds. They come in from the open lake early in the morning and remain till the evening. During this interval they are continually disturbed, but this does not drive them away, and they stay till night.

The sight from my window of so many ducks was so tempting that a plan was laid for an afternoon in their midst. My imagination failed to count the difficult, though successful shots that would be registered by my mate and I when we turned homeward the following day.

The plan was to anchor our skiff in the open water, without blinds, and put out a few decoys; not that we expected these to be of much service, because these ducks do not decoy to any extent, then wait developments.

Next afternoon we put our ideas into practice, and soon the sport commenced. These ducks can carry off more lead to the square inch than any bird that flies, and come back the next minute and taunt you for more.

We had hardly got our seats arranged when a solitary bird came down the wind, and Will gave him both barrels, but he passed on. Another shooter further up the bay fired as he approached, and he turned again towards us. This time I got ready and fairly covered him as he quartered, pulling as he was about 30 yards away and scoring a miss; not a clean one, as feathers to the extent of a handful floated off mockingly on the wind. This was a bad start, but soon a flock of 5 approached, and we made ready to redeem our ill luck. Each of us singled a bird and fired; one turned a somersault, but recovered as he touched the water, and was soon making wind astern in his efforts to overtake his companions.

"Thunder!" said Will. "These are surely charmed! That one I pulled on had no possible chance of escape, yet he never winced as the shot struck him." I nodded, being too perplexed to speak, and we each mechanically inserted new shells and closed the breeches of our guns.

Shortly we saw a single bird on the water, so Will pulled the skiff in that direction. By rowing when it dove down, and stopping when it came up to breathe, we managed to get within 25 yards of where it was. It got up to fly, and as the wings began to beat I fired; it rolled over and over, then sat up looking surprised. We rowed up nearer and it dived, and as it came up lively as ever, I gave it a barrel at 20 yards. Down it went once more. Up again, and the full choked left sent a close hailstorm against it. Once more it disappeared, and as it reappeared another charge was sent at the same range, but failed to quiet him. However, there is an end to all things, and the next shot put him on his back. This was 5 shots at one bird, but we took him in with as much satisfaction as if it had been a canvas-back or mallard, knocked over at full speed.

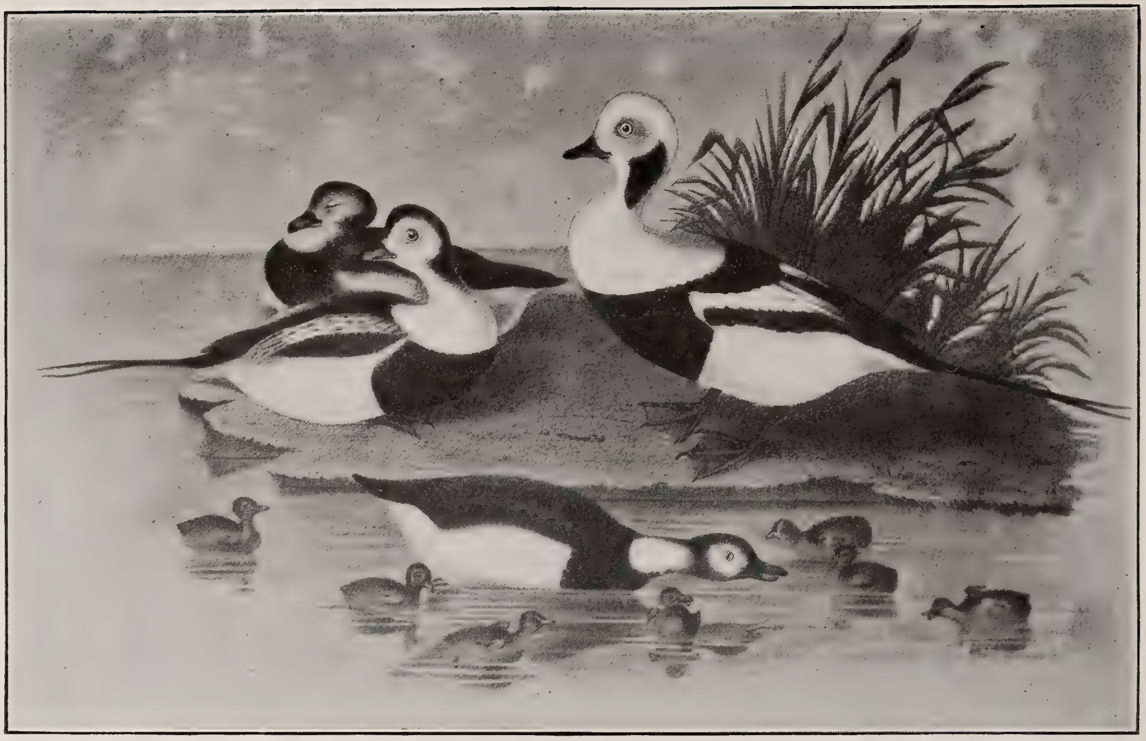
We had many such exploits that day and the following, and while not killing many birds we had lots of sport, and vastly more experience; which were of benefit to the cartridge manufacturers.

It was a rare thing to bring the birds down stone dead at one shot, and our experience was the same as other shooters on all sides of us. It only happened once, and the credit fell to my companion. Even yet there is a buzzing in my ears from his big 10 bore which boomed suddenly at a flying bird that came along, and was not seen until close to us. It doubled up and came down straight, dead and done for.

A marked peculiarity was the short flights the birds took—they were continually shifting from one place to another, and the fusilades they received each time they passed were of little warning. This has been attributed to stupidity, but I regard it as want of fear, as the inhabitants in their breeding place, seldom if ever kill or molest them.

They stay with us all winter, and as I write, there are fully 5,000 of them in sight from where I sit, and there they will likely remain until the bay freezes over and drives them to the open lake. Hundreds are there taken by the fishermen daily in their nets, and it has become a practice with these hardy tars to feed their pigs on the drowned birds.

They are not tasty nor tender eating,



OLD SQUAW, OR LONG TAILED DUCK, *CLANGULA HYEMALIS.*

though some people insist if you bury them in the earth for a day they are equal to any other duck. I cannot corroborate this, but may do so for the benefit of others should I get another chance at the beauties.

I can confidently recommend this class of shooting to any one who does not wish to carry over until the next season a stock of loaded shells; and think I can guarantee that the editor of RECREATION will not class you as a game hog or analogous titles, if you truthfully record your bag.

AN IOWA TURKEY HUNT.

IVANHOE WHITTED.

My parents came to the territory of Iowa in the spring of 1840, and took a homestead near the South Skunk river, in Keokuk co.

Wild animals and game were abundant. I have heard mother tell of standing in the door of the old log-cabin and shooting one of 3 deer which passed within 100 yards of the house. Gray wolves were numerous and troublesome, playing havoc among the few sheep father had brought.

As the settlers thronged in and lands were taken up, game rapidly disappeared. Deer were soon but a memory. Wild turkeys were among the last of the game to pass away.

In the early fall, before the young had fully matured, they roosted in low trees and bushes, but as cold weather approached, and the youngsters grew strong of wing, they selected the spreading branches of the tallest trees in the neighborhood for their slumbers.

I distinctly remember surprising a flock one morning in October, and my consequent chagrin and disappointment. My brother and I had commenced the fall campaign against the muskrats, minks, etc. On Sunday mornings we were (reluctantly) suffered to visit our line of traps, but on no account must we desecrate the holy day by carrying our guns.

One bright, frosty morning we started on horseback for the river, about a mile from home. We were hurrying along, less than 200 yards from the barn, when, at a turn of the road, we ran plump into an immense flock of turkeys roosting on a low rail fence. Such a fluttering and flopping as there was for a minute! and how they scooted and scattered in the hazel brush all about! We hurried back to the house, and begged to be allowed to take the gun for "just a few minutes," but mother was obdurate.

Up to 25 years ago it was not difficult to find a flock of turkeys in the woods about my old home. I am informed there is even yet a flock in that region, but so shy and wary as to elude all efforts put forth for its capture.

Our family was beginning to scatter. Three of the boys were married and had small families and homes at a distance, but the holiday season generally found them at the old home.

One crisp morning in January, 26 years ago, Joe, Ben and I made preparations for a turkey hunt. Ben and I had double shotguns of the muzzle-loading pattern, 10 bore; Joe had formerly been the fortunate possessor of an exceptionally fine gun, but on this occasion had brought home a long bareled rifle of small caliber, evidently an old-timer.

"Joe," said Ben, after examining the ancient weapon, "where did you get this?"

"I traded for it."

"But you surely did not trade your shotgun, did you?"

"Yes."

Ben gave a low whistle. "Got some money to boot, I hope."

"Yes, of course. That is why I traded.

"Well," continued Ben, "you don't expect to kill any turkeys with it, do you? Better borrow Jim's shotgun."

"I'll get my share if we find any."

"Well, Joe," said I, "we all know you to be a crack shot with the shotgun, but let me tell you you'll find shooting turkeys with a rifle another thing."

"I'll show you," confidently replied Joe, and the subject was dropped. Joe had for a long time been the best man of the family with a shotgun, and had an idea that he could do equally well with the rifle.

We soon discovered turkey tracks. They appeared to have been made late the previous evening.

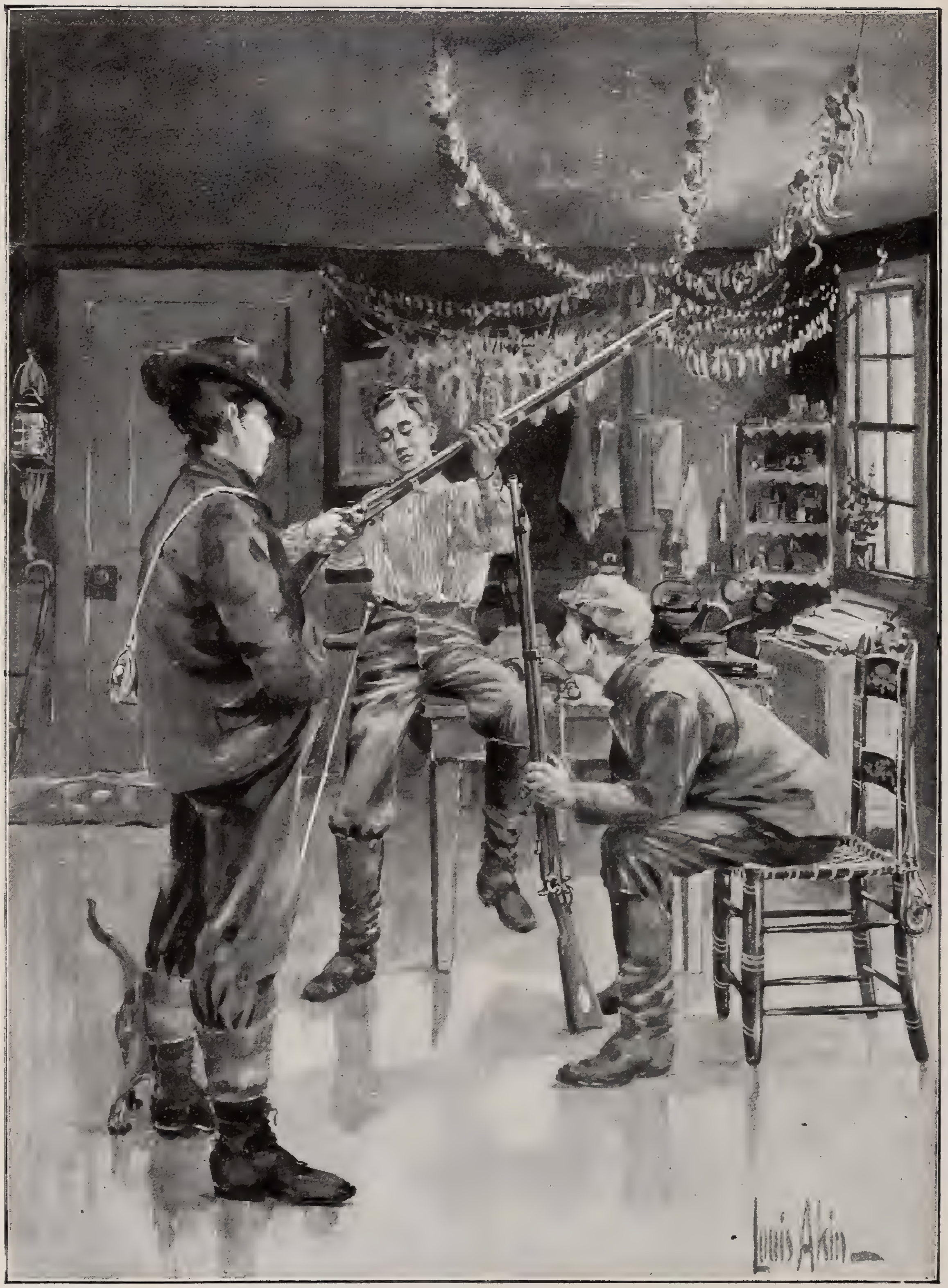
"Now," said Joe, "we'll find the fellows that made these not very far away. We will follow the tracks to the roosting place, and at this early hour, we're almost sure to find them."

There were 7 in the flock. The trail led into the woods, toward the river. Cautiously we followed the tracks, perhaps a half mile, and found where the turkeys had spent the night—in a tall tree on the bank of the river.

Cautious though our approach had been, we heard nothing of them, nor could we find where they had descended in search of breakfast. Over and over we tramped in widening circles about the tree, but not a track could we discover. Puzzled, we stood on the bank beneath the roost, looking across the river. The opposite bank was low and flat, and covered with a rank growth of slough grass, and an occasional clump of diamond willow. Back a few hundred feet the flat terminated in a rather steep bluff, with the open prairie beyond.

"Boys," said I, "do you suppose they crossed the river?"

"Why, no," replied Joe, "there are no tracks, and besides there's no inducement



"WHERE DID YOU GET THIS OLD THING?"

for a turkey to go over there; nothing to eat on that bare prairie."

"True," said Ben, "but, perhaps they heard us coming, and flew from this tree to the other bank. The river is so wide here that we could hardly distinguish tracks over there. They may be hiding in that grass. Let's investigate."

Ben's conjectures proved correct. As we neared the opposite bank we discovered the fresh tracks, 7 of them, leading into the grass.

"Look sharp, now, everybody," said Ben, as we waded into the grass. A little farther along one of the birds turned off at a right angle.

"I'll get this one," said Ben, turning aside. Scarcely a dozen steps away, the turkey rose with a prodigious flutter. Bang! roared Ben's shotgun. As the smoke lifted we saw the turkey flopping in the snow. At the report of Ben's gun a magnificent gobbler got up in front of Joe and me. Crack! went the old rifle, but tne gobbler sailed away. Taking careful aim I fired, and the old fellow dropped. A third rose only to fall riddled with two heavy loads of shot, for Ben and I both fired. Joe shot at the fourth and again missed, but Ben, by a long and lucky shot killed it.

Some time was spent in looking for the remaining 3. After an extended search I discovered where one had climbed directly up the bluff at the outer edge of the flat. With considerable difficulty I followed, and puffing and panting reached the top, when the turkey rose within 6 feet of my face. So startled was I that I pulled the trigger before the gun reached my shoulder, but the second load was better aimed, and the bird fell far out on the prairie. Ben easily killed the sixth. Over on the East edge of the flat Joe flushed the seventh and last, only to miss, and the turkey sailed away across the river and into the timber. We marked the locality where it disappeared, but though we searched long and diligently we failed to find even a track.

However, we were well satisfied—Ben and I. Joe was disgusted. We didn't say much to him then; he felt sore enough.

Ben insisted that he, Joe, must carry two of the turkeys, for, said he, slyly, "we might meet somebody, and we want to preserve the family reputation."

PHOTO BY SMITH & ZIEGLER, PALMYRA, N. Y.

RETURNING FROM A GROUSE COVER.

Lawyer: "You say you were in the saloon at the time of the assault referred to in the complaint?"

Witness: " I was, sir."

Lawyer: " Did you take cognizance of the barkeeper at the time?"

Witness: " I don't know what he called it, but I took what the rest did."—Boston Courier.

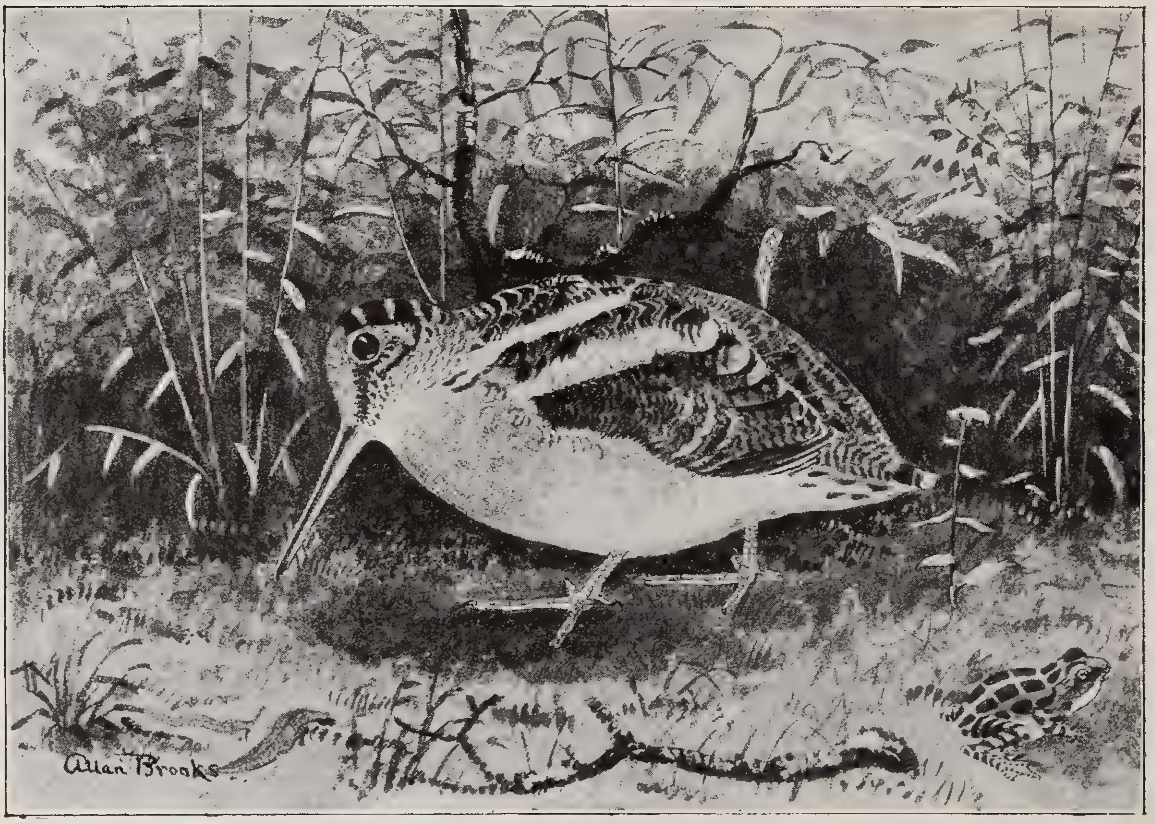
THE WOODCOCK.

ALLAN BROOKS.

The American woodcock is confined to Eastern America, being more or less rare West of the Mississippi valley, and does not occur on the Pacific Coast. Though the cover is admirably adapted to the bird in that region, its principal food, the earthworm, is almost entirely absent. The woodcock of the Old World is considerably larger, longer winged, and a handsomer colored bird than ours, only the peculiar primaries of the American bird separate them generically. In Ontario, except in the Southern counties, woodcock shooting does not amount to much, as the species is seldom plentiful, and the bulk of the birds leave before the season opens. Still, an odd one is found to vary the sport when grouse shooting, even as late as October. The woodcock seems to rear only one brood in a season. The late broods one sometimes sees, are generally the result of the first clutch of eggs being destroyed.

When sitting on the nest the woodcock is the tamest of birds and I have put my hand on the old bird in this position. The young in first plumage are much more rufous and more heavily barred than adults.

The practice of using very small shot, such as Nos. 10 and 12, is to be deprecated in woodcock and snipe shooting, for it certainly gives a poor shot a much better show, by increasing the killing circle. The small shot has not the same stopping power as the larger, and many a bird escapes at the longer ranges to die a lingering death. No. 8 is a good size for both snipe and woodcock, giving an ample killing circle, and if a grouse gets up it will kill it neatly at even long range. In fact, I would class the man who used smaller shot than No. 9 (except for collecting) as a game hog.



A YOUNG WOODCOCK IN THE ACT OF FEEDING.

Stranger (to man in front): "Won't you please ask your wife to take off her hat? I can't see the stage at all."

Man in Front: "Ask her yourself. I don't dare."

THE KASKAS OF THE NORTHWEST.

A. J. STONE.

The Kaskas are a small tribe of Indians formed of two small branches; the Ah-dus-ti'-nas at the junction of the McDames with the Dease, and the Det-tcho-ti'-nas at the mouth of the Dease. Little is known of their early history, but their old men say their tribe was once powerful and could assemble several hundred warriors. At present they do not number more than 125 people all told.

In appearance they closely resemble the Tahltans, are of medium build, fairly tall, athletic of frame, and, on the whole not bad looking. Their cheek bones are not specially prominent, noses straight, skin fairly light, hair black, of course, and eyes dark. They are good hunters and occupy one of the richest game and fur countries in the Northwest.

Their hunting grounds embrace all the country tributary to the lower Dease—about 150 miles square, and a territory Northward on the Liard 75 x 150 miles.

The first direct trade was opened with them by the Hudson Bay Company at old Fort Halkett early in the nineteenth century. Previous to this their trading was done through the medium of their neighbors, the Tahltans and Liard River Indians, who gave them, in exchange for their furs old bottles, tin cans, etc., which they cherished as treasures, carrying them with them from camp to camp.

The Dease River swarms with food fishes, the most important being trout, white fish, pike, grayling, and a beautiful little fish which they call the "Round Fish." These they take with nets. Excellent white fish abound in the numerous little lakes, and are caught in the fall in great numbers. Ducks and geese are plentiful in season; spruce partridges, dusky and ruffed grouse in the timber, and rock and willow ptarmigan on the elevated ridges; rabbits are sometimes numerous, other seasons scarce, and the lynx, accordingly, plentiful or rare. Moose are abundant throughout the entire territory and constitute the principal food of the natives; besides their skins are made into moccasins, the sinews furnish thread, babbishe for bags, snow-shoes, nets and snares; the hair is used to pad dog-collars; the leg-bones are manufactured into implements; the marrow, larger intestines, stomach, heart, liver, kidneys, head, blood, ligaments of the legs, all are eaten; hence, under ordinary circumstances, when the natives are through with a moose there remains but little to show what manner of beast he was.

Next in importance, as food, is the caribou. This is found almost everywhere in the mountains of this region, and large numbers of them and of Black Sheep are consumed during the hunts for foxes in the fall and spring. The caribou, like its cousin, the moose, is consumed utterly, even the contents of the stomach mixed with the blood being boiled and greedily eaten. The skin of the caribou is not often tanned for shoes, or clothing, but is used for beds and to line (cover?) their brush houses in cold or stormy weather. The same may be said of the skin of the sheep.

The goat, in his rugged mountain home, is seldom molested by the hunters, as they do not like his flesh, and his skin is not valuable. The beaver is hunted both for his fur and his flesh, of which the Indians are very fond. Porcupines and the mountain groundhog are favorite food, and the lynx is eaten in emergencies, but bear meat is never eaten if any other kind can be obtained.

Since these people live so entirely upon flesh, we would expect them to be expert as cooks, but this is not the case. Should they boil, it may be eaten so soon as it becomes hot, no matter how tough, or it may be kept boiling for twenty-four hours, just as accident may determine. If roasted it is often burned to a char. Food is scarcely chewed at all, but swallowed in huge pieces as they cut them from the mass before them.

Very little imported food is consumed by the Kaskas. On their annual visit to the post to dispose of furs, they will indulge in bacon, flour, sugar, rice, and sometimes syrup or canned goods; but this is only a brief feast, after which they return to the mountains and their accustomed diet.

They gather a considerable quantity of furs; black and grizzly bear skins, beaver, lynx, and marten constitute the greater part, a few cross foxes are caught but the whole tribe will not kill ten black or silver foxes per year; a few wolverines, and still fewer otters and minks are captured; they also market beaver, caster and tanned moose and caribou skins.

The Kaskas were once ruled by a chief, but they do not acknowledge one now. Once in a while they have a medicine-man, but he enjoys none of the influence of his predecessors. They know nothing of the pottalclus of the Tahltans; they have no festivals, no games or sports, and seldom dance.

Like most Indians, they are inveterate gamblers. Their language is practically the same as that of the Tahltans, not more than 25 per cent. of the words differing materially. They are good cross-country hunters but poor canoe men. In winter their dogs draw sledges, in summer the women and the dogs carry packs; and it is wonderful what loads the women can carry. Even over the muskeg, or rough mountain trail they often carry 200 pounds.

Filial affection is unknown amongst them; the aged and helpless are left to die when they can no longer keep up with the band.

The dead are buried wherever death may overtake them; a shallow grave is scooped out and the body covered hastily and left. They never cremate as do their neighbors, the Tahltans. Should a child die, a section of tree is split, the halves hollowed out, the body placed in the cavity, the halves are bound together with thongs, and suspended from the branches of some large tree. That is all.

The children, when young, seem exceedingly bright, but beyond 15 years they deteriorate, and while lapsing in intelligence acquire all the vices of the adults. No mission has ever been established amongst them, no school offered them.

Should a woman, on the march, be taken in travail, she retires alone to some thicket, or with some single female companion, and undergoes the crucial ordeal of the sex alone and unregarded. (To do otherwise would bring bad luck upon the hunting.) Her travail over, she adds her new baby to her pack and proceeds to overtake the party!

When a girl reaches that age when she
". . . stands with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,"
she is consigned to some isolated spot and remains there alone for—a week or a year—according to the dignity of the family. Here she sees no one but the friend who brings her food—dried meat and water.

During her isolation she is compelled to wear a large hat made of bent willows covered with moose skin. This head-gear is cone-shaped, about 4 feet across, and 3 feet high. Drink must be drawn through the hollow bone of a swan's leg. One of these bones I managed to obtain, but could not get the *hat.*

The women are expert tanners, being able to tan the skin of a young caribou as soft as chamois and white as snow.

I am having two elaborate suits made, one of yellow moose skin, the other of white caribou. They will be complete even to gun wrappers, and will be finished in the highest style of the art.

They believe in a Happy Beyond for good Indians, and a world of woe for bad ones. Thunder and lightning they believe to be produced by a gigantic bird having enormous wings but no legs. When it raises its wings the fire beneath it gleams, and we have lightning; the sudden closing of its wings produces thunder.

Mosquitoes swarmed from the cloven head of a giant, who was slain by a young man long ago, and have ever since plagued the earth.

They believe in the Deluge, and that some of their ancestors were saved on a raft. The raft is still to be seen in the mountains.

Although these people are completely isolated from civilization, neglected by school and church, shut into this muskeg and mountain home whence not one of them has ever migrated, none of them having any conception of the outside world, yet they have a history not entirely devoid of interest, and at some future time we hope to describe them more fully.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

AGNES H. SHORES.

Tramping and fishing
  The livelong day,
Whiling with pleasure
  The time away.
A day with Nature
  Refreshes and cheers,
And helps to dispel
  Our worries and fears.

THE PINTAIL.

ALLAN BROOKS.

This is another duck of wide distribution, being identical in both Nearctic and Palearctic regions. It also has a wide migratory range, breeding very far North and going South to the equatorial regions in the Old World. In South America it is represented by several allied species.

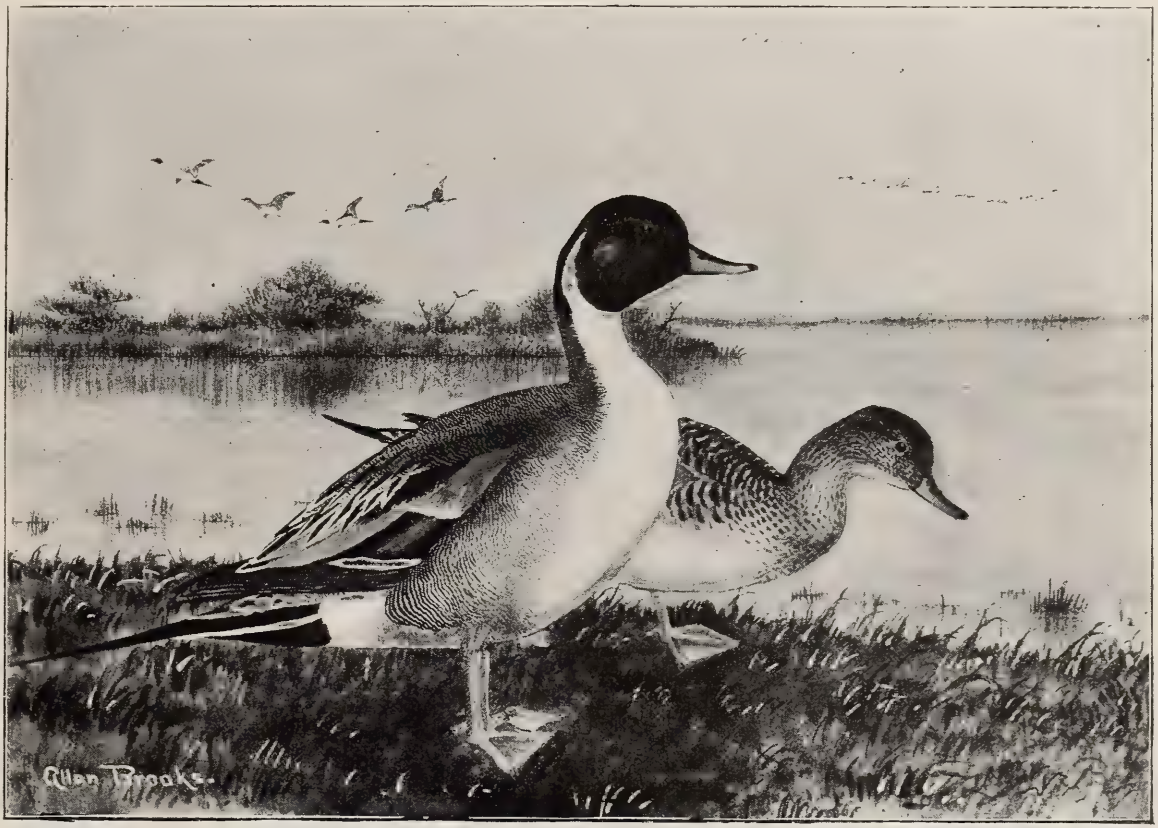
A few breed in Southern British Columbia and even farther South. In the Old World it breeds as far South as Andalusia.

Without any vivid coloration it is still a very handsome duck and, flying, swimming or walking, is the personification of grace. The note of the male, generally heard only in spring, is a soft rolling whistle, exactly like that of the green wing teal, but in a lower key. This note is uttered both on the wing and when settled, and when the combined notes of many hundreds are blended with the less musical notes of the mallard, the louder whistle of the wigeon and the subdued chatter and gabble of hundreds of other feeding ducks, it forms a chorus that to a wildfowler is always associated with the breakup of winter on the prairies.

Like the shoveller, the male seldom gets into really perfect plumage before January, the bulk of the males shot in the fall being in female plumage or changing, with the long central tail feathers undeveloped.

Old females sometimes acquire a tail of considerable length. Her plumage then partakes a good deal of the character of that of the male, the under parts being spotless and the upper surface with a good deal of whitish freckling.

The pintail decoys readily and comes in well to the mallard call. When only wounded it does not seem to be such an adept at hiding as other ducks of its own order.


Allan Brooks.

PINTAIL DUCK, *ANAS ACUTA.*

When feeding with mallards, wigeons or teal, it does not turn tail uppermost as these birds do, its longer neck enabling it to reach the bottom when sitting flat on the water. It is one of the best ducks for the table and, except the wigeon, is the only duck wintering commonly in Southern British Columbia that does not resort to the rivers to feed on rotten salmon.

The eye of this duck is smaller in proportion than that of any other surface feeding duck except the shoveller. The iris is dark brown. The bill in the male is clear, bluish, plumbous, with a narrow border at base, and the culmen and tip are black. The female's bill is similar with the culmen marbled with dusky. The feet are plumbous with membranes dusky.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. WRIGHT.

LOOKING FOR INTRUDERS.

TWO IOWA GAME HOGS.

Their other names are John and Paul Anderson, and they live at Lansing. They slaughtered in this case 44 black bass, total weight 65 pounds, dressed. A neighbor of theirs writes me they make such catches nearly every day when the fish bite.

PHOTO BY LIEUT. CHAS. F. O'KEEFE.

BLOCK-HOUSE ON THE ANGLE OF ONE OF THE OLD FORTS.

Through the round hole in the wall near the base prisoners were thrust by the Spaniards. There is no other entrance or exit to this dungeon and no other means of obtaining light or air. When the prisoners were once incarcerated the entrance was closed by a large slab of iron.

JONES' RIDE.

GEO. W. BAILEY.

The one was Judge of the County Court, short, stout and awkward, an enthusiastic hunter. Not that he succeeded in securing many ducks, for he could seldom compute the speed of the birds and the velocity of his shot so accurately as to cause the shot and ducks to connect; but, if the flocks were large enough and the flight continuous, he could occasionally bag a number of redheads, or mallards. What he lacked in marksmanship he made up in enthusiasm. This extended to his clothing. He knew exactly the shade of dirty brownish grey which his cap and outer clothing should be to match the dead grass and rushes along the lake shore. You would not catch him on a hunting trip with a black hat, or even a dark colored necktie. He even regretted he was unable to buy long rubber boots of the proper color.

The other man was stenographer of the District Court, whom we will call Jones. He was the opposite of the Judge, being tall, well formed and graceful, and gave special attention to his wardrobe, which was always of the cut to best display his figure. He disliked corduroys and rubber boots as a gun-shy dog hates the report of a No. 10 shotgun.

The scene was at Fort Collins, in the Northern part of Colorado. On Friday night the District Court had adjourned until Monday morning. Jones sauntered into the County Court room and said: "Judge, I hear the red heads are coming into Timnath reservoir by the thousands. What do you say to going down there to-morrow?"

"All right," said the Judge, "I'll be after you in the morning about 8 o'clock and we will go down and make a day of it."

Accordingly the following morning the Judge donned his corduroys and hip boots, hitched his old sorrel mare to the cart and started for Jones. What was his horror when Jones came out to see him dressed in black, with a stiff black hat, black coat, black vest, black trousers, patent leather shoes and a white shirt.

"Why what's the matter with you, man? Go in the house and put on some old gray clothes. If you go to the lake with those things on not a duck will come within 400 yards of us."

"Oh, yes they will. In Kansas we always hunted with black clothes and always got game."

"Well, if you got game in Kansas togged out as you are now, the Kansas ducks are fools, that is all I can say; and if you insist on wearing those clothes I'll give you a pointer right now, you will not sit within 300 yards of where I am."

"Nobody wants to sit near you. I have always heard you claimed every duck that fell, whether you killed it or not, but we will sit so far apart you can't claim the ducks I shoot."

"But how are you going to get near the lake with those patent leathers on? We want to go out to the island."

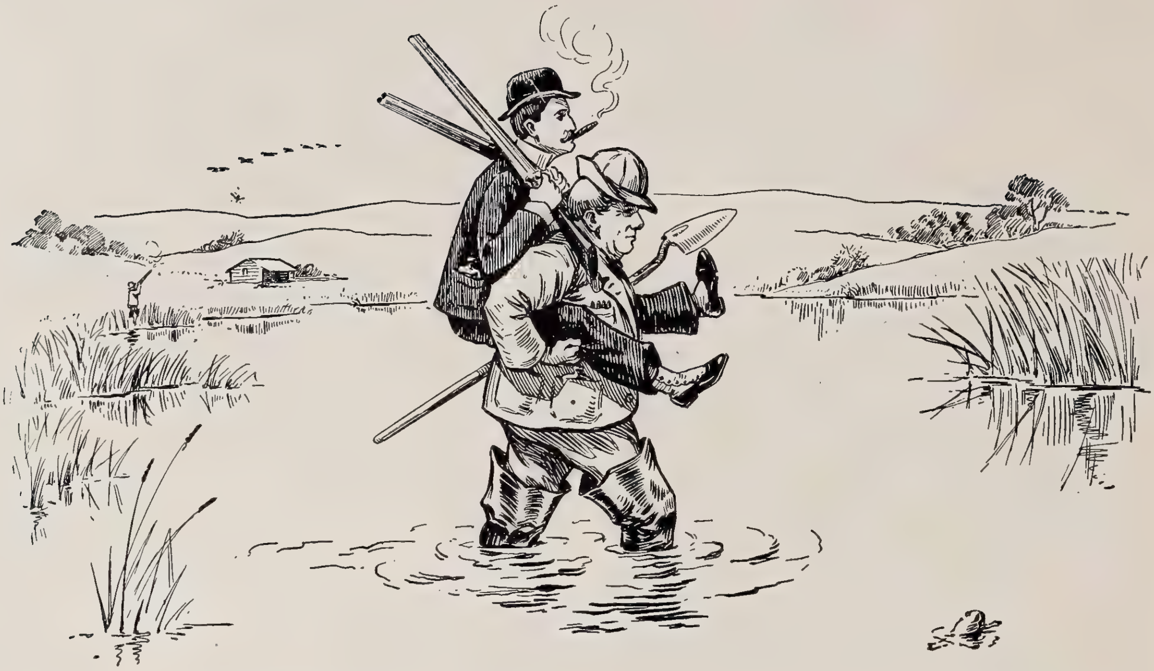
"I can go around the shore where it is dry. I am not going to sneak along among the rushes. I read RECREATION, and am no game hog."

After considerable muttering and growling they drove off. Timnath reservoir was 7 or 8 miles distant. The morning was pleasant, the air balmy and the refreshments provided by Jones were exhilarating, so that the annoyance of the Judge soon wore away. They trotted along through pleasant lanes, past the well-kept farms of prosperous farmers, gazing admiringly at the corrals filled with fattening lambs, which were soon to be hustled off to the Chicago market to afford dainty morsels for Eastern epicures, and to give abundant returns to their feeders, adding to the reputation of Larimer County as a food producing section.

The men finally arrived at the lake, an artificial pond covering several hundred acres, which is filled with water during the fall, winter and early spring, and which is drawn off in summer to irrigate the farm lands lying below.

A little to the North of the lake is an old cabin, and at the North end is an island, to reach which it is necessary to wade through 2 feet of mud and water. The island is directly in the line of the flight of ducks.

The Judge suggested that Jones, inasmuch as he had insisted on wearing his conventional blacks, should hide in the cabin while the Judge waded out to the island. When he shot at the ducks and frightened them up from the lake Jones could shoot from the cabin such as came within range. To this Jones replied that the Judge must think him a jibbering idiot to come away down there to be stored away in an old mud roofed cabin, while the Judge would be located right in the midst of the ducks. By way of replication the



"JONES LIGHTED HIS CIGAR AND PLACING HIS DUDE HAT ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, WITH A GUN IN EITHER HAND, THEY STARTED."

Judge averred that since Jones was a reader of RECREATION and not a game hog, it made little difference whether he was in reach of the ducks or not. He could not hit them anyway.

Jones insisted he must go to the island, but how to get there was the question. Finally the Judge proposed that the stenographer climb on his back and he would carry him across the narrow channel of water. This was agreed upon and the stenographer mounted the fence, from which he descended on the back of the Judge. The Judge carried a shovel with which they were to dig some holes. Jones lighted his cigar and placing his dude hat on the back of his head, with a gun in either hand they started. Just as they stepped into the water a flock of frightened ducks flew by and went whizzing away to the North end of the lake, when bang! bang! went the report of a gun and down went a few of the ducks. The rest flew on past the cabin, barely missing its roof.

"Oh, if I had only had sense enough to stay in that cabin I could have shot 2 or 3 of those fellows at least," said Jones. The hunter on the shore some 50 yards away yelled out:

"Is that you, Judge?"

"Yes, this is me."

"Well, what are you going to do with that thing on your back?"

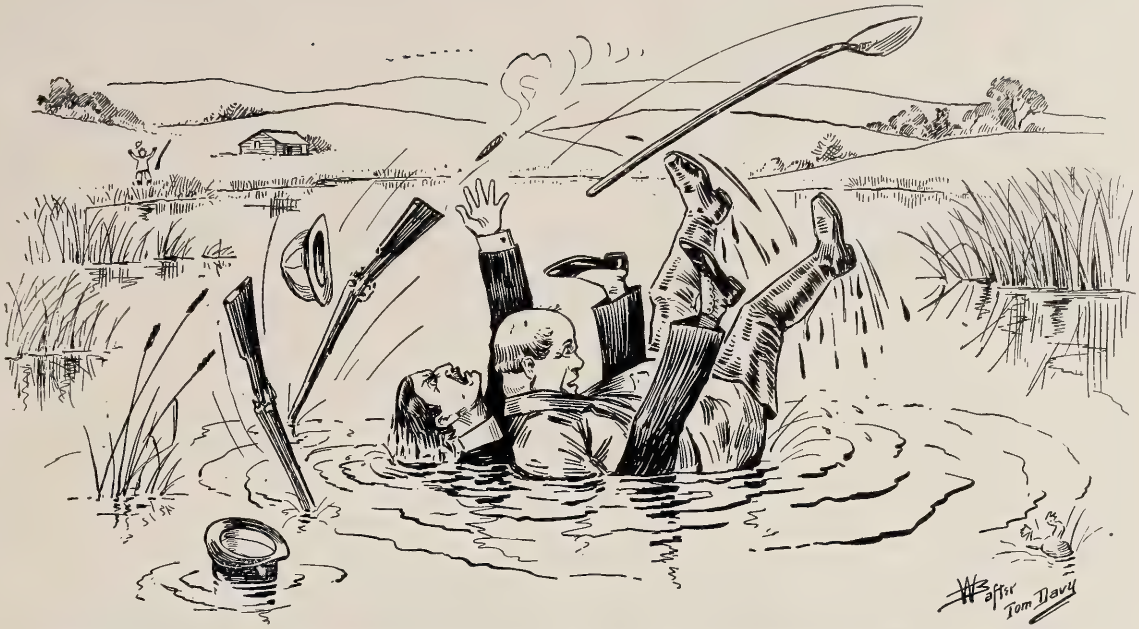
"Oh, I am going to carry it out to the island so it can shoot a duck."

"There are lots of geese here this morning and perhaps if you picket him out somewhere around here he would make a good decoy."

"Don't answer the idiot," said Jones.

Then they proceeded toward the island. The Judge, thinking of the ludicrous position of himself and the stenographer, began to laugh and to writhe from one side to the other; whereupon Jones screeched out, "For Heaven's sake, look out! You'll fall over in the mud next!"

At that moment the Judge stepped into an old gopher hole, and in trying to recover his foot, being still convulsed with laughter, he staggered and tilted, and then went down on his back, or rather on Jones' stomach and Jones on his back, in about 8 inches of water and mud. As the icy water soaked through the splendid clothes of the stenographer the Judge lay on top of him and forced him farther and farther into the mud. Jones was exasperated to hear peal after peal of laughter from the hunter on the shore. The Judge could do nothing but laugh and grind the poor stenographer deeper and deeper into the slime. Jones gathered his forces for one tremenduous effort, gave his burden a strong push and extricated himself from his prison. They arose, fished their guns from the water and each complaining to the other they made the best of their way to the island. For a moment they stood gazing in silence at each other and endeavoring to see the hole which they seemed to have made in the water. They looked at their guns and said some things that will never be spread on the court rec-

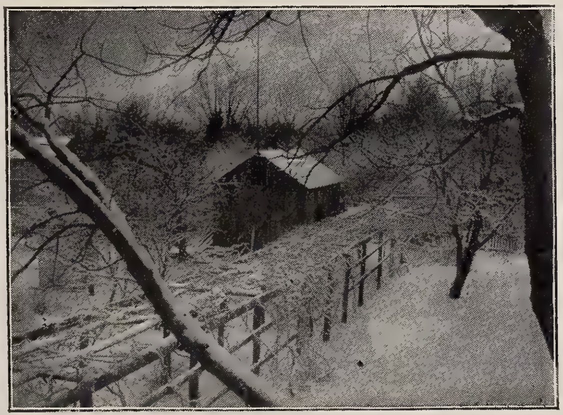


"HE LANDED ON JONES' STOMACH AND JONES ON HIS BACK IN 8 INCHES OF WATER AND MUD."

ords. Fortunately the day was warm and they suffered no serious inconvenience on account of the dampness. As the sun dried Jones' clothes it left on them the stain of the bottom of the lake, and they then had the proper color.

All day long the red-heads flew past by 2's and 3's and the sportsmen were unusually successful. After the evening flight they started homeward with a goodly bunch of ducks. When they reached the shallow channel through which they must again wade, the Judge, camel-like, got down on his knees and instructed Jones to climb on his back that they might make the passage across the water. Jones looked at the water, then at the Judge and said, "I may be a dude, but I am not a fool," and boldly waded across.

Jones now says that hereafter when he desires a ride, he will mount a burro and not a donkey.



AN ALL NIGHT EXPOSURE.

Editor RECREATION: I send you a picture of a moonlight snow scene which I made on the night of January 23, 1899.

I set my camera at a little before 9 o'clock p.m., at my North bedroom window upstairs, and opened it. When I awakened it was still dark, and I went and closed the camera. It was then 6 o'clock, making the exposure about 9 hours and 45 minutes.

The ground was covered with snow, about 4 inches of which had fallen that afternoon. The moon was almost full and shone through light drifting clouds, just bright enough to give a good light, but not enough to make heavy shadows that would otherwise have blurred in the long exposure.

I have had my camera just 2 months and do all my own developing and printing.

Roy Vertress, Pittsfield, Ill.

Branson (recently married): "I tell you, old man, the word 'wife' is the most tender word in the English language."

Parker: "Oh, you're new at the business. After you've been married 10 years you'll think the word 'freedom' is simply out of sight."

TROUTING IN THE ROCKIES.

AGNES. H. SHORES.

One morning, some 13 years ago last September, my brother Frank, another man, 3 visiting young ladies, my 8-months-old son and I started on a fishing excursion. We drove 2 rather lively horses, to a 3 seated light rig, and carried a big basket of food. Some of the crowd wanted to go up the river, and some down, so we concluded to leave the choice to our horses. When we came to the forks of the road, they pulled up stream, and away we went. The new horse fairly flew. It was the first time he had ever been hitched up, but I didn't know it then. We drove 7 or 8 miles and found a good camping place, near an old deserted cabin. It was a picturesque scene, near some overhanging bluffs, in a little canyon valley. The old chimney had fallen in on the dirt roof of the cabin, and the birds were flying in and out. They chirped and twittered on our arrival, and hovered anxiously about, darting here and there as though in doubt and distress. They soon found we meant them no harm, so they ceased to scold and all was well.

The boys picketed the horses, we spread our Mexican blankets and the baby on the ground. Then the others started out to fish, while I staid behind to arrange the dinners. I got the kindling and brush ready to light the fire, set the ground for a table, and proceeded to amuse the baby until the hungry anglers should return. It seemed to me they would never come. I was eager to try my luck, and I knew some of the party didn't care at all to go fishing. I could easily have carried the baby to the river and fished some on my own hook, but I did not dare to leave camp, for fear some adventurer might undertake to explore the food supply. I dropped asleep while thinking over my situation, and was awakened by the young man in charge dropping pebbles into my breathing place. I don't usually breathe with my mouth open, to be taken for a store-room, but camp life makes a change in one's habits.

A neighboring ranchman dropped in whom we all knew and I invited him to stay to dinner. He accepted and volunteered to fry the pancakes for me. It was a revelation to see him turn them in the air and catch them in the frying pan, right side up with care.

Soon the anglers began to straggle in, and one of the girls said, "I can't see any fun in fishing." I felt sorry for her, but did not express myself, as she was company. The men had taken a number of trout. I soon had a good fire going, we made coffee and fried trout, and dinner was served. After we had eaten all we possibly could, and the fragments had been cleared away, the girls said they would watch the youngster, who was asleep by that time, and give me a chance to fish. It was quite awhile before anything came my way, but by and by Bre'r Trout came sa'nterin' along.

"Ah, there, Bre'r Trout," sez I.

"Same to you," sez 'e.

"How does the world find you to-day?" sez I.

"Spotted," sez 'e, "spotted. I'se dun got a cold in my head. Can't smell nuthin'."

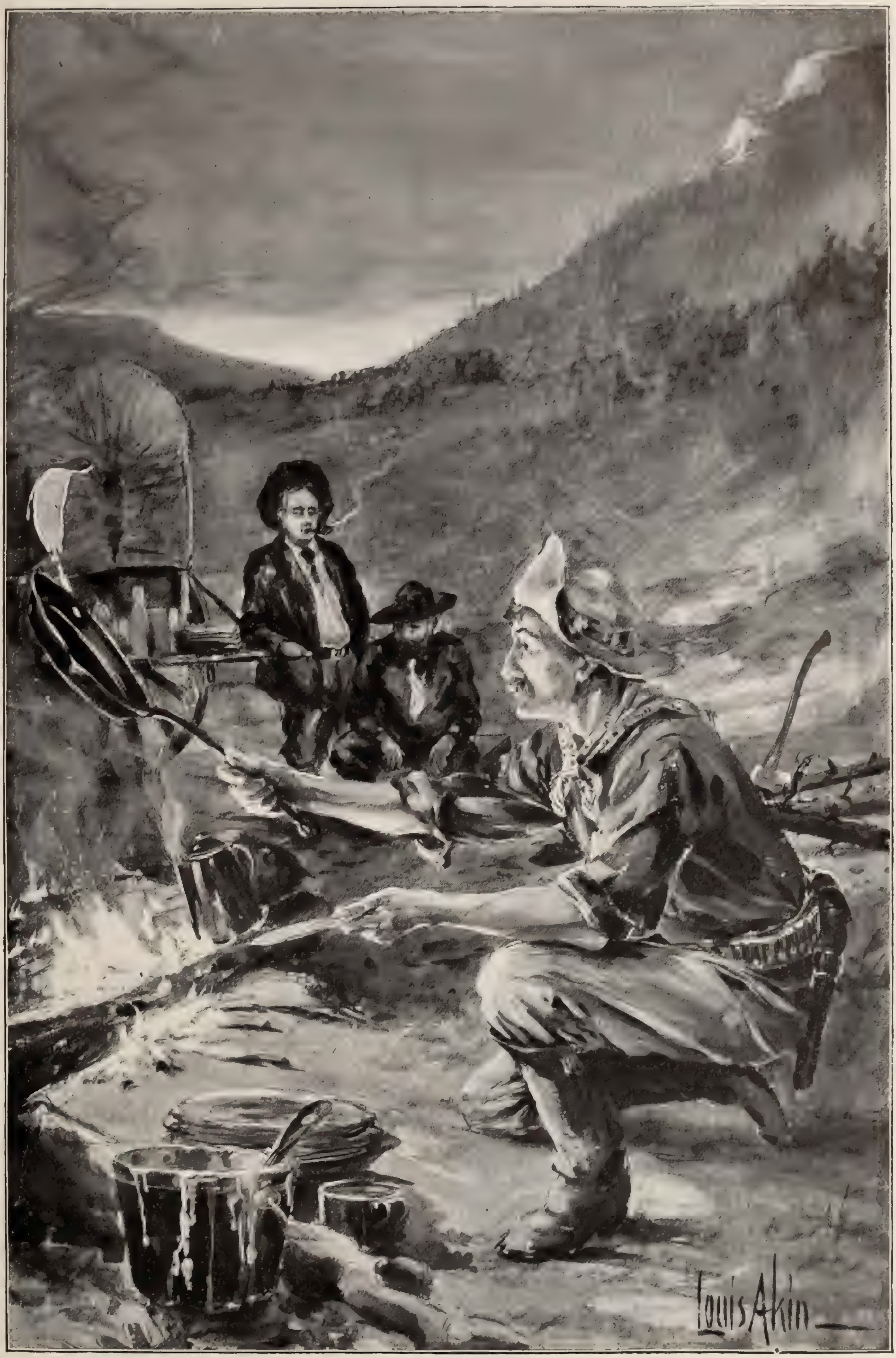
"If by any crook or hook I can relieve you of your head, I'll gladly do so," sez I.

"Not on your line," sez 'e, and with a flip of his tail he lowered himself (in my opinion) into deep water.

But I was not to be discouraged by this conversation, and pretty soon I felt a gentle nibbling at my bait, like a wary mouse at a hidden cheese. I lay low and said nothing. Then a pull came and a vibration ran up my arm, that made me reel (my line). With a yell that would have done credit to any wild Ingin that ever roamed the far West, I landed a 2 pounder, and to this day I firmly believe Bre'r Trout came back and accidentally caught on.

As I sauntered up the bank I disturbed a mother grouse and her brood of babies. They disappeared mysteriously but as I walked away 2 of them peered timidly out at me from beneath a friendly leaf.

I went triumphantly back to my waiting son, who looked and acted wordless vengeance. The men came in with more trout, hitched up, and we were soon on our way home, having greatly enjoyed ourselves. The horses went along all right for a mile or 2, when suddenly the untamed one seemed to think something was expected of him, and began to dance a minuet. The curves he executed would have been more highly appreciated in a 40 acre field than in the harness. The other horse sympathized with him and began to back and buck. I have always been afraid of horses, so I screamed to be let out. My brother replied in a voice of thunder, "Sit still." But I thought I'd rather make an exhibition of myself than to sit perched up behind



"IT WAS A REVELATION TO SEE HIM TURN THEM IN THE AIR AND CATCH THEM IN THE FRYING PAN."

"TWO OF THEM PEEPED TIMIDLY OUT FROM BENEATH A FRIENDLY LEAF."

a circus like that, so I managed to do the two-step with my son under one arm. Two of the girls also scrambled out. One of them was Frank's best girl, so he didn't scold her any. We were in an open place, and I ran away. I gave one look backwards and the horses were plunging my way. I ran as fast as I could, caught both my feet through my skirt and fell on to my howling baby into a bunch of sage brush. The brush was all that saved him from being flattened. As I rolled off from him he gave a frightened grunt. I couldn't get up until I had broken my trap. I then struggled to my feet and rescued the kid. One girl had stayed in the wagon during the exhibition and the other girls said she did it to show off.

When the horses had danced around until they were tired, they adopted a gentle, dignified trot. I finally got back into the wagon as tired as the horses were.

We reached home in safety, vowing we'd never ride behind a bucking broncho again if we **knew it.**

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. A. EGGLESTON.

DEER IN MINNEHAHA PARK.

I mail you to-day a photograph of a deer taken at Minnehaha park, Minneapolis, by Clarence V. Ferguson.

We were together when the photograph was made but this was taken with his camera.

We have excellent opportunities at Minnehaha park for getting good photographs of game.

The park is filled with deer, elk and moose and many of them are almost as wild as in the natural state; but by using care excellent photographs can be made.
Walter A. Eggleston, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Puce: "Mercy! You let your girl off every afternoon."

Mrs. Mauve: "Yes, and it is such a saving. The more she is away the fewer dishes she breaks."

THE "HA HA" TRIP.

DR. J. C. FRENCH.

"Dose Merican feller hee's jomp round very mooch, all tam laugh ha, ha! Som tam I tink he goin' fight. Jaw plentee; den one of it say sam ting and bote of it laugh lowd, ha, ha! Dat mek me feel pooty plenty an I laugh ha, ha! meself."

That's the way John told it, so we called it the ha ha trip. When I came up from the South last spring, there was not much ha, ha, in the face of the man who camped with me on the Platte river years ago. He was not the same brown-faced fellow who shot geese so fast in North Dakota that he got rattled and could not find them all. That white-eared, sallow chap could not have been the one who ate the dough gods and fried squeal I cooked for him with his plover, down in Nova Scotia; nor the same who ate the black bass at our camp down in Maine, and who said "they were all good, better than he could buy at any 'tavern' he ever seed."

He weighs 135 and I 200, and so I told him I'd lick him if he did not pack and start for Canada on the first train.

He smoked his briar root hard and drawled out:

"Well, I'll hev ter go yer oncet more."

So we landed on American island, Lake Edward, and fished a little first, and fixed camp till John opened his big blue eyes with wonder and muttered under his breath:

"Plentee Yankee trick, Bon Voyageuers." (I guess that's it.)

We like things our way, in camp, and pulling out fish in great strings, to brag about later, is not our way. Everything we do must have the proper "twang" to it, even if we do it by degrees, as the man swallowed the thermometer.

The second day it rained. I was fixing a fir tree, peeled and cut just right for a coat and hat rack. Pard was whittling a spoon. He stopped, looked long and fixedly.

"Say, old man, what's that over there? No loon, or duck either."

A glance through the glass and I shouted, "Caribou, coming this way. Get your camera, quick!" John danced and jumped, wringing his hands in wild excitement, and crying:

"Caribou, I go! Caribou, I go!"

"Yes, you fool, get that boat off quicker than you ever did any thing in your life!"

A wild scramble, a quick, hard pull, and we were down on the caribou before he knew we were anywhere near him. At first he raised high up and looked, and then churned the water into foam as he turned for shore. Away shot the boat. I called the distance foot by foot. "Click! Once more, to be certain. Pull, John! Pull hard! Click! Ha, ha, ha!" We had gotten a photo of a live wild caribou, not 10 feet away, and just to show what he could do John turned him twice more. We were so close I could have touched him with my hand. I am glad I flung that big pistol behind me when I found it in my hand; the Lord only knows how. John said: "De dev whisper, keel him and pay fine. Never have it no such chance agin." But I think the dev. was John himself.

"Will it rain all day, John?" I asked, in the grey morning, when I heard the steady drip, drip on the canvass.

"I tink so, probbee. Dat loon bees raise hal all night. I tink he laugh ha, ha! some tam heemself."

But it did let up, and away we went and not only caught a fine string, but I also tore out the side of the jaw of a 4-pounder, and Pard caught him a few minutes later, broken jaw and all. We found the nest of that mocking, laughing loon, and in 10 days we had some wonderful things in our collection. Though I have been long in camp, and many times have seen the loon I never before saw his nest or eggs. Nor have I ever found anyone else who had seen them. John said: "Dat feller he ain't laugh quat so mooch dis tam as we."

So we marked the picture, "He laughs best who laughs last." The nest was on an island, and of itself as near nothing as could well be. Just a little drift, pine straw, moss etc., and so near the water the spray must fly over it whenever the wind blew.

The gull will lay more eggs in the same nest if you rob it, but the loon quits hers, at once, if you touch it. And a fresh gull egg is the best egg to eat I ever tasted.

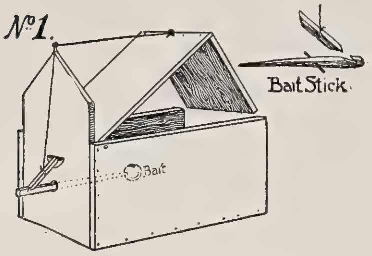
The photos referred to came with the story, but while exceedingly interesting were not sharp enough to reproduce.—Editor.

TRAPS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM

ROBERT ACKER.

It is hardly safe to give instructions in the art of trapping and trap making in these days of rapid disappearance of game of all kinds, of fur bearing animals and of song and insectivorous birds, yet I have thought it best to do so for the benefit of farmers and others who really need such aid.

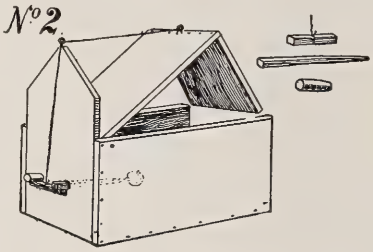
Nº1.



There are many small rodents that are destructive to crops, to trees and to vines, and he who aids in the destruction of such is a public benefactor. In many parts of the country rabbits are a pest, and farmers and fruit growers are thankful for any help they can get in destroying them. Then the fox, the weasel, the coon and other "varmints" are hard on game, and poultry, and should be killed.

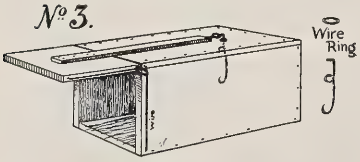
Some of the traps here illustrated are good medicine for jack rabbits and cottontails. Others are good for Norway rats, gophers, prairie dogs, or moles.

Nº2.



I trust, however, no one who reads this will ever make improper use of the information here given. Don't ever capture or kill a harmless bird or mammal, unless for real scientific purposes. Don't ever trap or snare a game bird, either for food or for sale. The man who would do so is no better than the man who steals his neighbor's chickens.

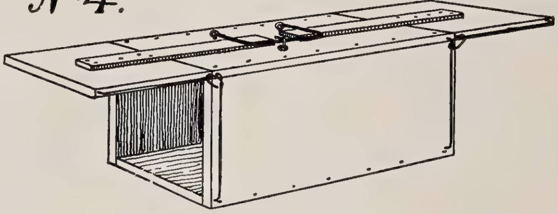
Nº3.



If you go after deer, moose, or other big game, in the North woods or the mountains, it is natural you should want to bring in a few pelts of fur bearing animals for rugs, or for mounting. This is entirely legitimate, and a few traps set about camp will often take valuable trophies while you are hunting or sleeping. For such use it is well to take into camp a few steel traps of assorted sizes. Full instructions as to the use of these are given in a book issued by the Oneida Community, Kenwood, N. Y., and which will be sent free if you mention RECREATON.

But to return to the subject of wooden traps:

Nº4.



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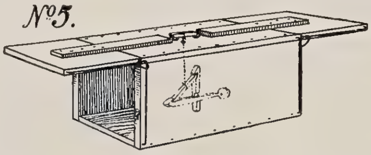
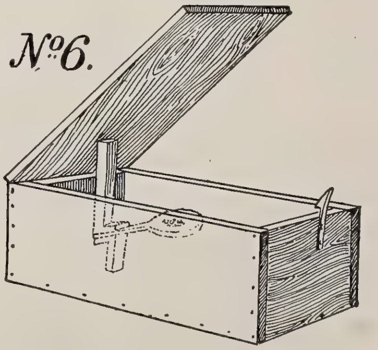


No. 1 is a box 12 x 12 x 20, but may be made smaller or larger, according to size of animal to be caught. One end of the box is about 22 inches in height, tapering to a point. The top and the other end are nailed together, one end of the top is hinged, either by strap hinges or by iron rod running through the lid. The setting apparatus is composed of a small piece of wood bevelled at 2 ends, to which a piece of string is fastened in the center and which runs to the lid. The other piece which holds the bait is somewhat longer, and a small opening is cut in one end, into which a beveled piece fits and which is fastened in center by a small piece of heavy wire. When the animal gets hold of the bait, the least upward pull will spring the trap.

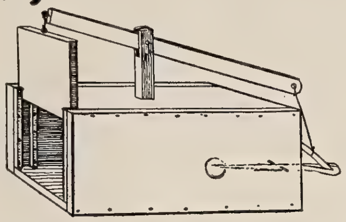
Nº6.



No. 2 is same as No. 1 but with different setting apparatus. In the larger end bore 2 holes. In one put a plug about 1½ inches long. In the other insert a stick on which the bait is fastened loosely; so that when the animal pulls on the bait the stick will come out. The other piece, to which string is fastened, is about 2 inches long.

No. 3 is an oblong box with one end hinged. At one side of the lid is a wire running from end to end. On same side of trap a wire runs up and down the trap, around both of which is fastened a loose wire ring to prevent the door from being opened by the captive. The setting of this trap is simple, as is shown.

No. 7.



No. 4 is same as No. 3, but with 2 doors. Therefore trap must be made longer. Setting same as No. 3.

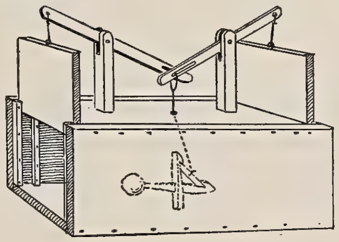
No. 5.—Same as No. 4, but set with figure 4.

No. 6 is a bird trap, the setting of which is simple. The paddle on which food is placed must be large, so that when the bird sits on the paddle it will spring the trap.

No. 7.—The door works in a slide, and the setting apparatus is the same as in No. 1.

No. 8 is same as No. 7, but with 2 doors, and therefore longer. It is set with a figure 4.

No. 8.

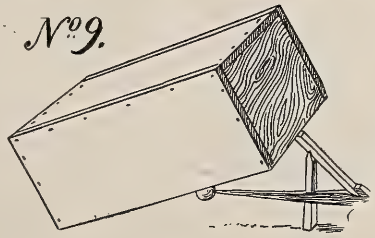


No. 9 is a common box, set with a figure 4.

No. 10 has a hinged lid, and is also set with figure 4.

No. 11 is a plain box with slatted doors. No setting necessary, as the animal forces his way in and can't get out.

No. 9.



No. 12 is a fish trap. The opening is composed of small steel wires which easily adjust themselves to the size of the fish and close when he goes in.

No. 13 is a snare. The sticks on the 2 crutches act as braces for the loop. A piece of flat wood is driven in the ground; in the upper part a hole is cut; the string has a good sized knot at the end; the knot is put through the hole and bait stick put into the hole also. When the animal pulls at the bait the stick comes out and springs the trap.

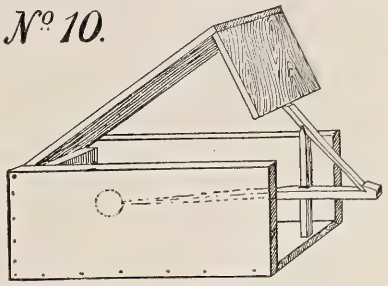
No. 14 is same as No. 13, except as to setting apparatus, as shown in cut.

No. 15 is same as No. 13, except that it is set by a figure 4.

No. 16 is the same as No. 13, except as to setting. When the animal gets hold of the bait and pulls down it springs the trap.

No. 17 is a very simple trap, as shown in the cut.

No. 10.

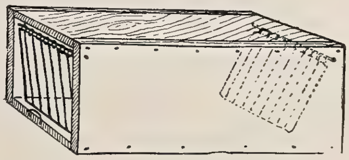


No. 18 is the simplest trap made. The loop is laid on the ground.

No. 19 is also a very simple trap, and no description is needed.

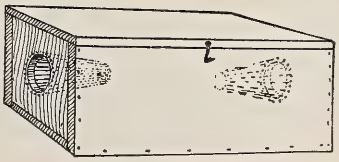
No. 20 is the old fashioned dead fall, and nearly every boy in the country, 6 years old, knows how to make it.

No. 11.



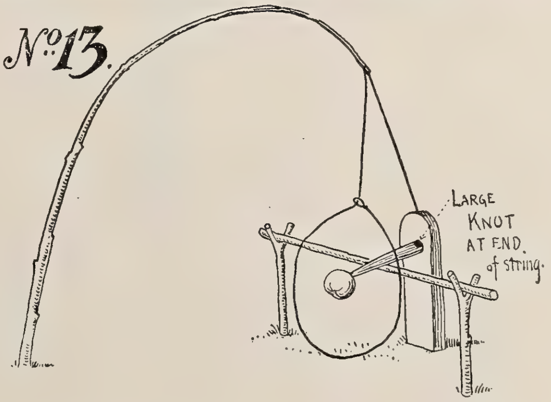
No. 21 is called the figure 4, and is one of the simplest traps made.

No. 12.



No. 22 chokes the animal and keeps it on the ground. It may be set with the figure 4, or a knot made in the end of the string and the bait stick put in the hole to keep it set. When the animal pulls on bait it springs the trap.

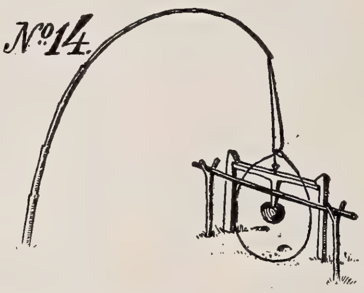
No. 13.


Large Knot at end of string.

No. 23 is a bird or animal trap. The victim simply forces its head through the loop and chokes itself to death.

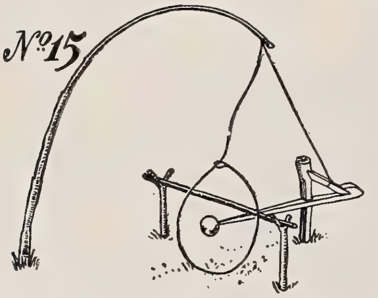
In making a snare it is always best to obstruct it on all sides except top and entrance, with stones, wood or anything that will prevent the animal from getting the bait without being caught.

No. 14.



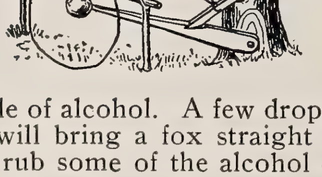
A good muskrat trap is made by digging a hole large enough for a barrel to set in, near the bank of a pond or where the rats frequent. Fill the barrel 2-3 full of water; then put in a quart of sawdust and small pieces of wood. On this place the bait, so it will float. The rat will jump in for the bait and will be drowned. Several can be caught in a single night, where they are plentiful.

No. 15.

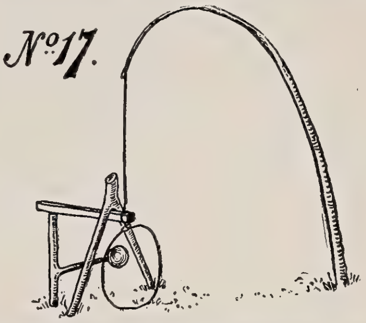


The best fox trap is a No. 00 steel trap, which must be smeared with the blood of some animal, or with beeswax, to destroy the odor of the trapper's hands. The best bait is a small piece of fried meat smeared with honey. To make the attraction doubly strong get the matrix from a female dog or fox, in season, and preserve it in a tightly corked bottle of alcohol. A few drops from this bottle will bring a fox straight to the trap. Also rub some of the alcohol on the soles of your boots when visiting the traps. A piece of raw meat should also be dragged about. Another good plan is to get some earth from a kennel where a tame fox has been kept and set the trap in it. Most trappers use what they call "medicine," which is a mixture of oil of anise, asafœtida and musk, mixed with fish oil. When used at the trap a drop or 2 is placed on or near the bait. When used to form a trail leading to a trap the "medicine" is placed in a small bladder or leather bag pierced with numerous small holes and dragged from trap to trap. This leaves a trail which several of the carnivorous fur bearers will eagerly follow.

No. 16.

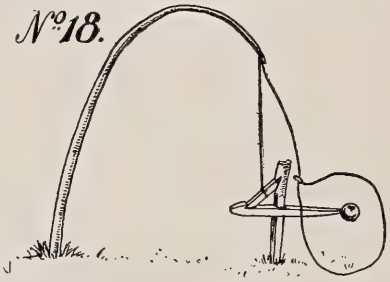


No. 17.



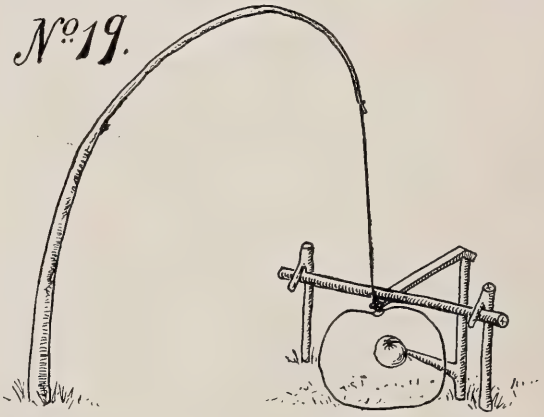
Othergood lures are the castoreum of the beaver, the musk of the muskrat, or a drop of the secretion from the glands of the skunk.

No. 18.

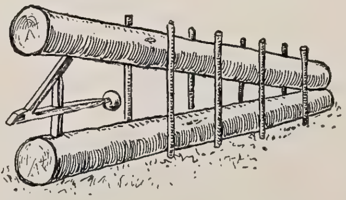


Another good lure for foxes, minks, martens, etc., is composed of ½ pound strained honey, ¼ dram musk, 3 drams oil of lavender and 4 pounds of tallow. Mix the whole thoroughly and make into 40 pills or balls. Place one near the bait when setting the trap.

No. 19.



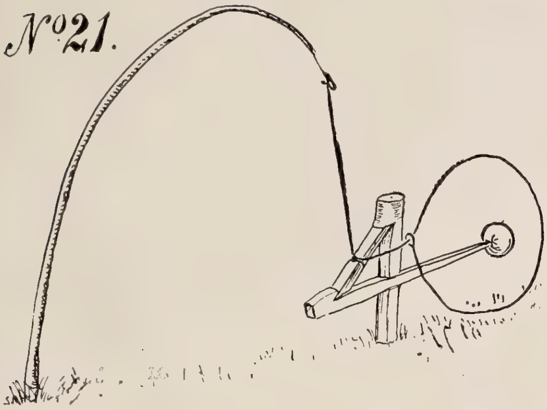
No. 20.



The best baits for muskrat are apple, carrot, flagroot and parsnips. A good idea is to put on a drop of the rat's musk to suggest that other rats have been there.

The mink is passionately fond of fish. The best bait for him is fish, a bit of muskrat or the head of a fowl. The best scent for attracting mink is made as follows: Get some eels, trout, or minnows and cut up into small pieces; put them in a loosely corked bottle and hang in the sun 2 or 3 weeks, in summer. An oil will form on top, which emits a strong odor. Sprinkle a few drops of this on the bait and around the trap. It will be sure to draw mink from a great distance.

Nº21.



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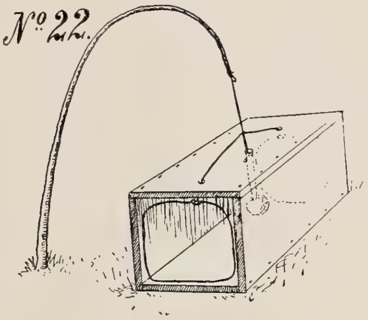


The best baits for the marten are parts of fish, heads of poultry, etc. Lures same as for mink.

The best baits for the fisher are bits of muskrat, poultry or fish. The best lure for the fisher is the "medicine" used for the fox.

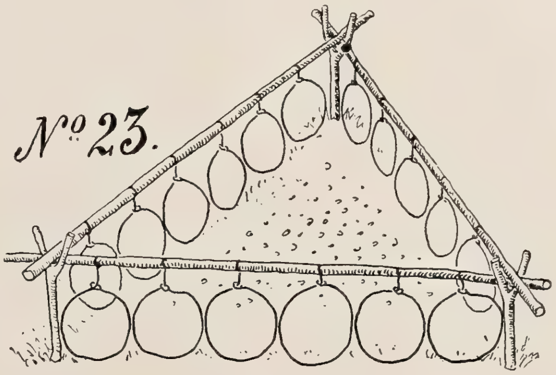
The best bait for otter is fish. The best lures are the "medicine," and the fish oil prescribed for mink.

The food of the beaver is the bark of trees and the roots of aquatic plants. The best lure is a small portion of the castoreum found in the 2 inguinal sacs of the male beaver.

The best bait for the raccoon is a bit of fresh fish.

The best bait for lynx is a bit of muskrat, or a small bird. The "medicine" and the castoreum of the beaver also appeal strongly to him. Extract of valerian is another attractive morsel for him.

Nº23.



The favorite food of the woodchuck is peas and parsley.

The best bait for the skunk is the head of a fowl, etc. Place a drop of the secretion of the skunk near the trap.

For the weasel use same lure as for mink.

Mr. Goodthing (engaged to Johnny's sister).—Johnny, I'm going to make you a present. What do you wish?

Johnny—A box of candy.

Mr. G.—What else?

Johnny—Another box of candy.

Mr. G.—Oh, wish something else; your little stomach couldn't hold all that candy.

Johnny—Another stomach.—St. Louis Republic.

A DAY FROM A TROUT FISHERMAN'S DIARY.

SEPIA.

He gets up before daylight. I say "gets up," for he hasn't been asleep; what lover of the rod can sleep before his first day at trout in a year? A fisherman is not a stoic!

He gets up, then, and after getting his clothes on wrong several times, and trying not to wake everyone in the house, gets his rod and reel, and with pockets filled with multitudinous traps without which no worshipper of Pisces can approach the shrine of Fontinalis, leaves the house as the sky lights in the East, taking the path which leads up the hill at the back of the house, and is soon out of sight among the scrub oaks. There is just light enough for him to see the faint trail at his feet, as it winds around the boulders and old uprooted tree stumps. Past piles of rocks supposed to contain more rattlesnakes than a barrel of whiskey; past a last winter's deer-stand, with its charred ashes still showing its holder's protection against the biting winds. Not a sound is in the air, except the swish of the brush against the old overcoat, donned not only for protection against the early morning chill, but also the drenching to be had from the dew, which flies in a spray from every touched bough. Twenty minutes' walking, and the path turns downward, winding in and out like a serpent, then a stop for a moment's rest from the load of camera, coat and traps, when, hark! What is that? Soon it becomes plainer, growing into a rumble, then into a muffled roar, until when the trail is lost on a broad rock, ending abruptly a few feet further on, a step to the edge, and what a scene is unfolded!

Twenty feet below, a boiling cauldron of the yellowish green cypress water of the swamps above, a turmoil of foam 30 feet across, throwing clouds of mist into the air, as from a panting engine. Above, to the right, the water comes down over the falls in a solid sheet, a roaring torrent, with a din that shakes the ground, causing that deep diapason which suggests the thunder of a volcano. Thrown at the foot of the falls by a mighty force of long ago are brown boulders and tree trunks, piled in confusion.

Along the opposite side of this miniature gorge, is a series of thin, broad, filmy falls, which deck the hoary moss-covered stone behind and below them with a lace whose pattern was designed before man began to trace his ruder work.

Tossing, whirling, leaping, foaming the water hurries below through tortuous channels formed by the boulders thrown this way and that, divided by an island of rocks and living trees, cutting a curving hollow deep under the cliff above, and forming a deep, black, spume-covered pool, chattering, gurgling, dancing to join again and widen into an immense pool 200 by 75 yards, with a 100-foot riffle at its head. The turbulent water now subsides into a slow train of foamy circles, till it hardly seems to move. No sound—what's that!—down in the center of the pool a whirl, a splash, the slap of a broad tail on the water, the gleam of a glistening side! The Brook Trout has begun his breakfast!

The fisherman wakes from his dream of Elysian Fields, his eyes lose their far away look, and gleam with excitement. He sees around him the perfect setting of his first day's sport with the trout!

Off goes the coat, down goes the camera and the rod is fitted. Put on your best leader, my boy, a double one if you have it, you'll need it in this swift water!

What lure? A small minnow out of the bottle half full of water you have in your creel; no flies at this time of the morning; you'll need sun on the water for them. Back! out of sight of the water! Everything is ready, and our fisherman creeps to the edge of the first pool below the falls, a small one beside the mass of foaming water. He reels out sufficient line, and tosses the bait over, with heart in his throat like a freshman at his first examination, when, as soon as the minnow is fairly in the water, splash! a pull, and he reels in a line with half a minnow on its end. Salvelinus is hungry for his breakfast, so hungry that he did not aim with his usual care —and saved his life! Another bait, another cast, and zip! off he goes, with the reel singing a morning hymn. A neck-breaking scramble down the rocks, hanging on to a small tree trunk by one hand, with far more care that the line should be kept taut than that his neck should not be broken, and he stands on a small rock, shelving into the pool, and slippery with moss. Our trout by this time has worked himself into a rage, at the resistance offered by a puny minnow, but he does not know that the tiny shiner is backed by the silk-worm, the give and take of the bamboo, and "the man behind the rod," a little nervous and trembling, perhaps, but who would not feel his pulse stir in a struggle with the noblest of game fishes? The man who can catch trout without feeling the exhilaration of the doubtful battle is unfit for that gift of the gods—a cloudy day, a quiet air, and a deep pool!

S. Fontinalis puts up the fight of his life. To right, to left, his fierce rushes carry him into the rapid tumble of the mid-water, then into the quiet of the side, getting, for awhile, little more line with each run, lest he prove too strong for that quivering tip. When he has 50 or 60 feet of line out the time comes to put on more pressure, then the reel sings in a lower key, intermitted with the faint buzzing of the wind in. The tip is down to its last ounce; will it hold? Why did he not get the most expensive rod in the store when he bought? Why? But the strain eases, as the fish is coaxed into the quieter side water, and he is commencing to come up stream slowly in answer to the reel, when he is off again into the swift currents, and the fight goes on, but he grows weaker, and is manœuvered to within seeing distance. The last struggle comes with the flourish of the landing net, but a quick dip, a turn of the wrist, a lift, the net turned deftly sideways, a scramble up the rocks and almost a collapse on the ground, from the relieved strain. Our friend does not realize until the fight is over, that the trout is not the only one who has been on high tension!

The sky is brighter. All nature takes a fresh breath and gains new beauty, at the sight of the fish lying curved in the net, its sides iridescent, purple, red, white and yellow; the darkly mottled back—is there a color of the rainbow not present on the body of a freshly caught brook trout?

Our fisherman puts on a longer leader, with a brown hackle, and a grizzly king, and walks down stream to the long riffle at the head of the great pool. A large flat rock, 8 x 10, smooth enough for a tent floor, juts from the bank into the edge of the current, a foot above the water, the rocks above hanging over the platform protectingly. No casting is needed here, the current is only too willing to do the work for him.

The line drifts down to the left, past the bushes, out of sight; the slightly increasing pull as the current catches the longer line alone telling him that it is afloat, till it is far enough below, and he begins reeling in, when suddenly he thinks it has snagged, and would be sure of it, save for that indescribable tugging, quivering, bending of the tip. This time the game is easier to handle. He is on the side of the swifter current, and standing on the rock our friend is able to bring him into the quieter water, and counts him already creeled. Suddenly the line hangs slack; disappointment succeeds elation, and he reels in an empty line. "It is better to have fished and lost, than never to have fished at all."

It is the disappointment, the lost leaders and flies, the snapped tips, the lightly hooked fish, that make the pleasure felt in a successful play the keener. The man who is continually successful never knows the satisfaction of the man who has first felt failure.

The angler now steps into the water, and wades out until the riffle nearly tops his hip boots. He stands in the full force of the miniature rapids, and must needs plant his feet solidly on the rocks of the bottom to keep his balance. Dropping his new leader with its flies into the water, the current takes them from him, till 50 feet are out, then he begins to play the flies across the current this way and that, reeling in, letting out, till splash! the spray jumps as the strike comes, almost before he feels the tension through the rod, and again is the battle royal on, this time in a new phase, the fish leaping and fighting along the top of the water, and as he comes nearer, one can catch glimpses of his fins spread wide for a pull, or he lies over on his side to make an oblique spurt for smoother water, so that he can come up stream faster for slack line; but no, the reel buzzes faster, the tip takes him away from dangerous ground for the present, and the fight continues. Steer him carefully away from those bush roots which stand in the high water of the springtime, and don't let him get the line across or around that rock in the middle, placed there as if for an anchor of hope and a rock of refuge for desperate trout. Reel him in gently, pass the net under him, keeping your own balance meanwhile, then, splash back to the rocky platform you left. Now realize how tired and cold and how happy you are! Get out the pocket scales, weigh him, and satisfy yourself he is a quarter pound heavier than the first. Two such fish are enough for a reasonable man.

A faint "whoo-o-p" is heard above the roar of the falls back of him, and there above him, stands the partner of his joys and sorrows, with the lunch. He realizes he has the appetite of a wolf, and, stretched out in the sun, he satisfies the inner man with a gusto the city does not breed. Where has the day gone? Father Time seems jealous of our friend.

A rest, some pictures taken to dream over in the coming winter, a few more casts with varying success, and then the trail back to the house is taken, the sagging weight of the creel at each step a constant reminder of the fruits of the day's sport. He arrives at the house, and drops into an easy chair on the porch, "tired as a pup," as the evening settles over hill and valley.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

A CONTEMPTIBLE GAME WARDEN.

The following reminds one of the story related of Henry VII., of England. His Royal Majesty had been invited to attend a banquet in his honor, by the Earl of Oxford. The king enjoyed himself immensely, an entertainment and feast being given such as had probably never been known in all England. Upon departing, the king ordered the Earl arrested, because the latter had made an unlawful display of uniformed soldiers.

Several young and prominent sportsmen of the city in which I reside, went on a hunting trip up North, early last winter. They had been unusually successful the first few days, and were congratulating themselves on their good luck, when a game warden, unexpected and uninvited, strode into their camp.

Whether the hunters knew the stranger to be such, or not, I cannot say; but he was royally welcomed and entertained for 2 or 3 days. He was given the very best in camp; all those luxuries that are found only in camp life. Nothing was omitted on the part of the hunters to make his stay a happy one.

Finally, when the warden was satisfied, he arrested the entire party, on the ground that they had violated a state game law. They were, of course, not a little surprised at the steps taken by their late guest; but, nevertheless, they were obliged to accompany him to a nearby town, where a warrant was sworn out for them. After the high life which they were accustomed to as hunters, they did not think for a minute of subsisting on the food provided by the town for its criminals; so they furnished bail.

Returning to their resident town, they secured the best legal advice; and when court opened, they returned North, determined to push the case through.

They were acquitted; but if I am not mistaken, the game warden received notice that his services were no longer desired. This should be a lesson to other wardens; they must respect the laws as well as hunters or other private citizens.

E. L. R., Stillwater, Minn.

ANSWER.

I do not see that the game warden in question did anything wrong. Of course it was disagreeable to the hunters to have him reveal himself as an officer after having accepted their hospitality, but if they had violated the game laws, as they seem to have done from the above communication, he was justified in taking the course he did to obtain the information. On the face of this statement it would seem that he made a mistake in not taking one or more witnesses with him. Of course the evidence of several men would have more weight in court than that of one man and this appears to have been the reason why he failed to convict the hunters. There may have been other phases of the case which do not appear in E. L. R.'s report, but unless such be the case, then the officer did only his duty.

He acted the part of a detective, but detective work of exactly this character is recognized as legitimate in every court in the land. A detective frequently takes measures to be invited to a man's house and accepts his hospitality, in order to procure legal evidence against him. The courts recognize even such measures as this as being legal and necessary.

I should be glad to have any further facts in this case which the accused or the game warden or E. L. R. may be able to furnish.

BIG GAME (HOGS) IN OHIO.

Big game has long been extinct in Ohio. Yet there are traces of something big that has at last been brought to bay. The animal fought bravely, but was overcome at last. The proceeds of this one animal will come close to $500, including costs, etc.

For some time, before and after the quail season, there have been persons killing quail at or near Waseon, O., a small town North of here on Detroit & Lima Northern R. R. There is a game warden there but they were all onto him, it is said, and kept one eye open in his direction. The shipping of quail seems to have been a very profitable business and was one of the principal occupations of one certain poultryman until a slight accident caused dismay in their camp.

The trouble came about by accident. Special game warden S. W. Kinsely heard persons telling of a peculiar accident which had happened at a railroad station. In handling a case of "eggs" it fell, and the lid came off, and presto! the eggs were instantly transformed into quail. The railroad men were careful to keep it to themselves. They probably thought such transformation could only be brought by occultism and was, of course, a thing to be shunned. However, outsiders heard of it and the game warden, S. W. Kinsely, of Lima, O., went on a still hunt.

The birds were packed in an ordinary egg case and shipped from Waseon, O. Shipping bill from L. M., to S. S. Long & Bro., New York, "eggs." The New York inspector telegraphed to the Lima agent and asked that the lading be changed from eggs to poultry, as they were quail and must be shipped as poultry. Taking these pointers, S. W. Kinsely went to Waseon and, in company with the prosecutor, found L. M. to be Lun Mattison, the only shipper of poultry and eggs in the town. They called him up by phone and asked if he shipped a case of eggs to S. S. Long & Bro., New York. He said he did. They then told him he must go and change the shipping bill to poultry as they were quail and not eggs, or else get into trouble. This he refused to do, and he was at once arrested and charged with shipping quail out of the state. Plead not guilty. The trial soon began and, after 5 days' with the law twisters and jury, a verdict of "guilty" was rendered and he was fined $250 and costs!

Joe Mattison, a brother of Lun Mattison, is now under arrest, charged with shipping 50 quail. The evidence against him is more convincing than the case against his brother. I wish to commend Mr. Kinsely. He is a corker and any state might well be proud of such a warden.

This case will, I hope, stop the shipment of quail, and the unlawful shooting of game in that part of the state.

L. F. Laudick.

GAME IN GRAND RAPIDS, MINN.

Editor RECREATION: This is truly a sportsman's paradise. Grand Rapids is almost in the heart of one of the best hunting and fishing grounds in the states. The true sportsman can find all the shooting and fishing he could desire, in this locality. He need not go far from town to find plenty of deer, wolves, bear and smaller game. If he wants moose and caribou a day's journey, by canoe or team, will put him where he is sure of bagging them.

Wild fowl shooting in the fall is unsurpassed here. That there is good fishing here I know from actual experience. Minnesota has good game laws, yet in this Northern part they are grossly violated every day. Deer and moose are slaughtered by the hundred and openly exposed for sale by dealers, without regard to law or season. Moose may be hunted legally only 5 days in the year, and only one moose is allowed for each hunter, but no attention is paid to that up here. If something is not done soon to bring these violators to justice, this part of the country will cease to be known as a game field. To be sure violators are sometimes arrested and brought into court. What then? Here is an illustration.

There were 2 or 3 cases of that kind in the circuit court of this county during the January term, good, strong cases, too, but they were dismissed for lack of evidence; this would be a good field for a missionary of the L. A. S. Perhaps a regiment of them, armed with repeaters, would be better.

There is no place in RECREATION'S swine pen that would give justice to some of the violators of the game laws here, or anywhere else, for that matter. They are not sportsmen, neither can they be classed with the game hog, for even the man who makes a hog of himself during the season, is far more entitled to the respect of decent people, than the being (I won't call him a man) who openly violates the law, or the impostor who calls himself an officer, but can't find evidence to convict one of them when brought before him.

However, there is still an abundance of game here and the sportsmen who come here in season for their annual hunt will not go away disappointed.

W. S. Bohart.

AFTER DEER.

Port Huron, Mich.

Editor RECREATION: In the fall of 1897 I was accompanied on a hunting trip by my old friend, Dr. T——, to Northern part of this state. We arrived in camp on the 4th of November. The Doctor had hunted on the same ground 3 seasons and was well acquainted with the country. It took him about 2½ days to show me the lay of the land. On the afternoon of the 5th we got lost. Darkness came while we were about 8 or 9 miles from camp. We took out our compasses and they agreed that we had been traveling away from camp.

Having kept my bearings well, I struck a course and away I went on the bound, over logs and through all kinds of brush, the doctor following.

Soon the wolves began to howl from every direction. All we had was shot guns and fine shot principally. But the doctor did not seem to mind them.

Next morning we started out about 7 o'clock. I walked up an old log road to the top of a hill and stopped to scan the country. Saw 6 deer, but as the season did not open for 2 days did not shoot.

The next day being Sunday we rested. But Monday morning we started early. We had walked about a mile when up jumped 3 deer. Bang! Bang! Bang! 3 shots apiece and not one took effect. I saw a white flag stop and turn edgewise to me. Soon I saw the form of a head and ears, drew my .38-72 Winchester to my face, and could scarcely see my sights. Drew a bead on the butt of her ear and pulled.

Some grayish white legs flew into the air and went down. The ball had caught her 1½ inches behind the ear and come out by the shoulder.

We paced back to where I stood when I

shot, and the distance was 176 yards. The doe dressed 110 pounds.

Wm. Blake, Palmyra, Ia., requests some one to tell him which is the best gun for large and small game. I have a .38-72 Winchester which I can cheerfully recommend and think it would suit your purpose.

G. E. B.

MAINE'S NEEDS.

Dover, Me., December 30, 1898.

Editor RECREATION: The season for large game has just closed. So far as shipments of game go it has been the most successful one in the history of the state. Last year the railroads shipped from this part of the state a few less than 2,000 deer; this year it has exceeded that number about 200. Hunters believe that deer are on the increase. Of this there can be no doubt.

The opinion as to moose is not so unanimous. In the vicinity of Moosehead lake, however, it is probable there is some increase. It may not be great, but hunters generally agree that there are more young bulls than in former years. Very large moose seem scarce.

As to caribou, it is the same old story of 2 or 3 years just passed. To find a caribou, even in the deepest woods, and best hunting grounds, is nearly impossible. A trip of 3 weeks last summer, in the best hunting grounds in the vicinity of Moosehead lake, did not disclose even a track. Still there are a few caribou, and some have been shot this season. At the present rate of decrease there will soon be none left. It is singular there is no reasonable theory for this. The only probable explanation seems to be migration.

Ruffed grouse were much more plentiful in '98 than in '97. At least that is true here, and in the great woods 50 miles from here.

The legislature has just met, and judging from the past, there will be some tinkering of laws. How much improvement they will make, is yet to be seen. Some changes seem to be called for by the general sporting public. Were I to echo public opinion I should say: The bounty should be taken from bears. They are scarce. They do little or no harm to game. Occasionally some farmer in the back woods loses a sheep. But that is small. Most of those who hunt bears do so incidentally, or for the bear himself. That seems to be sufficient inducement. From a sportsman's standpoint there is no call for a bounty on bears.

The common opinion is that black bass should not be protected. They are protected now. It would seem that he who kills the most black bass is the greatest friend to the fishing public. One consideration makes this evident. They are destructive to all the better kinds of fish. The only good quality they have is that they are fighters. But they are very destructive to trout. In this part of the world they are not generally esteemed as a food fish. Sebec lake, which has been famous as land locked salmon fishing grounds, would be greatly improved if every bass and pickerel could be taken out. The bass are tolerated only where there are no better fish.

There seems to be a call for a bounty on foxes. In the Southern and Western portion of the state, where there is little or no large game, this proposition is stoutly opposed. But the interests of that part of the state in game laws are very inconsiderable, as compared with the remainder of the state. However, the population is much greater; hence they have more votes in the legislature. The result, therefore, is in doubt.

Some of the lynx-eyed ones think a very large bounty should be put on wolves. Residents of the woods say that a few years ago, when there were many wolves in the woods, deer were exceedingly scarce. For some unaccountable reason the wolves left; then the deer increased, and have continued to increase ever since. Usually wolves follow an abundance of large game. They are in abundance just across the Canadian line. Why not take time by the forelock? Put such a bounty on wolves as to make it profitable for a hunter to spend a week to get a single one; then the stable door will be locked before the horse is stolen. If no wolves were killed, the state would have no bounty to pay. If wolves were killed, it could well afford to pay a good sum.

There is considerable discontent with the guide license law. In some respects it has worked better than many predicted. But one very serious objection still holds against it. Possession of a license as guide is no proof of qualification. Probably hunters complain of this more than is generally known. There have been some pointed illustrations of what rascally tricks guides can play on sportsmen. Of course, this kind of guide is rare, but it is hard to see how the present law will improve matters. Let each applicant pass a careful examination in order to obtain his license.

Box Magazine.

OREGON GAME HOGS.

Fort Klamath, Ore.

Editor RECREATION: I am in entire sympathy with your movement to protect the game, which I see getting scarcer every year.

When I first came to this country there were so many geese and ducks that one could scarcely sleep for the noise they made at night in their semi-annual migrations, and in the day-time the sky would be full of them, like swarms of gnats. They were killed by the hundreds, just for their feathers. And now? Well a decent man can get a fair bag, but the hog isn't in it, as he could not get enough for his pouch.

Last November I went across the mountains into the deer country, in the interest of the American Museum of Natural History. While there I learned of some things that will grieve you, as they did me. I was the guest of a man whom I believe to be perfectly reliable, and I am indebted to him and others for the information I give you below.

There are a number of hide hunters inhabiting Jackson Co., Oregon. The principal ones are the following: Louis Martin, Sam Geary, "Cal" Winningham, the Pence brothers, George Wicks and a man by the name of Leboe. There are others but I did not learn their names.

Now as to their work: Two years ago there were a number of elk on the headwaters of Rogue river. Those who had seen the bunch estimate that there were about 40 or 50, when the slaughter, of which I shall speak, took place. Cal Winningham was out as usual hide hunting in the closed season, and in the deep snow he saw where the elk had passed. Going back to camp he got what cartridges he had—75—and a little grub, and started in pursuit.

He probably followed them several days, shooting whenever he got a chance. At any rate he killed or crippled almost the entire bunch, only leaving the remnant when his 75 shots had been exhausted. What was left of the bunch took refuge in an impenetrable fastness in the heart of the mountains, where even these hide hunters dare not follow.

Of the elk, this fellow got only a few hides, as he did not stop to skin them when they fell, but pushed on after the main herd, and many crept off to die where he did not care to follow up. So were destroyed the only elk in the Rogue river country.

Deer are killed in the part of the country I speak of by the thousands, and at all seasons of the year.

Sam Geary killed and marketed the hams of about 500 bucks and does, from the first of August to the first of November, the open season, when it is lawful in this state to do such things. Leboe did hardly as bad, but bad enough, as did also scores of others.

Half-breed Indians kill and market large numbers of deer and hides, though I am told they are not so destructive as are the white butchers.

Louis Martin and the Pence boys went up into the mountains, on the Umpqua divide in June, '97, where the does go to drop their fawns. They hunted here through the fawning season, and 2 men who happened to come on their camp, while the miscreants were away, counted 15 bales of doe hides and to make sure, they counted the hides in a bale and found 100 in it. Think for yourself. These fellows never saved a bit of this meat, for it was not good.

Almost every blacktail doe gives birth to twin fawns; 1,500 does, 3,000 fawns, makes the total loss of that month's hunt 4,500 deer! The does that were never found and died from their wounds, will easily give the fawn loss at 3,000.

This was a year ago last fawning season, so we must count at least 3,000 fawns for the crop that would have come in 1898, making the sum of 7,500 deer! Is it any wonder that the deer are becoming scarce; that a man may hunt sometimes for days without seeing a deer? It is a shame.

And yet we have a game protector in this state. He resides in Portland. I wrote him of the state of affairs in this country. If he did anything to stop it no one ever knew it, not even the hide hunters. I believe he says that the laws so conflict that it is hard to convict a man. Not so, if we had honest judges. I hope that at the coming term of the legislature some laws that will protect the game may be enacted, and provision for their enforcement be made.

This slaughter of deer is going on at all times of the year, and the number that are killed in the Southwest quarter of Oregon every year, would be hard to estimate, as it would reach well up into the thousands. Probably 30,000 to 40,000 would be an estimate within bounds.

Sam Geary and Louis Martin had a bet up once, as to who could kill the most deer in a month. Martin killed 128 and Geary 124.

Geary killed deer for parties from Medford at the rate of $1 each, agreeing that upon a certain day he would have 20 carcasses hung up in trees for the purchaser, and all fresh meat, which goes to show how many these fellows kill in a short time.

An average buck brings the peddler from $8 to $12 when taken to any of the surrounding towns.

I saw a wagon load of hams come into one of these towns in October; people flocked around to get a piece of venison, which sold at 10 cents a pound. To me the sight was disgusting, as blow-flies swarmed around and on the meat. In spite of this, and the fact that it had been hauled in wagons for miles, through the hot sun, with only a wagon sheet or piece of canvas covering it, it was all sold in a short time.

One day's hunt by one of these men and his 2 boys was termed a failure, as they "got only 8."

If they don't make a regular slaughter, they are not satisfied, as they do not get enough from the hides to pay them for their trouble. One of these same people told me that he did not think it would pay them to hunt another season; deer were getting too scarce.

Burton L. Cunningham.

FISH AND GAME LAWS OF ONTARIO.

A short time ago, there was a notice in the Montreal Star to the effect that the people interested in game protection in Quebec, had sent representatives into Ontario to inquire into the working of the laws in the latter province. Evidently the Quebec sportsmen had been led to believe that in Ontario, the fish and game laws were properly enforced, and they wished to pick up a few wrinkles, with a view to improving the conditions in their own country.

The result of their visit has not transpired, but no doubt they went away greatly edified, and perhaps, wishing they could enforce the law with such ease and with like results in Quebec. It is devoutly to be hoped the fish and game of Quebec are better protected than they are in Ontario, or they are in sad case indeed. In Ontario, there is open disregard of the law, both as to the taking of fish and game and the slaughter of prohibited fur-bearing animals.

Living in the midst of it all, I know whereof I write. On Thirty Island Lake, near Denbigh, one man killed 33 deer last season, most of them in the water before hounds. Nearly every party of hunters who came into this section of the country, brought hounds, and, of course, killed all their deer in the water. They could not kill a single one otherwise.

The great majority of those who come in, are men who know nothing of the woods, and would get lost if they went ¼ of a mile from camp. They have to let their dogs do the hunting, while they sit in a boat with a shot gun and a rifle, one on each side of them. The panting deer at last is brought to the lake—and then—mercifully done to death with a single shot? No, having had both barrels of the shot gun and the magazine of the rifle emptied at him, the noble animal is often battered to death with an oar. Buck, fawn, or doe, all are game to these gallant sportsmen.

Many of the settlers, too, are just as bad. There is hardly a lake producing fish without its quota of nets—these bringing a steady revenue into the pockets of the owners, who sell the fish in the nearest towns. There is scarcely a store keeper or peddler in this country but does a constant trade in contraband fur.

As for the deer, they are killed all the year round. Mr. Tinsley says 6,000 people took out licenses to kill deer in 1898, and that he thinks they would average a deer apiece. If he had put the average at 6, he would be nearer the mark. And how about those who hunted without license or permits? Of those who hunted in this section, about 25 per cent. (of the settlers) took out permits.

Dogs were running 2 months before the hunting season, and for a month afterward. The warden, or temporary deputy warden, was himself fined for trying to kill deer in the water, and is known to have blackmailed a party whom he caught violating the law. He afterward informed on them!

As far as laws are concerned, the moral sense of the community is rotten. It is most immoral to enact laws which are not enforced. Such a course of action only teaches men to become thieves and liars.

The system of private information which obtains does not tend to improve matters, a man informs on his neighbor because he has a spite against him, or because he wants half the fine. The informers are generally the biggest poachers themselves, and perjure themselves with the greatest appearance of innocence.

Mr. Tinsley, to the contrary, notwithstanding—deer are becoming scarcer every year—and no wonder. The settler is under the impression that the laws are made simply in the interest of the city sportsmen, and his motto is, "Let us get our share while we can," and one can hardly blame him.

The season is limited, generally, to the first fortnight in November; the parties from the front come in, in good time, and fill the woods with dogs the whole 14 days. What chance has the genuine sportsman to get a shot, while the deer are rushed from one hiding place to another? The deer are on the qui vive for a good many days after the dogs have left.

The settlers say:

"Very well, if this is the game, we'll get dogs too," and they do so.

The hunting season should be extended to a month, and dogs be allowed to run in the first 10 days of that month only. If the settlers all begin to keep hounds, there can be but extermination. They will begin running them in September, as they always do, and will keep it up till the lakes freeze up.

If once the settlers took an interest in preserving the fish and deer, laws would be unnecessary, and one might add—if they are exasperated by witless legislation protective laws will be unnecessary. There will be no game to protect.

E. S., Toronto, Ont.

MOOSE MEAT.

Where has Sam Fullerton been all winter? It is reported on good authority that most of the lumber camps in and around Red lake have been supplied with an abundance of moose meat all winter. But then it was convenient for Sam not to know anything about it. Sam is a watchful dog, a wonderful detective of violators of the game laws, with a remarkable faculty of looking for contraband goods in large quantities where they are not. Funny how Sam failed to learn that moose meat was furnished to lumber camps for 2 cents per pound.—Roseau County Times.

GAME HOG HARRISON.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Editor Recreation: In October last I promised to write you after my return from the woods, I have been very busy until now.

October 26th I started for Itasca county, this state, with a friend. Left Deer river on the 27th. Thence we walked 60 miles to where we expected to get a moose, but did not see one, we then came back to within 12 miles of the nearest railroad point and hunted deer, where we killed 6.

While there I learned of outrageous violations of the game law. I vowed I would give RECREATION the facts, and perhaps it would stir up the game hogs.

One Dr. Harrison, hailing from Adrian, Mich., has 2 cabins on Big Fork river, in Itasca county, where he has put in his time from July to October 1st for the last 3 or 4 years. Last year, from early in July to the 1st of October, he killed 16 moose and a greater number of deer. I understand that he and Agent Fullerton are on very friendly terms. When a resident of Itasca county wrote Agent Fullerton offering his services to secure evidence to convict Dr. Harrison, he did not secure his aid, but he wrote Dr. Harrison giving him warning.

Two or 3 years ago the Doctor had a moose head shipped from Grand Rapids. Fullerton was notified and captured it in St. Paul. When Dr. Harrison came on a little later, they dined together and the Doctor took his moose head home with him. Being asked if he were not afraid of being caught, he replied that it was all right if one knew how to "work it."

I enclose a clipping about "Moose Meat." Also 2 blue prints, one shows the Doctor sitting on a moose killed the preceding night; the other shows a moose hung up. Doctor H. makes no distinction as to age or sex, but kills everything in sight. The blue prints are somewhat faded, but you may be able to make use of the best one.

I will do all I can to assist you in your war against the game hogs and law breakers.

M. P. Austin, M.D.

THREE TURKEYS AND A BOY.

E. H.

This story dates 1846, place, Westfield, Medina Co., O.

I was at this time 12 years of age and a farmer's boy. My father had gone to Cleveland with a load of wheat, and I had things to look after on the farm. I went to drive the cows to pasture in a back lot, about ½ a mile from the house and when I arrived at the gate, I saw a large flock of turkeys crossing the pasture toward our sugar bush, quite a large tract of timber. As soon as I saw them, I started for the house as fast as a strong limbed, bare-footed boy could go, rushed in and told my mother there were a lot of large turkeys down in the pasture. and I wanted to take my pa's gun and shoot one. She demurred, but I became eloquent and she consented, telling me to be very careful.

What a gun that was! A muzzle loading rifle that carried 200 round balls to the pound, and weighed 11 pounds, with pill lock and hair trigger. Well, when I arrived in the field, not a turkey was in sight: but I scudded across the lot, crawled up to the fence and looked sharp for the birds. I saw a large gobbler running up a steep bank, about 50 yards away. The muzzle of the old gun quickly rested on the fence, and just a touch and a sharp report, then I saw the turkey rolling and tumbling down the bank. Oh! what a thrill of ecstasy! But there was a whack, whack of strong wings, and the whole flock fled on into the timber. I had a turkey bone in my pocket, so reloading the gun, I ran into the wood about 30 or 40 rods and hid in the top of a tree that had been blown off when the leaves were on. I gave 3 sharp yawps on the bone, and a small hen turkey came out of a clump of spice bush and answered. A sharp report, and the turkey fluttered its last. I heard several turkeys fly farther into the woods, so I reloaded the gun and went to a fence that ran through the sugar bush and sat down. I could hear turkeys calling all around me. Just as I was going to call on the bone, I heard a turkey fly up on the fence. Rising carefully, I looked down the fence and there stood a young gobbler not 15 rods away. Laying the heavy gun on the fence, a quick glance along the barrel, a sharp report, and the third turkey was mine. Now came the tug of war. I carried the gun and last 2 turkeys, to where I had killed the first one, but I could not carry the third and the gun, so I carried the big turkey and the gun as far as I could look back, and so with the others, until I arrived home. Mother looked surprised when I threw down the 3 turkeys, and when father came home he said I had beaten the family record. Great was the rejoicing in the kitchen.

THE FOURTH SHOT SCORED!

It was "order day," and the hunt, which I had so long promised myself must be postponed till afternoon, though I had hoped to beat the sun into the woods. My beautiful .44 rifle was almost worn out with caressing and polishing.

At last the work was done and, eating a hasty dinner, I set out toward a field in which, the previous evening, I had seen a buck leisurely feeding. Alas, no trace of him was visible. He was probably 20 miles from there by that time.

After a useless quest I decided to go to a deserted farmhouse nearby, where was an orchard, in the faint hope that a deer might be lured there by the apples, skirting an adjoining swamp as I went. On the way I surprised a grouse sunning himself, and in an instant decapitated him.

Cautiously approaching the swamp I startled 2 deer which rapidly disappeared among the trees. Remembering what my brother had once told me I shouted: "Ba-a-a, Ba-a-a." The deer stopped. Creeping carefully through the bush, lo!

there stood the larger of the 2 deer, behind a big birch. He stood broadside to, looking in the direction in which he had seen me.

I could see his head and shoulder on one side the tree, his flag on the other. For a moment I was so tremulous from excitement that I dared not shoot. Summoning all my self-control I drew a careful bead and fired. When the smoke cleared I expected to find him stretched out lifeless, but instead he stood gazing in the same direction as before, as moveless as a stone. A second time I fired, and a third time, same result.

By this time I could reason, and concluded that I was either overshooting him, or filling that birch with lead. Lowering a little, and holding farther forward, with a cooler aim, I fired again. Such a kicking and scrambling in the leaves!

When I came up to him I discovered that I had come off without my knife, so I had to cut his throat with a bullet. This I did with another shot. He bled nicely.

To get him home was now a problem. I could not draw him. How was I to manage it. Alternately I carried and dragged him to a farm house near by. The kind hearted farmer hooked up his team and took me and my game home.

Since that I have shot my full share of deer. Some have been larger and handsomer, but never again shall I feel the keen delight which that day I experienced.

W. L. Steward, Monson, Me.

A GOOD GUN AND A LONG SHOT.

Recreation is a good tonic. As I read it I can smell the pine woods, and hear the whirr of the partridge; I can smell the bacon at the camp fire. It carries me back to my younger days.

Reading of big shots puts me in mind of a little shot I once made. I was using a 6¼ pound 12 gauge breech loader that was a cuckoo. I concluded to go duck hunting on the marshes that fall and thought I had better get a heavier gun, so ordered a 10 pound 10 gauge breech loader. On its arrival my 3 pards and I started out to give my gun a good trial.

We drove over to Long lake, got out the boat and started to row across the South end. When about half way across, and some 35 to 40 rods from shore, I saw a sand hill's head and neck sticking above the grass. I told the boys to head in and I would give Mr. Crane a trial. In an instant I had 2 loads of No. 6 ready. We had just got nicely straightened away when up went the crane. I gave him the right and he went down like a piece of lead.

You know, Coquina, that with No. 6 shot 40 rods is a long shot at a crane. Well, you bet that gun was not for sale. We talked of its merits, examined it through the bottom of my glass cup and started for shore. The minute the boat struck I was out after my crane.

Coquina, did you ever have your idols smashed? Did you ever go to camp tired, hungry and find the mountain dew all gone? Just imagine how I felt. That dod-gasted crane was fast in a musk rat trap and I had not touched him.

I like your swine department. Give it to them. A man who will fish and hunt for record making will never be permitted to enter into the Golden Hereafter.

Your correspondent who talks of Lost Island lake, Iowa, must have made a mistake. Lost Island lake near Ruthven, in the Northern part of the state, is a beautiful sheet of water. There is a large summer resort on the East shore. The Lost Island can plainly be seen from some old dead trunks still sticking out of the water. It lies about half way North and South and pretty well to the West side. Good fishing there.

J. W. F., McGregor, Ia.

GIVE THE POOR DEVIL A SHOW.

Hicksville, O.

Editor Recreation: Years ago when Paulding county, Ohio, was a good hunting ground, hunters came from all parts of the country for bear, deer and small game of all kinds. That is all over now. The country is cleared up and the hunting ground is destroyed.

I have hunted in lower and upper Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, but the best hunting was in Ohio. Now the rich people say pay $25 and you can hunt; but if you get more game than you can eat let it spoil. We are allowed to kill 5 deer each, but must not sell any.

Now, readers of Recreation, do you think it is right to shut the poor man of this country out entirely? I like to hunt as well as anybody, but I cannot pay $25 to get to the hunting ground and then pay $25 for the privilege of hunting. No poor man can stand it, so that leaves it all with the rich. Now don't take me to be a game hog, for I am not. I want nothing but my share and you know when you charge a license fee of $25, it shuts out the poor man. It is not we who make game scarce. It is Indians and people who are staying at lumber camps. They pay no regard to the law. They kill deer at any time and we take the blame.

M. Miller.

IN THE MICHIGAN WOODS.

Early in the spring of '97 we began to talk of a deer hunt. There were 5 of us to go, and it would take a good deal of game to go round.

We continued to talk it over until October, when we decided to go promptly. After a good deal of discussion we decided on shot guns and buckshot as ordnance supplies. We took along a tent and camp-stove, with duffle enough for corps head-quarters in an army.

Vanderbilt, 127 miles North of Bay City, was the point selected, but finding a great many hunters on the train going to that point we decided to go to Rondo, which we reached for early breakfast. That dispatched we arranged with a Mr. Merrit to drive us to a good hunting ground about 6 miles out of town. This we reached for dinner, made camp and got ready for next day's hunt.

Bright and early we were out in the woods, and all day we sought—but no deer. Next day one of the boys ran a bear up a tree, and 2 of them emptied their shot guns into it. When it fell it was found to be a hedgehog. No deer.

Next day we concluded to drive the game. Part of the force was stationed on the runways, the others acting as drivers. One deer came within 6 or 7 rods of one of the boys, who pumped all the cartridges in reach at it, and wounded it, but it got away.

For the remainder of our time we hunted birds, and then returned to our home. Result lots of wisdom, part of which will prevent us, in future, from hunting deer with shot guns.

D. F. Walters, Jackson, Mich.

WOODCHUCK.

Learning that a party in this vicinity owned a .40-82, I became the owner at once, by trading an old muzzle loader, and paying the difference in cash. Being impatient to try it, I started out on my rail road velocipede, with my office boy as "mascot," to execute some woodchucks, which are quite plentiful along the railroad tracks. We had ridden about one mile, when my mascot cried out "stopper," which I did by applying the air so suddenly that we both went rolling in the ditch.

I proceeded to investigate the cause of his alarm, and in great excitement he pointed out a head, which had just risen from the grass, 40 rods away, across the meadow. I knelt down beside the barbed wire fence, took careful aim, and fired at the woodchuck. Result—a streak of something, which the kid pronounced a rabbit; but in fact we could not tell what it was. We watched it climb the hill 125 rods away and stop. All we could see was a small bunch. I said, "now here goes for the reputation of the .40-82;" and elevating the sight, I let 'er go. Result—my mascot dancing a jig, and yelling, "you got 'im.' All I could see, when the smoke cleared, was occasionally a white stomach, turning summersaults.

We crossed the meadow, climbed the hill, and found a Thomas cat, lying dead, with a hole through the back of his head.

That gun could not be bought for $100, but subsequent trials lessened its value. In fact, I lost all confidence in it, never being able, after that experience to hit anything smaller than a barn, so I sold it for $5.

I am ready to experiment with a small bore.

J. D. Joslin, Newark Valley, N. Y.

IN THE FAR NORTH.

Last year with a party of prospectors and adventurers I visited the Caribou and Peace river country, British Columbia, about 800 miles Southeast of Dawson. While out our party shot a number of deer and bear. My partner and I, while separated from the rest of the party, had a lively time one day with a big black bear on the Nation river near the head of Davis lake. While descending the stream we heard the bear in the bushes lining the steep bank as he endeavored to climb to escape us. By the time we had our .30-30's ready for action our boat was within 75 feet of the bear. I fired the first shot, kneeling on the bottom of the boat and missed. Partner missed also, but our next 2 shots both hit the bear and he took to the water ahead of us. I again fired, hitting the bear over the eye. He immediately sank. We used our boat hooks to drag him along the bottom of the river to the shore. We found that our first hit had struck above the shoulder and gone through the center of the heart and the bullet hung in the skin and hair on the opposite side. The second shot plowed through the neck. In this condition the bear swam, more than 50 feet, until stopped by the bullet above the eye.

While on this trip we heard of an Indian who had been attacked by a grizzly and had escaped by feigning death. Upon his reaching camp his party took the trail of the bear which was finally found and killed.

W. B. Keighley, Vineland, N. J.

WOLF CHASING IN MINNESOTA.

Wolves were quite numerous in the vicinity of Warren, last season. There was a scarcity of rabbits in the timber, and the wolves come out on the prairie, in quest of food, giving the hunters a chance to see them.

The hunter has the best success with a good running team. Two in a strong pair of bobs can soon overtake him in the soft snow, and finish him with a charge of shot.

One man killed 5 wolves in December with a shot gun; another man killed 6 with a rifle; and another with a grey hound, captured quite a number; he used a rifle. He also shot 4 foxes.

We had true sportsmen from Philadelphia, last fall. They came to try the bracing air of Minneapolis. They were George and Charles ——; I refrain from giving their full names as they appeared to be very modest. They happened to put up at a hotel where school marms boarded, and they were so diffident, they hardly ate enough to hunt on.

Charles was fresh from the battle field of Santiago, and used to roughing it. Camping out was in his line and roasting snipe his chief delight. They were not out to destroy game, and they enjoyed shooting their first prairie chickens in Minnesota.

E. Slee, Warren, Minn.

A subscriber at St. Gabriel de Brandon, Canada, sends me a clipping from a Montreal paper, lauding the wonderful exploit of King Humbert, of Italy, in killing 51 chamois in the Alps. My subscriber asks if I am willing to risk a prosecution for *lese majeste* by serving to the readers of RECREATION a feast of royal roast pork. I have more American pork on hand than I can roast in the next year and for this reason have declined several requests to give attention to foreign butchers, both common and noble. The royal swine of Europe own the game, and most of it is fenced in. They have the same right to go into their parks and kill it, as a farmer in the United States has to go into his fields and kill his cows or sheep. It is not, therefore, worth my while to use up space in telling what I think of these royal butchers. They do not pose as sportsmen, so far as I know. The killing they do requires no skill. There is perhaps some little work about it, but in most cases the owner of the game takes a position under the shade of a tree and his game keepers drive the game to him. He shoots it and his servants clean and load his guns for him, as wanted. The king pays the fiddler and if he can get any fun out of this kind of music he is welcome to it, so far as I am concerned.

WHEN THE KILDEERS CALL.

ROY F. GREENE.

When the dew of morn's a-shimmer
  On the pasture plots of grass,
And each pool assumes the glimmer
  Of an opaque sheet of glass;
Comes a sweeter note than spinnet
  Ever struck in storied hall
Or the songs of lark and linnet,
  When the tilting kildeers call.

Then the sun mounts higher, higher,
  Till the stifling air at noon
Seems a breath from out a fire,
  And the languid lilies swoon;
But they lift their pallid faces
  As the dusks of even fall
And from far-off meadow-places
  Comes the tilting kildeers' call.

Calling, thralling in its sweetness
  Seems the cheery call to me,
Though 'tis not with all of neatness
  That he tilts his melody;
Yet when my life's day is rounded
  And I, like a soldier, fall
May the "taps" for me be sounded
  By the tilting kildeers' call.

FISH AND FISHING.

FARMER *vs.* SUMMER BOARDER.

Jamestown, Feb. 7, '99.

Editor RECREATION:

Dear Sir.—Enclosed I send you account clipped from Jamestown Journal, of the first day's slaughter of muscallonge, speared through the ice in Chautauqua lake. The account does not include more than half the fish actually taken. The law at present allows 10 days' spearing divided this way, 2 days in the week (Mondays and Thursdays) for 5 consecutive weeks, and the houses must be removed from the ice before 6 p. m. on those days. By Monday morning at 9 a. m. there were no less than 700 houses on the lake, and in every one of these was a man with a spear, watching through a hole in the ice, while he manipulated a decoy fish for muscallonge to come, and they did come. While a few fishers did not see a fish, others caught from one to 12. I am safe in saying that the 700 houses (or coops) averaged 2 fish to the house, or 1400. In a few years it will not pay the fishermen who are so anxious to spear now, to spend their time fishing with hook and line in summer.

There is no sport or money in this way of fishing. When a fish comes in sight you move your weighted, 7-tined spear over him and drop it. It goes through the victim; you pull him up, throw him out on the ice. That is all. Murder! There is no other name for it.

Let us go back to 1880. For years spearing had been allowed in Chautauqua lake and the fishing had become so poor it did not pay the fishermen in winter or summer. About this time a bill was passed to prohibit spearing, and there was not much opposition. They have forgotten the lesson of 1880 and last winter tried to get a bill through, allowing 20 consecutive day's spearing, which met with such opposition from Jamestown anglers that a compromise was offered and the farmers' organizations got the law we now have.

Seven years ago a muscallonge hatchery was established and a million fry placed in the lake. The fish increased fast enough to pay the market fishermen during the open season, and nearly 100 of them have been making a living at it. Most of them are opposed to winter fishing. It is the farmers along the lake who want it.

January, 1880, there were 226 coops on the lake; February 6, 1899, there were 700 and the number will be increased next winter. If 226 fishers nearly stripped the lake what will this increased population do? When the hatchery had run 3 years the effect was plainly visible. Fishing was better than it had been for 25 years back, and last summer, after 6 years' output from the hatchery, we had the best large fishing in the United States. But this spearing will spoil it despite the increase from the hatchery.

Why people living around Chautauqua lake should have more privileges than those living on Oneida, Hemlock and other lakes, is a mystery. This farmers' club own no more of Chautauqua lake than those of Oneida lake, and they are not allowed to spear there. The Farmers' Protective Association claim we want to save them for the summer boarder. But the farmers fish more days and catch more fish every summer than the summer boarder. Yesterday those farmers speared more fish than all the summer boarders have caught with hook and line in 5 years. They will see their mistake when it is too late. M. H. Cheney claims to be the father of the 10 day spearing bill. I do not envy him such a child.

Frank W. Cheney.

BOWERY JACKSON.

Cooperstown, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION:

In 1892 I moved from Chattanooga, Tenn., to Niagara Falls, N. Y., and soon was informed that in the Niagara river, both above and below the Falls, was excellent bass fishing. I determined to prove the truth of the assertion. How well I proved it, my old friends can attest. I soon became acquainted with most of the lovers of the rod and gun, and among them was "Bowery Jackson." "Bowery" he was called by everybody—why, I never found out. He was fond of fishing and hunting and 3 times a week you could see him making for the river. His luck was phenomenal. Always got the big fellows, and when no one else was having a strike for hours, Bowery was busy landing beauties.

The river above the Falls is very swift, and a 2 or 3 pound bass, well hooked, is difficult to land.

November 3, 1894, Bowery induced me to go to Buckhorn Bar, a point extending into the river from Buckhorn Island, and a favorite haunt of bass. We had trouble in getting bait, but succeeded in catching a few large chubs and shiners; in fact, they were so large I had little hope of getting a strike.

We fitted up our rods and I, hooking a large chub, dropped it into the current. It had gone scarcely 10 feet when—zip—went my reel and my heart. It was a saucy strike; first one way, then the other; leaping and shaking himself as a terrier shakes a rat. It was of no use. I had him. After as game a fight as a 2 pound beauty ever made, I took him in.

Hooking another chub I let him go. I was barely seated when I struck again, and in 10 minutes had another 2 pounder. Poor Bowery appeared dejected, but just fished all the harder, and before I could take care of the last catch and hook another bait, he yelled "I have him." After a hard tussel, he landed a 3 pounder, with a deep chuckle and a "How do you like him?"

"I like him, do it again," was my answer, and he did do it again and again, landing three 3 pounders in succession. I wore the dejected look now. We each caught one more, making 7 in all, none under 2 pounds, then we quit for the day. Many were the congratulations we received as we strutted down Falls street.

Poor "Bowery," he was accidentally shot through the heart, while duck hunting with a companion on the Niagara river, above the Falls.

I fished the Niagara river the following summer, but missed "Bowery," more perhaps than most people were aware of.

Wm. J. Robida.

A PLEA FOR THE FISH.

The fishes of our great lakes are each year becoming less numerous. Saginaw bay is an instance. In past years this bay swarmed with lake trout, white fish, pike, pickerel, bass and sturgeon. Within my recollection vast numbers of this noble fish were taken annually with the trap-net, and in many instances, their carcasses were cast upon the shores of the bay for crows and hawks. Now, a sturgeon is a rarity, and a good specimen commands a high price.

The sturgeon and pike have left our bays and rivers, and I believe the sturgeon in a few years, will be extinct.

Years ago, armed with a home-made spear, I used to saunter up and down the banks of ditches which flowed into the bay, in search of pike, and it afforded me great pleasure to capture a half dozen. Alas! they have nearly disappeared. I venture to say that if the destruction of our fish is allowed to go on, all our best food fishes will, in a few years, be driven away from our great lakes, and the greedy fisherman compelled to hang up his net forever. A close season of 10 years would be good, and at the end of that time, great restrictions should be placed upon the use of nets, or any other method of wholesale slaughter.

I apppeal to you who fish for pleasure, and not for gain, to unite against this destruction of our fresh-water fish, before it is too late.

The stocking of our lakes with the various food fishes is a grand work, but better laws must be framed and stringently enforced to keep up even a partial supply. Let every reasonable person take fish enough for immediate use only, and let the good work of restocking lakes and streams go on, and in time there will be fish enough to afford ample sport for all true lovers of the rod and reel!

L. E. Richardson, Essexville, Mich.

A SUPPER OF SHARK'S MEAT.

In the summer of 1885 I shipped on board a brig for Barbados, W. I., and while down there we found out a good deal about man-eating sharks.

Homeward bound, in the latitude of Bermuda, just after dinner, we noticed we were being followed by a shark. About 2 o'clock the captain dropped a piece of fat pork over on a strong shark hook, fastened to a length of trace chain, to which a strong rope was attached, leading on board.

The shark swam up, nosed the pork a moment and then swimming just about the length of his head past the pork, turned over on his side and gulped the bait down. Then the fun began. He seemed to have the strength of a whale. He lashed the water to foam. He fought till he was dead. He measured only 7 feet, but it took 2 strong men to pull him up alongside, then we put a strap on the main stay, hooked a tackle to that and hoisted him on board, kicking until the vessel shook. He knocked a sailor against the bulwarks, nearly breaking his legs. This aroused the ire of a ferocious bull dog, which closed in just in time to get a whack from the tail of our prize, which sent him forward with his tail between his legs. No persuasion could get him back to where master shark was having it out with the sailors.

As soon as possible, our cook cut some steak from him and broiled it. It was the tenderest and most savory thing I ever tasted.

Geo. F. Hogen, Lynn, Mass.

A CURIOUS POND.

This section of Schoharie county, 50 miles from Albany, is, perhaps, as good a fishing and hunting ground as can be found in the State. Within 6 miles of this village are 8 or 10 lakes and reservoirs. They cover 20 to 200 acres each, and are stocked with pickerel, pike, black bass, strawberry bass, rock bass and perch. There are also several good trout streams in the vicinity. Strawberry bass seem little known except in this region. They run from 1-2 to 3 pounds, and are excellent pan fish. June and July are the best months for catching them. They swim in schools and afford fine sport.

Three miles from here is "Bear Gulf Reservoir," covering about 50 acres, and with an extreme depth of about 25 feet. The water is used by mills and factories, and every fall is drawn so low as to leave a surface of not over 1-2 acre with a depth of one or 1 1-2 feet. Great numbers of fish are taken from this pond at all times, except during the low water stage. Then one may walk around it and not see a fish in the clear, shallow water. Yet when the winter and spring rains have refilled the pond 50 to 100 bullheads may be taken by one rod, and pickerel and strawberry bass galore.

What becomes of the fish when the water is low?

To hunters we can offer squirrels, grouse, rabbits and hares in goodly numbers. The latter especially are increasing rapidly, owing to the enforcement of the game laws.

A. J. Wharton, Richmondville, N. Y.

NOTES.

I have followed hunting and trapping a number of years and have had a good many funny experiences. Will tell you of one I had with a fellow I will call Jack. We were spearing on Elk lake, in the fall of '90, for Saginaw trout, and as the lake is very deep it was necessary to keep close to shore so the light from our jack would reflect on the bottom.

I was doing the spearing and Jack was paddling the boat. I had speared a trout or 2 when a muskrat dived from under the willows and started to swim under the bow of the boat. I gave him a jab and pulled him into the boat. Just then I got sight of a fish; I shook the rat off the spear and told Jack to shove her ahead quick (meaning the boat).

Well, I got the fish, forgot all about the rat, and was busy watching for another fish when all at once Jack gave a yell that made my hair stand, and jumped for the shore. The recoil nearly threw me out on the other side where the water was 50 feet deep. When I got straightened up, and looked around there sat the rat, on the seat and Jack was just pulling himself out of the water by a friendly willow. I laughed till Jack got mad and wanted to know what in h— I was laughing about.

I went back and killed the rat, took the paddle, run ashore, got Jack and started for home: but Jack speared a fish that dressed 8½ pounds and told me afterward that when he saw what a monster it was he came very near jumping out of the boat again.

H. H., Jackson, Mich.

Although late in the season, the fishing at San Diego still continues remarkably good. Some very large catches have been made off Coronado during the past month, consisting of yellow fin, Spanish mackerel, king fish, croakers, halibut and smelt. One party consisting of Maj. A. B. Taylor, U. S. A., Wm. Van Auden, of New York, C. A. Kidder, of Boston, and Hon. Chas. S. Randall of New Bedford, Mass., brought in 237 fish in one day. Another party from Hotel Del Coronado, brought in over 500 fish of different varieties. These large catches of fish are not wasted, but are served at the hotel. To give you an idea of the vast quantities of fish taken off San Diego I record one day's catch which is about an average.

Yellow tail, 51; sea bass, 50; halibut, 1,400 pounds; sand bass, 1,300 pounds; smelt, 140 pounds; herring, 850 pounds; lobsters, 300 pounds.

On December 23, 2 Jew fish were taken off Coronado weighing 160 pounds each. One of the fish was hooked in the nose and required 1 1-2 hours to land him.

A. C. H., San Diego, Cal.

I would like to ask who has met with instances similar to the following: Fishing for trout in a large, swift stream, I had a strike, and after the first short fight, there was no resistance. Reeling in, I found I had a pike, weighing nearly a pound, which had taken my live bait.

This was new to me, to find trout and pike living together in the same stream, but later, I had another surprise. My companion had a good strike, and after playing it, brought a one-pound trout up stream, and as I was nearest the bank I netted it for him, when, in taking the hook from its mouth, I found a 6 inch pike, partially digested, in the trout's gullet, the pike being disgorged on my handling the fish. I would like to ask if it is a common thing to find the trout eating the pike, or if it is ever vice versa? If the pike ever eat the trout, it will explain why the stream I have reference to never seems to have any small fish in it, and the large ones are becoming scarcer. "Sepia."

It is with pleasure I report two cases of violation of the game laws that were punished. The first was that of a man living near Castella, who was fined $25 for killing deer in close season. The other was a youth living here who was arrested for catching fish during close season. He was not convicted, as it could not be proved it was a trout he caught. However, the arrest and trial had a salutory effect, not only on him but on all the boys in town.

Both cases were the work of Deputy Game and Fish Commissioner W. S. Conway, of Castella. Heretofore it has been impossible to convict anyone in Shasta or Siskiyou counties, of violating the game laws.

Trout fishing season opened April 1st, and every kid in town wound his alarm clock the night before. By daylight the stream was lined on both sides with fishermen of all grades and ages.

The largest trout caught weighed 2½ pounds. There is little likelihood of any one becoming a fish hog on the upper Sacramento river, for the older fish not only know the name of every fly made, but also the name of the maker, as many an expert angler has found, to his sorrow. The Sacramento is an ideal trout stream, fed by the snows of Mount Shasta and from its base it flows a torrent of ice cold water, clear as crystal for 30 or 40 miles.

Val, Eureka, Cal.

We have some veritable game hogs down here, and I shall want your help to convince them that this slaughtering of game can't last always.

These "inexhaustible" supplies will give out and public opinion will not always allow it. Now, it is the custom for every man to kill every bird he can see and every fish he can pull out. I've heard several parties say they "caught fish as fast as they could drop their hooks in," and had to stop, not because the fish wouldn't bite, but because they were "tired" of such "sport."

I frequently hear of a fishing party catching from 400 to 700 fish in one day.

The fault lies, mainly, in their never having taken a thought as to the eventual results. C. E. Pleas, Chipley, Fla.

Breaking the gut at the head of the fly is not caused by the shellac varnish as R. W. H. and others seem to think, but by the shank of the hook cutting the gut. Years ago I experimented considerably to prevent it, wrapping the hook with fine silk, coating it with a rubber solution, etc. These, though some protection, soon wore through.

The best protection against loss of fish through frayed gut, is to have your flies dressed on eyed hooks, then, when you see signs of wear it is an easy matter to put on a fresh snell. This can be done quickly by anyone. Flies dressed thus cost more, as they are more difficult to make, especially the upright winged ones. These are best finished off behind the wings.

S. W. Howarth, Florisant, Colo.

The champion black bass was caught by the champion fishermen and hunters of this country, Charles and Will Kline, who live 3 miles from here. This fish was caught in Shoal creek, 5 miles South of here with a common bamboo rod and a live minnow bait. It weighed 8 pounds and measured 22½ inches in length.

They are neither game nor fish hogs, but caught quite a number of bass. The second largest weighed 5 pounds.

This is conceded to be the largest bass ever caught in this country. If any of your readers know of anything to equal it in this section, let us hear from them.

I admire the stand you take against game hogs, and hope you will continue to roast them. W. N. C., Joplin, Mo.

The fishing at Clear Water and Varnum's ponds, near this village is unusually good this season. Both ponds have always contained trout and togue, and a few years ago were stocked with salmon. These have done exceedingly well and lovers of the rod are anticipating great sport with them as soon as the ice leaves.

H. B. Brown, Farmington, Me.

I saw in one number of Recreation something in regard to catching bass through the ice. I caught one through the ice while fishing for pickerel, Jan 28, 1895. Mr. H. H. Fordham and I went fishing at Elk Lake, Susquehanna county, Pa., 7 miles from Montrose, county seat. We had out 22 tip-ups. We got 11 nice pickerel and a black bass, which weighed 3 pounds 10 ounces. That was the first time I ever heard of bass being caught through the ice. Since then several have been caught the same way in Lake Carey, Wyoming County.

C. M. Hawley, Montrose, Pa.

Our people seem to take more interest in the game this year than ever before. The letters you published from Webber have made a lot of talk here where he is well known, and I have yet to hear the man who takes Webber's part. Even his best friends say he is in the wrong.

The trout fishing is a month behind this year, on account of the severe winter we have had. I was out yesterday and caught a fair string in 2 hours. If our present good weather lasts, the fishing will be as lively as the biggest hog on earth could wish for.

Munro Wyckoff, Port Townsend, Wash.

Keepers of fishing resorts who are dependent on the patronage of lovers of the sport often express approval, rather than indignation, when their patrons carry away small specimens on their strings. Again they sell fish to those who wish to make a showing. It has always been my effort to convince these men that a fish caught by themselves may bring only a few cents, while one caught by a patron is worth to him, the keeper, at least $1 a pound. This argument is often effective, and I find them selling only carp, buffalo, dog fish, or other low grades, but no game fish.

Ernest Aehle, St. Louis, Mo.

THE LAW OF RACES.

A. owns a mill race one-half mile long, having its source in a creek, and its outlet into the same; also an overflow between the 2. He owns the land on both sides of the race, from source to below outlet, and to centre of said creek. It has been the practice when drawing the water from the race for repairs (and sometimes for the special purpose) to catch what fish were in the race, either with rake, spear, net or otherwise.

First. Can A. or his employees, to whom he has given permission, be prevented from continuing this practice?

Second. Can the same race be made into a private fish pond by putting in screens and posting the same?

Subscriber, Lyons, N. Y.

I referred this letter to Attorney Julius H. Seymour, 35 Wall Street, New York, who replies as follows:

Sec. 101 of the Game and Fish Laws prohibits taking of fish by shutting or drawing off water for that purpose; but the commissioners may give permission to the owner or persons in charge of private pounds, reservoirs, or the waters of the state to do so, for the purpose of taking carp, pickerel or other deleterious fish, and no others. I do not think this mill race is a pound, or a reservoir or public water, and if it were, permission must first be obtained and only such fish as are mentioned above taken. The penalty is $100 for each violation.

The public should keep clearly in mind that the game laws protect fish and game, no matter whether they are in a lake, or an aquarium, or in public or private waters. A trout is a trout, and it cannot be caught or possessed within the prescribed periods, no matter where it lives. The State owns it and allows its destruction only at specified times and places, set forth in the laws.

I think the owner of this race way can be prosecuted, and prevented from continuing the practice.

2d. Whether A. can make a private fish pond of his mill race, is answered in Article IX, Sections 210 to 216 of the game laws. He can post notices at least one foot square, on at least every 50 acres of the land or along the banks of the mill race, giving a brief description of the premises and the owner's name, etc., Sec. 211, and if he desires to devote the mill race to propagation, etc., he must advertise as per Sec. 212, and post notices.

Winsted, Conn., June 2, '99.—According to the report of several witnesses former President Cleveland had a narrow escape from arrest for trespass. He started trout fishing Tuesday morning and trespassed on posted land regardless of the signs, 'Trespassing, hunting and fishing on these premises strictly forbidden by law." He was not molested until he wandered on to the grounds of Frank Johnson, a Tyringham farmer. Johnson, who has had one fisherman arrested this season for taking trout out of his brook, saw the former President just as the latter landed a large trout.

Johnson ordered the stranger to leave the premises or he would have him arrested. The demand was complied with.

Served him right, and if half the reports printed about Grover's big kills are true he deserves to be driven off the earth.—Ed.

SHINERS.

I saw an item in Recreation about a year ago about catching bass through the ice. I think it stated that they bury themselves in the mud and remain dormant through the winter. Several readers said that they had never heard of them being caught through the ice. It is common here to catch them that way.

Wordens' pond is about 3 miles from this place, and one of the best fishing resorts that we have in Rhode Island.

F. N. B., Providence, R. I.

Black bass fishing was excellent here last fall on the Mackinaw. One afternoon, 5 to 5:30, my brother and I caught 10, weighing 18 pounds. One weighing 4 pounds 2 ounces, 2 more 3 pounds each.

C. O. Patten, El Paso, Ill.

I should be pleased to read in Recreation of some Northern Indiana bass catches, as I don't think our small lakes can be beaten for the gamey black bass and honest fishing.

W. C. Shermet, Alexandria, Ind.

Fred Dixon recently made a fine catch of pickerel, averaging 5 pounds each, and Chas. Solberg and Alex. Campbell a good catch of brook trout.

W. K., Metropolitan, Mich.

Fishing in and around this place has been fully up to the average in some of the lakes. Quails have been fairly abundant.

E. M. Seth, Orlando, Fla.

WHAT RIFLE SHALL I BUY?

W. G. REED.

"I am going to take up hunting another season, and want to know what rifle I would better buy."

I am asked that conundrum every little while. A dozen different men would give as many different answers, and all would be right.

It is entertaining to those who have made a study of the subject, as well as disconcerting to anyone who has not, and who is about to purchase his first rifle, to read in the various sportsmen's journals communications from different men who wax enthusiastic over the superior killing powers of the particular rifles which they have used on recent successful hunting trips. They dilate on the havoc to the vitals of a large bear or moose, and seem to think a man who carries any other make or caliber is doomed to failure.

Plenty of such testimony has been published regarding the .30-30 Winchester, Marlin and Savage; the .30-40 Winchester; the .38-55, .40-70, .45-70 and .45-90 Winchester and Marlin, and the .50-100 Winchester.

This proves 2 things:

1. The rifle that each one carried had ample killing power.

2. The hunter was either a good or a lucky hunter.

Many successes with such rifles are on record. The failures with each are doubtless more numerous, but they do not get into print. The unsuccessful hunter does not brag of his misses. If he mentions them, he will be sure to also give the "extenuating circumstances." Many a man, expert with a .38 or .45, or with a target rifle on a range, on trying a .30 in the woods, has failed, then blamed the gun, when he had not learned how to use it. I know of a case where a man, an excellent marksman, accustomed to a large bore, carried a .30 for the first time. He saw a deer 150 to 200 yards away. He knew it was a long shot, and naturally "'aimed high." No movement. A second shot—the deer raised its head. It then occurred to the hunter that no allowance was needed for trajectory, and the third shot killed. Now if the deer had moved away after the first or second shot, the man would have blamed the rifle, but the result of the third proved that it was all right.

Dr. Heber Bishop, using a Winchester .30-30, killed a 1,000 pound moose in December, '97, with one shot; and in December, '98, a 1,200 pound moose, again with one shot. He fired 2 others into this last, but a *post mortem* showed that they were unnecessary. Now what is the use of anyone's saying the .30-30 is not powerful enough, because he found one or 2 of that size bullets in a moose he killed with a .50? I know a man who killed a moose last October, and who found 2 .45-70 bullets in the carcass, with the wounds by which they had entered healed over. They had been there at least a year. Does some one say, "Therefore, the .45-70 is no good?" No. The reputation of that gun is too well established.

Failures with any of the guns I have named simply prove bad aim, occasionally due to circumstances over which the hunter had no control. I have heard of a man who condemned his .30 because he failed to hit a deer at 50 to 75 yards, when shooting from a canoe. It is a mighty lucky shot that will hit a mark under such conditions. Another fired at 2 moose that answered a call. It was so dark he could see neither the animals nor the sights on his rifle. He fired one shot at each, with a .30-30 and wounded them. A bloody trail was found and followed for some distance the next morning, but both got away. He condemned the rifle! Under such circumstances there is no rifle built light enough for a man to carry, that would have been any more successful. What astonished me was that he even hit them. I do not think he should have blamed the .30-30, for using the same caliber, though of another make, a year previous, in daylight, when sure of his aim, one shot killed.*

I use the .30-30 Winchester because:

1. It has ample power.

2. Its trajectory is so flat that, set for 100 yards, I shoot at anything within my hunting range, without aiming high or low, estimating distance, or manipulating sights. Any man will soon learn, intuitively, to know if an object is near enough for him to fire at with any prospect of success. That is his hunting range; it has little or nothing to do with the distance which the rifle will carry.

3. Among those of ample power and flat trajectories, gun and ammunition make up the least dead weight to carry.

4. It has very little recoil. One serious objection which I have to the large bore, heavy bullet, black powder rifles, is their kicking propensities, and consequent tendency to disturb aim.

The hunter who has learned how to handle a large bore rifle successfully, does not need to change; but the man who is just beginning to hunt big game will, in my opinion, be well satisfied with a .30-30.

When a man has tramped, waded, crept, crawled and wriggled himself to a position within 100 yards or so of a deer or moose, he has done a good job; then, if he is anything of a marksman, any old rifle he may happen to be carrying, will do the rest. There is no rifle made that will kill game unless its energies are rightly directed, and any modern hunting rifle will, if they are. "The man behind the gun" is the most important factor in successful hunting. The paricular make or caliber of rifle is of minor consideration.

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*He did wrong in shooting at the moose in the dark. No man should ever do such a thing.—ED.

I had thought of replying at length to some alarmists who write freely of the "terrible penetration" and "terrific range," of the .30's. They don't know what they are talking about. If they will test the penetration of the .30, or any other rifle, with soft nose, or hunting, bullets, on solid, 10 inch trees, at 100 yards, they will find a wonderful difference between the results and those published in the catalogues, as to pine boards at 20 feet.

"The .30.'s will send their bullets 2 or more miles, with killing power." Yes, if you are gunning for the man in the moon; but when shooting at something standing on the ground the case is different. Ninety-nine times out of a 100 the point on the animal at which the rifle is aimed, is nearer the ground than the eye of the hunter, so that the rifle is most apt to be pointed downward. Even if held level, and no obstructions, any bullet will reach the ground in from 6 to 7-10 of a second, from gravity; or in 250 to 500 yards, according to initial velocity.

Some are alarmed at the "terrific range" and pretend to think it unsafe for anyone else to hunt in the same township or county with a man who carries a .30. I have never heard of a man's being struck by a wild bullet that had been fired at game. The only danger in the woods is that some fool will fire at a moving object, or noise in the brush, without first making sure it is caused by something he wishes to kill. He will do that with any kind of a gun, and hit a moving man at 300 yards, when he could not hit a standing moose at 50.

Penetration and the range of the .30's, are very much over-rated by some who have made no tests, but who accept the wild stories put in circulation by ignorant or too enthusiastic admirers.

TELESCOPE SIGHTS.

I have as fine a rifle outfit as it is possible to obtain. It is a .32-40 take-down, selected walnut pistol-grip stock and forearm, 26 inch octagon barrel, full length magazine. I have also an extra barrel the same as the other except caliber, which is a .30-30. I have Lyman's combination rear sight on the tang and one of his ivory bead front sights on each barrel. There are no slots in the barrels for rear sights.

In addition to this I have one of John W. Sidle's 24 inch combination 2 power telescopes, the mountings of which are so arranged as to be attached to either barrel in a few minutes. If I wish to use the Lyman sights, the telescope and mountings can be removed in a short time. He who has never used a good telescope sight has never realized the full pleasures to be had in shooting a rifle. It is a great pleasure to watch a woodchuck at 200 yards or more, seeing every move he makes, and to know that by pressing the trigger he is yours as certain as if he were but a few yards distant from you. With my 'scope, using the 12 power, an object 200 yards off appears to be only about 17 yards and one can seemingly reach out and get his game without firing a shot. It is great sport also to hunt squirrels with a 'scope. The little animal is brought so near that one can center the cross hairs on his head without any trouble. Last September I tried the 'scope on squirrels for the first time. I shot at 7 and brought down 6 of them, each at one shot. I took my 'scope along with me to the Adirondacks last fall and, although I did not get a shot at a deer, I had an opportunity of testing the glass in the woods just at dusk, and dark places were brought out clearer than with open sights.

A short time ago, through the columns of Recreation, someone made inquiries concerning rifle telescopes. I have not noticed an answer to them nor any other mention of telescope sights in this magazine. I have often wondered why they are not discussed more frequently in sportsman's magazines. Previous to purchasing mine I looked the matter up quite thoroughly and came to the conclusion that John W. Sidle, of Philadelphia, Pa., manufactured the best, and surely I cannot find any fault with it. It has a large flat field, the lenses are excellent, and the illumination perfect. The price is not more than one would wish to pay for a fine instrument.

In the way of caliber, I think I have as nearly an "all-around" rifle as is possible to get. If I go after squirrels, woodchucks, etc., I take the .32-40 barrel with a supply of the regular .32-40 cartridges and some of the .32-40 miniature, containing 13 grains of powder and 98 of lead. This latter is accurate up to 100 yards, and is a good load for squirrels. The .32-40 is excellent for woodchucks at almost any range and is a fine shell for target practice. When deer is the game sought I attach the .30-30 barrel, and if a bear accidentally makes his appearance this cartridge with soft nose will quiet him.

Let us hear from others who use the telescope sight.

B. L. Fredendall, Albany, N. Y.

It would be profitable for the various telescope sight makers to advertise their goods in Recreation. The riflemen cannot be expected to know much of an article which is kept hidden away.—Editor.

THE POWDER HE REFERRED TO.

Hackensack, N. Y.

Editor Recreation:

I have read the communication on smokeless powder by "E. H. L.," in your April number. Although no powder in particular was mentioned the writer undoubtedly referred to the Laflin & Rand smokeless powder, as it is the only powder in existence made in the form of a string and then cut into grains, instead of being granulated in the usual manner and then screened. The advantages of this former system for producing a perfectly uniform powder are so manifest that no comment is needed. Another fact which confirms my belief that Laflin & Rand powder was the one referred to is the statement that the powder mentioned was waterproof. Laflin & Rand's is the only powder that actually possesses this quality. Makers of other nitro powders say their powders can be soaked in water and then dried out and fired. Many other smokeless powders can be dried out and then burned, but with the single exception of the L & R. the wetting and drying of these powders completely destroys their ballistic properties, and though they can be fired they will not throw shot. They are just as effectually ruined by water as black powder would be. But this is not the case with the powder referred to by your Cincinnati correspondent, which is just as strong after being wet and then dried as when first made.

I have had many years' experience at the traps and in the field, and can conscientiously say I believe the powder above mentioned is the best made. I believe the United States Government also thinks well of the output of the Laflin & Rand Co., for I am informed that all of the cartridges for the .45 caliber Springfield rifles with which the troops are armed, are being loaded with smokeless powder made by this concern. Since the beginning of the Spanish-American war thousands of pounds of this powder have been loaded; yet this is but a small percentage of the amount of 30-caliber smokeless made by the Laflin & Rand Co., and loaded for Government use.

Many years ago I began the use of smokeless or nitro powders, but my experience was not a happy one. Some powders I got hold of were good but many others were bad. None of them was entirely satisfactory, and all had an unpleasant way of either absolutely losing all their propelling properties when stored under certain conditions, or of developing a strength which brought the shooter close to the danger line. The first smokeless powder I ever used that was not affected by climatic changes was the old American Smokeless Powder Co.'s W. A.; but this had one bad fault and that was that it did not burn perfectly in the gun. After firing a shot a glance through the barrel would reveal a dozen or two grains of powder that had not been burned and which seemed not to be even discolored by the discharge.

Recently the American Smokeless Powder Co. was absorbed by the Laflin & Rand Co. and a series of changes was at once made in the smokeless powder. The new output to a certain degree maintained the same appearance as the old, but the composition was changed. It became more crystaline in appearance and the grains were larger in diameter than before. The Laflin & Rand Powder Co. further set about doing away with the unburned grains, and worked steadily along this line until within the past 6 or 8 months this trouble has been reduced to a minimum. I still find some unburned grains of this powder, but the composition is such that instead of falling back into the breech mechanism they adhere to the barrels and do not cause the least trouble.

Many sportsmen noticed and complained about these unburned grains of the old powder. A few have even objected to the slight residue that is left in the barrel after firing a charge of the latest output. Adherents of other smokeless powders have used this as an argument against the Laflin & Rand Smokeless, claiming superiority for their own favorite explosive. For this reason I wish to make a plain statement concerning the burning of powder in a gun barrel: There is not a powder made that when fired will not leave a residue that can be scraped from the gun and burned.

Because the residue left in a gun with some powders is discolored and seems to be merely an ash is no evidence that it has been burned. I repeat there is no powder made that burns up entirely and as to this the Laflin & Rand Smokeless is no worse than any of the others. The chemical action of the gases at the time of the explosion does not discolor the grains that do not burn; therefore the fact of their being unburned is apparent to a casual observer who perhaps would not notice it in other powders.

It is neither my intention nor desire to decry other makes of powder. What I desire is merely to endorse the views expressed by "E. H. L." and to name the powder which he has written of.

The Laflin & Rand smokeless powder is the best I have used. It gives a very high velocity with slight recoil, and what is more important, it stands up under all kinds of weather and never loses its strength, no matter how long it may have been loaded nor where it may have been stored. It is only necessary that this powder should be loaded according to the maker's directions, and when this is done the result is a shell that can be depended on at all times and under all circumstances. John R. Banta.

THE .30-30.

ALLAN BROOKS.

So much has been written about .30 calibers that there should be nothing more to learn about them, but still it is evident that many of the writers have very little practical acquaintance with this type of arm.

The writers on this subject can be classed under 3 heads; 1st, those who ridicule them as big game guns; 2d, those who have altogether too high an opinion of their killing qualities and 3d, those who, having an exaggerated idea of their power, yet condemn their use for this reason.

I have used a .30-30 light weight rifle for 2 seasons and while it has fully answered my expectations, it is in my opinion a much less powerful gun than a .45-70; and in killing power and penetration is only about equal to a .40-65 with factory ammunition; though, of course, the .30-30 soft nose bullet has not nearly the same penetration as a .40-265 grain bullet when properly hardened.

If I based my conclusions on the first 4 or 5 deer I killed with it I should have given it a much higher place, as they were all killed instantly, though some of them were hit in places not usually immediately fatal. Since then I have had fuller opportunities, and have had some lively chases to bring some fairly hit animals to bag.

In trajectory the .30-30 is far superior to the .40 or any other black powder gun; but even this is very much exaggerated. One has only to consult the tables published by the different manufacturers to see what the trajectory is; to get the drop of the bullet if fired without raising sights double the height at mid distance. For instance, the .30-30 bullet, when fired at 100 yards with sights set for that distance, is 2.1 inches above line of sight at 50 yards, this would give a drop of over 4.2 inches if fired without raising sight.

I tried 4 shots once at 200 yards with sights at point blank and the average drop was 10.4 inches. A .38-50-330 black powder rifle showed a drop of about 30 inches under the same conditions.

The only fault I have to find with the .30-30 is its penetration. If the bullet expands much it nearly always stops in an animal of any size, and as the hole where the bullet enters is so very small there is little or no blood to track a wounded animal by.

I hit a deer at long range and, though it lay down in the snow several times, there was not a single drop of blood. When I had bagged the beast I saw the first shot had hit it in the ribs and lodged somewhere inside. Without snow I should have lost the deer.

Still, taking it altogether, the .30-30 is a wonderful little weapon, and is a really good all 'round gun, as a load of 7 grains of Dupont's No. 1 powder, and a very hard bullet of 120 grains, makes a first rate load for small game and will not tear a grouse as badly as a .32-20 would.

The Dupont .30 caliber smokeless powder seems to require a shell with a cup shaped base inside, as there is always a certain amount not consumed in the shells as now made. This gets into the action of the gun and is apt to cause trouble. In the first issue of .30-30 cartridges by Winchester Arms Co., a powder of the leaflet pattern was used which had not this defect.

The .30-40 is a much more powerful gun as far as penetration and smashing power is concerned, but even it would be inferior as a bear gun to a rifle taking any of the .45 S.S. cartridges with a bullet of 450 grains or over.

SMALL BORES VS. MORTARS.

Wichita, Kan.

Editor Recreation: I have been noting with increased satisfaction the prominence that the small bore, both rifle and shot-gun, has attained during the last few years, and especially among the readers of your valuable journal.

I must confess that the communication from Rossland, B. C., in the February issue, rather staggered me. I am a firm believer in the 20 gauge shot-gun, but the 28 is a "corker."

I have a 20 gauge Belgium gun with which I can stand alongside any 12 bore gun made and kill at the same distance, or farther, bird for bird, or target for target. I may possibly not put as many shot in, but if I kill the bird, or break the target, I consider my work as well done, and with a great saving of ammunition, and shoulder.

I had my gun specially bored by a local workman after I bought it, making the barrels shoot just alike—a modified choke.

I do not wish to be understood as boasting about my particular gun, as I believe that it is the gauge and boring that count, and there might be much more desirable guns than mine, in workmanship, material and durability, but I have stood in the field alongside $150 guns that would not kill so far as my little 20, which weighs just 6 pounds.

For the benefit of R. S. Hamilton, Berlin, Wis., I will say that I use for quail, plover and small game generally, 2 drams of Dupont smokeless powder and ¾ ounce of chilled shot, and for ducks, pigeons, etc., 2¼ drams powder and ⅞ ounce chilled shot. For the former I prefer No. 8 and the latter No. 6. This will kill from 40 to 60 yards. I do not think soft shot should be used in a 20 gauge at all.

I have a .22 Winchester repeater that I believe will kill a deer or turkey as effectively as the larger calibers of rifles, with much less destruction to the game, and will cut a squirrel's head off with "neatness and despatch." I also have a .22 caliber long target revolver that will bring a squirrel down from the top of a tree about as well as the ordinary rifle. Taking all things into consideration, I believe that the .22 caliber weapon, in the hands of a marksman, will yield its owner as much game in a day's hunt as any gun, and the .20 gauge shot-gun as well. With the former you must be able to place a bullet where you want it, and must know where it should be placed to do the most damage. With the latter you must know how to hold your gun on the object to be brought down. Of course it is easier to put a handful of powder and another of shot in a gun with a diameter as big as a tea-cup and a pattern 4 feet across, shut both eyes and shoot toward game, and then get a (doubtful) reputation for the number killed, but there isn't much science or sportsmanship in it, to my notion.

By "game" I mean the ordinary game of civilization; buffaloes, moose, elephants, etc., excepted.

I am a reader of your magazine, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the best printed. Its motto should be that of the Boston Post, "With a mission and without a muzzle."

A. J. Applegate, Wichita, Kan.

RIFLES OF TO-DAY.

Seattle, Wash.

Editor RECREATION: For the past 3 years I have made a thorough study of guns and ammunition, and during my experience as guide in the Rocky mountains I have handled rifles of nearly every caliber made, from the Henry .44 caliber rim fire to the latest model small bore, and I have found in hunting large game the best results are obtained by using a heavy rifle.

The .30-30 does not produce the shock of a heavy bullet, and many an old bull elk I have seen drop when struck with a .30-30 as if stone dead, but never have I seen one killed. Invariably they get up and travel for miles, and the hunter returns to camp without overtaking the wounded animal. It the shot does not prove quickly fatal the victim takes refuge in a canyon, where the hunter loses him, and dies a slow death.

Here is an objection that should be considered by all true sportsmen. I always have rebelled against carrying a gun in the hills that would not hold the game down when it had fallen.

Some claim the flat trajectory is a great advantage. It may be to a tenderfoot, but by being careful one can gauge the distance at a glance between himself and the object.

On several occasions I have watched a tourist dismount and empty his magazine at a band of antelope as they raced across the flat, fully ¼ of a mile away; then hurriedly reloading he continued the bombardment until the last animal had disappeared.

I have found that more shots are obtained under 100 yards than at a greater distance. Game is rarely killed when the sights have to be elevated. A hunter performing this feat is playing in luck, and usually will admit it at the time, but when he tells in RECREATION about his hunting trip, this great shot of his is an every day occurrence.

I take pleasure in recommending the .30-30 for antelope, but it is impossible for a bullet from one of these guns to pass through and shatter the shoulders of an elk or moose.

Some object to the smokeless powder and steel jacketted bullet. To these poor unfortunates I wish to say, the smokeless ammunition is a wonderful invention and is fast becoming popular with sportsmen. In a very short time black powder will be practically a thing of the past and will be used only by the muzzle loader crank who still contends that his old cap and ball musket willl outshoot any breech loading rifle made.

For 3 years I have used a .45-70 Winchester. This I had made to order, with a 28 inch barrel and shot gun stock. I have used nothing but smokeless ammunition with metal jacketted bullets. It is a deadly weapon for large game, more accurate than any .30-30 I have ever seen, and possesses wonderful killing power.

It is a pound or 2 heavier to pack, but I am willing to carry this extra weight because I know I can stop any animal I may meet.

N. L. Davis.

A WORD MORE ON THE DRIFT OF PROJECTILES.

Henniker, N. H.

Editor RECREATION: I have read with interest the article in February RECREATION on the "Drift of Projectiles," by E. P. Servin. I am inclined to believe the printer made a mistake with the author's name, and that the gentleman is Garret P. Serviss, the writer on Popular Astronomy. The man who takes pleasure in sighting at planets, stars and nebulæ through a fine telescope will naturally enjoy sighting a target over a good rifle.

But whoever the gentleman may be, I question his explanation of the drift. I am not prepared to say that the drift of the rifle bullet is a myth; though my own experience with a Ballard .40-70, which will do splendid work up to 600 yards, has not confirmed it. I have used many other rifles, and have shot at all distances up to 1,000 yards, but have never been able to detect the drift.

But, admitting the ball does drift, does Mr. Servin's theory explain it? He supposes that the ball rolls on the cushion of air formed under it as it falls. Now would it thus roll from left to right? As the ball rotates from left to right, the right side of the ball is moving more rapidly downward, as it falls, than the left. Consequently the friction on the right side of the ball is greater than on the left, and instead of permiting the ball to roll on the cushion of air toward the right, would tend to slide it toward the left.

This excess of friction on the side which through rotation is moving in the direction of motion is what produces the curve in the course of the baseball, when thrown by the skilled pitcher. If the pitcher wishes to curve the ball to his left, in throwing, he gives it a rotation on its axis from left to right. The forward motion toward the batter is precisely the equivalent of the fall of the rifle bullet. A cushion of air is formed in front of the baseball; but instead of rolling on it from left to right, the ball curves from right to left, because the right side of the ball is moving more rapidly forward than the left, and thereby meets more resistance on the right side, and is consequently pushed away from it. In the baseball's course, the curvature is always away from the side which, through rotation, is moving forward.

What is true of the baseball should also be true of the rifle bullet in its fall. The right side moves faster in the line of gravity than the left, and, consequently, meeting more resistance on the right side, should drift to the left. Will the author of "Drift of Projectiles," explain why the baseball does not roll on the cushion of air formed in front of it, while, according to his theory, the rifle bullet does roll on the cushion of air beneath its downward course?

Tilton C. H. Bouton.

THE BIG CALIBERS BEST.

Alpine, Tex.

Editor Recreation: I want to tell what I know about the .30-30 rifle. I have killed 3 deer during our open season of 3 months' in '98 with a .30-30. The first I hit in the neck and killed it instantly; the second I hit quartering behind the shoulder. This one was running about 250 yards away. The bullet cut off 3 ribs and passed out at the other side killing it at once. The third was a spiked buck running from me about 200 yards away. The first bullet struck about 2 inches to one side of the tail and about 5 inches low; the second in about the same place only on the other side, both bullets passing through the whole length and tearing the intestines and vitals, heart included, into shreds. Still the deer made 5 or 6 jumps after receiving both bullets. This may seem fishy to sceptics, but it is a fact.

I killed a deer in Colorado in '82 or '83 hitting it in about the same place as I did this one (with a Sharp's .45-70 hammerless) but the effect was altogether different. When the bullet struck the deer it turned a complete summersault and was dead when I got to it, and the bullet did not touch the heart. After comparing these experiences, I favor the larger caliber rifles.

And now for the repeating shot guns. They are good, hard hitting guns and should be kept in their place, not in the field. Any man can get all the shooting he is entitled to with a double barrel, but if he has a repeater he is likely to keep shooting at a covey until they are out of range, and the last 2 or 3 shots will cripple birds that will get away and die unfound. The man with the double barrel takes his 2 shots and kills or misses and marks the balance down. There seems to be a kind of fascination about the repeater, and when one gets used to it he will not lay it down for the double gun. I have a friend who put a $350 double gun away and took up a $20 repeater.

W. H. Fletcher.

THE .30-40.

In answer to Y. M. C. A., Findlay, O., will say, There is no difference in the shooting qualities or killing power of the Marlin .30-30 and the Winchester .30 smokeless as the cartridges are alike or nearly so.

The superiority of the Winchester action over all other repeaters will not be questioned, when it is known that the leading gun dealers sell more than twice as many Winchester repeaters as of all other rifles combined. Facts are better than arguments. But the .30-40 is superior to the .30-30. This cartridge is nearly twice as powerful as the .30-30 and about 1-3 more powerful than the Savage .303. Its accuracy as compared with the old reliables is not yet settled.

The soft point bullet is far more deadly than the full metal patch because the latter will not mushroom unless it strikes bone. I believe in the .30 caliber, high power rifle.

The .30-40 is a terror. I must say, however, I think the .30-30 and .25-35 have been greatly over-rated. I shall not say anything about the killing power of these guns but I know the .30-30 with soft point bullet, fired into the same piece of wood (either hard or soft) beside a .45-70, .45-90 or any other big black cartridge, will not penetrate so far or tear so large a hole as these .45 or .40 cartridges using black powder and common lead bullets.

E. A. D., Boston, Mass.

10 VS. 12.

In February number Mr. D. T. Tuthill says: "A 10 bore should, at 35 yards, put No. 4 shot through a one inch pine board. The charge being 4¼ drams black powder and 1⅛ ounces shot. For a 7 pound 12 bore I consider 3¼ drams of black powder quite as heavy a load as 4¼ drams in a 10. I have never been able to put No. 4 shot through an inch board with a 12 bore gun, nor have I ever seen it done."

Nor will you ever see it done at 35 yards with a 10 bore unless you give it the advantage in load. The 2 loads should be to each other as 10 is to 12, and if 3¼ drams is used in the 12 bore 3 9-10 drams should be used in the 10 bore.

If you use 1 ⅛ ounces shot in the 10 bore use one ounce in the 12 bore, and do not favor one nor the other in the wadding and crimp.

Shoot at 2 boards exactly alike and let the readers of Recreation know the difference you find in penetration.

I will admit that the shot from the 10 bore will pass over a few feet more space in a second than the shot from the 12 bore, but the difference is so small that Mr. T. will never be able to find it.

Joseph Ide, Littleton, N. H.

THE ITHACA AGAIN.

A word to the correspondent who asked for information about the Ithaca gun. I used grade A. hammer, Ithaca gun, about 7 years, and sold it last fall. It was as solid when I sold it as the day I got it.

I shot a crow sitting on the top of a tree, 98 steps, with No. 2 shot. I also shot a gray squirrel, 90 steps, with No. 6 shot and killed him. I hit the squirrel between the ears with one only. Of course they were chance shots, yet the killing power was there.

I have a target that was shot 65 measured yards with Winchester common loaded shell, 3¼ d. black powder 1⅛ ounce No. 2 shot. The target was 11 x 17½ inches. A friend of mine did the shooting and put 19 No. 2 shot in target.

I use a $60 grade hammerless Ithaca at present and think I have a fine gun. There are no doubt other guns that are as good as the Ithaca, but there are few better.

B. F. Kell, Loysville, Pa.

THE AMATEUR HUNTER.

(Hobart, in Baltimore American.)

Onward through the gloomy forest
Strode the hunter from the city;
Clad in golfing togs the hunter
Strode with haughty mein and manner
Onward through the gloomy forest.

Sprang a rabbit in his pathway,
Sat down in the road and smiling,
Winked his other ear, the rabbit!
Then the hunter from the city
Raised his rifle to his shoulder,
Aimed and fired—hit the treetop!

And the rabbit, smiling, scooted
Back to home and Mama Rabbit;
Left the hunter from the city
Standing there, disgruntled, swearing!

Onward through the gloomy forest
Strode the hunter from the city.
Chirped a squirrel in the treetop;
Then the hunter from the city
Aimed with due precision, fired!
Hit the atmosphere to Westward;
And the squirrel, chirping shrilly,
Put his paw to his Cyrano,
Thus in squirrel language gave the
Ha! ha! to the city hunter.

Onward through the gloomy forest
Strode the troubled city hunter;
Perched a pheasant in his pathway,
Perched and spake in pheasant prattle:
"Lovely weather, ain't it, stranger?"

Then the hunter from the city
Raised his rifle to his shoulder,
Aimed with utmost skill and fired!
Hit a poor unarmored bowlder;
And the pheasant, laughing loudly,
Flew off home to get his dinner.

Onward through the gloomy forest
Strode the hunter from the city,
Saw a Robin Readbreast dreaming
On a leafless branch, and fired!
Hit the blue sky just amidship,
And the Robin Readbreast whispered:
"Try it over; slips don't count, sir!"
Straightway then resumed her dreaming.

Onward through the gloomy forest
Strode the hunter from the city,
Always aiming, never hitting;
Always shooting, never killing;
Till the dusky twilight came and
Brought with it the purple shadows.

Then the forest, dark and gloomy,
Moved through all its depths of darkness,
Spake in these words, spake in this wise:
"Go back home and shoot the rarebit!
Shoot the bird and shoot the bottle
In the restaurant and cafe;
Try your skill at shooting lobsters,
For out here with Nature, why, you
Couldn't even shoot the chute, sir!
Couldn't even bag your trousers!"

Then the forest, dark and gloomy,
Shook its solemn sides with laughter,
And the melancholy hunter
Came to town and hit the market,
Hit it with some dollar bills, and
Strode home lyingly to wifey.

NATURAL HISTORY.

HAVE THE PIGEONS REALLY COME BACK?

About the middle of April several residents of the village of Lime Ridge, Wis., were treated to a sight that recalled the spring days of 20 years ago. A flock of pigeons passed over going north—so long that the first of the flock was out of sight before the rear had passed. Among those who saw the flock was Postmaster Brenizer, and others of the old settlers who know a pigeon when they see it. They are all positive that they were the genuine American passenger pigeon.

If this be true, and there seems no reason to doubt it, it will create interest throughout the country. For 14 years these birds have been supposed to be extinct, and those interested in collecting specimens of the birds of the country have been unable to secure a single specimen. Until 20 years ago pigeons were numerous; then they disappeared. During the winters they gathered in great flocks in their Southern haunts, and were killed in large numbers. During the spring they came to the North, were found in great flocks at their nesting grounds, and were again ruthlessly slaughtered. In the fall before they went South they were for several weeks the principal game bird in many sections. It was therefore generally believed, when they disappeared, that they had been all killed off; though some claimed they gathered one winter in a great flock on the Eastern sea shore, that they had been swept out to sea, and had perished in a severe storm. Others asserted that an infectious disease had destroyed them.

However this may be, they have not been seen in any large number since; but they have not become extinct. The writer saw 3 at Camp Douglas, 8 years ago this spring—a male and two females—and refrained from shooting them, though they could probably all have been killed at one shot, as they perched on the limb of a tree, billing and cooing in their loving way. Others have reported seeing small numbers around Reedsburg in later years, and it is hoped they have increased until flocks that would hide the sun will again be a common sight in Wisconsin every spring.

The shooting of pigeons should be strictly prohibited North and South for a team of years, with severe penalty for violation.—Reedsburg, Wis., Paper.

I wrote you yesterday, in answer to your inquiry about pigeons having been seen here. I had intended to write you before, but was waiting to see other men and to learn exact date and data. I have now heard of another flock. It is reported that a small flock, (estimated at 30 to 50) was seen flying North on May 1st, by a gang of 30 men, who were double tracking the road bed of the C. & N.-W. Ry., about 7 miles Southeast of Reedsburg. The birds passed nearly over the men. They were first seen by Ed. Vayette, who called the attention of his fellow workmen to them, and all agreed that they were "the old-fashioned" wild pigeons that were formerly to be seen here in great numbers. I have talked with 3 of the men who saw the flock, and it seems improbable that all could be mistaken. I am therefore inclined to credit the report as being true.

F. D. Hulburt, M. D., Reedsburg, Wis.

On receipt of the foregoing I wrote Mr. W. A. Brenizer, Postmaster at Lime Ridge, Wis., and in due time got his reply.

The pigeons referred to were going East. They flew in a string with now and then an opening. There were probably over 100 in each string and the whole flock was at least one mile long. It extended as far as we could see Another small flock has been seen since by other men.

This is a correct statement of the pigeon story, and I have good witnesses to prove it.

W. H. Brenizer, P. M., Lime Ridge, Wis.

Another correspondent writes as follows:

An employee of Gimbel Bros., this city, told me to-day that he recently saw near White Fish Bay, a flock of over 1,000 pigeons. He is positive they were the genuine Passenger Pigeons of old. He says he heard from a man at Black River Falls, Wis., who says he saw a flock he estimated at 200,000. There is no doubt that these birds have appeared on their old stamping grounds, in their former numbers, and the theories that they were extinct seem disproved.

Frederick Wahl, 591 Frederick street, Milwaukee, Wis.

I saw several passenger pigeons last fall and am sure I was not mistaken as to their identity.

Geo. Seamans, Reedsburg, Wis.

My brother lives at Lime Ridge. He wrote me that the roost there was just as it used to be, minus the slaughter of birds.

Burt Robinson, Washburn, Wis.

I read Recreation with a most hearty relish for all there is in it—including the advertisements. I was down at the old farm one mile west of Sullivan, Indiana, on May 21st. While out in a field I heard the sound of flying birds, and looking up, saw a flock of wild pigeons numbering 25 or possibly 30. They were making for the Northeast and seemed in a hurry, now flying low near the ground, then rising, they would course away until they passed from view. I looked after them with a feeling next to sadness—they seemed so wild and as if fearing that they, the last of the myriads of their kind, would soon be killed. I have not seen any of these birds before for years, and began to think they were all gone and so, coming across these was a great surprise.

I was in the city of Mexico recently and got the May number of RECREATION there.

W. B. Roberts,
Board of Promotion, General Post Office,
Chicago, Ill.

I trust every man who *sees* a flock of wild pigeons will report the fact to this office at once. Hearsay evidence is not good in this case.—EDITOR.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

There is a bill before our Legislature proposing a bounty of 10 cents on crow's heads. What do you think of it?

Frank Mowery, Scottsburg, Ill.

The proposition to enact a law providing a bounty of 10 cents a head for the killing of crows is a piece of legislation belonging to same species as the now famous "fool law" of Pennsylvania, which caused the farmers such enormous losses through the destruction of hawks and owls. The examination of 909 crow's stomachs by the United States Department of Agriculture, revealed the fact that only 29 per cent. of the crow's food during the year consists of grain, and even of this, 21 per cent. is corn, the most of which is eaten during the winter months, when insects and small rodents are not obtainable. Most farmers know that because of the vermin he destroys the crow is "worth his keep" in grain, and treat him as a bird entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

I am a constant reader of RECREATION, and take much pleasure in the various opinions of the evidently experienced and practical men that are recorded in its columns, from month to month. The notes on natural history are especially good and instructive. I have read, with no little amusement, the notes on the red squirrel. I never yet have seen a squirrel of any kind molest a bird's nest, though I have watched them run for hours through trees where the robbins and orioles had their nests. To speak plainly, I don't believe any man ever saw a squirrel of any kind molest young poultry.

May your good, sharp pen find the heart of every contemptible game hog, is the wish of a great admirer of RECREATION.

W. A. Scudder, Litchfield, O.

Please tell me the name of this bird. It is a stranger here. About 6 inches long; slate color, but lighter on breast; topknot of feathers, about an inch long, slate color. Tip end of tail yellow with orange beneath; tip end of wing feathers white, with some black and yellow feathers; black beneath the bill about ¾ of an inch down, and a black streak running by the eyes. Have seen them eating old apples that had hung on the trees all winter. Chunky bird and well feathered.

H. W. Lightfoot, Zearing, Iowa

It is the Bohemian Waxwing, ***Ampelix garrulus***.

In answer to L. Nixdorf's question, as to whether English sparrows are a pest or not, I say without doubt they are. Their habit of nesting in rain-troughs and the dirt they make when roosting under eves of houses makes them a nuisance. These faults might be forgiven them if they would attend to their own business. But they are so pugnacious and meddlesome that other birds cannot live in harmony with them.

Last year I kept the sparrows from nesting about the house. Consequently, songbirds occupied the premises over which the sparrows held full sway the year before.

D. C. Richard, Coshocton, O.

I agree with Mr. White regarding hawks and owls. A few years ago Vermont placed a bounty of $1 on fox-scalps. This was a good thing for fox hunters and trappers, but all the same a fox does not kill as many chickens in 2 years as a hawk will destroy in 2 weeks.

Foxes are destructive, however, on grouse and rabbits, for I have found where grouse had been killed in the deep snow.

The bounty should be taken from the fox and placed on the hawk.

Very few game hogs in Vermont.

A. G. Hoyle, Schnectady, N. Y.

Two or 3 years ago as I was coming home one evening, my attention was attracted by some coon hunters. I walked to them and had the fun of helping them. As the hunters were friends of mine, I agreed to take the coon and leave him in our mill for them, so they would not have to carry the big fellow all night on their hunt. We have scales in the mill and I weighed him. He weighed 21 3-4 pounds. This is the largest I ever saw.

H. C. Taylor, Carverton, Pa.

I consider English sparrows a great pest. Last fall they picked the winter apples that hung late on the trees and many of the kings were entirely spoiled by them. They are a nuisance around houses and barns.

H. C. Taylor, Coverton, Pa.

Will readers of RECREATION kindly inform me as to the Northern limit at which snakes live in North America.

D. A. L., Buffalo, N. Y.

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AN APPEAL TO WYOMING PEOPLE.

Dr. Frank Dunham sends out this letter from his office at Lander. He writes me he is sending several hundred copies of it and that he hopes to send in a large number of applications as a result.

Dear Sir: I desire to interest you in a subject which, I think, will play no small part in the welfare of our State. I refer to the protection of our game.

The custom of taking a hunting trip each year is one whch is being followed almost universally by the people of the Eastern States, and more especially the wealthy classes.

Their attention is turning more and more to the mountains and the pursuit of big game. This class of tourist travel is eagerly sought after by railroads, hotels and outfitting parties as it means no small amount of money to all concerned.

No one will question the fact that to-day Wyoming has more big game, especially elk, than any other State in the union. The Eastern tourists know this and are turning their attention this way.

Our State legislature passed, at the last session, a good game law, and one which, if properly enforced, will protect our game for all time.

The League of American Sportsmen was organized in New York City about a year ago, for the purpose of enforcing, with the utmost vigor, such laws as have been enacted in the various States, for the protection and preservation of game birds, song birds, deer, elk, antelope, fish, and in short all wild things which do no harm to man. The annual dues are only $1, and of that amount 60 per cent. is returned to the State organization for use in game protection at home. You can readily see that unless the laws are enforced it will be but a short time until the game which is now plentiful will have joined the bison and become only a memory. Our children possibly may be permitted to look at stunted and scrawny specimens in some public or private park, but not at wild herds as we see them. By limiting the killing to legal numbers the evil day may perchance never come. Instead of a depletion an increase of game of all kinds may easily be accomplished.

The sportsmen and naturalists of the East are in hearty sympathy with us in this matter, and are working harder for the protection of our game than we are. Now let us put forth our very best efforts and at least meet our Eastern friends half way. We have now in Wyoming something over 100 members of the L. A. S. Last December I was honored by an election to the position of Chief Warden, and I should like to see the membership reach 1,000 during my term of office.

That will require lots of hustling on all sides, and I must have the aid of all friends of game protection, all over the State. I am devoting several hours every day to the work. May I not look for assistance? The small sum of $1 will not be missed by you and will, when coupled with your assistance and influence, help us greatly in our work.

The L. A. S. is an assured success. No one need look upon it as an experiment and await for results. Its success and power for doing good is only to be measured by the support it gets from those who should aid it. Let us have your application and co-operation.

I shall be pleased to furnish you whatever blanks and literature you may wish.

Any information you may want on the subject will be cheerfully furnished at any time. Sincerely yours,

Frank Dunham, Chief Warden, Lander, Wyo.

The protection of game and fish and song birds and the cultivation of our wild flowers has been my hobby for years, and my application for membership in L. A. S. has been ready for some time. I am holding it to induce others to join. Your efforts in this direction are commendable and should have the financial and moral support not only of every true sportsman in the land, but of every lover of the beautiful and charming in nature. To fully realize the difference between a forest filled with song birds—to appreciate the merest twitter—one should spend a few weeks on the desert, where desolation is made more desolate by the absence of bird voices.

No doubt you have been overwhelmed with "suggestions" as to the best means to accomplish the end. Therefore I shall not suggest, but will tell you what I favor.

First, a gun license of $3 a year.

Second, no license issued to anyone under 18 years of age.

Third, the license not to be issued to market hunters.

Fourth, applications for license to be signed by 3 reputable citizens, as guarantors of moral acts of the applicant.

Fifth, robbing the nests of any wild bird to be made a misdemeanor.

Explanatory: First, all kinds of guns, air guns, Floberts, revolvers, etc., with a barrel over 6 inches long.

Second, to prevent the small boy from killing birds, neighbors' cats, his brothers or sisters or himself.

Third, license to permit a man to kill within lawful seasons such game as is required for his personal use, and not for sale or gift outside of his own family.

Fourth, to prevent worthless characters and known violators of the law from obtaining a license.

Fifth, to prevent the collection of eggs as thoughtless people collect calendars, stamps, etc.—just to see how many they can get.

As for science there are many complete collections in the museums of the country. A plaster cast and some paint will produce a duplicate of any bird's egg, much stronger and cheaper than the real.

Val, Eureka, Cal.

Your favor with other correspondence received, regarding the L. A. S. I have been much pleased with the communications. Your platform is the grandest thing I have ever read. I am not a great sportsman, yet I enjoy a good hunting or fishing trip.

Quail and grouse, at one time plentiful, are now nearly gone, on account of the swine, who go out for a day's hunt and come in with load enough for a week's trip.

A sad message came to my ears last November. A certain man found a covey of quails and fired, killing 10 of the birds where they sat. The "pen" would be too good for such fiends. Rabbits and squirrels can be found in abundance. Fishing is fair; no game fish except a few bass and salmon, and these are nearly extinct, on account of seining and dynamiting.

S. J. Fulford, Manston, Wis.

Here is a list, showing the strength of the L. A. S. in certain States:

New York	472
Pennsylvania	97
New Jersey	62
Massachusetts	194
Connecticut	89
Michigan	40
Montana	164
Washington	74
Wyoming	73
Wisconsin	34
Ohio	77
Illinois	36

Why do not the sportsmen in other States stir themselves and build up the membership of the League as it has been built up in these States? There are many other States that have just as great need of the League in the protection of their game and fish as have any of the States named; yet, in some such States we have but a mere handful of members. Will not the readers of RECREATION in the States that have not yet organized divisions turn out and solicit their friends to join the League? We should have a working division in each State of the Union and in each of the Provinces of Canada, and it is hoped that we may have them in the near future. Let us have the co-operation of all friends of game protection everywhere.

J. H. Kidd, Newburgh, N. Y., sends out a circular in which he says:

I have been appointed local Warden of the A. S. and a Special Fish and Game Protector, by the State Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission at Albany.

The State of New York and the League of American Sportsmen are making diligent efforts to protect the fish and game and it is through the protectors and the honest sportsmen that we hope to attain the desired result.

Knowing you to be a person interested in the protection of game and fish, I take the liberty of asking your co-operation and support in the discharge of my duties.

Persons with malicious intent toward the game laws will always find time and place to carry out their plans, but if the sportsmen would be on the alert for such miscreants, many violations could be averted and much game saved. Be kind enough to do what good you can in this direction and your efforts will be appreciated.

It would be a good plan for all local Wardens to do likewise. Make yourself known as being on the lookout for lawbreakers and there will be far less illegal killing done than if the offenders do not know any one is looking for them.—ED.

Please find enclosed $1 for RECREATION for one year. Am well pleased with it. Last winter was a severe one here, but the quail stood the cold weather better than we expected. We thought a good many would have frozen to death. I think from what I hear that a large number of birds are all right. We had no spring shooting on ducks last spring. Trap shooting was great sport here last winter and will continue until fall. Team shoots, between teams from Bay City and Saginaw, have been on the programme; each team won a match and the third match was postponed on account the trap getting out of order in the middle of the contest.

John R. Cotter, Essexville, Michigan.

THE LIST IS GROWING.

Since June Recreation was issued a number of railway general passenger agents have joined the League. The complete list now stands: Geo. H. Daniels, G. P. A., New York Central Ry.; C. E. E. Usher, G. P. A., Canadian Pacific Ry.; D. J. Flanders, G. P. A., Boston and Maine Ry.; Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A., Great Northern Ry.; H. C. Hudgins, G. P. A., Norfolk and Southern Ry.; J. C. Pond, G. P. A., Wis. Central Ry.; Jno. Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Ry.; Bryan Snyder, G. P. A., St. Louis and San Francisco Ry.; W. R. Callaway, G. P. A., "Soo" Line; T. H. Goodman, G. P. A., Southern Pacific Ry.; Geo. W. Hibbard, G. P. A., Duluth South Shore and Atlanta Ry.; N. A. Simms, G. P. A., Ulster and Delaware Ry.; W. B. Bevill, G. P. A., Norfolk and Western Ry.; D. B. Keeler, G. P. A., Ft. Worth and Denver Ry.

Two new State divisions have recently been organized—Minnesota, with S. A. Smart, General Baggage Agent of the Northern Railway, as Chief Warden, and Colorado, with Andrew Whitehead, a prominent real estate dealer and a well known sportsman and writer of Denver, as Chief Warden. The Virginia division will be organized within a few days. There are now 38 members in that State and we are searching for the best man to head this division.

Every sportsman should feel grateful to you for the work you are doing toward saving the game. The need of the L. A. S. was proved to me last summer, while cruising down the Huron river in Southern Michigan. We passed through a fine game country, but saw little or no game. In parts a loon, a crane, 2 crows and a few blackbirds!

D. B. D. Blaine, Detroit, Mich.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Harvard and Yale both expect to have exceedingly strong golf teams this year. Joseph H. Choate who played last year for the crimson will be absent this season, but a nucleus for a strong Cambridge contingent is found in W. Bayard Cutting, L. C. Averille, J. F. Curtis, G. C. Clarke and G. Hubbard. Cutting and Curtis have played for Harvard since '97, while Averille, Clark, and Hubbard played last fall in the intercollegiate tournament. Hubbard was on the all-American team which played Canada.

The Yale team will be drawn from John Reed, captain, winner of the intercollegiate last fall; W. B. Smith, the holder of the 2d championship honors in the United States, and C. D. Barnes, E. F. Hinkle, L. Cogswell, F. C. Havemeyer and T. M. Robertson. Some of the following may also make the team: T. L. Cheney, P. Cheney, E. M. Byers, G. H. Hull and L. P. Meyers.

Mr. W. A. Meikelham, of Columbia, will referee next June the boat race between Yale and Harvard, at New London. He has acted in that capacity for the past 2 years. Julian W. Curtis, Yale '79, of New York has been selected as the chairman of the Yale-Harvard regatta committee.

Dr. William S. McDowell will for the 3d time represent this country in the Henley Royal Regatta during the coming summer. He has already ordered a boat to be built for him in London, and expects it to be ready for his use on his arrival there. Dr. McDowell expects to win the diamond sculls this year.

Princeton's Golf Club's schedule arranges for games with the Balustral Golf Club, the Richmond Country Club, the Ardsley, the Morris County, the St. Andrews, the Columbia University and the Laurenceville Golf Clubs.

The representatives of Cornell and Pennsylvania have decided that the race between the 2d 'varsity crews of those universities shall be rowed on Lake Cayuga on May 30th.

Pennsylvania's golf enthusiasts have made arrangements whereby they are to have the privilege of playing over the Wissahickon links of the Philadelphia Cricket Club on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of the spring season. It is evident that the Philadelphians intend to make an attempt to get the college championship in the popular sport of the day.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to Recreation and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1. Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

You can get a fine camera by securing a club of subscribers for Recreation.

SUGAR AS A MUSCLE FOOD.

DR. J. N. HALL, DENVER, COL.

For those not accustomed to severe muscular exertion, who are suddenly called upon for much more than the usual exercise, as in camping and hunting trips, the value of sugar as an accessory food is not generally appreciated. Physiological experiments have shown that dogs to whom sugar is fed in addition to other food bear up much longer under severe continuous muscular work, as in a tread-mill, than those not so fed. Sugar is more promptly taken up and utilized under such conditions than anything else.

To one whose digestive organs are in proper training for digesting and absorbing the requisite quantity of food for severe work, the extra sugar is not necessary. But to the professional man who breaks off sharply from his office work and begins to climb mountains daily, a distressing muscular fatigue soon comes. Experience has shown me, before I knew the physiological explanation of the phenomenon, that sugar was peculiarly acceptable at such times. This is in line with the known fact that the working power of those on a low diet increases greatly, in regions where the sugar cane grows, at the seasons when the cane ripens, sufficiently to be eaten.

I think many a sportsman would come into camp at night much less exhausted if he would adopt the plan of carrying a few cubes of sugar in his pocket to be eaten as needed when muscular fatigue develops.

We have all experienced the tremendously increased ability of the digestive organs at the end of a week in the woods, for they rise quickly to the emergency. We eat with avidity bacon and other quickly transformable foods. After this ability to keep up with the waste has developed, we are no more than normally tired by the day's exertion. During the stage of adjustment, the sugar is of especial value and is more urgently called for than at other times.

CANNED BEEF IN THE TROPICS.

In a paper which is to be read before the section on Physiology and Dietetics of the American Medical Association at its next meeting at Columbus, O., in June, Dr. C. E. Woodruff, Captain and Asst. Surg. U. S. A., who has recently returned from Manila, writes as follows of the canned beef ration:

"For many years it (canned roast beef) has been used as a makeshift when fresh meat cannot be procured. It has been supplied to armies and ships in such great quantities that the trade in it is very important. The board of officers, of which the writer was a member, investigated this article quite thoroughly in Chicago a few years ago, visiting the stock yards and witnessing the process of manufacture. Though we recognized its excellence as a makeshift, we rejected it as an emergency ration, because it was inferior to bacon for the following reasons: It is nothing more than boiled or steamed beef, and tastes like soup meat, and though it is quite palatable when mixed with vegetables and made into a stew, it has to be eaten as it is, because in an emergency vegetables are rarely, if ever, on hand. It quickly cloys on the appetite, while bacon does not. In order to sterilize the beef it has to be 'processed' or subjected to high temperature, say 250 degrees or more, by steam, under pressure * * * * * * This boiling undoubtedly removes so much of the stimulating extractives that we must expect canned meat to be far less satisfactory than fresh meat or even canned meat."

Dr. Woodruff states that owing to the lack of these stimulating extractives, vegetables, etc., the canned roast beef ration would be an utter failure in the tropics where there is such an increased demand for food to restore or repair waste. For the doctor has discovered that it is a mistake to suppose that the system does not require much food in the tropics.

"When a chemist wishes chemical changes to go on more fiercely, he raises the temperature of the combining elements and we do the same thing in therapeutics. We are officially informed that every case of sluggish metabolism and defective excretion of waste products is cured by a course of hot baths in Arkansas. Excessive atmospheric heat does the same thing, and we can easily understand one of the reasons for this excessive chemical energy and increased waste. So the amount of necessary food to supply unavoidable wastes is much larger than in temperate climates."

PAY THEM IN THEIR OWN COIN.

The Agrarian party of the German National Assembly which is making such bitter warfare on American meats, fruits, etc., should be paid in its own coin now that we have the opportunity.

Hamburg, which is the great port of entry for Brazilian coffees, is the very hotbed of agrarianism, and from Hamburg is shipped that worthless coffee known to the trade as "black jack." This is a tasteless, hard, tough, and exceedingly black coffee. It is not allowed to be sold in Germany, but is picked out by hand (children generally doing the work) glazed, mixed with other coffee, and sold to us by the German coffee merchants. Millions of pounds of this adulterated coffee are sold in the United States every year, and a law should at once be passed prohibiting its sale. Not only do the Germans sell us adulterated coffee, but they also sell us "black jack" pure and simple. When the coffee arrives in Hamburg from Brazil children are at once set to work to pick out the coffee beans that are worthless and unwholesome. These worthless beans are put aside by the children, and are then glazed and polished. The finished "black jack" is shipped to America where it is mixed with good coffee by the dealers and sold to consumers.

Graeme Stewart, partner in the wholesale grocery house of W. M. Hoyt & Company, of Chicago, recently declared that 25 per cent. of the 11,000,000 132-pound sacks of coffee shipped in to this country last year consisted of "black jack." As a writer in one of our great daily newspapers tersely puts it, "it all goes to show that if there is anything in the way of food that other countries reject, it can be foisted on the people of the United States, who take anything and who can be easily deceived!"

POISONS IN FOODS.

Recently before a sub-committee of the United States Senate Pure Food Investigating Committee, Dr. H. W. Wiley, chemist to the National Agricultural Department, brought out the fact of the use of poisons in foods in a very striking and convincing manner. In fact, his testimony as to the use of poisonous ingredients in the preparations of certain articles largely in use in this country for the table is alarming, to say the least. The poisons most frequently in evidence are borax, boracic acid, formaldehyde and alum. With few exceptions, the baking powders in general use throughout the United States contain alum. This substance is an irritant poison, and, when used for any length of time is bound to produce disease of the stomach. Nine-tenths of the dyspepsias met with in America are directly due to the use of alum baking powders.

Another dyspepsia producer is salicylic acid, which is frequently, and to an alarming extent, used as a fruit preservative. This acid is commonly derived from carbolic acid, a well-known poison. Formaldehyde and borax, both deadly poisons, when taken in sufficiently large doses, are also used as preservatives.

When vegetables are cooked before canning them for the market, they lose their coloring matter. In order to restore this, manufacturers of canned vegetables use the salts of zinc and copper, all of which are irritant poisons. Dr. Wiley found these poisonous substances in hundreds of samples of foods purchased by himself in the open market.

A PECK OF DIRT.

When a man eats his fore-ordained peck of dirt, which the myths of our forefathers tell us he can by no means escape, he prefers to eat it *au naturel*; yet many a man of the present generation will go to his grave having swallowed not only his allotted peck, but a bushel or so in addition, of which he had no knowledge. Dirt, in the shape of "white earth," is to be found in almost all the pulverized sugars, while, in the form of the cellulos of peanut shells, cocoanut hulls, etc., it makes up by far the larger portion of the spices with which he seasons his food. As a matter of fact, there is a large factory in Cincinnati which is devoted wholly to the business of grinding peanut hulls, and cocoanut shells for the spice dealers. This form of dirt, i. e., the ground shells are used by the dealers as adulterants for ground spices. If one wishes pure ground spice he must buy the unground article and pulverize it himself; he can escape the additional dirt only by this method.

Another form of dirt is ground chicory, which enters into the composition of all of the cheap "blends" of coffee that are so extensively advertised. "Dead berries" or coffee berries which have never matured and which are, consequently, absolutely worthless, are used to adulterate the unground article. Even the celebrated wooden nutmeg of Connecticut is here surpassed, for berries made of clay (genuine Simon pure *dirt* this), are sometimes used to adulterate coffee.

FRAUDS ON THE PUBLIC.

In his evidence before the sub-committee of the Senate "pure food" investigating committee, Dr. Wiley adduced the fact that many restauranteurs are in the habit of serving sparrows to their patrons as reed birds. He also declared that minnows masqueraded as imported sardines, and common turtles as diamond-back terrapins. Domestic wines are boldly and unhesitatingly served as imported vintages. On one occasion a hogshead of domestic wine was shown him, and when he asked for 2 cases "the dealer liberally offered to put on either Chateau Bordeaux or Burgundy labels." Wine merchants "import" most of their foreign wines from the Pacific slope, where the wine-makers unhesitatingly use foreign labels, such as "Hochheimer," "Rudesheimer," etc.

APROPOS OF "EMBALMED BEEF."

Our bitter opponents, the Agrarians of Germany, have seized upon Gen. Miles' "embalmed beef" accusation and have made it an exceedingly weighty factor in strengthening their warfare on the meats of America. In fact, they have used it so effectually that the powers that be have brought forward a proposition anent meat examination which will completely knock out American meat exporters if it is adopted. The board of inquiry has declared that there was no embalmed beef, yet what do the Agrarians care for the board! The "embalmed beef" cry has answered their purpose---that is all they desired.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

The Intercolonial Railway of Canada runs through a country which has enormous possibilities for fishing, shooting, bathing, boating and tourist recreation in general. Starting at Montreal, it includes the great salmon and trout rivers of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, and extends to Sydney, Cape Breton, whence a short steamship journey lands the tourist at the starting point of the newly opened railway line across Newfoundland. Along the route of the Intercolonial are such inviting and picturesque regions as the Metapedia valley, Gaspe peninsula, the Baie de Chaleur, Prince Edward Island, the Bay of Fundy, the most attractive parts of Nova Scotia and that famous inland sea, the Bras d'Or, which extends through the island of Cape Breton. In no part of America is there so great a variety of scenery and of attractions, while the climate is of the most tonic and invigorating character.

Recognizing the requirements of the increasing number of summer visitors to this country, the Intercolonial Railway has recently procured a new outfit of vestibule trains, consisting of luxuriously furnished dining, sleeping and day cars, finished in solid mahogany and equipped with every modern convenience, which have no equals in Canada, and which make rapid time to all parts of the country. No tourist can afford to miss seeing the Maritime Provinces, and the Intercolonial is the route by which to travel through them. Full information furnished on application to Jno. M. Lyons, General Passenger Agent, Moncton, N. B.

A GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

The New York Condensed Milk Co., of New York City, has just been re-organized and incorporated as Borden's Condensed Milk Co. The capitalization is $20,000,000. The incorporators are H. Lee Borden, Joseph Milbank, William J. Rogers, Albert J. Milbank and Isaac Milbank. This company is the largest manufacturer of proprietary food products in the world.

Gail Borden's first output was in 1857. The fame of Borden's Eagle Brand became world-wide. The civil war made heavy demands for its product, and the Northern armies were supplied as extensively as manufacturing facilities would permit. It was a happy day when the Southern soldier was lucky enough to get access to a Union supply train, and thereby obtain Borden's Condensed Milk.

During the late war with Spain among the first food supplies to follow the American troops, whether in Cuba, Porto Rico or the Philippines, was the Eagle Brand and no Red Cross outfit was considered complete without a liberal stock. Since the days of Dr. Kane, the exploring expeditions to the Arctic regions, have deemed it their most important item of food. Lieutenant Peary only recently testified to its value, and his present expedition was well supplied with it.

Constant additions to the company's manufacturing facilities have been made to keep pace with the increasing demand. New factories have been added, until now it operates 15 large plants, among which are some that outrank in size, capacity and actual product manufactured, any other factories of a similar nature in the world.

Parker Bros., Meriden, Conn., send out a circular which reads as follows:

Owing to the increased demand for a Parker Hammerless gun, at a lower price than formerly manufactured by us, we have been induced by our many customers to place such a gun on the market.

We can now supply you with a 12 gauge "Vulcan" steel (black barrel) gun, 28, 30 and 32 in. barrels, weights 7½ to 9 lbs. Also in 16 gauge and 20 gauge, 26, 28 and 30 in. barrels, weights 6¼ to 8 lbs. Drop, 2¼ to 3 in.; length of stock, 14 to 14¼ in. American walnut stock checked and engraved, pistol or straight grip, and hard rubber butt plate. Catalogue price, $50.

This gun, in material and workmanship, is first class, and will be kept up to our high standard in fitting, shooting and wearing qualities. It will fill the wants of persons desiring a genuine Parker gun at a medium outlay.

We also call special attention to the fact that we can supply you with a plain black barrel called "Titanic" steel, which we do not hesitate to recommend as a hard, tough, thoroughly reliable barrel, and in consequence suitable for shooting nitro powders.

We unhesitatingly recommend them for trap and pigeon guns when a party desires a barrel similar in appearance to the Whitworth Fluid Pressed Steel.

They will be made in the $100, $150 and $200 list, 12, 16 and 20 gauge, weights, etc., as per catalogue, and will be kept fully up to the high standard that has characterized our guns of these grades.

FIVE THOUSAND SUBURBAN HOMES.

The territory North and within 150 miles of the Harlem River, the Northern boundary of Manhattan Island, contains more beautiful places and a greater variety of scenery and climate than can be found in any other section of equal extent within the reach of the citizens of the American metropolis.

The New York Central has just issued a new 48-page folder which describes the towns and villages located in Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess and Columbia Counties, along the lines of the Hudson River, Harlem and Putnam Divisions of the New York Central.

With these 3 great lines all working in entire harmony under one management, the development of this region should be rapid, and a few years will undoubtedly see established here the grandest system of suburban villas, lovely parks, and quiet summer resorts in the world.

This folder contains a handsome map of the territory bounded by Saratoga and North Adams on the North, the Litchfield and Berkshire Hills on the East and Northeast, and the Hudson River and Catskill Mountains on the West.

A copy will be sent free, post-paid to any address, on receipt of a one-cent stamp, by George H. Daniels, G. P. A., Grand Central Station, New York.

TRADE NOTES.

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK FOR SIX CENTS.

Mr. Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A. of the Northern Pacific Railway, has issued his '99 Wonderland book which excels all previous, though the apex seemed to have been reached last year.

The cover is an artist's dream while the many illustrations are simply beyond criticism.

In these rays of emigration and home-seeking, the text should be of special interest to those inclined to seek new homes and fortunes. The Northwest is a large and varied country and invites the multitudes to test its resources and possibilities.

The tourist and traveler will find in these pages many facts and a vast fund of knowledge relative to scenic beauty and health in this grand region, heretofore unknown to him.

The publication is of value in the home and to school teachers and scholars, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of 6 cents in stamps.

Address Chas. S. Fee, G. P. O., St. Paul, Minn.

THREE THOUSAND MILES BY LAUNCH.

Dr. and Mrs. E. H. Dudley recently returned home from a novel trip South. They left Chicago in a private electro-vapor launch about the middle of October last, and after passing through the Illinois canal and river they reached the Mississippi. Down the father of waters they glided, stopping at all points of interest enroute. At most of the large towns and cities they dropped anchor and saw all the sights worth visiting.

In Memphis they spent some time, and from there made for New Orleans.

The launch in which they made the voyage was an ideal little craft, built by the Racine Boat Manufacturing Co., Racine, Wis., and will soon be shipped here from Chicago and placed on the Dock. It was so arranged that they slept in it nights whenever they found it inconvenient to get to a hotel. There was plenty of room to store their baggage, and special apartments for keeping eatables.

The trip covered nearly 3,000 miles.—Janesville Weekly Gazette.

For 3 years I have read RECREATION, and I feel I am indeed a derelict in not having made personal acknowledgement of the satisfaction you have given me in your noble fight for the preservation of American fauna. It is a matter on which I feel deeply. I have for 30 years hunted game of all sorts, in season, and never but once have killed a bird or animal beyond the needs of my own table, or those of my immediate friends. I once committed a deadly sin, however, and I wish to confess and take my medicine. In crossing the plains in '75 I shot a buffalo in cold blood, just for the sake of being able to say I had killed one. There was better meat all around me, and plenty at camp, and there was absolutely no excuse for the deed. When I stood over the noble brute, I did not feel any elation; I was too much ashamed of the act ever to boast of it, and so keenly has my conscience pricked me since that I am glad, at last, to unburden in a confession which you may make public if you think the lesson may be salutary.

Franklin Welles Calkins, Wyoming, Wis.

Last fall I bought one of D. W. Cree's camp stoves and went into camp in the Yellowstone valley, Mont., where our party of 5 lived under canvas about 3 weeks. We had plenty of snow and severe weather most of the time, the temperature often below zero, yet we found the stove ample for both heating and cooking, and in every way perfectly satisfactory.

The oven baked to as near perfection as anyone could wish and we could see no room for improvement. It is the most compact stove, everything considered, I have ever seen, and is very durable. We look forward to many a roast, bake, boil and fry on it in the future. It is the most valuable camp companion I have ever seen and every camper should have one.

We got all the game we wanted and had a dandy trip.

A. A. Crandall, Toronto, Ont.

I do not care to give summer resorts free advertising unless they use some of the other kind of space in RECREATION, but the following, quoted from a circular issued by the manager of Kabekona Camp, Pine River, Minn., is so thoroughly in line with the teachings of RECREATION that it is proper to print it in this department.

Kabekona's creed of returning all fish to the water that cannot be used has been cheerfully complied with by all guests, and this camp wishes to be distinctly understood as not wanting the patronage of any one unwilling to live up to this rule.

There is a valuable lesson here for hundreds of other resort keepers who encourage their guests to make big "records" and then flaunt them in the faces of decent sportsmen, as advertising matter.

Our ad in RECREATION has brought so many inquiries for our catalogue that our large edition is exhausted and we have concluded to print another edition and to continue our ad. The second edition of our catalogue is ready and we shall be glad to mail them to those of your readers who will favor us with their addresses.

The readers of RECREATION prove most liberal buyers of our goods. Indeed, it is noticeable that they express their confidence in the advertisements that appear in your magazine.

The results of our advertising in RECREATION have been very gratifying, but we are not entirely satisfied; we would like to put our catalogue in the hands of every one of your subscribers.

Cornwall & Jespersen, 310 Broadway, N. Y.

The Wilkes Barre gun I bought of the H. H. Kiffe Co. is certainly a beauty and, judging from a one-half hour's trial, it shoots as well as it looks. But that is by the way. Good guns are common; more so, I fear, than good gundealers. Living in the wilds of Westchester I do most of my buying through the mails. On more than one occasion my faith in the innate goodness of mankind has been staggered by the receipt of imperfect, shop-worn or substituted goods. If any fellow backwoodsman has had a like experience, I advise him to try the H. H. Kiffe Co., 523 Broadway, New York. He will get just what he asks for, if it is on the earth, and his hair will not turn grey while waiting for it either.

G. A. Mack, Pleasantville, N. Y.

The Lefever hammerless shotgun you sent me is at hand. Please accept my sincere thanks. The gun is a beauty and is exactly as I ordered. I have tried it and it is a splendid shooter. I can hardly realize how I became possessed of so valuable a gun; it was so little trouble to get the 60 subscribers. Now when our club has a shoot I step to the score with the satisfaction of knowing that no one shoots a better gun than I. Success to RECREATION.

L. D. Emery, Jackson, Mich.

J. J. Tomlinson, Syracuse, N. Y., who makes the Tomlinson gun cleaner, writes me that he has received and filled orders for same, which mention RECREATION and which come from England, Russia, France, Austria, Switzerland, Newfoundland, Prince Edward's Island, Mexico, British Columbia and Hawaii. This shows the wide circulation of this magazine and that its readers appreciate a good thing when they see it announced.

The Shattock gun received O.K. and am much pleased with it. So is every one who has seen it. It hangs well and is well made. Thank you very much for it; also for the Bristol rod you sent me last spring. It is the best rod I ever saw. It is the easiest to stretch a cast and will put a fly the farthest of any rod I ever used. I landed several large trout and some big pike and bass last season.

C. M. Clarke, Stoughton, Mass.

Blue Earth City, Minn.

Wm. Shakespeare, Jr.

Dear Sir: I gain enclose you draft for $10, for which kindly send me another Shakespeare reel, style "C." This is for another friend who has seen mine and who thinks he knows a good thing when he sees it. I am very much in love with your reel.

Respectfully,

M. M. Freer.

RECREATION is simply immense. Nothing delights me more than to hunt and fish, except to get such reading matter. It is delightful and one can so much enjoy it that he forgets all his other duties until he finishes. Herewith money order for another year's subscription.

William P. Scholl, Reading, Pa.

S. Fish Com., Washington, D. C.

I receive more than twice as many inquiries from my ad. in RECREATION as I do from the one in Outing.

E. R. Wallace, Forest Land Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

AT THE LAKE.

WALTER G. CORKER.

Alturas lake, or Red Fish lake, by which name it is better known, is 20 miles from Atlanta, over the trail, and 3 miles from Sawtooth City, Idaho. In the early days Sawtooth was a booming mining camp, but now it is deserted, with the exception of one family. Beaver creek runs through the collection of log houses, and empties into Salmon river. It is a pretty country all around the lakes, and several families from the East had decided to spend a few weeks at this lovely spot. My partner and I were none of them, but just happened to drop off at the lake, the same as the geese and swan do on their trips South.

We pulled in about dusk one night, and as we could see the light from camp fires, and hear the tinkle of horse bells up by old Martin's cabin, where he had been found in the spring, 2 years before, starved to death, we decided to pull off our packs, where we were, until we could see who our neighbors might be.

Next morning the sun was well up before we could bring ourselves to leave the luxury of a pine bough bed. Finally we rolled out, and Hank went to the lake for a pail of water. On coming back he reported, that from the tracks he had seen on the lake's edge, that the woods were full of women and children.

After breakfast, we started to hunt up our horses, and found them with our neighbor's stock. We unhobbled our cayuses, and started for camp, when 2 of the men from the other camp came up. One wore glasses and the other man called him "Doc." Both showed by their manners that they were tenderfeet. They asked innumerable questions about the country and the game, and one of them expressed the opinion that the country was full of horse thieves; for a few days before they had lost 2 of their best horses, and had failed, so far, to find any trace of them.

We saw nothing strange in this and asked what kind of horses they were—their brands, etc. The men told us and we answered that the day before we had seen them about 2 miles below our present camp. The men were delighted to hear this, and said they would start at once to find them.

We went to camp, and shortly they rode by. It was not long until they returned with the runaways. They pulled up at our camp and we gave them the Western invitation, to "get down, and look at their saddles."

About 11 o'clock they said they must go, and invited us to come and take dinner with them. We accepted, as they assured us 2 more would make no difference; that they were 18 in family, and had a hired cook. Hank and I went through our Saratogas, and fished out a clean flannel shirt, and a new pair of overalls each, in spite of the Doctor's assurance that our buckskin suits were sufficiently dressy.

We found them all pleasant and agreeable people, but not familiar with camp life. The Doctor was the head of the expedition and had located himself and family in old Martin's cabin; but when we told them of the tragic ending of the rightful owner, they moved out in a hurry.

For dinner they had plenty of trout, and squaw fish, but said the only red fish they had taken, one of the party had killed with a rifle. Not knowing what they needed for catching this particular variety, they had brought a small seine, which was worthless on account of the trees, fallen in the creek, where these fish run up to spawn.

That afternoon we made half a dozen Indian spears, with seasoned service wood (Idaho hickory) for tips. These have one advantage over steel, that a knife will always keep them good and sharp. If you miss a fish, and hit a rock you have done no great damage. We went out before sun down, and speared 9 big red fish, showing them how to do it. Before we left that night for camp, the party made us promise to come and camp with them, while we staid at the lake.

One of the ladies had us posing for all kinds of snap shots for her Kodak, and as rifles and 6 shooters were our principal decorations, no doubt poor Hank and I have passed for veritable desperadoes among the 400 of New York ever since.

We moved up next day, put up our "wickey-up," and prepared for a general good time. Hank and I took a solemn oath that our new made friends should lose no more horses, nor themselves, if we could help it, and should live on the fat of the land, as far as game was concerned. In the afternoon I went out with the entire camp to spear more red-fish, while Hank took his rifle to see what the prospects were for fresh venison. We had good luck, spearing, although most of the party were wet to the skin, from falls in the creek. When we had gotten our fish all together, there was too much of a load to carry to camp, so we dressed them and strung them on a pole and hung them in the trees until the next day, when we intended to bring up a pack horse, and pack them in.

When we reached camp Hank was not there, so after supper we all sat around a big log fire, and told stories until bed time. The moon was shining bright and clear, casting long shadowy figures through the pines. About this time a mountain lion, gave his long drawn wail, from some place up on the mountain, and was answered by a large horned owl in a neighboring pine. The whole camp decided at once that none of them were sleepy; and the ladies talked of awful deaths, that were sure to have overtaken my partner. But I was not uneasy, for I was sure he would show up all right.

We were standing around the fire listening to the wail of the lion, which he was giving at regular intervals, when a stick broke with a loud pop on one side of the camp; every one jumped, and the ladies screamed. The Doctor's dog, "Naylor," ran out and began to bark and growl. Above all this racket we could hear Hank, talking to the dog. In a moment he walked into camp, with a 2 prong buck on his back. The only excuse he made for being so late, was that he had to go farther from camp than he expected. Then we settled down for a quiet night.

Next morning we took one of our pack horses and, with 3 or 4 of the party, went to our fish; they took their shot guns and killed several fool-hens on the way. When we arrived at the point where we had left the fish, we were surprised to find them knocked down, and what were not eaten were torn up, and scattered over the ground. We knew it was the work of a bear, and down at the creek we saw his foot prints in the sand, which showed him to be very large and most likely a grizzly. Returning to camp we got an ax, our largest bear trap, which weighed 40 pounds, and the fore quarter of the buck which Hank had killed the day before.

Going up the creek a mile or so, and finding a favorable point to set our trap, among the black pines which we cut to build our V shaped pen, to hold the bait, and covered it all over with boughs, leaving only one opening for the bear. When all was ready to set the trap, we wedged the big iron ring on the chain fast to a good sized quaking asp pole, just what we thought the bear could handle without leaving the country.

That night around the camp fire the Doctor told us about his dog, Naylor; how savage he was, how he could fight, and how regardless he was of danger. The Doctor firmly believed it would require strong measures to keep him from killing a bear on sight. We promised the Doctor that if we captured Bruin, "Naylor" should have an opportunity to show his sand. The next morning before daylight, Hank and I were on our way to the trap. When we reached the place the trap was gone. It is difficult to trail a trapped bear, for you may run onto him unexpectedly if you don't keep a sharp lookout. We saw where the end of the pole had struck the ground where the bear had made his first jump. Then the trail led us toward the mountain, and in one place, where he crossed down timber, had gotten the pole fast; and was probably held there for several hours, judging from the way he had torn things up. He was certainly a large bear, or he never could have handled the pole and trap as he did. Up on the edge of the mountain, we came across him, and got up close without his seeing us. We found the trap had a good hold on one paw. The pole had become wedged into, and under the rocks, and would move only back and forth like a door bolt. As there was little chance of his getting farther we returned to camp to get the Doctor, his dog, and the rest of the party, if they cared to come. They were all at breakfast, when we arrived, so we joined in with a will.

I don't think I ever heard so many questions asked before or since. We had to tell all about the bear, how big he was and how he was caught. The Doctor gave Naylor an extra slice of venison to nerve him for the fray; and the whole camp started for the scene of action. But ere long the ladies decided they could go no farther and returned to camp with the children.

When we got close to where the bear was, we cautioned every one to be quiet, as we did not want to excite him. When we came out where we had seen him last he had already seen us. "Naylor" had taken no interest in the proceedings so far. The Doctor pointed to the bowlders and said, "sic em!" Naylor went bounding toward the rocks where bruin was half standing. When the dog was within about 8 or 10 feet the bear scooped up in his good paw, about as much dirt and gravel as you could put in a coal scuttle, and threw it at the dog.

Naylor gave one howl, stuck his tail between his legs, and went by our party at a 2-40 gait. The Doctor was shocked, and the rest of the party never tired of joking him about his bear-dog. To the Doctor was accorded the distinction of shooting Bruin, who keeled over dead at the crack of his gun.

Hank and I went to skinning while some of the others returned to camp for 2 pack horses, as the bear was too heavy to carry on one. When they returned they reported Naylor's safe arrival at camp. Also that the Doctor's wife, and some of the other excitable ladies, were nearly in a state of nervous prostration, as they looked upon Naylor as the only probable survivor of the expedition.

We remained at the lakes several days, and I never had a better time. Our newmade friends were sorry to see us leave, but sometimes necessity is a great ruler, and we had to locate a good fur district to trap on that winter. So we said good-by.

HOW I MADE TROUBLE WITH A FISHING PARTY.

CHAS E. HICKOK.

At some time almost every one of us has done something which, on reflection, we would have left undone.

It was many years ago, during my annual vacation, which I utilized on that occasion by doing the East, my previous outings having been fishing and hunting trips, South to Arkansas and North to the Wisconsin lakes in the pineries.

I am an inlander, a Missourian, and never saw salt water until the time I now describe, and firstly I want to offer my apologies to all who were on the trip, and to say I am sorry for all the trouble I made.

It isn't my nature to ask many questions, but by keeping an eye on what others do, I manage to get along fairly well when among strangers with customs and ways of doing things different from ours.

On this trip, after doing Niagara, going down the St. Lawrence and Hudson, I found myself early one morning at the old Astor House, where I stored my grip, and Bohemian-like, went wandering out to see the town. Down Broadway I went, to the Battery and Castle Garden, then up North river, watching the ships and the endless procession of all kinds of craft, until I came to a large sign, "Daily trips to the fishing banks; fare 75c." I had not the remotest idea where or what the banks were. Still, as daily trips were made, I would have time to go. There was a constant stream of men, boys and a few women going on the pier, some with rods in cases, lunch baskets and other fishing gear, so I joined in the procession. Getting out to the end of the pier, I bought a ticket as I saw others doing. A small boy was calling "Here's your fishin' lines, only 20 cents, so I bought one, and from another boy a string of bait, which he called "moss bunkers," for 5 cents. At home we call them mussels. This brought my investment up to one dollar.

Shortly a steamer came gliding up to the dock, the "Angler," I believe was the name and as near as I remember, about 175 feet long and having boiler deck, cabin deck and hurricane.

A number of people were already on board, having got on at other landings. Our contingent scrambled in with a wild rush, which I later found was to pre-empt locations. Tieing a line across a space of railing seemed to be accepted as owning that room for the day. There were some hogs among the lot, of course, who lined up for 8 feet when 3 was all they were fairly entitled to, and in consequence the slow ones and green ones, like me, were entirely left out. However, after going all over the boat, I came to a place just in front of the port wheel, which no one wanted, the reason of which I later found was that the line was quite liable to become entangled in the wheel when the boat was moved, as it often was. I tied my line across this space just as if I knew how and having secured a stool, as others did sat down to wait for what should come next, meantime holding in my hand the cigar box of moss-bunker bait, which I didn't yet know what to do with. Watching my neighbor and doing as I saw him do, as near as I could, I trimmed off the scraps and tied the strands after which I went down to the lower deck and got a handful of salt from a tub which seemed to be free property, and having covered my bait with it, I was ready for business.

All this had not prevented me from feasting my eyes with the new and varied sights as we passed down the bay and out through the Narrows, where we first began to feel the long roll of the Atlantic. I thought then it was awful rough, but experience has shown me that the sea was then about as smooth as it ever is. It was rougher later in the day.

We went on and on until the big hotels of Manhattan seemed but tiny dots on the horizon, and the hills of Naversink were but a dim blue line. I was enjoying the view and the fresh salt water air, when I noticed that the wheels of the boat had ceased revolving, and at the same time all hands above and below had cast out their lines, the heavy sinkers going plunk, plunk, like stones thrown in a pond. I hooked on some bait and did likewise.

These lines were 125 or 150 feet long, trimmed with a half pound lead sinker, and a gang of 3 or 4 hooks, 2 feet apart, each hook being baited with a chunk of moss-bunker. The line runs down to the bottom here over 100 feet, the sinker resting on the bottom and the line is held taut in the hand, and raised and lowered with the roll of the boat as she swung to the anchor.

Some had short rods about 8 feet long with a wheel above the hand of 5 inches diameter, on which the line was wound. These were on the upper deck.

I suppose there were 300 of us fishing

as there was hardly a vacant place on any of the decks, and before I had my hooks baited there were half a dozen fish in the air. They kept coming, sea robins, squids, porgies, black fish, begolls and occasionally a sea bass. I got my hooks to the bottom all right and all the time could feel a little jerk, jerk, but when I pulled up my bait would be gone, and I had no fish. My neighbor, a good-hearted fellow, I reckon, had got on to the fact that I was "strictly fresh," for he told me it was the little begolls that took the bait, and my hooks were so large that they did not get caught, but any way after an hour's fishing, my bait was almost gone, and I had no fish.

I had just pulled up and was about to re-bait, when some one above called out "a shark," and, sure enough, 30 yards from the boat could be seen his back fin sticking up, perhaps a foot above water, motionless.

What prompted me to do it, I don't know, but no sooner did my eyes fall on that fin than my right hand, which held the half pound sinker, came backward and the sinker went flying through the air, the line, loosely coiled, going out freely and the end tied to the railing. My muscles were good in those days, and I could throw straight. The sinker struck the water just forward of the fin and about 3 feet beyond it. I gave the line a yank and then the trouble began. The fish was too heavy to pull in. The line was a strong 16 cord hard twist and new, and wouldn't break, and all 4 of those hooks must have set.

The dog-goned thing went forward with a dart. The line held and turned him in a circle just back of the anchor chain at the bow of the boat, where I lost sight of him, but I imagined he kept going for I shortly saw that all the lines along the side of the boat were being dragged backward. Later I found the fish had gone clean round so that the 300 lines were all bound together under the keel.

Had I had my senses when I first realized the danger, and cut my line, the fish might have swam away. But I don't know that I could have helped it any, for my knife was in my pocket and the whole business was over before I could have gotten it out and opened it.

Some ideas never come to me except by freight train anyway. Many a time since have I gone over that scene in my dreams, but always wake just at the wrong time to dream out what I should have done.

Imagination can better describe the situation than words. One line 30 feet long can sometimes get pretty well snarled by itself, but take 300, each 100 feet long, tied together 30 feet below the surface, and that underneath a boat, would make chaotic confusion confounded.

I skipped and although I could not leave the boat, I went aft and hid myself in the crowd. The air took on a tinge of blue when it was found what the trouble was, and shortly I got myself to the lunch room and fed myself on clam chowder.

To add to the situation there came from the West an innocent looking little cloud, which as it came expanded itself into long streaks, and although there was little rain in it, it was chuck full of wind, which in a very short time kicked up the water so that even the sailors took hold of supports in passing round. Until then I did not know that so many on board had no better sea legs than mine. We all were sick together. There weren't sofas enough for one in 20 of us, so those who couldn't sit on stools stretched out on the decks. The captain, seeing the general condition of things, decided it wasn't worth while to stay longer, so the anchor was lifted and we started home. This was a mistake, for be it remembered there were about 125 16 cord lines forward of the wheel and as many or more aft, all tied together under the boat. So many cords laid together make a fair sized rope, and a little twisting converts into a real live hawser, strong enough to tow a liner.

The wheels hadn't made half a dozen turns before one of them fouled some of the lines, and thereby drew in all the rest and clogged it up until the engines couldn't turn it. Down went the anchor again. We rolled with the swell, now growing less, as the squall had passed by, while the sailors had to go down in the water and cut the cords so the wheel could revolve.

We reached the city about sundown, a disgusted lot of fishermen, but I went again next day, buying a new outfit, and with my experience of yesterday to work on, caught a goodly number of fish.

However, I'd about as soon catch fish by seining, trammeling or trolling as by hand line in the deep sea.

A BADLY TWISTED YARN.

E. D. C.

Old Man Stice told us boys some fabulous tales, and sometimes when he was in a particularly reminiscent mood the stories of his adventures fairly rivaled those of Munchausen.

We had assembled in the usual place, under the apple trees, and had been talking about deer. "Speakin' of deer," the old man said as he deliberately filled his pipe; "when I first come to these parts the woods was fairly alive with deer an' it wuz a easy matter to git a shot any time. In the winter I've seed 'em so gentle they'd jump the fence to git at the hay ricks in the barn yard. Ven'son wuz a common article of our diet, an' thar warn't many meals we set down to but what it wuz 'mongst the vittles.

"I mind mighty well, a chase I hed arter one deer. It wuz durin' harves', an' blazin' hot. It used to git so all-fired hot in them days thet the steam risin' from the sweat of our brows would bile the cabbage leaves we hed in our hats to prevent us from gitin' over he't, an' this wuz one of them days.

"All the han's, which included our folks an' all our neighbors wuz a-eatin' dinner in the field. We used to help each other in them days. Help wuz skeers an' thar warn't no han's trampin' round the kentry lookin' fer work an' not findin' it. When one man's crap wuz ready all the folks in the neighborhood would jest turn in an' help him git it in, an' when thet wuz done, they'd all go to the nex' farm. It wuz a time of great rejoicin' too, an' we used to do a sight of cookin' in advance an' carry the vittles to the harves' field an' eat 'em picnic fashion.

"But, I wuz a-speakin' of deer. We wuz all settin' 'round eatin' when I see a deer stray out of the timber on the other side of the field. I wuz a purty rapid eater (an' thar is folks as say thet's the cause of the mis'ry I hev in my side at presen) an' hevin' hed my fill I calkilated to hev a chanst at thet deer. He wuz a young buck an' I could tell he wuz a game one. I didn't hev nothin' to shoot with, so I jumped on a young filly that wuz in the field an' lit out fer the deer jest like all possessed.

"The filly wuz the colt of our old gray mare an', notwithstandin' it wuz a yearlin', it wuz not weaned yit, an' allus follered its maw everywhar; thet's how it come to be hangin' 'round the harves' field. She hed never been broke yit, but I jumps on any how without saddle or bridle or any thing, jest doin' the guidin' with my heels. It wuz the first time thet any human bein' hed been on thet filly's back, an' the way she tore up the arth fairly blew the hayseed out o' my ha'r.

"The deer he see us comin' but kinder stood 'round till we come 'bout so clost, an' then he tuk to the timber, keepin' allus jest so fur ahead. This went on fer quite a spell, an' it set me a-thinkin' thet onless somethin' or other happened purty quick, we'd all trot our durn legs off.

"Thar hed been a rain the night afore, which freezin' as it fell made a crust on the snow which wuz a-layin' nigh 3 foot deep on a level. This crust wuz strong enough to bear up the colt, it hevin' big feet like colts do, but the deer's leetle sharp hoofs went pluggin' through every time he jumped. Bime-by I could see from the way the deer wuz a flounderin' thet he couldn't hold out much longer, an' it warn't long ontil he gits stuck in a big drift.

"Then I come up to him an' takin' one of the stirrups off my saddle, I give him one swat on the head which everlastin' put an end to his sufferin's. Arter thet I slung the animal acrost my saddle an' made my way back with considerable difuculty, it bein' so slippery, to whar the folks wuz an' finished my eatin'.

"We hed to knock off work, cut up the carcass an' hang it in the smoke-house, or else the orful heat an' the pesky blow-flies would a spiled it in less an' no time."

JULY.

This fervid month, of sunstrokes men have
fear,
For days are now about as hot as hades.
The red-nosed topers guzzle lager beer,
But ice-cream soda satisfies the ladies.

BEFORE RECIEVING THIS PACKAGE SEE THAT SEALS ARE UNBROKEN
EXPRESS PREPAID GLASS
NAME John Williams
TOWN Troy N.Y.
20
CAUTION
HAYNER'S
SEVEN YEAR OLD
RYE
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FOUR FULL QUARTS FOR $3.20 EXPRESS PREPAID

QUALITY AND QUANTITY GUARANTEED

IF NOT SATISFIED YOUR MONEY REFUNDED

WHISKEY should be selected with the greatest care, whether for medicinal or sideboard purposes. To be fit for use it must be free from fusel oil and other harmful oils and ethers. All new whiskey, as well as improperly stored whiskey, contains these injurious ingredients.

HAYNER'S

Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey has been sold direct from distiller to consumer since 1866. It is an absolutely

PURE WHISKEY.

We will send four full quarts of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval in plain, sealed boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive it and test it, if it is not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your $3.20.

Such whiskey as we offer you for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides guaranteeing to you the certainty of **pure** whiskey absolutely free from adulteration.

References—Third Nat'l Bank, any business house in Dayton or Com'l Agencies.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.,
605-611 W. 5th St., DAYTON, OHIO.

N. B.—Orders from Ariz., Colo., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N.Mex., Oreg., Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts by freight prepaid.

We guarantee the above firm to do as it agrees to.—EDITOR.

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Dark-Days
Busy-Days

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SUNLIGHT
ELECTRIC LIGHT
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All Work Well
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Develops by artificial light or subdued daylight.
No "Dark Room" needed.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
For sale by all dealers.
Rochester, N. Y.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"*A Bird in the hand is worth 2 in the bag.*"

RECREATION'S FOURTH ANNUAL COMPETITION.

RECREATION has conducted 3 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. A fourth is now on, which it is believed will be far more fruitful than either of the others. This one opened on January 1, '99, and will close September 30, '99.

Following is a list of prizes:

First prize: A Reflex camera, 5x7, made by the Reflex Camera Co., Yonkers, N. Y., with Zeiss anastigmat lens, and listed at $80;

Second prize: A wide angle Wizard camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., Cresskill, N. J., with double swing, size 6½ x 8½, and listed at $60;

Third prize. A Korona camera, series 2, size 5x7, manufactured by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $27;

Fourth prize: A split bamboo fly rod, listed at $25;

Fifth prize: A lady's or gentleman's hunting case gold watch, listed at $20;

Sixth prize: An Acme Rotary Burnisher, made by the Acme Burnisher Co., Fulton, N. Y., and listed at $12;

Seventh prize: A Bristol steel fishing rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Ct., and listed at $8;

Eighth prize: A Baby Hawkeye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., Boston, Mass., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one gross Eastman Solio paper, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.;

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen carbutt plates, made by the Carbutt Dry Plate Co., Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.;

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a year's subscription to RECREATION.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or domestic animals, representing, in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Cycling pictures especially desired. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum, or carbon, or Solio, of each subject, which shall become the property of RECREATION. The name and address of the sender, and title of picture to be plainly written on back of each print. Daylight, flashlight, or electric light pictures admissible. Prize winning photographs to be published in RECREATION, full credit being given in all cases.

Pictures that have been published elsewhere, or that have been entered in any other competition; not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures failed to win in the last competition, because the makers did not heed this warning.

Write on back of each print the title thereof; your name and address; name of camera, lens, and plate used; size of stop and time of exposure.

TIME EXPOSURES.

I wish to make one statement to the readers of RECREATION, most emphatically. I do not know which is the best camera or lens, or make of plates, or brand of paper. They all have some good qualities, or they could not stay on the market.

I can speak only of such experiences as I have had but there are many reasons why I cannot say, "Use this camera, and you cannot fail." Or "use this paper and success is sure." It is a clear case of "One man's meat is another's poison."

There are many things that alter the course to perfection of a picture. I might have rare success with a camera or a brand of paper; and another in a different locality might make failures, though following as near as might be the same methods.

If your dark room is not sufficiently dark, there will be a stubborn density about your plates, with yet no positive evidence of fog. Taking for granted proper developing; if developer is not thoroughly washed from plates it will interfere with the clear, perfect work of the hypo. bath. Again, if hypo. is not thoroughly removed it will tell in printing, and in the after life of the negative. If print paper is handled carelessly, in too strong light, while it will still print, it will not be of proper clearness and strength. When it comes to washing, almost as much of the delicate tones of your print depend on the water as on the chemicals. Lime water will combine with your baths to produce one tone. Water that has stood in the iron pipe of a drilled well is not good. Water from a lead lined tank, water tinctured with sulphur, and pure soft water, will each vary tones sufficiently to make a noticeable difference. This is one reason why 2 people using the same method in different places rarely get the same effect. So I repeat I can only tell of my best methods of obtaining success and leave others to decide whether they will test them.

1. Watch your dark room shutter, and when your orange and red paper fade, renew them.

2. If you wash prints under the faucet in the kitchen sink, pull down the blinds. If the day is very bright, raise an old umbrella and hook the handle round the faucet. If the cook objects make her a

photo of herself holding the hand of her beau, and she is yours forever.

3. The more in the dark you keep prints until they pass the hypo., the stronger they are. Move prints about face down. Press down in the tray, with palm of hand to exclude air bubbles. Occasionally tilt tray and renew water; but do not handle, or expose to light.

4. If your prints and negatives do not sell, as you see others sell, it is no doubt because you do not regard "the day of small things." After you have taken and developed almost a perfect picture, it still requires exquisite attention to small things to make a marketable success of it.

If you are going to have the camera craze, have it hard, and have some "method in your madness." Speaking of publishable pictures: I can't see what merit fully half the pictures published go in on. They are so out of focus, even if the subject be well chosen, that one is tempted to apostrophize them, "here's to you Fuzzy Wuzzy!" It is dreadfully trying on the eyes. You natually try to establish the proper focus and can't, and so strain your eyes more than you realize.

5. Take care of your eyes. Photography is hard on them. You examine a view you have selected with intense vision. There is both nervous and optical strain in focusing, and you narrow your vision down and watch like a hawk in developing. Then if you leave your dark room suddenly, on a bright day, it is almost all your eyes are worth. Don't do it. Set your dark room door open and clean up in half light. Then take down your shutter, and leave the blind down till done. Better to waste a few even precious minutes than to permanently strain your eyes.

6. Here is a suggestion as to the developer I had from a professional, that seems founded on the bed rock of common sense. "Develop any make of plates with the formula sent out by their manufacturer." Why?

Because when a man puts his fortune in a dry plate factory, he naturally employs expert chemists to compound a formula that will agree with his plate coating and produce the best possible results.

7. Juggling with chemicals the other day, I decided to try a new formula, that was a twister. I took it to my chemist to fill.

He read it over 3 times and then said in the smoothest, easiest tone possible, "We have the water."

8. A photographic journal of recent date contains an article on "Naturalistic Photography," by Prof. Emerson. It is a very learned article and stylish as a Paris frock. It is divided into sections and quarter sections, and embellished with Latin, and a sprinkling of French. The learned Professor with 4 initials and a hyphen is scared to death lest these amateurs who are taking prizes and selling pictures may get the swell head and fancy they are artists. The meat of his article lies in the following extracts. "Having selected a good view, artists next have to paint or etch it. The photographer does not make his picture; a machine does it for him." This is in italics, and type a half inch high by way of emphasis.

"The fact that the photographer does not do the work is nearly always overlooked. He gets to talking so much of his work that he forgets that after all he has only set the machine to work, and he has no more done the work than the engineer that starts the locomotive, pulls the train.

"Very little credit attaches to any photographer, and such work can never reach any but a mediocre plane. It will never satisfy any genius, or any first rate intellect. You selected the view. That was art, (we allow you have an eye for the picturesque.' You arranged it well (we think). That was art. Then you started a machine and the machine did the work for you. You merely fixed its work by chemicals, which is photography, not art. You selected some ready prepared paper and the sun printed your picture for you and you fixed it again.

"We find you have not proved you are an artist for you can execute nothing. We find that if you think photography to be art, you must decide who is the artist in the case of the automatic machine, the penny, the person, who drops it in the slot, or the machine.

"Perhaps convinced by this inexorable logic, you say, 'Yes I yield to reason, for only fools live in a fool's Paradise.' Photography then, when not scientific or typographical, is a pastime, dangerous in many respects as apt to foster morbid vanity in the degenerate; but useful, often as leading its practitioners to visit picture galleries and think about art, thus helping them to cultivate an aesthetic sense. But the snares of vanity are too strong to be resisted by the weak, and the cheap press hurries them to their doom. It has been well said that the chief uses of cheap journals, is the increased facilities they offer for the discovery of fools; since in their columns alone, fools are allowed, to have their say. Certain it is that photographic papers have helped photographers to discover many fools," [he might add, like the darkey preacher, "of whom I am which,"] "who would otherwise have lain perdu; amateur writers on optical matters, art, science, and what not. We would suggest that the common fool in the future, hesitate, before discovering himself."

And an uncommon fool like the writer of the above should hesitate forever. What do you think of it? An article from a man of education and position, abounding in such expressions as "fools" repeatedly used: the "cheap press," "degenerates," "the snares of vanity," "hurries them to their doom," "morbid vanity," and the rest. I have met amateur photographers by the hundred, and there was not a fool, common or uncommon, in the lot. There is an understanding among them that making a successful picture, and taking a successful picture are 2 different things.

I never met an amateur who was even remotely contaminated with the idea that he was an artist. We amateurs understand that we are working with machines, and magnificent little machines they are. Most of us have come to love them, for what we can do with them, and what we can make them do for us. And while we do not dream of considering ourselves artists, we feel, and with reason, that there is much art in the handling of a camera, the selecting of material for a picture, the timing of it, the developing of negatives, and the toning and mounting of our work—I mean the camera work!

I don't know how it feels to take a prize. I have never taken one. I have sold negatives and like our Admiral Dewey after Manila, I could "wear the same hat I wore before." When I sold my first article, I did not float along above the walk. I had to foot it every step of the way home. Neither did the side walk curl up and roll along after me. I watched about that, in particular.

Amateurs take their successes cooly, and hustle the professionals to equal their work.

Considering the juicy richness of his vocabulary I hope Mr. Emerson will never fall foul of me. I feel annihilated to think of it. I have $5 up with a friend that if he ever sees this article he will say I am just the person he was talking about. Yet. I don't feel a "fool" or a "degenerate," "mediocre" or "of second rate intellect," or in a "dangerous pastime," when I do my best to make a perfect picture, and sell the negative for a good price.

I don't feel that I am being "hurried to my doom" or "entrapped in the snares of vanity," and I wonder if thousands of my amateur friends do.

Possibly I haven't a realizing sense, and I hope I never shall have if it is going to lead me to burst on the unsuspecting public with an article of the Emerson stripe. Sounds for the world like an old fashioned hard shell Baptist sermon.

9. Spring is a good time of year to varnish your winter negatives. Lay a sheet of tissue paper between, and pack away in your empty plate boxes. Paste a sheet of paper on the lid and on it write the name and number of the negative. It won't take a half day and will save a lot of temper and wear on the negatives.

10. It is probably none of my business, but it provokes me to verge of remonstrance to see a camera abused. They are delicately constructed on purpose, which makes them susceptible to weather; and they are expensive, withal. I love mine like a living thing, and if I had 2 I should widen the sphere of my affections.

Handle your camera carefully. Keep it dusted. Clean the lens with old linen. Get sufficient oilcloth to cover it, if you have not a carrying case or a rubber focusing cloth.

I used my first camera 9 months over the oil field, up and down the river, through the woods, one summer's outing in Michigan, and sold it, good as new, to help buy a larger one, within for 75 cents of its original cost. Keep your camera in a cool, dry place.

Don't roast it over gas. If you have it in a warm room, and want to use it out doors in winter, put it in the hall first, open the door and cool it off gradually. If you rush out at once you must expect to have a frost over your lens that will make you think your plate is fogged, or worse still, a lens checked and ruined. When I see a camera pounded about, slung in the corner, or given over to the baby, I feel my ire rising. If you can't appreciate the delicate little machine yourself, give it to some one who can. There are hundreds just aching for cameras and who can't afford them. Don't use your camera to crack walnuts with, just because you can. When I get time I am going to invent a camera myself. It is going to be a breech loader, with plenty of powder in the load, so that like the gun of Ortheris, it can "cry loud, poor darlin' bein' misbehandled."

11. Now is the time to make spring flower pictures. If possible get the attachment some camera makers send out for enlarging small objects, for this work. Dont photograph a mass of anything. One 3, 5 or 7 is the artistic law for arrangment.

Select a few rare specimens, and arrange carelessly. If they won't hold up run florists' wire up the stems, to stiffen them, and use a light creme, tan or gray background, well back, and add your leaves judgmatically. Cut the picture off above the vase, block of cork or whatever you use to hold them up. Light carefully, time and develop fully, and if you are not proud of your picture you have not done right. And material! Think of the wild flowers and their delicate serrated leaves! Thistles are pretty. So are milk weed and dandelion. Of the latter use a bud, a bloom, a dried up head, several seed pods, and 2 or 3 leaves. These, properly wired, make an artistic picture. Don't forget the leaves, *dent de lion*, (the tooth of the lion), from which the plant takes it name. Ferns, roses, fleur de lis, wild flowers. Flowers, like birds are all precious and beautiful.

I use the No. 1 Vive camera 4¼ x 4¼ and Seeds special dry plates. During the blizzard of last winter I took some snapshots of the snow when the sun was shinning brightly; but strange to say, the plates are as clear as crystal and are beautiful to look at when held up to the light; but there is not much film on them. Will some reader please tell me why it is, and how can I print from them. They will not print at all in their present condition.

John Watkins, Baldwin, Md.

Your pictures should have been good. The Vive camera is noted, the world over, for the excellence of it's lens, and Seed's plates are a standard make. If you took a proper position, so that the sun's rays and the len's rays were parallel, and used snapshot plates, and snapshot development you should have come out all right. It is probably a case of snapshot on a long time plate; and the exposure being instantaneous, and the plate slow, the impression was so slight that it will not yield a printable negative. Almost the same result wil be attained by over exposing. If your plate was snapshot, you may have used full strength developer and have taken it out as soon as the image appeared. This would yield the plate you describe.

Taking a camera from a hot room into an icy atmosphere, will make a frost over the lens, and weaken exposure. Again you may have compounded your chemicals inaccurately. As the scene is so faint as to yield no print at all, I doubt if there is any remedy. You might try an intensifying solution:

Bichloride of Mercury........	60	grs.
Bromide Potassium..........	60	grs.
Water	6½	oz.

Bleach in this and wash well; then clear in a solution made of Sulphite of Sodium, ½ oz. Water, 4 oz.

Wash after fixing. This is one formula for intensifying weak plates. I should like to mount Pike's Peak and with a Megaphone that would reach the ear of every amateur from the lakes to the gulf, and from ocean to ocean, shout "never, never make a snapshot unless you cannot possibly avoid it. If you must, then use snapshot plates and instantaneous developer."

I find that one of the most frequent causes of failure in Amateur Photography is in not thoroughly realizing the sensitiveness of the plate. A great many amateurs seem to think a plate is sensitive only when behind a lens and ready to be exposed. Extreme caution is required from the moment of opening a box of plates until developed and fixed.

Be sure your dark room is dark. Close the door and without lighting the ruby light wait a few moments. Then look closely for rays of light from all sides of the door and through the keyhole. If there is the faintest trace of light it is fatal and must be excluded.

Learn to load the plate-holder by the sense of touch, as too long an exposure even to the ruby light, will cause fog.

After once opening a box of plates never expose it to the light again, unless thoroughly wrapped up in dark paper. It is much better to have a light-tight box and in this place your box of plates.

If you send your plates to be developed, send them if possible, in the holder, and unless you have absolute confidence in your messenger seal them. I am confident that curiosity has spoiled many plates, as nearly every person not a photographer seems to have a yearning to "draw the slide" whenever he sees a camera.

If you remove plates from the holder, go to the verge of fussiness in protecting them from the light.

Fogging is not always caused by light, but do not blame the photographer who develops your plates until you can prove that it is not your fault, and then be sure that some member of the family has not been tampering with holder or plates.

It is a good plan to hide your unexposed plates, as the younger generation want to see what they look like.

G. L. Abell, Needham, Mass.

THE COMBINED BATH.

Seeing an inquiry from E. G., of Toronto, Can., for a compact changing bag for use when toning, I will describe one I use which answers a 3-fold purpose---changing bag, focusing cloth, and to carry tripod in. I have not had a plate fogged or spoiled in any way by its use, and I have changed dozens of plates in it.

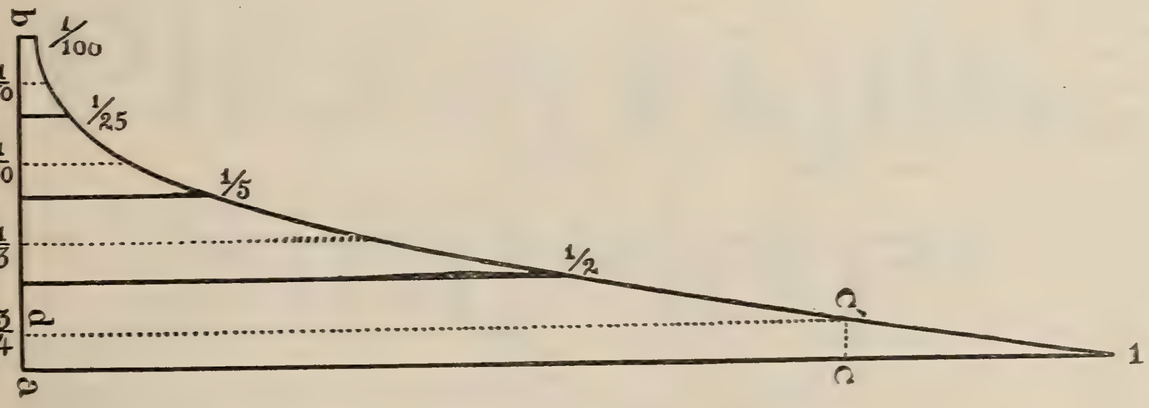
Use 2 yards black cotton flannel; 2 pieces 2 yards each, black silicia; sew the goods together; then fold back over, having cotton flannel inside; sew up each side. At open end cut out a V shaped piece about 6 inches deep, so as to form a sleeve shape, to put the elastic in sleeves so no light can get in where arms are put in bag. Then turn bag inside out. Cotton flannel is now on outside and silicia is inside. The silicia does not hold dust as some goods do. Put everything in bag before beginning operations.

If anyone desiring further information regarding this bag, will write me, enclosing stamp, I will send a drawing so he can easily make one.

Raymond W. Pinkerton, Elgin, Ill.

The photographic department of RECREATION is interesting and I should like to see more space given to it. Have recently bought a 5 x 7 camera, fitted with a Unicum shutter marked with the speed values one second, 1-2, 1-5, 1-25 and 1-100 second. Wishing to use other speeds I constructed the following curve, or speed diagram, which may be of interest to others using the Unicum shutter.

From a point on a horizontal line lay off the distance from the one second. Mark on the shutter to the 1-2 sec. mark; to the 1-5 sec. mark, etc. These distances may be measured by dividers, as the chord approximately equals the corresponding arc. Through these points on the horizontal line draw verticals. On the vertical at a lay off any convenient distance, as 5 inches. On the next, or 1-2 sec. line lay off 1-2 of 5 inches; on the 1-5 sec. line lay off 1-5 of 5", etc. Then through these points draw a curve.



To find the point at which the speed indicator must be set for say 3-4 sec., measure up from a 3-4 of 5", or whatever length is taken for *a*-1, and draw a horizontal line through this point *c* to the curve at *c*1. Then the distance *c*-*c*, measured from the 1 sec. mark on the shutter, gives the indicator position for 3-4 sec. Any required speed can be obtained in the same way, always measuring to the vertical next on the right. The shorter a-1 is, the less accurate the result.

H. C. Thompson, C. E., Cohoes, N. Y.

The photo department of RECREATION has been permanently enlarged to 4 pages and now if the amateurs will do their part I shall soon be able to enlarge it still more.

Every reader knows that the success of a magazine nowadays depends upon its advertising patronage. It costs me more than a dollar a year to print and mail RECREATION to each of my subscribers. I even lose money on every copy sold on the news stands. I must recoupe on the advertising pages, if at all. The same may be said of almost every magazine published in this country.

There are many good cameras, lenses, shutters, plates and print papers that are not yet advertised in RECREATION, and that if made known to my readers would enjoy much larger sales than now. In other words, it would pay makers to use this magazine. However, they do not know it and amateur photographers who read RECREATION could aid me greatly in enlightening them on this subject. When you write any such houses, on business of any kind, tell them what they are losing by not being represented in RECREATION. Thus you will confer a lasting favor on me, and as fast as new business materializes I can still further extend and improve the photo department.

Furthermore, readers should contribute to this department just as hunters and fishermen do to the other departments in RECREATION. I am overstocked with matter for these other departments all the time, and have to hold a good deal that comes to me 4 to 6 months before I can find room for it; but in order to fill the 2 pages I have been devoting to this department, I have had to clip freely from exchanges. Every amateur runs against items, wrinkles, kinks, snags and ideas every month that would furnish valuable food for thought if written down and published. Let us have an avalanche of them during the next year.

It is sometimes desirable to dry a newly developed negative quicker than usual. The application of heat is nearly always attended with shrinking and breaking of the untreated film, as nearly all amateurs can affirm; but by the following simple method the drying process can be accomplished in a comparatively short time.

With a piece of blotting paper remove all surplus water from surface of negative. Place same in tray and pour over it enough strong alcohol to entirely cover film. Leave for a minute or 2 and then set up in a warm (not hot) place, and preferably in a draught of air, when it will dry rapidly.

The action is due to the intense affinity of alcohol for water and to the low evaporating point of same. It absorbs and as it evaporates carries with it the moisture contained in the film of the negative. Dilute alcohol having that affinity already partially satisfied will not act as readily nor as satisfactorily as will that which is stronger. F. C. Bogart, Warren, Pa.

I should like to hear through RECREATION from some of your readers who are using the Nodark camera. Is it a practical instrument? Can more than one picture be made without finishing? Is it really a magazine camera? Or does the picture have to be finished before another can be taken? Please give any other information as to its merits and demerits. Box 15, Jennings, Ala.

I referred this letter to a reader who is using a Nodark and he answers as follows:

"The instrument referred to is a practical one in every way. As each plate is exposed it is dropped from the magazine into a developing chamber, where it is developed, and then fixed without the use of a dark room. The makers have lately added a transfer box into which plates can be dropped from the camera, in dry form, and developed at the leisure of the operator."

With a sharp knife and a set of celluloid set squares, trim the print to the required size, thus getting the corners square and the edges straight. Then wet the print in cold water and lay it down on a sheet of glass. To the back of the print apply the paste with a stiff brush. When well pasted remove all lumps which may remain. Slipping the blade of a knife under one corner take the print off the glass and lay it still face down on a piece of transparent oiled silk, previously dampened with a sponge. It is the silk that does the trick. Being damp the print adheres to it and being transparent, when held (with the adhering print underneath) in a horizontal position over the card you can lay down the print wherever you want it, thus getting it straight on the card.

Clinton Burbank, Danville, Quebec.

Amateur photographers who intend to enter pictures in RECREATION'S Fourth Annual Competition should be diligently watching for good subjects during these balmy summer days. The contest closes September 30th. The date was made thus late in order to give the best possible opportunity for selecting subjects and for making repeated attempts, if necessary, to get the best possible results. Please consult the list of prizes at the head of this department. There are some interesting features in it. The articles are more widely diversified than heretofore and they are of such a character that if not useful to the person winning them they may easily be sold at some local store, or exchanged for something you want.

In March RECREATION, page 160, you speak of a negative varnish, 3-4 ounce gum sandarac, 1 1-2 ounce foreign oil of lavender and 7 ounces alcohol. I got the material and mixed as stated, but the varnish is rather thin. Would it do to put in more of the gum?

E. L. Barratt, San Diego, Cal.

Please tell me how to adjust a camera to take a picture smaller than the plate holder. I have seen pictures 1¼ inches square taken with a 5 x 7 camera.

John A. Yates, Rockport, Ind.

Small pictures are made with large cameras by the aid of kits, which are sold by all photographic dealers. A kit is a sheet of black hard rubber, the size of the plate used in a camera, with an opening in the center, of varying sizes as required. An article will soon appear in this department describing the use of these kits.—EDITOR.

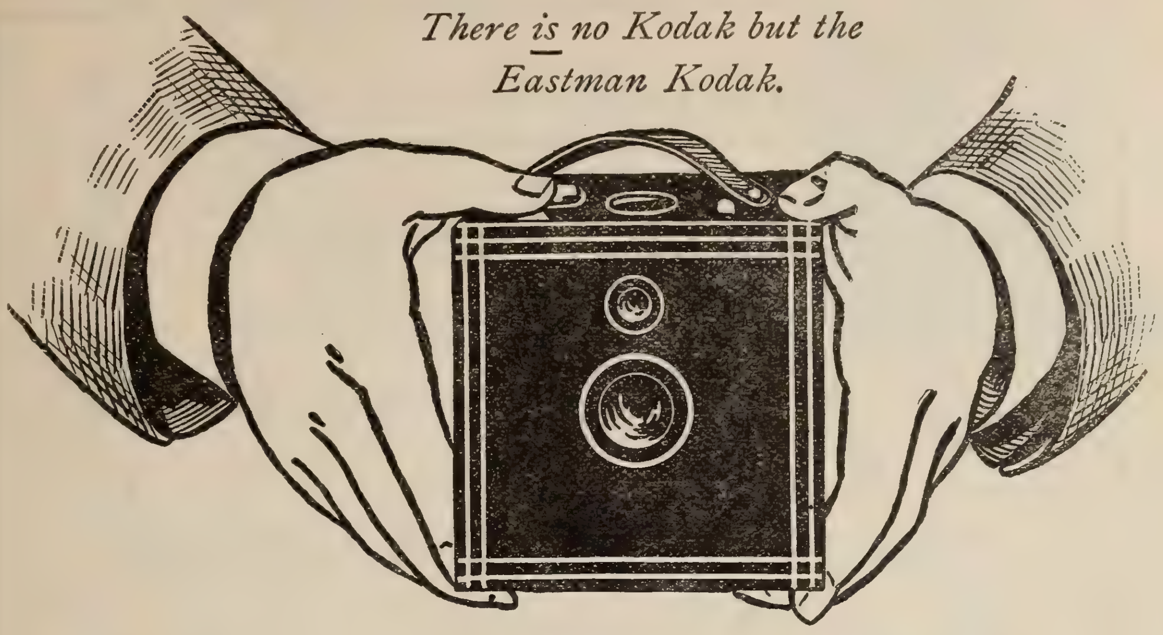
While in Indiana I was astonished at the large number of people I met who read RECREATION. They all know it and quote it.

Barton W. Evermann, Ichthyologist, U.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to RECREATION and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

You can get a fine Camera by securing a club of subscribers for RECREATION..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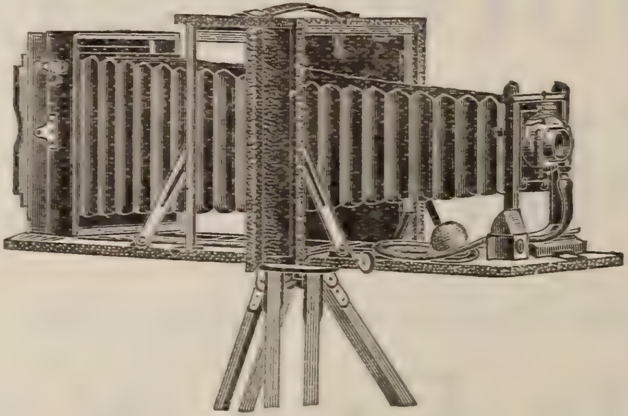

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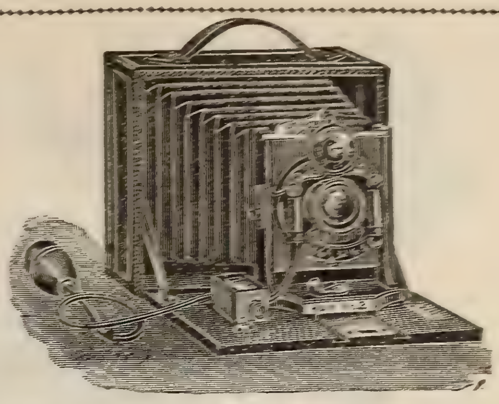
Gall & Lembke

21 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

I cannot tell how I admire your fruitful attempt to please the world in a magazine. You have succeeded royally, and I watch the bookstore with an eager eye for each issue of RECREATION. I have almost every issue of the cherished little book since its birth. It does my heart good to read your monthly chastisement of the human swine. Thanks to RECREATION, they are slowly decreasing, and I hope that with good laws properly enforced they will soon be extinct. If our game and fish are not all gone before, it will be a miracle.

E. W. Goodwin, Syracuse, N. Y.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.



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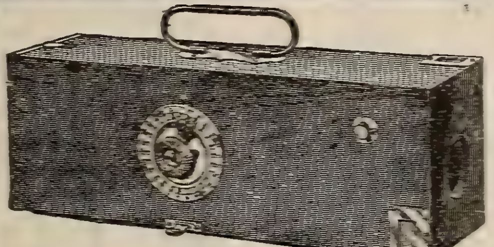

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Here is another pitiful story of the destruction of noble game for the mere sake of saving money:

Charles Cristadoro, St. Paul.

Dear Sir: I saw Avery Saturday. He was going up to Kinne creek to superintend the drawing down of the trout nursery and the putting of the yearling trout into the main stream. He told me that when he visited his camps once last winter—the camps of Avery & Richardson, only 5 miles from Two Harbors, Minn., that he found them eating moose meat. He said he raised a row about it and thinks some of the game wardens later kept watch so they stopped the use of it, to a large extent; but he says the camps up in that neighborhood have been using moose meat all winter. Certain men make a business of killing it and selling it to the camps. Nice sort of game protection, is it not? Sportsmen may only kill moose but 3 days in each year, yet these bush-whackers go in and kill them to feed lumber camps, when pork would do just as well—in fact would be more highly appreciated.

Yours truly,
W. B. Mershon.

Will not Minnesota's new game warden look after the lumber camp hunters next winter?—Editor.

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Second Capitalist: "Yes, that's so."

First Capitalist: "What are you going to call the wheel?"

Second Capitalist: "You won't tell?"

First Capitalist: "Certainly not!"

Second Capitalist: "We'll call it the 'Anti-Trust.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He: "I see the doctors have decided that Slashem, who killed his wife and 6 children, is not insane."

She: "Well, I don't see why a man in his right mind, who would do a thing like that, isn't crazy."—Cleveland Leader.

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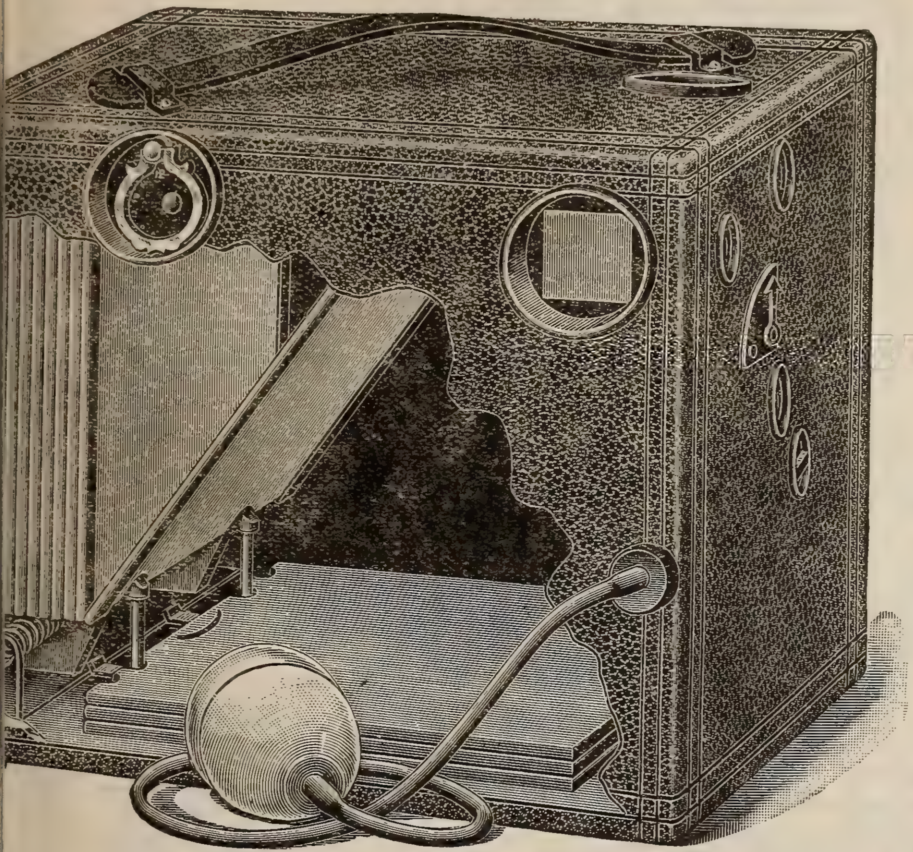

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Can be taken apart and put together in a few minutes. Can be held on the lap.

Fitted complete for use with Trays, Water Tank, Tubing, etc. LIGHT TIGHT

For Camp, Steamboat, Hotel, Home

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The Perforated Daylight Loading Film System

has been adopted for use in all cameras of our manufacture. By this method picture taking becomes more simple than ever, and experience is a necessity no longer required in photography.

The New Tourist and Hawk-Eye Jr.

cameras that we are offering as our specialties this season are the most compact outfits in existence, and for beauty of finish, accuracy in adjustment and superiority of lens have no equal. Hawk-Eyes, are furnished in all popular sizes, at moderate prices, are loaded and unloaded in broad daylight and use either film or glass plates.

BLAIR CAMERA CO.
(Formerly of Boston.) Rochester, N. Y.

Catalogue free to any address.

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THE "Log Cabin" Spruce Brook St. George's Pond NEWFOUNDLAND

is situated in a celebrated Salmon and Caribou country in the midst of beautiful scenery and lies midway between St. George's Bay and Bay of Islands. Both bays afford good anchorage for yachts. From either bay the railway journey to George's Pond is one and a half hours.

At the head of Bay of Islands and on the right hand shore, **Riverhead Station** is situated.

Trains run from Riverhead to George's Pond Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 2.15 P.M.

Trains run from Seal Rock to George's Pond Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 6.37 P.M.

The Pier at St. George's Bay is situated at Seal Rock.

Intending Visitors should ensure accommodation by applying for rooms at an early date.

Open to guests July 1, 1899.

APPLY TO **Chas. Dodd,** "THE LOG CABIN" SPRUCE BROOK
ST. GEORGE'S POND, NEWFOUNDLAND

A HIGH-GRADE BICYCLE

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Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

FOR SALE—Finest FRUIT FARM in Northern New York. Consists of 12 acres apple orchard, 3000 pear trees, 1000 peach trees, 5000 cherry currant bushes, with plum, prune, quince and cherry trees. Also large locust grove set for timber. Buildings consist of large 12-room house, large barns, outbuildings, and new evaporator. Watered by six good wells and two never-failing creeks. Drained by over 2000 rods of tile drain. Orchards are perfectly healthy and highly productive. Situate within three-fourths mile of Lake Ontario, and connected by trolley with city of 30,000 inhabitants. Ideal location for summer home. For descriptive pamphlet, address
BROWNELL & OOT, Syracuse, N. Y.

Webber's Hand-Knit Hunting Jacket.

GUARANTEED all wool, seamless, elastic, close fitting, binds nowhere, warm, comfortable and convenient. Designed especially for duck shooters, trap shooters, etc., but suitable for all outdoor purposes, if warmth and other qualities are a consideration.

Made in Oxford Gray and Dead Grass color, other colors made on special order.

Price, $48.00 a doz.

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Investigators, students, writers, public speakers; those wishing to collect material for an essay, sermon, debate, or lecture, and anyone wanting to know the best thought expressed on any subject in the current press will be interested in our new booklet "THE USES OF PRESS CLIPPINGS." Sent free to any address. TERMS: For clippings on any special topic: 20 carefully selected items, $1.00. CONSOLIDATED PRESS CLIPPING CO., National Life Bldg, 161 La Salle Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

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NORTH-WEST!

* * * *

The finest FISHING and HUNTING grounds in America are to be found between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean—along the line of the

Great Northern Railway.

"FISHING AND SHOOTING ALONG THE LINE OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY" gives full detailed information about hundreds of the best Fish and Game resorts, tells all about kind of game, lakes, distances, guides, boats, etc. Send 2c. stamp to

F. I. WHITNEY

Gen'l Pass. Agt. Great Northern Railway, ST. PAUL, MINN.

(Mention RECREATION.)

THE CRUISINGS
CASCADES

By G.O. Shields, (Coquina).

CLOTH $2.00 READ IT.

"What you want when you want it"

Libby's Luncheons

Summer-substantials—for all meals indoors and outdoors. Fire-savers, time-savers, work-savers, temper-savers, money-savers. Always all ready.

Deviled Ham, Potted Ham, Beef and Tongue—what you need for sandwiches—appetizing and satisfying, and so convenient.

Veal Loaf—something new, and appreciated by all who like good things.

Ox Tongue (Whole)—just right—couldn't be better—appeals to the most particular palates—cooked and ready to serve.

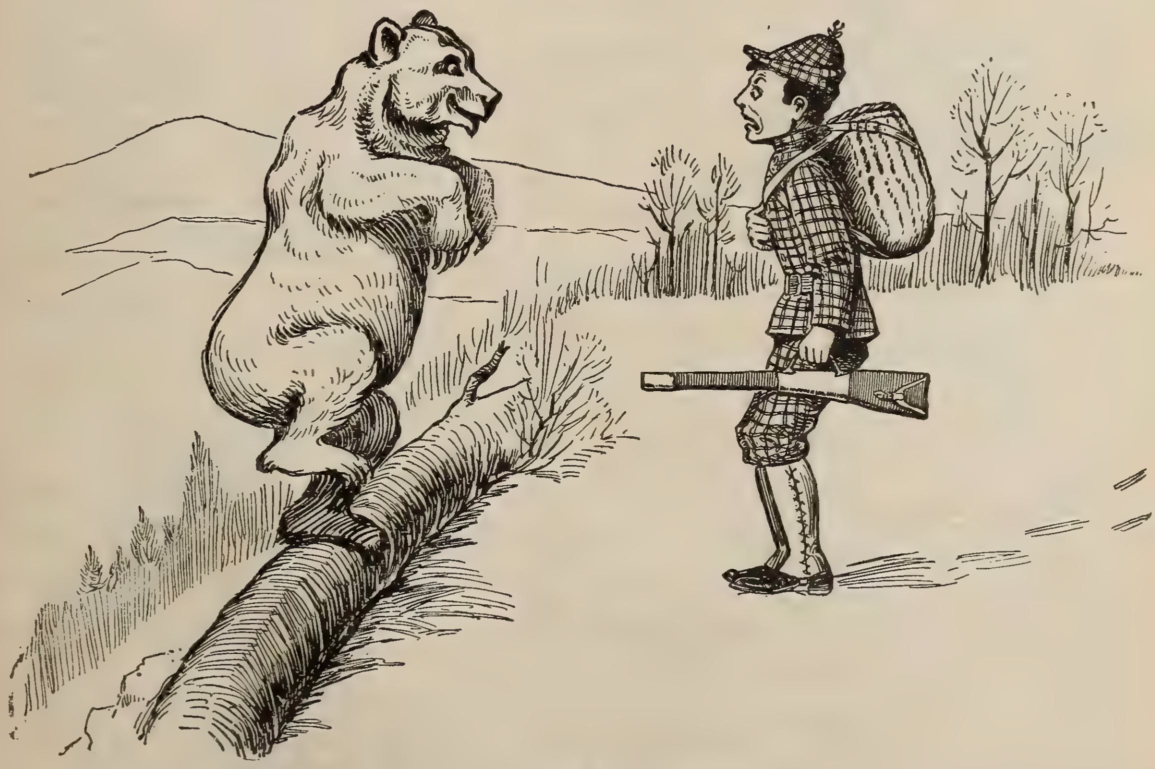
Peerless Wafer = Sliced Smoked Beef—not the dried up salty beef you sometimes get, but just moist enough, just salt enough, and just delicious enough for anyone. It has no equal.

Pork and Beans—Home-baked—the popular Boston dish to perfection—with or without Tomato Sauce.

Put up in convenient size key-opening cans

Our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," gives complete list of our Luncheon Specialties, and how to prepare them. Yours for a postal.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago



"O! IF I JUST HAD MY GUN OUT! BUT LET ME SEE. YES, HERE'S THAT GOOSE CALL."

Some Rare Opportunities

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod } FREE OF COST
A Reel, a Tent, a Bicycle

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in instalments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

Recreation 19 West 24th Street
New York

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, paper; or a Zar Camera, listed at $1; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer, each listed at $1; or 1 doz. Chatfield Trout Flies, assorted, listed at $1; or a 2-pound can of Laflin & Rand's Smokeless Powder, listed at $2.

THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a No. 41 Stevens Pistol, listed at $2.50; or 1 doz. Chatfield Bass Flies, assorted, listed at $2; or a Baby Hawk-Eye Camera made by the Blair Camera Co. and listed at $5.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camping Outfits*, cloth; or a No. 3 Acme Camera and Outfit, listing at $3.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades*, cloth; or a Willsie Camera, made for cut films, and listed at $5; or a Boss Dandy Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $5; or a Forehand New Model Revolver, listing at $4; or a No. 1 Primus Oil Stove, listing at $5, or a Nodark Camera, listing at $5; or a Hawk-Eye Camera made by the Blair Camera Co. and listed at $5.

SIX subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *American Game Fishes*, cloth.

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or an Australian Mosquito-proof Tent, listed at $7; or a Stevens Diamond Modeled Pistol, listed at $5; or a Korona Camera, Model I.C, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listing at $7.

EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Pocket Kodak, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $5; or a Waterproof Wall Tent, 7¼ x 7¼, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $7.50; or a Split Bamboo Fly Rod, or a Split Bamboo Bait Rod, listed at $6.75; or a No. 4 Cyclone Camera, listed at $8.

NINE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 17 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $6.

TEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Steel Fishing Rod, listing at $6 or less; or a Yawman and Erb Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, listed at $10; or a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Stevens Ideal Rifle, No 44, listed at $10; or a Wilsie Camera, listed at $10; or a Fishing Tackle Cabinet, made by G. S. Hudson & Son.

TWELVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $8 50; or a Kozy Camera, listed at $10; or a Korona Camera, Model I-A, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $13.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a No. 2 Bullet Camera, listed at $10; or a No. 19 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $9; or a Bo-Peep B Camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $14; or a gun cabinet, made by G. S. Hudson & Son.

TWENTY subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or a No. 4 Bullseye Camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $12; or a Complete Working Model of the Battleship *Oregon*, 36 inches long, and listed at $15; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $16 or less.

TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 4 Bullet Camera, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $15; or a Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $25; or an Improved Gramophone (Zonophone), listed at $25; or a Waterproof Tent, 14½ x 17, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $25; or a 4x5 Cycle Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $22.50; or a Recreation Camp Mattress, made by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., and listing at $20; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $20 or less.

THIRTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $20 or less; or a 5x7 Cycle Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $27; or a Kamaret, made by Eastman Kodak Co., and listed at $25; or a Shattuck Double Hammerless Shot-gun, listing at $25; or a Split Bamboo Fly Rod; or a Split Bamboo Bait Rod, listed at $25; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $25 or less.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, an Arlington Sewing Machine, listed at $19.50; or a 5x7 Korona Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $32; or a Forehand, grade O, double hammerless shot gun.

FORTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $30 or less; or a Syracuse double Hammerless Shotgun, Grade O, listed at $25.

FORTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, an Ithaca, Quality, No. 1, plain, double-barrel Hammerless Breech-loading Shot-gun.

FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a high-grade Clipper, Elk or Acme Bicycle, worth $50.

SIXTY subscriptions at $1 each, a Lefever Hammerless Shot-gun, Grade H, listed at $44.

ONE HUNDRED subscriptions at $1 each, a high-grade Wilkesbarre Gun, with Damascus barrels, listed at $125.

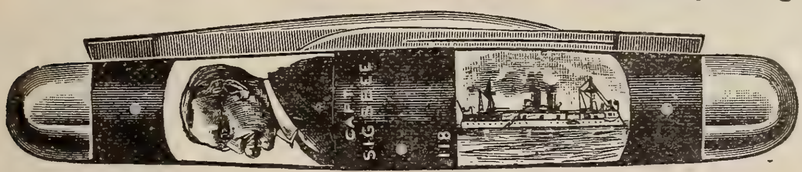
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a fine Lefever Hammerless Gun, Grade E, with automatic injector, listed at $120.

WALTHAM WATCHES

The best and most reliable timekeepers made in this country or in any other.

The "Perfected American Watch," an illustrated book of interesting information about watches, will be sent upon request.

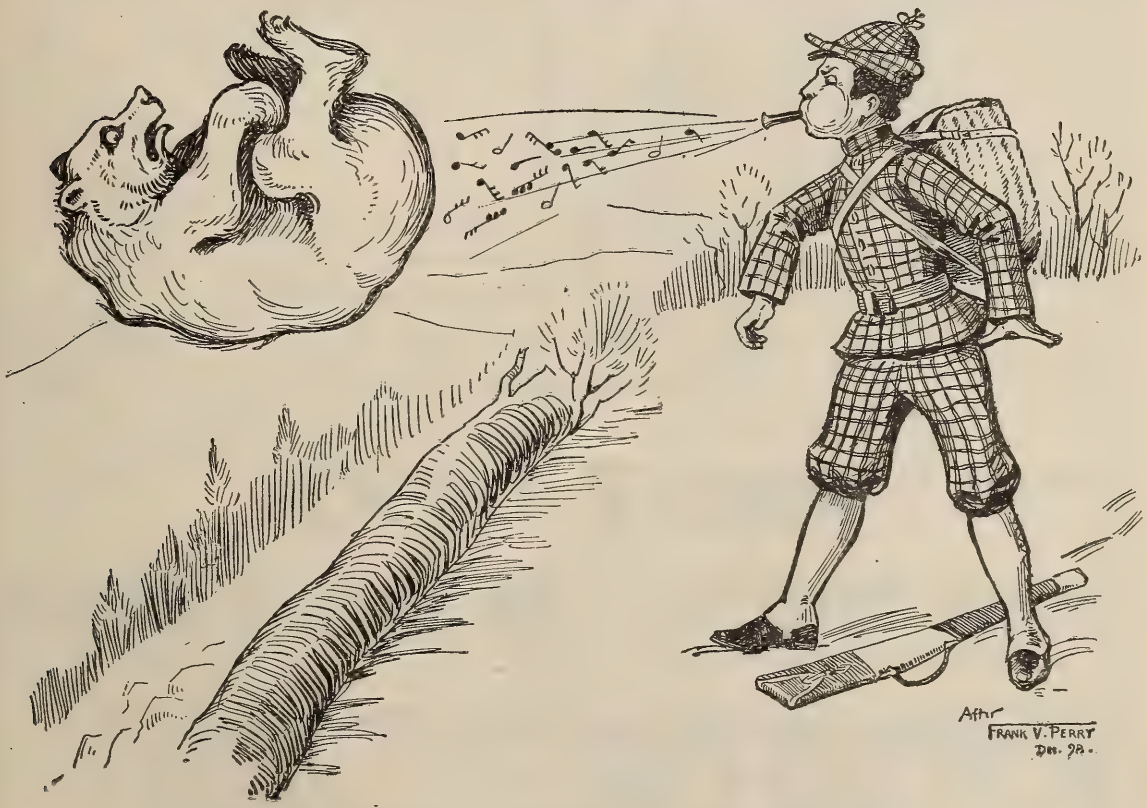
American Waltham Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.



A GOOD KNIFE is requisite for an enjoyable day with rod or gun. Don't mar your pleasure by having a worthless knife. The best of material and workmanship make **NOVELTY KNIVES** perfect. A written warranty given with every one. Your name under the handle insures its return if lost. Pictures of celebrities, sporting scenes, lodge emblems, etc., on the other side. Handle is perfectly transparent and indestructible. Excellent novelty for high-grade advertising. Send stamp for circular. **Agents Wanted.**

Senator Style (same as cut), No. 118, 2 blades, $1.20;
No. 120, 3 blades, $1.60; No. 122, 4 blades, $1.85.

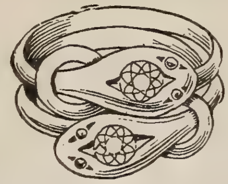
NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., - 33 Bar St., Canton, O.



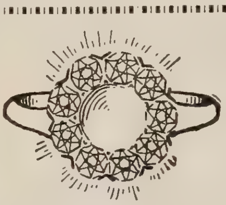
!!!

In Selecting Jewelry

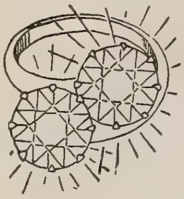
which involves a considerable expenditure of money, great care should be exercised in choosing the PLACE to buy. There is so much spurious jewelry offered to the public nowadays that there is great danger of being fooled. Why not buy where the jewelry business is study, and where only reliable goods are sold? We don't preach a degree of honor greater than that practised by others, but we don't fool you. We give you your money's worth every time.



SNAKE RING, two pure white Diamonds, $25; Diamond and Ruby, Saphire or Emerald, $20; Turquoise and Diamond... 15.00



PEARL Opal, or Turquoise centre, fine White Diamonds around, $50; Ruby, Emerald or Saphire.... 75.00



TWO 2-karat Diamonds, first water Gems....... 85.00

Solid 14 k. Gold Watches.

E. Howard & Co., Elgin, Waltham and Geneva movements, at 20 per cent. less than manufacturers' prices, and 30 per cent. less than WHOLESALE LIST. We allow 30-day trial, and make no charge for repairs for five years.

E. HOWARD & CO., 3 oz. case, solid 14 k. gold, open face or hunting case; list price $50; our price.............................. 35.00

SAME WATCH CASES, Waltham or Elgin movements; list $33; our price.. 25.00

LIGHTER CASES, Waltham or Elgin movement, as low as.................. 18.00

GENEVA hand engraved solid 14 k. gold cases, as low as 15.00

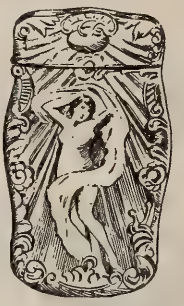
LADIES' size, same description, as low as 10.00

These prices are 30 per cent. less than wholesale list and 20 per cent. less than manufacturers' prices.

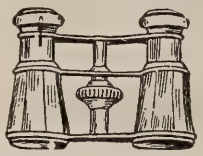
DIAMONDS.

We cut and polish them, save 25 per cent. and duty, guarantee every stone, and allow the full price paid us within one year from date of purchase.

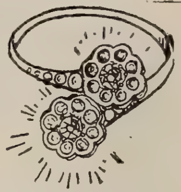
No house in the world can do more.



14 KARAT Gold Match Case, $10; Sterling Silver......... 1.50



LEMAIRE Pearl Opera Glasses..... 5.00
Others upward from $2.00.



PHILOPENA Ring, Twin Cluster of Diamonds, $25; smaller size........ 15.00

Established 1844

MRS. T. LYNCH,

Established 1844

Diamond Importer and Manufacturer of Fine Jewelry and Silverware

1 and 3 Union Square, cor. 14th Street, New York.

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SOLE AGENT, NEW YORK
LLORACH
MINERAL PURGATIVE
RUBINAT
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ANALYSIS
ONE LITRE OF RUBINAT WATER
JOS. D. GOMEZ, Sole Agent.
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NATURAL
MINERAL
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**RUBINAT
LLORACH**
APPROVED BY ACADEMY
OF MEDICINE, PARIS
**Acts Quickly and Without
Irritation**
Adult Dose, One Wineglassful
NO DIETING REQUIRED
WRITE FOR PAMPHLET
Be sure to get the genuine
Rubinat **LLORACH** with
YELLOW LABELS
on bottle bearing the
name of
JOS. D. GOMEZ
**FOR SALE AT ALL
DRUGGISTS**

THE PURIST.

"It looks like rain."

"I beg your pardon."

"I say it looks like rain."

"What does?"

"The—the weather."

"The weather, my dear sir, is a condition. Rain is water in the act of falling from the clouds, It is impossible that they should look alike."

"What I meant was that the sky looked like rain."

"Equally impossible. The sky is the blue vault above us—the seeming arch or dome that we mistakenly call the heavens. It does not resemble falling water in the least."

"Well, then, if you are so thunderingly particular, it looks as if it would rain."

"As if what would rain?"

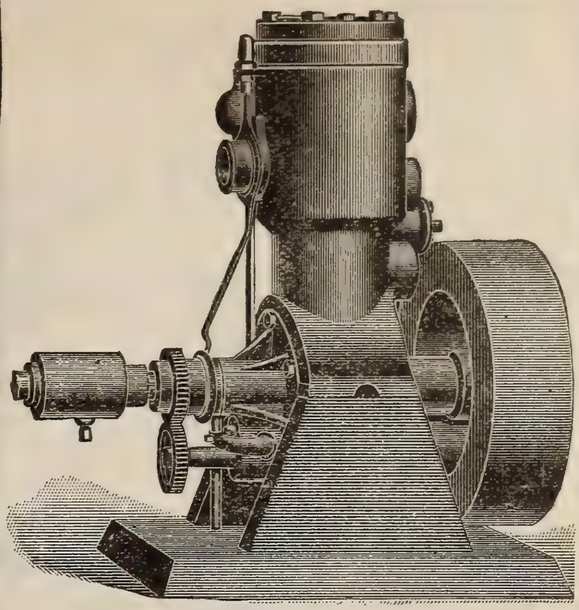
"The weather, of course."

"The weather, as before stated, being a condition, cannot rain."

"The clouds then, blame you!"

"Ah, here it comes! And I have taken so much time in talking to you that I shall get wet to the skin before I can reach yonder street car. Good day."

(Calling after him)—"I may not know as much about it as you do, but I've got sense enough to come in out of it, and you haven't."
—Chicago Tribune.



Control Your Temper

This rule of life hinges on one's ability to put on brakes when he comes to the danger point. A man with a bad temper is like an engine that cannot be controlled—both are dangerous. This is one good point in favor of the **LOZIER MARINE MOTOR**—it is always under control.

If you want a speed of 500 revolutions a minute, throw the throttle wide open and you have it. If you desire to reduce the speed to 50 revolutions a minute, close the throttle. The speed can be regulated to one's own motion, the same as an ordinary steam engine. It will go fast or slow, as the spirit moves the man at the throttle.

Another good point in our **Marine Motor** is that the piston is sprayed with every revolution. Gravitation and force valves are too poor agents to depend upon as lubricants of gasoline engines. It takes power to put the oil where it does the most good. The Burwell Automatic Oiler uses power and sprays the oil where it belongs.

The owner of the **LOZIER MARINE MOTOR** never has to consult the weather department before taking out his boat. The Lozier Mixer takes care of the atmosphere and prepares it before blending it with the gasoline. It runs just the same in fair or foul weather.

As to boat building, we can build anything in the line of yachts or pleasure boats that one can fancy. Tell us what you want and we will give it to you in the very best possible shape at prices that will be satisfactory.

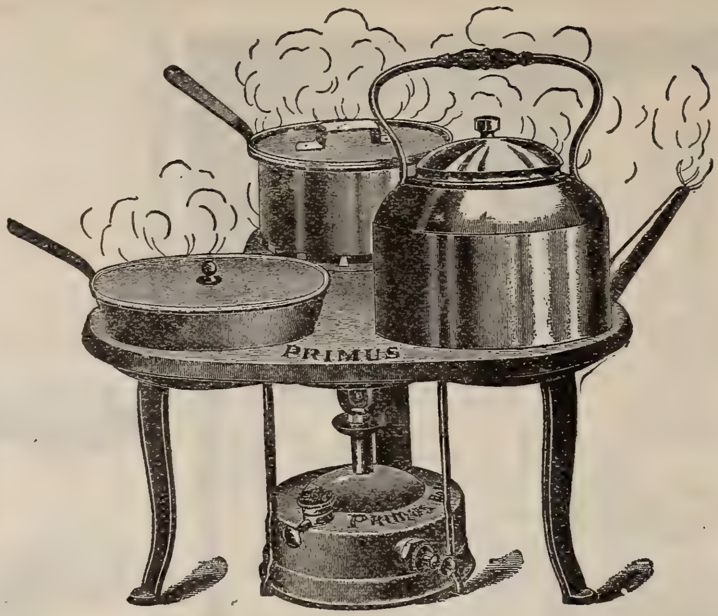
Send for free catalogue.

H. A. LOZIER & CO.
(Makers of Cleveland Bicycles)
CLEVELAND, OHIO
Gas Engine Dept.

THE LOZIER ENGINE

DO YOU EVER
Hunt? Fish? Paddle a Canoe?
Explore? Prospect? Climb Hills
or Sail a Yacht?

If so you have had trouble in starting a fire, or in keeping a fire, especially in bad weather. In cold weather or wet weather, you have wished you could have a fire in your tent to warm you, to dry your clothing and your bedding.



THE PRIMUS OIL STOVE

remedies all such difficulties. It cures all the ills that campers are heir to. It is the one thing needful to make camp life a dream of Elysium.

Wickless	**Blue Flame**
Kerosene-Burning	**Non-explosive**

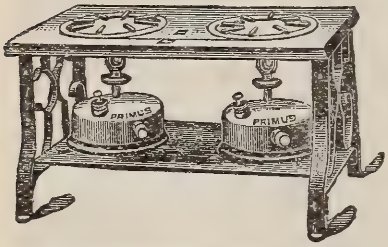
The features which make an oil-burning stove **Perfect**, are **Safety, Simplicity, Efficiency, Economy, Durability, Cleanliness,** all of which are **Perfectly** embodied in the **Primus.**

The **Primus** has no wick, hence its *perfect* combustion.

The **Primus** burns *any grade* kerosene. The flame can be regulated at will.

The **Primus** develops a heat of 2,100° Fahrenheit.

The **Primus** will burn, at its full heat, for **five** *consecutive hours* on a consumption of only *one quart* of kerosene. In other words, **one=fifth** *quart per hour, at a cost of less than one cent.*



DOUBLE STOVE FOR YACHTS

The Primus burns every=day kerosene, without a wick, with a clear, blue, smokeless and sootless flame.

The Primus is Positively Non=Explosive.

The Oil Tank Cannot be Filled While Burning.

The Primus While Burning May be Turned Completely Over Without the Slightest Exposure to Danger.

The Burner Lights Without Smoke. The Flame is Positively Odorless and Sootless.

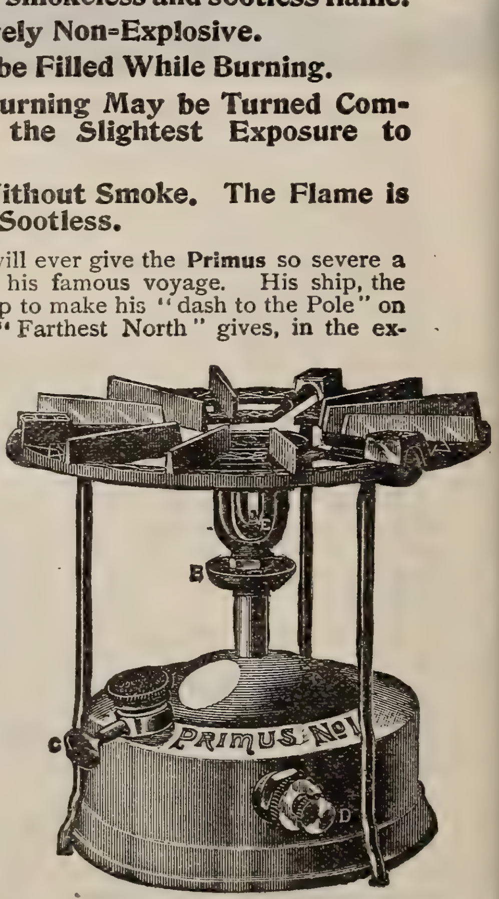
It is by no means probable that any reader of RECREATION will ever give the **Primus** so severe a test as did the celebrated Arctic explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, on his famous voyage. His ship, the *Fram*, was equipped with **Primus** stoves, and when he left the ship to make his "dash to the Pole" on sledges, a **Primus** went with him. The following extract from "Farthest North" gives, in the explorer's own words, his estimate of its value:

Vol. II., page 128: "For the heating was used a gas-petroleum lamp known as the **Primus**, in which the heat turns the petroleum into gas before it is consumed. By this means it renders the combustion unusually complete. Numerous experiments made by Professor Torup in his laboratory proved that the cooker in ordinary circumstances yielded 90 to 93 per cent. of the heat which the petroleum consumed should, by combustion, theoretically evolve. A more satisfactory result, I think, it would be impossible to obtain.

"As fuel, my choice fell on petroleum. Alcohol does not by any means generate so much heat in comparison with its weight as petroleum when the latter is entirely consumed as was the case in the lamp used by us. **We took with us rather more than 4 gallons, and this quantity lasted us more than 120 days, enabling us to cook two hot meals a day and melt an abundance of water.**"

An Alaskan prospector, who has used a **Primus** for several months, writes to a friend thus:

"Our '**Primus**' is a gem. A quart of kerosene lasts a week and cooks three meals a day for us. When it rains and is damp and cool we use it in the tent. Having perfect control over the amount of heat it gives out, it is no trouble to care for; no smoke or odor as in other kerosene stoves."



No. 103 STOVE
The type used by Nansen

Write for circulars and full particulars. Mention RECREATION, Address

THE PRIMUS COMPANY

197 FULTON STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Our 1899 Clipper Chainless

CLIPPER
BEVEL
GEARED
TRADE MARK.
DICKINSON-BROS G.R. MICH-
BICYCLES

Is NOT the same construction as our '98 model was. Some of our competitors are trying to make buyers believe we are using the same style of gears, parts, etc., as we used last year. This is not true. Our '99 Bevel Gears are a very decided improvement over the last year's gear, and that was admittedly superior to any other made.

Our "**New Process**" gears are a year ahead of others. It's this new way (Clipper way) of generating gears that has attracted so much attention, and has caused so many to ask, "Why do Clipper gears run so much smoother and easier than any others?" If anyone tells you that a '99 Clipper Chainless is no better than a '98 Chainless of any make, don't you believe it. Investigate for yourself. If you can't find more than $10.00 difference, we'll "miss our guess."

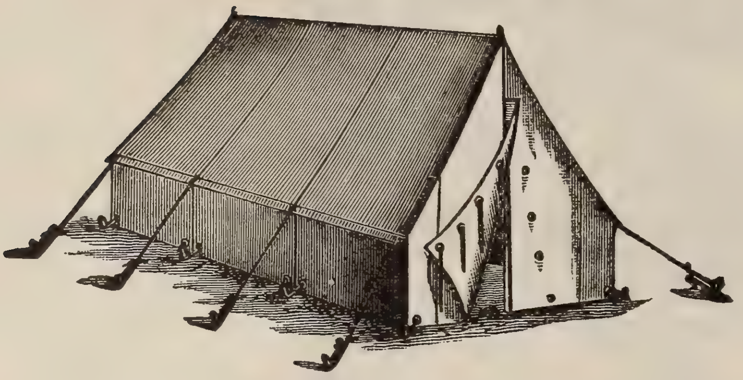
⁂

GRAND RAPIDS (Mich.), CYCLE CO.

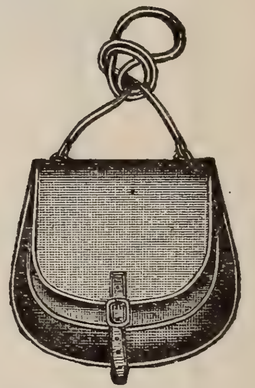
"Clipper People."

N. 163.

Articles for Sportsmen and Travelers

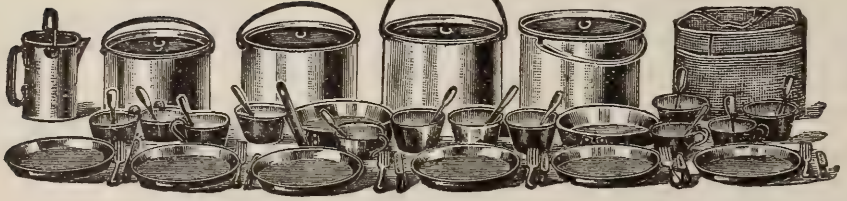


WATERPROOF TENT

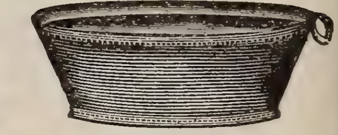


AMMUNITION BAG

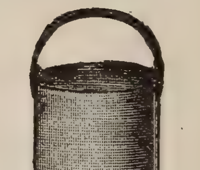
KIT NESTED IN CANVAS COVER



WASH BASIN



Aluminum Cooking Outfits



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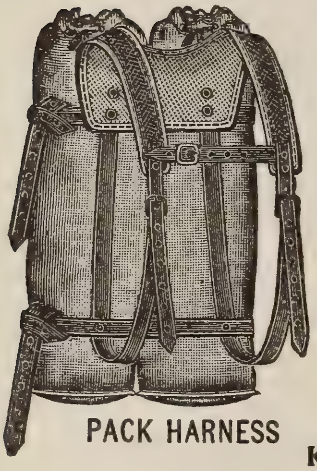

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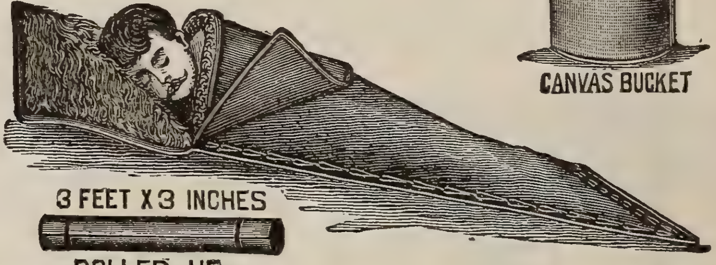

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We'll begin with a box and the plural is boxes
But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes ;
Then one fowl is a goose, but 2 are called geese.
Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese.
You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice,
But the plural of house is houses, not hice.
If the plural of man is always called men,
Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen?
The cow in the plural may be cows or kine,
But a cow if repeated is never called kine,
And the plural of vow is vows, never vine.

If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet,
And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet ?
If one is a tooth, and a whole set are teeth,
Why shouldn't the plural of both be called beeth ?
If the singular's this and the plural is these,
Should the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese ?
Then one may be that and 3 would be those,
Yet hat in the plural would never be hose,
And the plural of cat is cats, not cose.

We speak of a brother, and also of brethren,
But though we say mother, we never say methren ;
Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, and him,
But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim.
So the English, I think you all will agree,
Is the queerest language you ever did see.
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Yours truly, Russell Doubleday.

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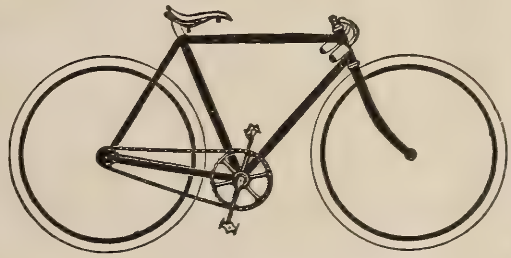

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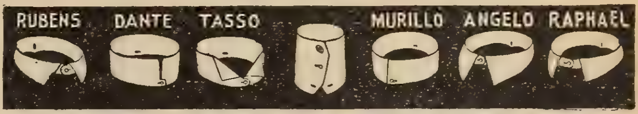

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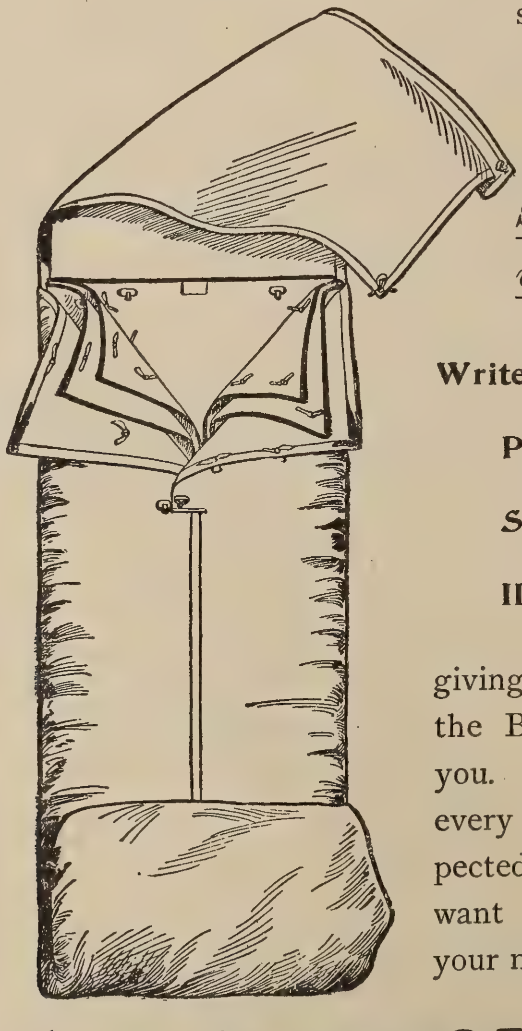

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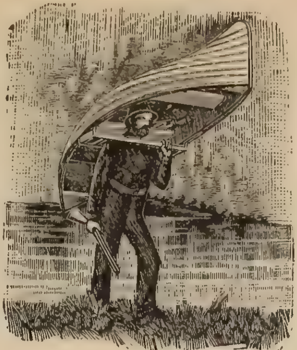

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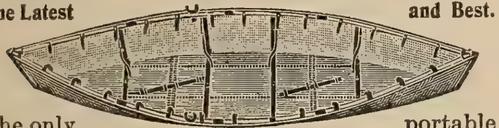

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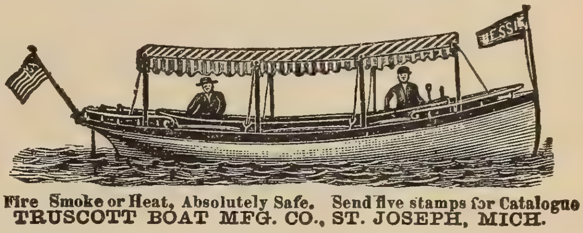

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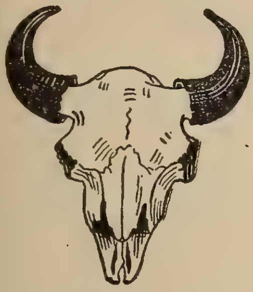

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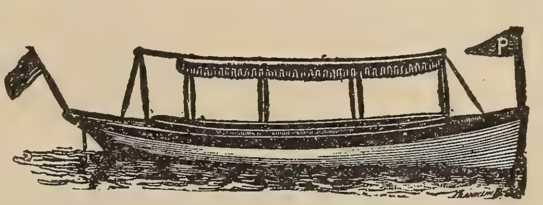

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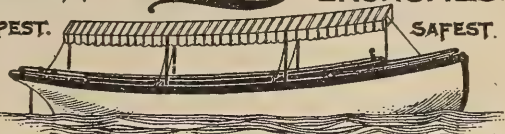

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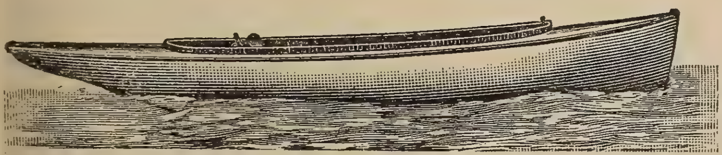

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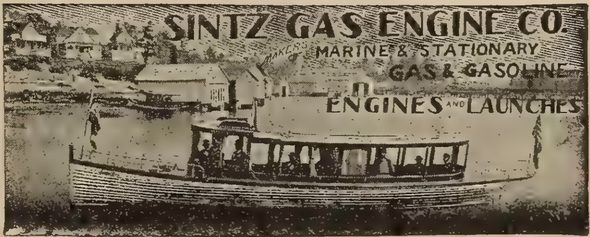

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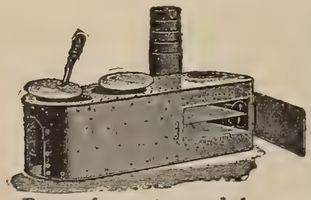

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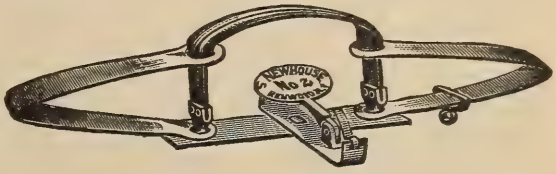
Men who make a business of trapping in the season use the very best traps they can get.

IT PAYS

Don't load yourself with traps you are not sure of. Ask for **NEWHOUSE** or **HAWLEY & NORTON,** or write to the makers

ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD., Kenwood, N. Y.



The Handiest Tool a Sportsman ever Carried.

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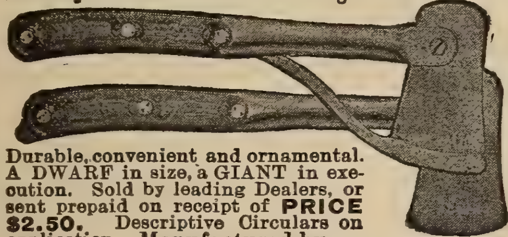

Durable, convenient and ornamental. A DWARF in size, a GIANT in execution. Sold by leading Dealers, or sent prepaid on receipt of **PRICE $2.50.** Descriptive Circulars on application. Manufactured by

W. L. MARBLE, Gladstone, Mich.

If you are interested IN **TREES** OR **WOODS** send your address to

R. B. HOUGH
Lowville, N. Y.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE AND DIABETES CAN BE CURED

Is not this statement worth investigating, if you have a friend suffering from any Kidney disease? Not a patent medicine; neither is patient obliged to come to New York for treatment. If interested, send for further information, naming this paper, to **Tompkins-Corbin Co., 1300 Broadway, N. Y. City.**

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

FOR SALE: Living wild animals and game birds, for propagating purposes; Elk, Deer, Jack Rabbits, Fox Squirrels, Quails (Western birds only), etc. I do not handle dead game.

Address **CHAS. PAYNE**
Box 913 WICHITA, KANSAS

FRANK L. PETERSEN
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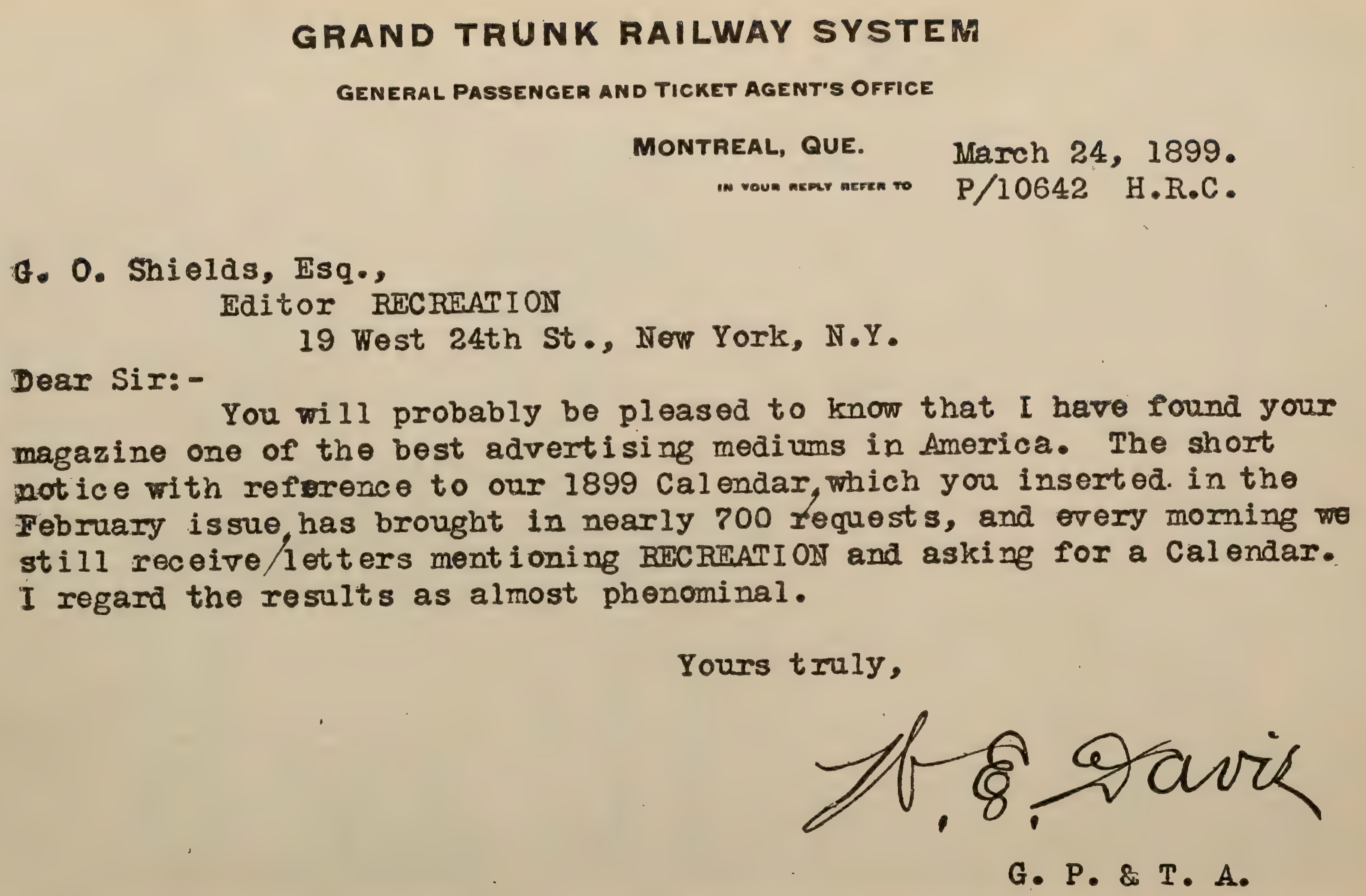
GUIDE

GRAND TETON DISTRICT
ELK DEER BEAR ANTELOPE
Terms reasonable. References furnished.

A 2 pound can of Laflin & Rand's celebrated smokeless powder, listed at $2, for 2 subscriptions to RECREATION. You can get these 2 subscriptions in half an hour without interfering with your regular business.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT'S OFFICE

MONTREAL, QUE.

March 24, 1899.

IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO P/10642 H.R.C.

G. O. Shields, Esq.,
Editor RECREATION
19 West 24th St., New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:-

You will probably be pleased to know that I have found your magazine one of the best advertising mediums in America. The short notice with reference to our 1899 Calendar, which you inserted in the February issue, has brought in nearly 700 requests, and every morning we still receive letters mentioning RECREATION and asking for a Calendar. I regard the results as almost phenominal.

Yours truly,

H. E. Davis

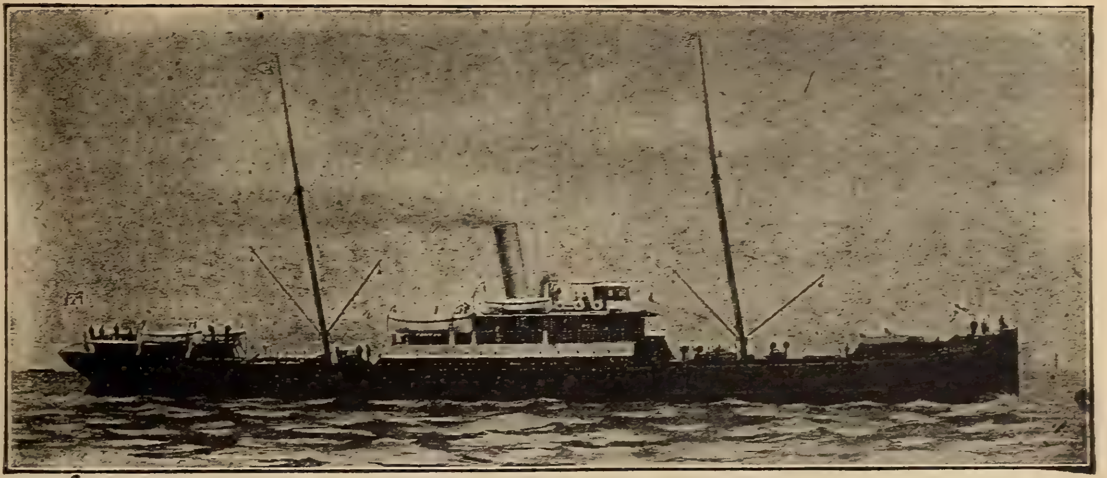
G. P. & T. A.

Summer Cruises to Near-by Foreign Lands

NOVA SCOTIA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

BY THE

RED CROSS LINE STEAMERS



Sailing from New York every Saturday at 4 P. M.
direct to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and St. Johns, N. F.

14 Days' Cruise to St. Johns, N. F., and return,	$60.00
7 Days' Cruise to Halifax, N. B., and return,	$28.00
Fare One Way to Halifax, (2½ days,) - -	$16.00

Including berth and meals.

STOP - OVER PRIVILEGES ALLOWED

CIRCULAR TOURS THROUGH NOVA SCOTIA

Descriptive pamphlet (illustrated) sent on application

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB
General Passenger Agents
25 Union Square, - - New York

SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following is a list of names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

CALIFORNIA.

S. L. N. Ellis, Visalia, trout, deer, bear, grouse, and quails.

COLORADO.

F. W Allen, Dotsero. Eagle Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, trout, and grouse.
W. H. Hubbard. Glenwood Springs, ditto
Charles Allen, Gypsum, "
J. M. Campbell, Buford, "
R. W McGhee, De Beque, "
W. L. Pattison, Buford, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.

GEORGIA.

Sam T. Denning, Augusta, turkeys, quails and rabbits.

IDAHO.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
Geo. Winegar, St. Anthony, Fremont Co., ditto
John Ching, Kilgore, Fremont Co., "
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Staley, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Blair, Victor, Fremont Co., "
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., "

MAINE.

E. J. Page, Burlington, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
I. O. Hunt, Norcross, ditto
P. E. Young, Sherman Mills, "
Henry Gauthier, Benedicta, "
George Gauthier, Benedicta, "
James, A. Duff, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, "
Henry D. Lowell, West Ripley, "

MINNESOTA.

E. L. Brown, Warren, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and black bass.
W. B. Croff, Young America, moose, bear, deer, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, etc.

MONTANA.

E. E. Van Dyke, Red Lodge, elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
W. H. Ryther, Columbia Falls, ditto
Quincy Myers, Columbia Falls, "
Theodore Christiansen, Columbia Falls, "
W. A. Hague, Fridley, "
Vic. Smith, Anaconda, "
M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, "
William Jackson, Browning, "
James Blair, Lakeview, "
George Whitaker, Gardiner, "
George M. Ferrell, "
Edward Olcott, Red Lodge, "
W. Jackson, Browning, "
A. H. McManus, Superior, "
Chas. Marble, Chestnut, "

NEW YORK.

H. M. Tacey, White Lake, Sullivan Co., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
Eugene M. House, Glendale, ditto
Buel Girard, Moriches, ducks, geese, grouse, quails, snipe and salt-water fishing.
Willie E. Ross, Moriches, ditto

NORTH CAROLINA.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, deer, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto
W. B. Tooley, Haslin, "
F. P. Latham, Haslin, "

OREGON.

W. H. Bowen, Camas Valley, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.
Henry Bowen, Camas Valley, ditto
E. L. Howe, Creswell, "

OHIO.

Ugh F. Catanach, Kelley's Island, ducks, geese grouse, quail, black bass, and muskalonge.

PENNSYLVANIA.

W. W. Wikoff, Sinnamahoning, Cameron Co., deer, grouse and trout.
Len Champion, Carney, Wyoming Co., grouse, quail, black bass, pike and pickerel.

WYOMING.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep antelope, grouse and trout.
Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, ditto
James L. Simpson, Jackson, "
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, "
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, "
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, "
H. M. Coulter, Lander, "
H. D. DeKalb, Big Piney, "
Ira Dodge, Cora, "
Wm. Wells, Cora, "
A. S. Marshall, Cora, "
F. Allston, Basin, "
N. M. Brown, Ishawood, "
George N. Madison, Jackson, "
J. L. Simpson, Jackson. "
John Tate, Wise P. O., "

CANADA.

Dell Thomas, Lumby P. O., B. C., deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
Henry McDougal, Kelowna P. O., B. C., ditto
Geo. Gillard, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, caribou, trout and salmon.
Abraham Stevenson, Hall's Bay, ditto
Geo E. Armstrong. Perth Centre, N. B., moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.

THE proper study of mankind is dogs, and that study should begin as early as possible with you and the *DOG.* For the successful raising of youngsters, we have especially prepared Spratts Patent Puppy Meal, Orphan Food, *ANTI-RICKETS* Tablets and Puppy Vermifuge. With these you can't help raising strong, healthy *DOGS,* and you may laugh at distemper.

Order through your dealer and send for catalogue to Spratts Patent Limited, Manufacturers of all kinds of Dog and Poultry Foods and Supplies, 245 East 56 St., New York. San Francisco Branch, 1320 Valencia St.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

You Can't Gain Strength on Medicine

Because **STRENGTH IS VITALITY,** and medicines are merely drugs which clog the system after their stimulating effects are gone. Nature intended that every man should enjoy perfect health and vigor — but some of us (no matter why or how) waste the strength that nature gave us, year after year, until there comes a time when we awake to the fact that our manhood is gone — that we are no longer in fit condition to compete with our stronger brothers in business, in the sporting field or in social life, where approval from the fair sex means more than we like to admit.

This Lost Manhood Can Be Restored

In spite of what old-school physicians may say to the contrary, by the proper use of galvanic electricity which more closely approaches the very essence of life itself than anything yet discovered. For upwards of thirty years I have been restoring weak and debilitated men to superabundant health and strength by the use of the galvanic current applied through my

DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT

Which is worn under the clothing, and which cures, unconsciously, while the wearer is pursuing his daily occupations, or during his sleep at night.

The pages of a magazine are not the proper place in which to go into details of treatment which must be obviously confidential — but my book, "THREE CLASSES OF MEN," which I will gladly mail to you in plain envelope, upon application -- **without charge** — will explain fully everything you may wish to know.

For the accommodation of those who have the time to call upon me, I remain in my office for **Free Consultation** every week-day between the hours of 9 A.M. and 9 P.M.; and on Sundays from 9 A.M. to 12 M.

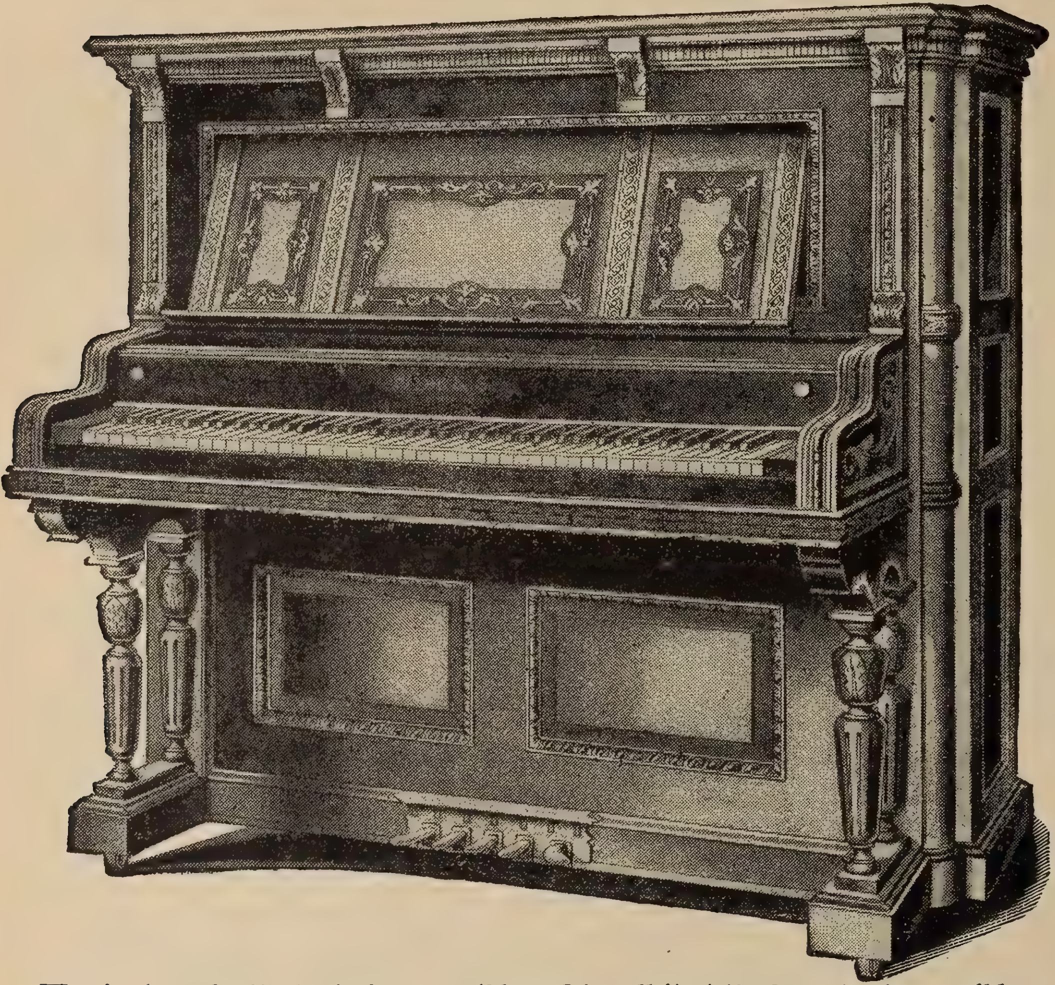
Dr. G. B. SANDEN,

826 Broadway, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The Wing Piano

STYLE 29. CONCERT GRAND UPRIGHT.

No other Piano made equals this in style and design of case.



We aim to make the best piano possible and to sell it at the lowest price possible. If you wish to buy a fine piano at a low price, write us.

DESCRIPTION OF STYLE 29.

7⅓ octaves. Double lever, grand repeating action.

Grand scale, overstrung bass; three strings to each note in middle and treble registers.

The scale is the same as in grand pianos, with the largest size of sound board and strings of greatest length, thus giving the greatest volume and power of tone.

Case.—Double veneered inside and outside.

Choice of superior Circassion walnut, rich figured mahogany, genuine quartered oak and ebonized.

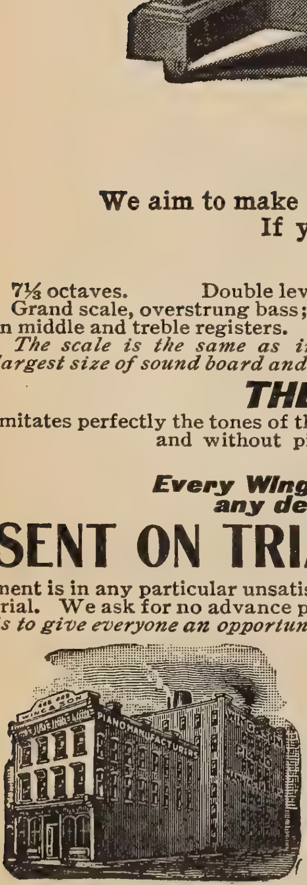
Keys.—Of best ivory and ebony.

THE INSTRUMENTAL ATTACHMENT

imitates perfectly the tones of the Mandolin, Guitar, Harp, Zither and Banjo. Music written for these instruments, with and without piano accompaniment, can be played just as perfectly by a single player on the piano, as though rendered by a parlor orchestra.

Every Wing Piano is guaranteed for twelve (12) years against any defect in tone, action, workmanship or material.

SENT ON TRIAL FREIGHT PREPAID. We will send this piano or your choice of four other styles, to any part of the United States on trial (all freight paid by us), allow ample time for a thorough examination and trial in the home, and, if the instrument is in any particular unsatisfactory, we will take it back at our own expense. No conditions are attached to this trial. We ask for no advance payment, no deposit. We pay all freight in advance. *Our object in offering these terms is to give everyone an opportunity to examine the Wing Piano free of expense or risk.*



Over 18,000 Wing Pianos Manufactured and sold in 30 Years (since 1868).

We will Send Free on Request "The Book of Complete Information about Pianos," 118 pages, handsomely bound in cloth. Everyone who intends to purchase a piano should have this book. Sent free on request with twelve (12) pieces of music. **Old Instruments Exchanged—Easy Payments.**

WING & SON,

1868—31st Year—1899

Waltham, Mass.

King Powder Co.,
Dear Sirs :—

A little over a year ago the Waltham Rifle Club first procured a 6-pound can of your Semi-Smokeless powder. Since that time we have used no other. During the past year our Club average has been raised between 6 and 7 points, and the individual yearly averages have been raised from 3 to 8 points on the standard American target. We find the "C. G." grain gives the best results in the 32-40 caliber, and "F. G." in the 38-55.

Your powder is unsurpassed for cleanliness and even shooting, and we cordially recommend it to all riflemen.

Yours very respectfully,
Arthur L. Mansfield,
Secretary Waltham Rifle Club.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to RECREATION and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

Fairmont, Minn.

Wm. Shakespeare, Jr.

Dear Sir: I received your level winding reel and have given it a thorough trial. It has proven all you claim for it, and more. If I could not get another, $25 would not buy the one I have. The more I use the reel the better I like it.

Yours truly,
B. H. Ward.

"How can you scold all the time?" was asked of a woman with 5 stepchildren and an indolent husband.

"I can't just explain it, but I knows that I'm blessed with wonderful powers of endurance."—Detroit Free Press.

Cornwall & Jesperson, 310 Broadway, city, have issued their new catalogue and are sending it out to all who call for it. Every person interested in shooting, fishing, camping, bicycling, or golf, should have a copy of it. It lists and illustrates a great number of articles in these various lines, and quotes prices on many of them that are far below those at which the goods are usually sold. In writing for the catalogue, please say where you saw it mentioned.

Editor RECREATION :

I received the Stevens Ideal rifle sent me for 10 subscriptions and thank you very much for so valuable a premium. I have tested it and have found it a very accurate shooter. I feel well repaid for the time spent in securing the 10 subscriptions.

Oscar Oxley, Corwith, Iowa.

WHITE LABEL QUEEN OLIVES
ARE THE VERY BEST AND FINEST FRUIT, CAREFULLY PACKED.
FORK GIVEN WITH EACH BOTTLE.
NICELLE OLIVE OIL
IS MADE OF SELECTED "SOUND" OLIVES, IS ABSOLUTELY PURE, HAS A DELICIOUS FLAVOR.
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THE GREAT DRINK CURE.

ANTIPOTON is a cure for alcoholism that actually cures. It is not a "cure" the success of which depends upon the will-power of the patient.

ANTIPOTON is sufficient in itself to destroy the craving for liquor. It is not a "**CURE**" which depends upon the use of a substitute for alcohol.

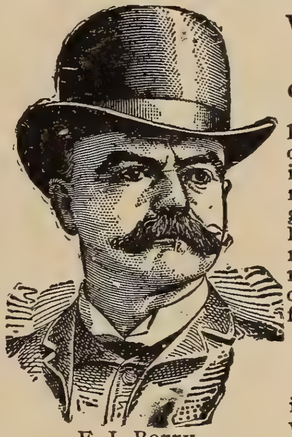
It is a cure that does its work promptly. The treatment does not drag along for an indefinite period.

It does not require the patient to lose a day from work.

ANTIPOTON cures the most desperate cases of Alcoholism.

It is a remedy of purely vegetable origin. Its use leaves no disagreeable after effects.

IT MAY BE TAKEN AT HOME just like ordinary medicine. It is not a "HYPODERMIC" treatment.



F. J. Berry.

What a Prominent Horseman Says About Antipoton:

Chicago, April 18, 1899.

CELSO CHEMICAL CO.:

Gentlemen:—Having seen and known of the merit of your wonderful remedy **Antipoton** effecting cures of the **Drink Habit**, redeeming inebriates from the greatest of evils, Intemperance, having fully investigated your remedy I unhesitatingly recommend **Antipoton** to those who desire to reform and abstain from intemperance.

Very truly yours
F. J. BERRY.

Book on Alcoholism sent free in plain sealed envelope to those who write.

CELSO CHEMICAL CO., 221 Wabash Ave., Chicago.
BRANCHES: Boston, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

For Sale or Exchange.—Fine oil and water color paintings, framed, and unframed and rare old violin. Would exchange for 30-30 Winchester, 12 gauge hammerless, Stereo Binocular field glass, or Gramophone. Address, Lock Box 26, Stoughton, Mass.

"Doctors say mental depression usually arises from stomach troubles."

"That's true; nothing makes a man so low spirited as not having anything to eat."
—Chicago Record.

L. L. BALES & N. L. DAVIS

HUNTERS AND GUIDES

For S. E. Alaska, Cook's Inlet and the Alaska Peninsula

Moose, Caribou, Mountain Sheep, Mountain Goats, Bear, Deer, Shore Birds and Waterfowl

LIVE WILD ANIMALS. TAXIDERMY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Information furnished as to Mill Sites, Timber, Locations for Salmon Canning and Trapping

Address, JUNEAU, ALASKA

References: Lieut. G. T. Emmons, U. S, Navy, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.; Hon. Will D. Jenkins, Sec. of State, Olympia, Wash.; G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

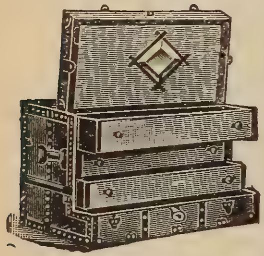
NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA

SCENIC VIEWS

Ancient Pueblos, Cliff-dwelling Ruins, Mummies and Pottery of the Ancients, Cacti, etc.

Also Photographs of Indians from every tribe in the Southwest. Send for list.

O. G. MYHRE, Silver City, N. M.



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The STALLMAN DRESSER TRUNK is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage-smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Send 2c. stamp for illustrated catalogue.

F. A. STALLMAN,
87 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.

A HIGH-GRADE BICYCLE

FOR 50 SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RECREATION

For particulars address this office

The officers in the American Navy who were educated at Annapolis are not only educated to be soldiers, but to be gentlemen. An officer on the "Olympia," now enroute home from Manila, sent to Boston for a pair of the old reliable "Boston Garters." He knew the feeling of "caste" which wearing them gives.

Biggs: "Who is that melancholy looking man?"

Boggs: "He's the assistant editor of a magazine."

Biggs: "Why does he look so awfully sad?"

Boggs: "He has to laugh at the real editor's jokes."

"Consistency's a jewel."

"That's all right, but you can't work it off on any girl instead of a diamond ring."
Detroit Journal.

A REAL

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....FOR....

$5.00

Simple Clockwork Motor, Mechanism Visible, Durable Construction.

NO BOTHER, MUCH FUN

All the Wonders and Pleasures of a High-Priced Talking Machine.

When accompanied by a Recorder this Graphophone can be used to make Records. Price with Recorder, $7.50. Reproduces all the standard Records. *Send order and money to our nearest office.*

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., Dept 127

New York, 143-145 B'way
Phila., 1032 Chestnut St.
Baltimore, 110 E. Balt. St.
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Paris, 34 Boulevard des Italiens.
St. Louis, 720-722 Olive St.
Chicago, 211 State St.
Washington, 919 Penn. Ave.
Buffalo, 313 Main St.
Berlin, 55 Kronenstrasse

E. H. Hinton, traffic manager of the Savannah line of steamships has issued a pamphlet extolling the beauties of Savannah and vicinity. He advises sportsmen to visit Savannah. And as one of the inducements held out to them he prints one of the most disgraceful game hog pictures I have seen in years. It shows a shooter—presumably a market hunter—seated near a wall, and hung around him are more than 200 ducks.

It is strange that transportation companies should not have learned by this time that such pictures disgust all decent sportsmen, and tend to turn them away from the countries thus advertised. A railway or steamship company that will in this manner foster and encourage this slaughter of game says distinctly, by such action, that it is trying to exterminate the game along its lines; sportsmen need not hope to find game there unless they go at once.

"Where's your bottle of cough medicine, Josiah?"

"What do you want with it?"

"Wull, you won't take it, and as it cost 65 cents it sha'n't be wasted. I'm going to polish the piano with it."—Chicago Record.

You can get a fine Camera by securing a club of subscribers for RECREATION..

Get your Insurance in

THE

Travelers

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

And Have THE BEST

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000

Chartered 1863 (Stock).

Issues Life and ENDOWMENT POLICIES, all forms, low rates, non-forfeitable.

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Cover accidents of travel, sport or business.

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Granting stated sums of indemnity for disability caused by sickness.

ALL FORMS OF

LIABILITY INSURANCE

COVERING

The liability of Manufacturers and other Employers to strangers who may be injured upon their premises. The liability of Contractors to Employees and to strangers for injuries sustained upon buildings or other works under contract. The contingent liability of Owners having buildings or other works under contract. The liability of Owners of buildings for accidents (including Elevator). The liability of Owners of Horses and Vehicles for driving accidents.

Assets, . .	$25,315,442.46
Liabilities, .	21,209,625.36
Surplus, . .	4,105,817.10

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Give a Thought

to the need and the quality as well.

WHEATLET

Is A Simple Food

and is easily and perfectly digestible. Is made of the WHOLE WHEAT denuded of the irritating husk particles, and is Rich in Gluten.

Wheatlet
SUPERIOR OATMEAL
FRANKLIN MILLS CO.

If your grocer does not keep it, send us his name and your order—we will see that you are supplied.

Made only by the

FRANKLIN MILLS CO., LOCKPORT, N. Y.

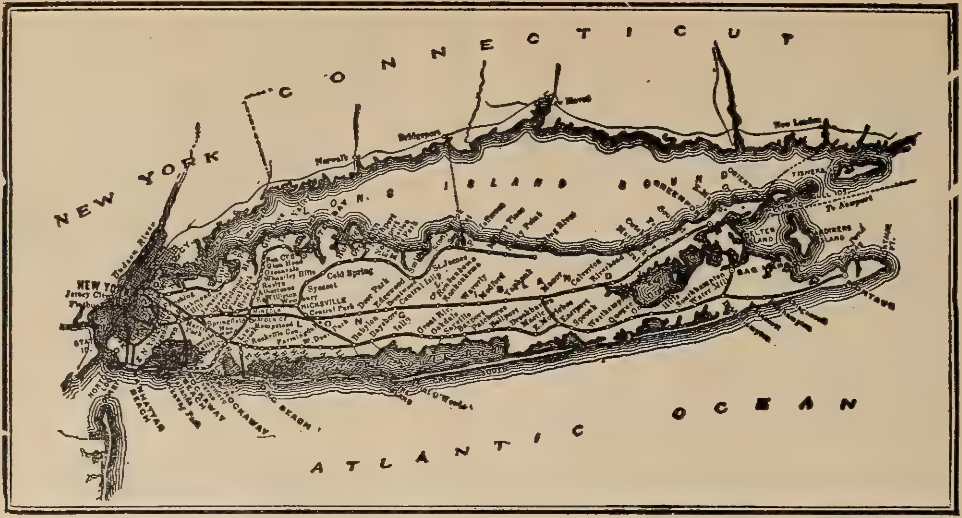
I notice in April RECREATION an article referring to the Bristol Steel fishing rod. The writer of that article evidently does not know a good thing when he sees it. I have been an angler more than 20 years and have used the Bristol steel rods ever since they were first put on the market. Never has one of these rods failed me at a critical time. Last January, while in Florida, I hooked and played a 76 lb. Tarpon on my little steel rod, No. 17, and I took a 21 lb. stripped bass Sept. 12, '98, in the Delaware river above Trenton, N. J., on a steel rod No. 11. I have photos of these catches showing the rods I used. I never had a steel rod remain set or break for me, but I have had wooden and bamboo rods often break. The Bristol steel rods are no experiment. They will not snap off so easily as the Hartford man claims. They will withstand any reasonable strain and are always the same. They do not dry out and they have no loose ferrules. In fact, they are as far superior to wooden rods as the breech loader is to the muzzle loading gun.

W. L. Fisher, Easton, Pa.

For Sale. One Marlin repeater model '92, 22 caliber. Rocky mountain front sight and sporting graduated rear sights; price, $10.50. W. M. Dilsaver, Clinton, Ind.

LONG ISLAND

IDEAL FOR RECREATION, REST OR RESIDENCES



GOOD AIR **GOOD WATER** **GOOD ROADS**

The True Sportsman has Perfect Conditions for Every Sport

GOLF, RIDING, DRIVING, CYCLING, YACHTING, HUNTING, FISHING, SURF and STILL-WATER BATHING. Hills, woods and harbors on the Sound shore; Ocean, Bays and Inlets on the Atlantic shore. Increased Train Service, Fast Expresses, Roadbed Dustless-Ballasted and Oil-Sprinkled. New Cars in every branch of the service. The following books will be sent on receipt of stamps to cover postage: LONG ISLAND (descriptive, with illustrations), 6 cents; UNIQUE LONG ISLAND (illustrations from photographs), 5 cents; SUMMER HOMES (with list of hotels and boarding houses), 4 cents; TOURISTS' PARADISE (road map, distances, selections from time-table, etc.), 2 cents.

H. M. SMITH,
Traffic Manager, Long Island City

H. B. FULLERTON,
Spec. Agent, Pass. Dep't., Long Island City

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PURE, INVIGORATING AIR

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Spend Your Summer Vacation at one of Idaho's Charming Resorts

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All of which are immediately on the line of the

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RECREATION THAT RE-CREATES

Take Your Next Vacation in the

New Summerland

COOL, RESTFUL

NOVA SCOTIA

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YARMOUTH LINE

Fast Mail Express Steamers sail from Lewis Wharf, Boston, at 12 noon, every Tuesday and Friday, connecting at Yarmouth by boat and train for all points in the Maritime Provinces.

Additional sailings during the Summer months.

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The Milk-man: "No, mam. Why?"

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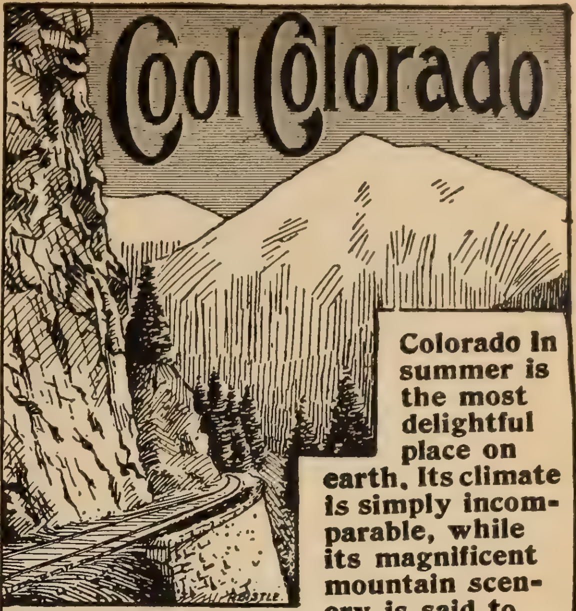

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San Jose, March 18.

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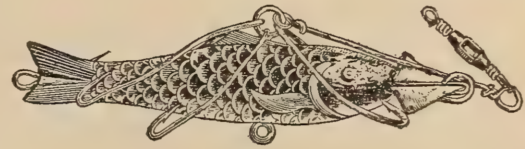

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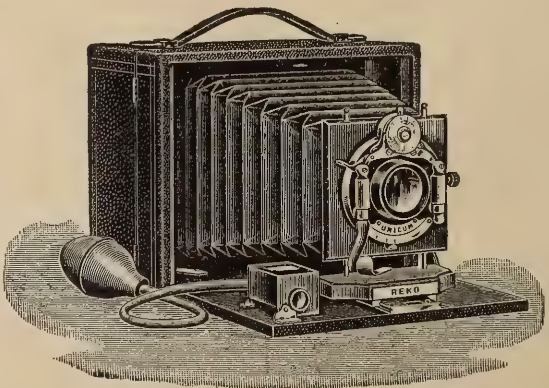

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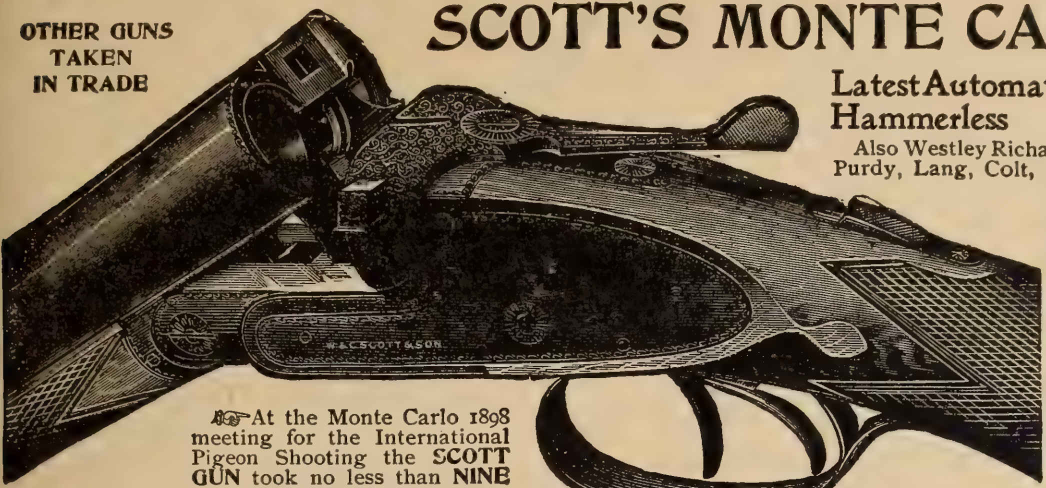

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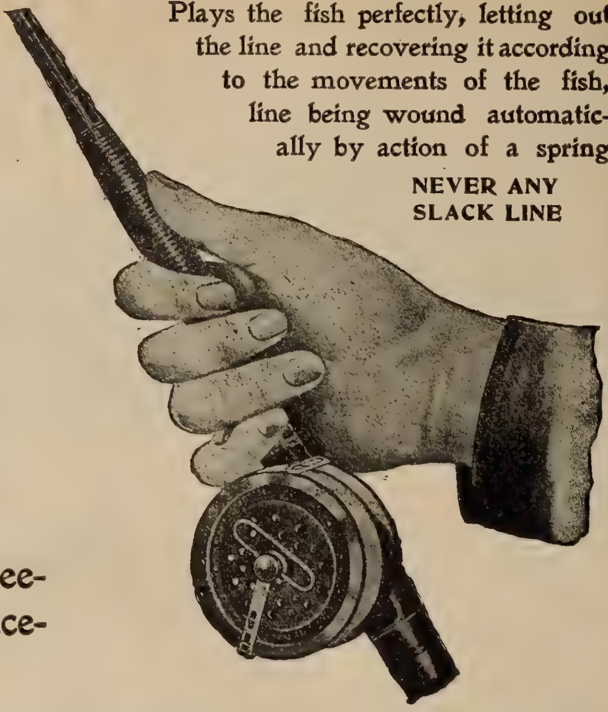

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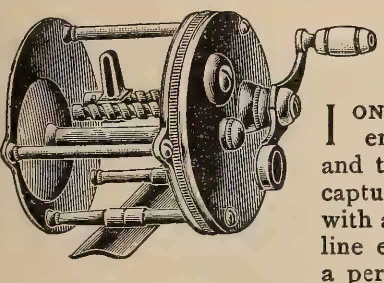

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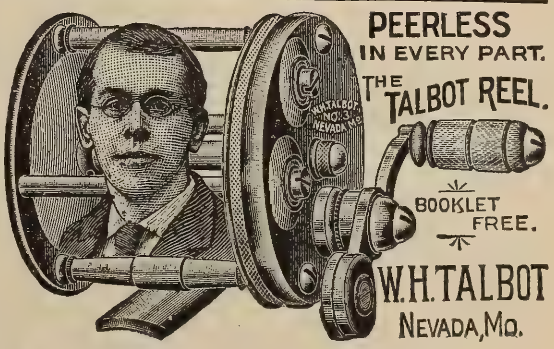
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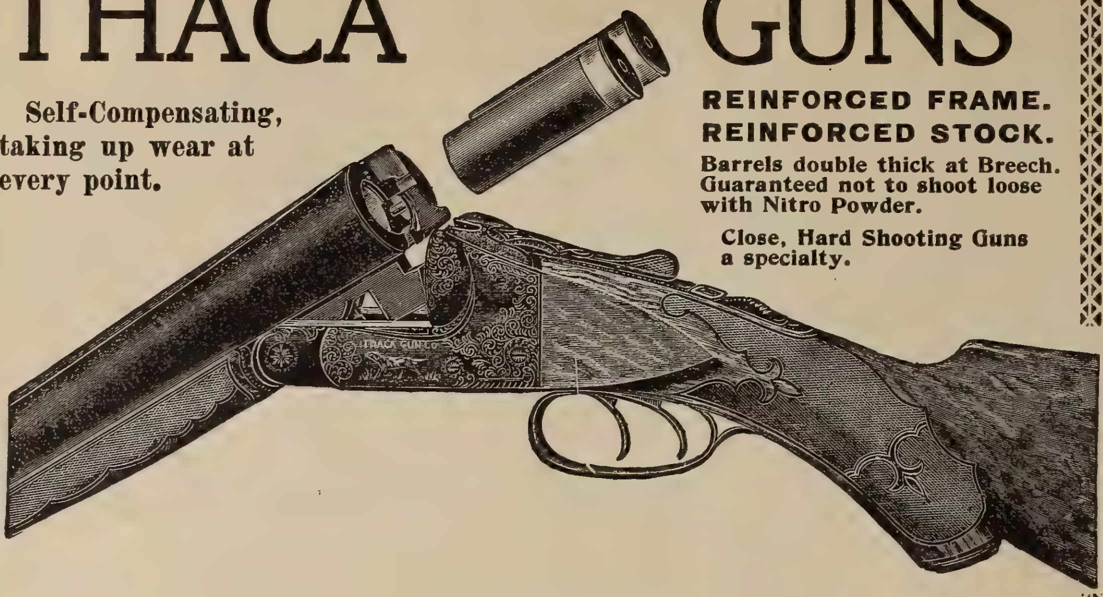

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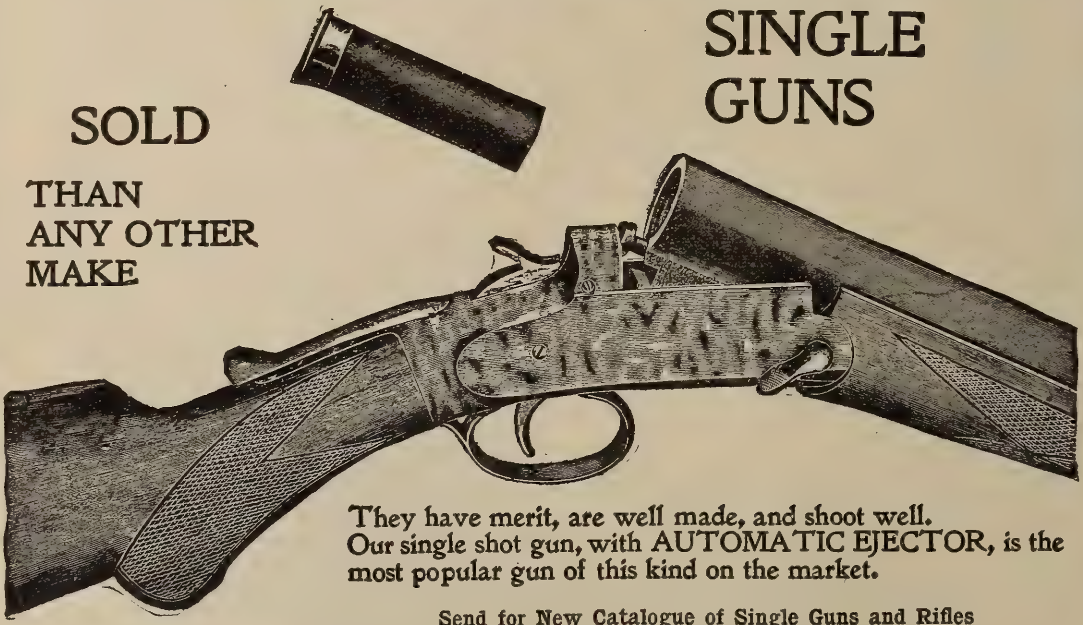

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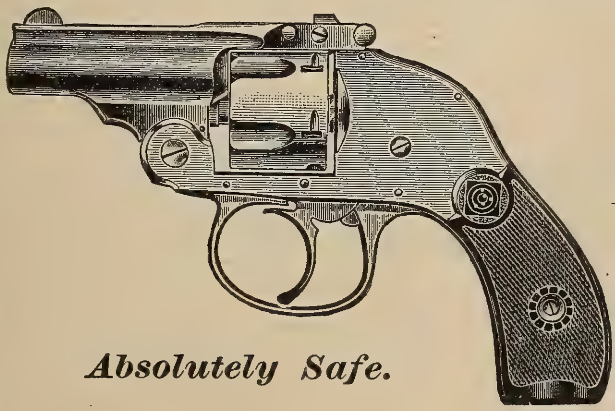

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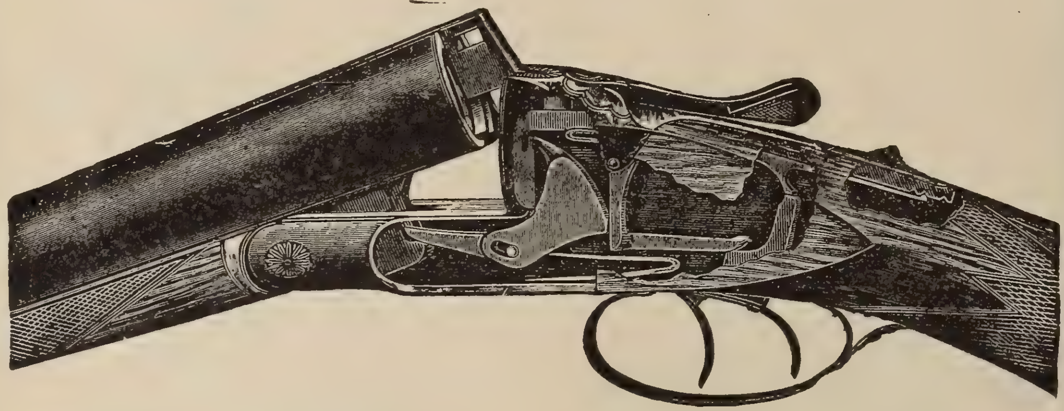

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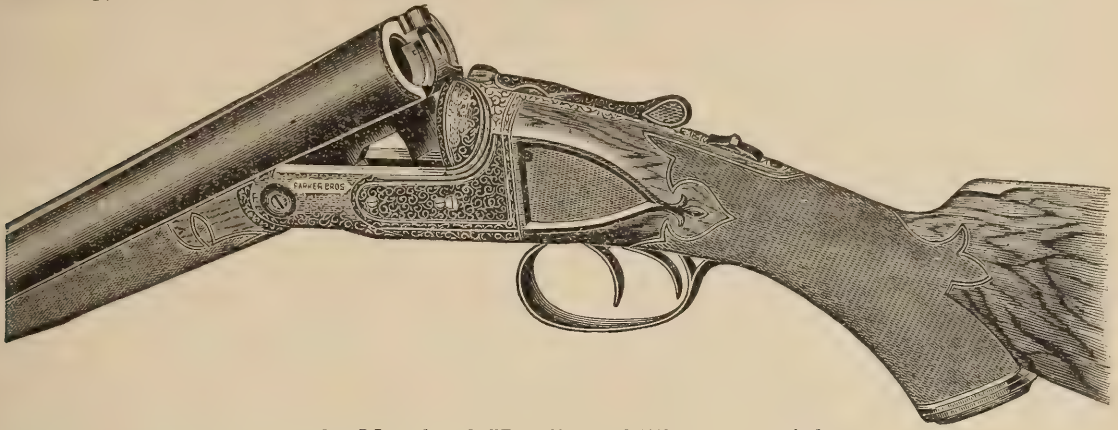

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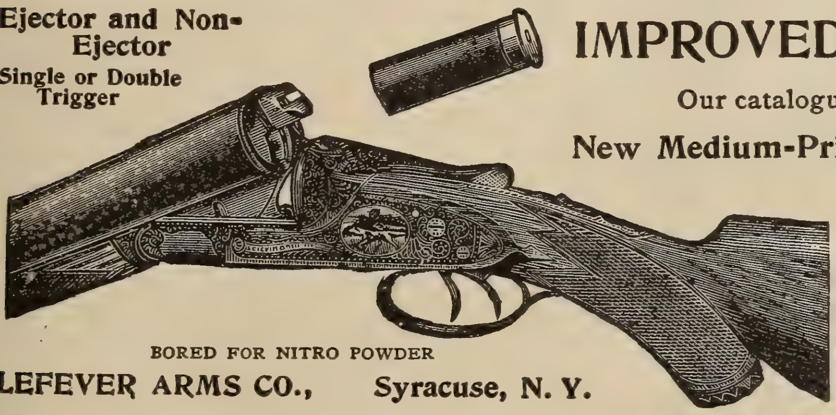

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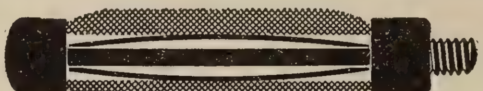

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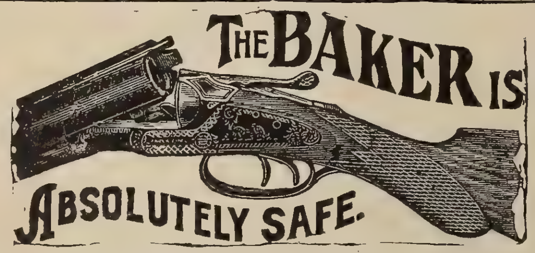

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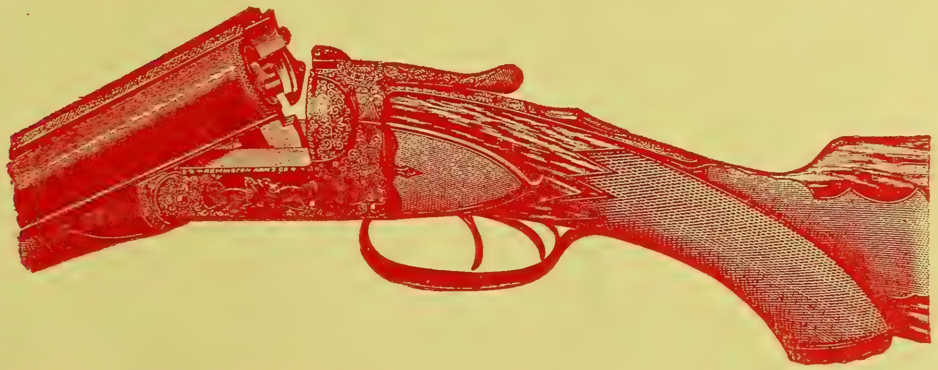

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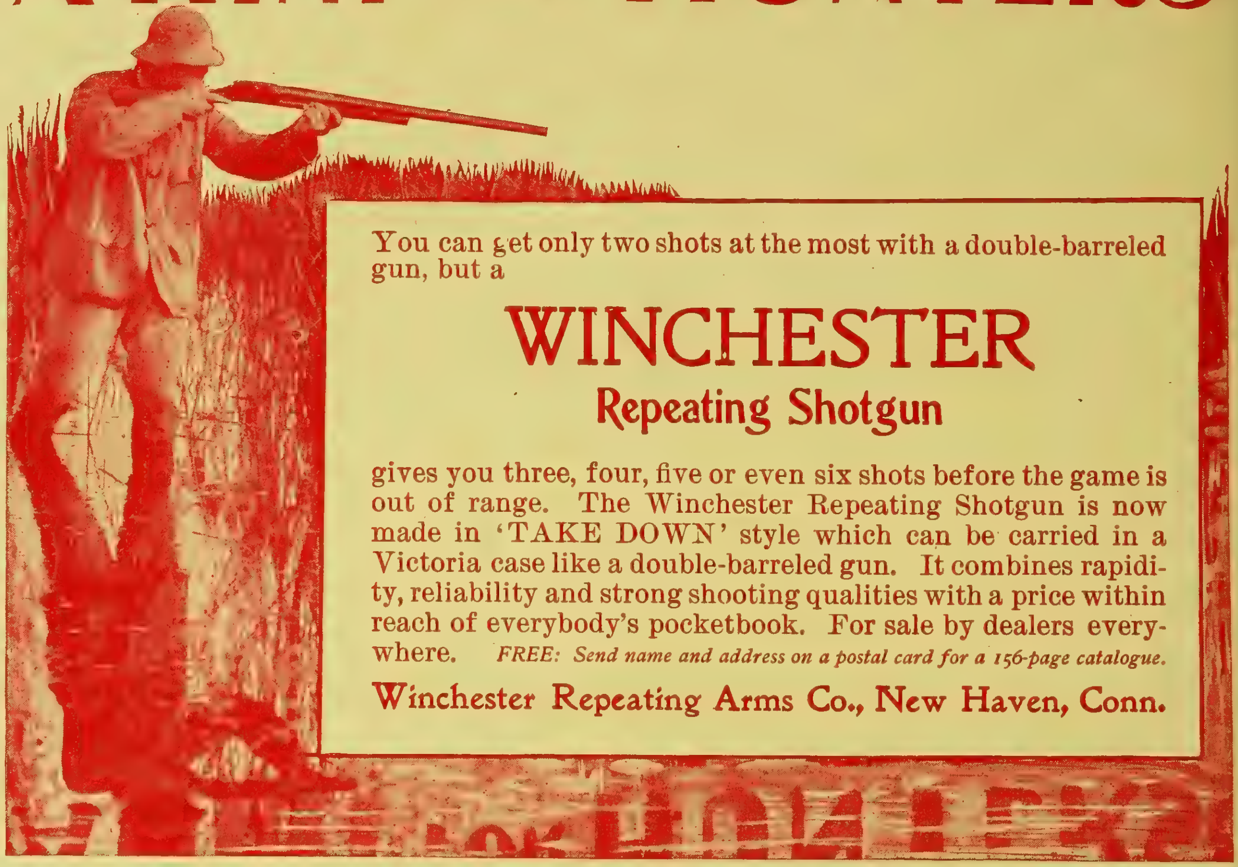

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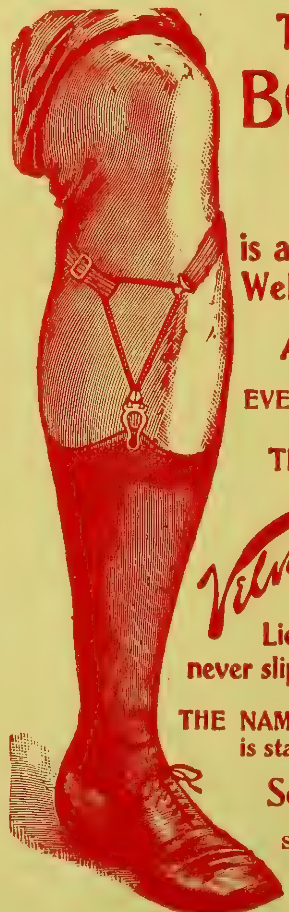

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VOLUME XI.
NUMBER 2

AUGUST 1899

$1 00 A YEAR
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RECREATION

L. A. S.
PROTECT THE GAME

PHOTO BY GEO. H. JOHNSON.

A GOOD SHOT WITH A CAMERA.

PUBLISHED BY G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA)
19 WEST 24TH ST. NEW YORK

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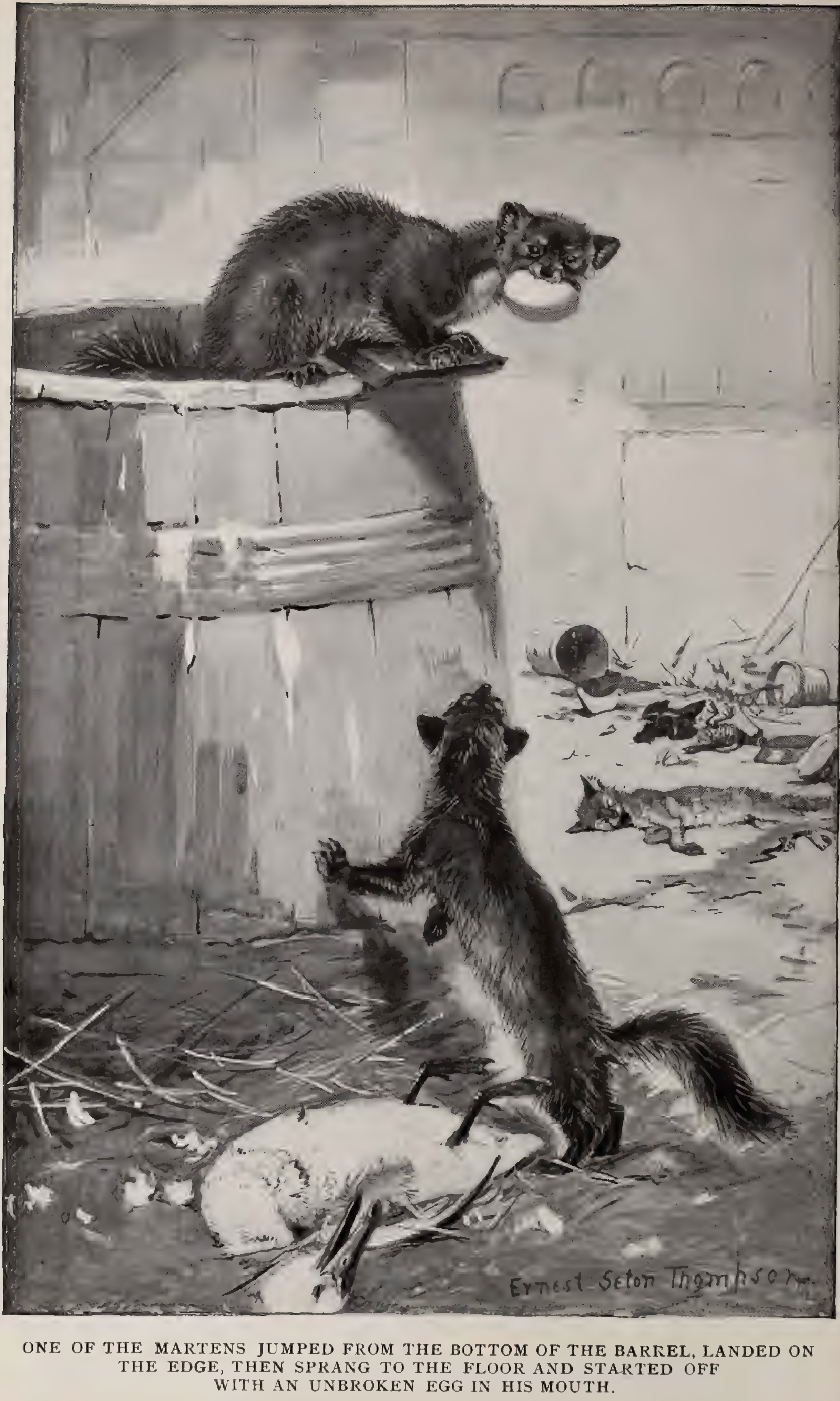

Ernest Seton Thompson

ONE OF THE MARTENS JUMPED FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL, LANDED ON THE EDGE, THEN SPRANG TO THE FLOOR AND STARTED OFF WITH AN UNBROKEN EGG IN HIS MOUTH.

RECREATION

Volume XI. AUGUST, 1899. Number 2.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager

MISCHIEVOUS PETS.

G. A. PADDOCK.

The pine marten, largest of the weasels and the American homologue of the sable, is found in regions where pine trees abound. Its skin is valuable; choice pelts bringing as much as $15. They are often sold under the name of Hudson Bay sable.

The pine marten is a timid animal and is seldom found near settlements. Its favorite habitat is high ground covered with thick pine woods. The region about the head of Lake Superior has long been noted for the number and value of the marten skins obtained there.

The pine marten varies greatly in color; some are light yellow, some dark brown and others black. It is distinguished from the beech, or stone marten of Europe by the coloration of its throat. The latter's throat is white, while on our marten it is yellow.

The pine marten is about 28 inches in length, including the tail, which is 10 inches long. It feeds on grouse and smaller birds and on small animals. It is also fond of nuts and honey. It is a great traveler, but scarcely ever makes a straight track. It moves after the fashion of a rabbit, only it leaves but 2 tracks. These are about 2 inches apart, and one is not directly in front of the other. It springs 18 or 20 inches at a time. Its track resembles that of a mink, but is a little larger, for its foot, being covered with fur, spreads out more.

In sections where there are but few martens, they can be tracked to hollow trees. The marten is a great climber, and spends much of its time in trees. It is sprightly in its motions, and possesses great muscular power. It is a silent traveler, and comes by stealth upon its prey. It delights in robbing bird's nests, taking from them the eggs or young birds. It is fierce when attacked, or even disturbed, and when cornered makes a determined fight.

Last Spring I had the good fortune to capture 2 young martens out of a litter of 4. The nest was in a hollow log. I brought my prizes home, the little fellows sitting on my shoulder all the way without trying to escape. After giving them a hearty meal of bread and milk, sweetened with sugar, I put them in a box covered with slats. They at once fell asleep and did not awake until everyone was in bed. Then they gnawed out of the box and had a merry time playing about the house the rest of the night. In the morning they were found, fast asleep, in a coat pocket about 5 feet from the floor.

They soon became great pets. When playing they make a sort of deep clucking noise, and when angry make a curious sound between a growl and a bark. If they do not want to be picked up they will scratch and bite fiercely. I once received 5 deep bites in my hand while trying to capture one when he was cornered.

At first we let them loose in the house; but after they had broken 2 goblets and various other things, mauled a cat to death, bathed in the waterpail, rolled in the flour barrel, eaten sugar out of the bowl, tracked butter over the table cloth, and played other pranks too numerous to mention, we decided to keep them outdoors in a cage. Accordingly a wire cage about 8 by 2 by 2½ feet was made. The martens were put in their new home and are there now. They are nearly full grown. One is light brown in color, with a face nearly white; the other is nearly black with a light colored face. They both have bushy black tails and their lower legs and feet are black.

One day my martens escaped from the cage and ran to a chicken coop in which there is a barrel with a hen's nest at the bottom. As I entered the door, one of the martens jumped from the bottom of the barrel, landed on the edge, then sprang to the floor and started off with an unbroken egg in its mouth. I made after him, and he dropped the egg. Being quite tame, they were easily captured again.

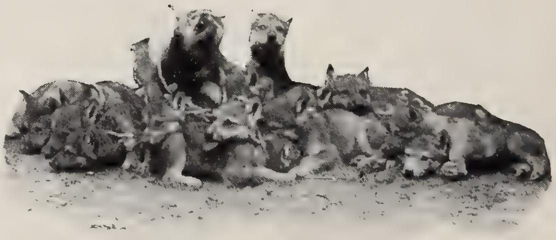
At another time when they escaped they killed a duck, dragged it about 75 feet, then left it without eating a mouthful.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY CHAS. T. OHMER, ARGYLE, MINN.

A PACK OF SHEEP EATERS.

I send you to-day a photo. of the result of a wolf hunt which took place here on Sunday last. You will notice there are 15 of the youngsters, all gray and all taken from one den about 5 miles from here. The old wolves, of which there were 5, all escaped after a run of nearly 20 miles. They are all past masters and dig up the traps as fast as they can be set. I am told they have killed $400 worth of calves and colts since they came in here last winter.

Tom. Gardner, Las Animas, Colo.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY T. J. GARDNER.

A PACK OF WOULD-BE SHEEP EATERS.

PETE AND SOME OTHER DOGS.

BY PETE.

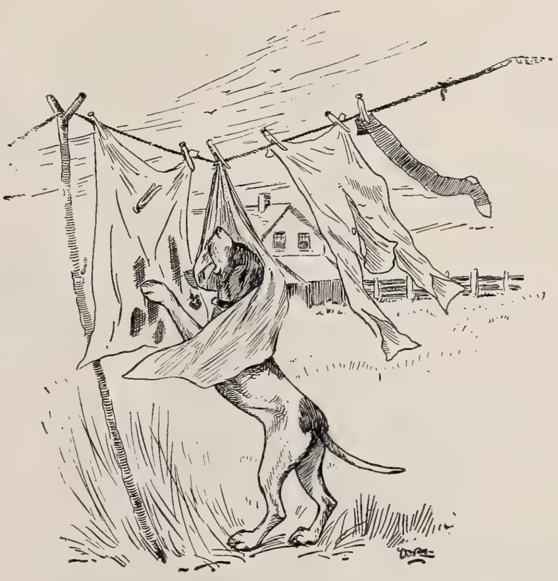
Suffold calls me a wolf-hound, but my Grandma Fan tells me I am a Sefton Pointer of the bluest of blue blood and that we can trace our descent back to 28 registered grandmothers. We have "queens," "dukes" and "counts" galore in our family and that shows we are of the finest. Grandma holds her head high and says there is no better family than ours in the world. Berkshire has a big silver cup she won at a bench show, whatever that is. He is awfully proud of it and my brothers, cousins and sisters all have blue ribbons that they got at the same place. Anyway, who ever heard of a wolf-hound having anything better in his family than an old Spanish Don? I'm not a hound and I don't see why Suffolk is always calling me one. Poland says I am the result of depraved precept, and I don't know whether to be proud of him as an ancestor or not. Mike says depraved precept isn't in our family at all, but Poland China is always right and I guess Mike doesn't know what he is talking about.

We live here in South Dakota, in a great big house of our own, with a high fence around it, to keep stray dogs out, and we are very comfortable. We are all pointers with the exception of Ben and Nora. They are Irish; the worst kind of shanty Irish water dogs, touchy and high headed. When Nora begins to tell of the Pats, Barneys and Goureys that are in her family and that she knew in Ireland, it makes the Princes and Queens of our family seem like plebians. Berkshire has Jack, a fox terrier, but he stays outside of the fence to chase cats and watch tramps and the clothes on the back yard line. Mrs. Berkshire has a dirty, little, frowsy-headed thing she calls Hobson, that stays in the house and eats cake, and runs out and yelps at everything that comes around the place. I never saw such a dog. When he is standing still I can't tell which is his head and which is his tail. And then his tongue! You never saw anything like it. It is about a foot long; one of those wet, slobbering tongues. He always has it out and kisses every dirty dog or man that comes along. We don't like him at all. I think Berkshire ought to put a spiked collar on that tongue and tie it up. Hobson comes around to the fence nearly every day but we won't notice him. My sister, Bess, says he has fleas and Nora says he should be sent to my cousin George. I don't know where that place is and I don't know as it is proper to speak of it, but I don't mean anything wrong.

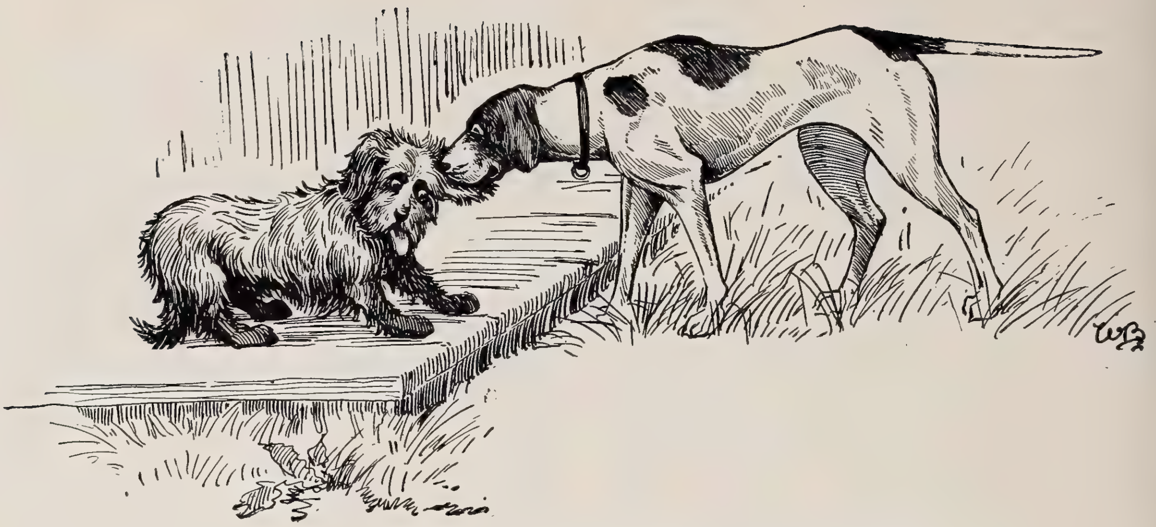
I was born in the barn, in a great, warm box-stall, and lived there with my mother until I was large enough to run around myself. When I was old enough to go out doors I learned to play by myself on the lawn, and to point grasshoppers and blue bottle flies. Jack used to come around and tell me all about the cats he knew. I used to help him run them down and corner them. One day I caught a big one, and after that I did not see any fun in it. Hobson used to come around, too, at first, with all of his tongue, but I bit a big hole in his ear one day for kissing me and then he didn't come out any more.

One day I was playing on the grass alone when over the fence came a great, big, long-legged dog that nearly scared me to death. She was a horrible looking creature with her big mouth full of sharp teeth and her long legs and tail. I never saw anything quite so thin as she was. I think she must have had consumption. However, she wasn't nearly so bad as she looked. In fact, she was extremely ladylike. She told me all about herself and her friends. Her name was Lufra and she said she hunted jack rabbits with her friends. She lived only a block away and used to come over very often to call on me. She said that some day she would take me out into the country and show me what fun it was to chase rabbits.

One day the wind was blowing hard and I got to playing with the clothes on the line in the back yard. That evening



I GOT TO PLAYING WITH THE CLOTHES.

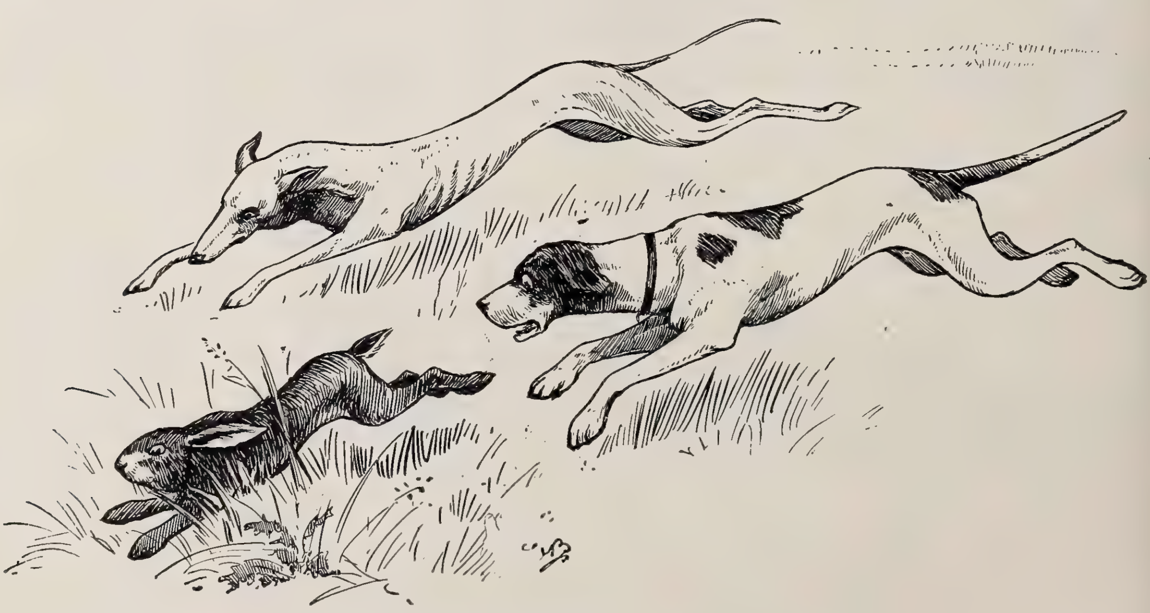


I BIT A HOLE IN HIS EAR FOR KISSING ME.

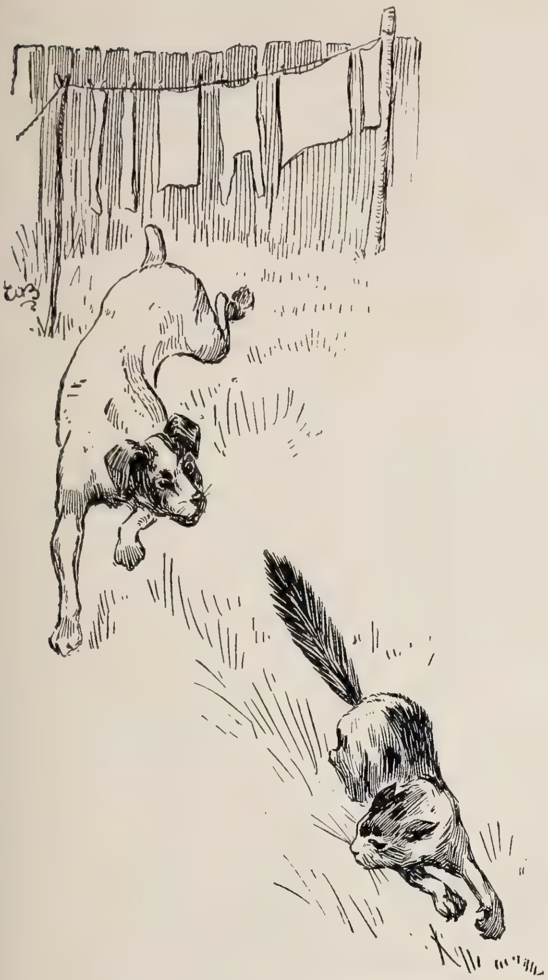
Berkshire put me in the kennel and I did not play on the lawn any more; nor did I see Lufra again for a long time. I asked Grandma Fan about jack rabbits and she nearly had a fit. She told me never to mention them to her again and that if Berkshire ever heard me talking about them he would whip me, so I forgot all about them.

The next summer I was not at all well, so Berkshire took me out of the kennel and put me on a wire in the yard. There I could run up and down and eat all the grass I wanted. I soon grew better and was myself again in a few weeks. Berkshire used to take me out to a big field every day and teach me my lessons. I learned to drop when he put up one hand and get up when he put up the other, to go to him quickly when he told me to, to stand up straight and still when he cried, "Ho;" to run to the right or to the left as he motioned to me to, and a lot of other interesting things. I liked this as I wanted to please Berkshire. He was always kind and had delicious pieces of boiled liver for me when I was good. One day after we had been at this kind of work for a long time I heard him tell Suffolk I was the best yard-broken pup he had ever handled and that he was proud of me.

During these weeks Lufra came to see me quite often and we had a good many long talks, renewing our old-time friendship. She was still hunting rabbits and as enthusiastic as ever. Early one morning I somehow or other twisted my chain so it unfastened from my collar and I was free. I started to find Jack but met Lufra and 5 or 6 of her friends with some men on horseback. She told me to come along and she would show me what life really was. I did not have anything



I GOT 2 OR 3 SPLENDID SNAPS AT HIM.



HE STAYS OUTSIDE TO CHASE CATS.

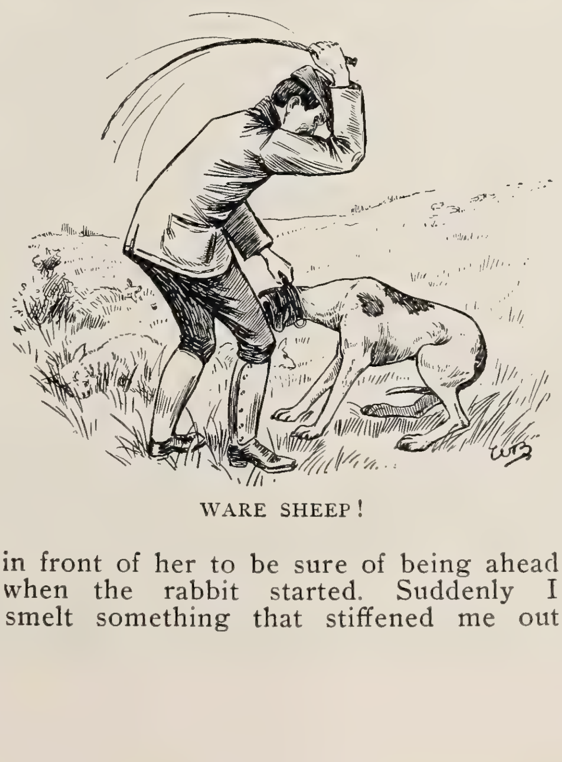
to do so I went with them, out into the country, and started to look for rabbits. After we had gone a long distance and were nearly discouraged one of the men suddenly cried, "Hi, Hi"! I will never forget how that word rang in my ears. Lufra cried, "Come on quick; that means a rabbit," and sure enough, right in front of us went one hopping along on 3 legs. I don't know why they make jack rabbits with only 3 legs, but I suppose it is so we can catch them now and then, for I am sure if they had 4 we could never get up with them at all.

Away we went after the rabbit and I never saw anything run as Lufra did. She fairly flew and I was left far behind. I soon learned that if I kept behind the other dogs I stood a good show to get a bite of the rabbit when he turned. I got 2 or 3 splendid snaps at him in that way but was not quite near enough at any time. All at once the first dog turned him almost into the mouth of the second one, who snapped at him, but missed him. Lufra picked him up, but stumbled and rolled heels over head, throwing the rabbit right into my mouth.

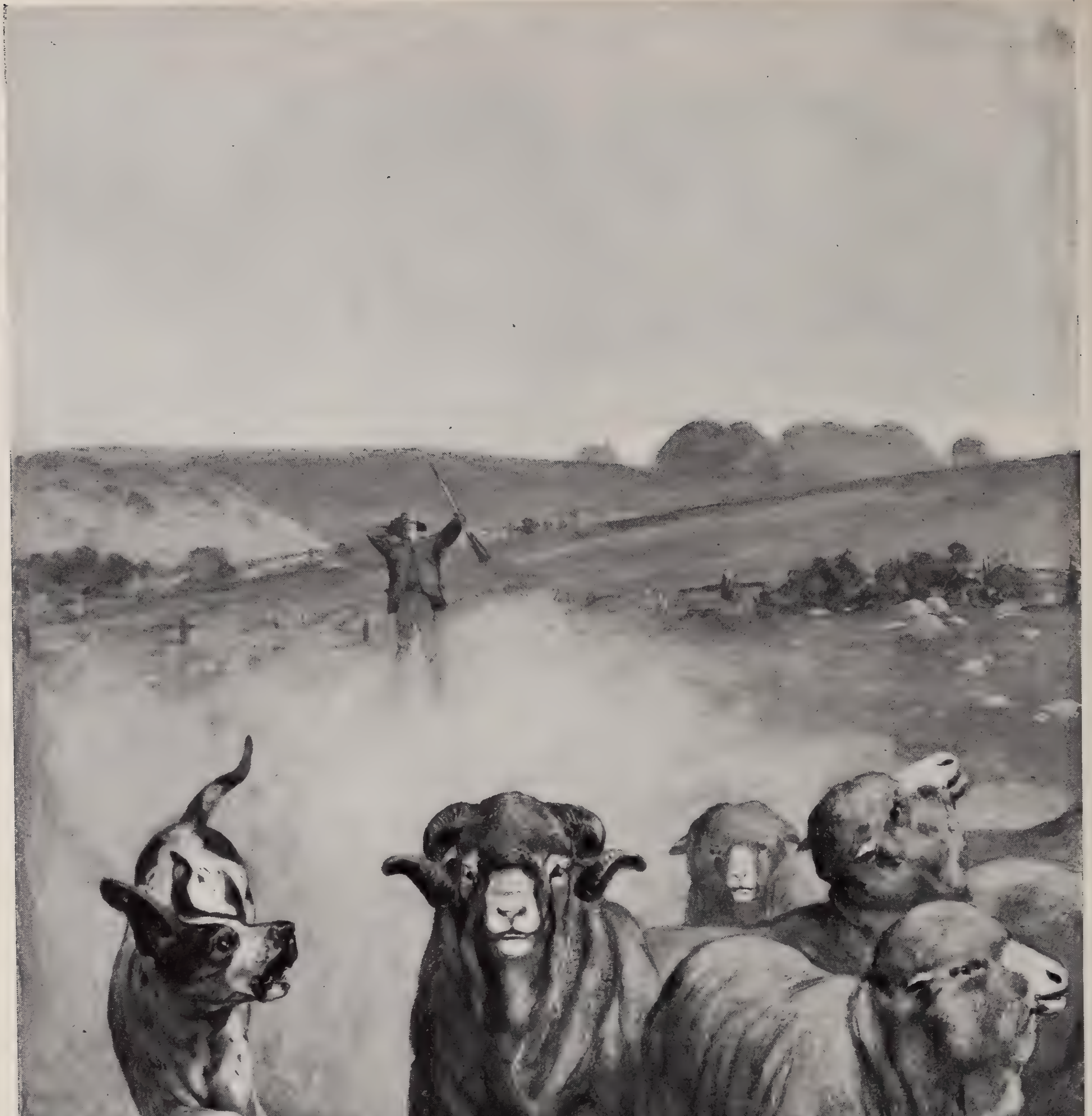
I never stopped to think whether he would scratch, like that nasty old cat I caught, but I shut my eyes and gave him a good hard crunch. How he did squeal and how good it was to feel his ribs snapping and breaking between my jaws! An old, lank, consumptive hound ran in and grabbed my rabbit and of course I hung on. He pulled the rabbit all to pieces, and I had to swallow my half at a gulp or he would have had that, too. I was always taught it was not polite to wrangle over anything to eat—only low dogs did that; so I did not think much of Lufra's friend.

We hunted on, and caught several more rabbits, but I did not get a chance at one, nor would those piggish dogs give me even a smell of one after they had caught it. However, I had a splendid day and shall never forget it, but oh, how tired I was when I got home! I told Jack all about it that evening but he turned up his nose at such fun. He said that some day he would take me into the woodshed for a rat hunt, and then I would see what fun was.

Soon after this Berkshire took Grandma and me out into the country on a rabbit hunt. We went to a large field and Berkshire told us to "Hi, on!" and off we went. I looked all over that field for a rabbit, but I could not find one. After I had run for about half an hour I was tired and slowed up a little to get breath. I looked for Grandma, and saw her quite a way off, standing still and looking awfully foolish. I supposed she had a rabbit, and I knew I stood no show of having any of the fun if it started to run before I got near it, so I rushed up as fast as I could. Something in me told me to stop and stiffen out as Grandma was doing, but I remembered those piggish dogs with Lufra and the temptation to get the first bite at that rabbit was too great for me to resist. I got up to Grandma and ran around in front of her to be sure of being ahead when the rabbit started. Suddenly I smelt something that stiffened me out



WARE SHEEP!



I DID NOT WAIT FOR HIM TO CRY "HI, HI," BUT SAILED IN AND AWAY WE WENT.

as if I were dead. I could not have moved to save my life, and, oh, how sweet that smell was! It was the concentrated essence of grasshopper-and-bluebottle-fly smells, and it was grand. I stood there a long time with that exquisite smell all about me, wondering what it was, but not daring to investigate.

After a long time Berkshire spoke to Grandma and she stepped ahead of me a few feet. Then up flew the largest blue bottle flies I had ever seen. I was told to go ahead and I found the place where they had been crawling around. I had a splendid time following their footsteps until Grandma spoiled my fun by saying to me, "See here, Sorrell Top," (I am lemon and white) "the next time I am pointing birds and you come blundering in ahead of me, I'll wear you out good and hard. You stay behind me where you belong, after this."

I never saw Grandma so angry before, and I don't see what ailed her.

Berkshire praised me and patted me and I was very happy. If I could only have caught a rabbit for him I should have been well pleased with the day in spite of Grandma's bad temper. In telling about it later, I heard Berkshire say to Poland China,

"I wonder why that pup didn't back." But I don't know what he meant by it.

After that, I went out quite often and learned that these sweet-smelling things were not flies but birds. I also learned all about a gun and dead birds and how to find them, but I never in any of my hunts could find a rabbit for Berkshire to shoot, though I hunted long and hard for one; but I was always repaid for my hard day's work by finding birds and having Berkshire kill them over me.

We used to talk over these hunts in the kennel, and I used to ask questions of Grandma and my older brothers and sisters, but they always wandered off in their talk about "singles," "doubles," "nitro" and other things with long names that I could not understand; until they mixed me all up so I could not get head or tail of this bird business. All the while I could not help thinking of Lufra and that first rabbit hunt and the soft, juicy ribs of the one I caught. I had learned not to talk rabbit at home, so I could ask no one to explain what was so confusing to me.

One day when I was out with Berkshire we found lots of birds but no rabbits. We were nearly ready to go home, when I stumbled on to a whole flock of rabbits. They were much larger than any I had seen before. I was so surprised to see them that I stood still and looked at them for a minute or more. Berkshire ran up all out of wind and excited and cried, "Hi, Hi!" Of course I went after the rabbits as hard as I could and what a chase I had! Lufra and her piggish relations were not there and I had it all my own way. Berkshire kept calling, "Hi, Hi!" and I did my best to catch them for him. At last I was worn out and could not run any more so I had to stop. Berkshire came up and grabbed me and, oh, how he did whip me! This was the first time I had ever been struck and it nearly broke my heart. He kept whipping me and every time the whip struck me he cried, "'Ware sheep." Now what on earth does that mean?

I will never forgive Berkshire for that thrashing. I got 3 of the rabbits anyway, and it was fearfully hot. I think he was dead wrong in whipping me for not catching more of them. Of course one doesn't often see rabbits in a flock and should make the most of such an opportunity. I suppose I should have made an extra effort to catch more.

That word sheep stuck in my mind and I determined to find out what it meant. I asked Grandma, but she did not know, and I did not dare tell her they were like rabbits, only 10 times as large and strong Lufra did not know anything about sheep either, but Ben said he knew all about them and that our blankets were made from them. Fancy that, will you! A blanket made from sheep! Ben is crazy anyway, and has wheels in his head. All he thinks about is to go swimming, and who ever knew a self-respecting dog want to go swimming? I asked Jack about sheep, and he told me he knew all about them; that he used to take Berkshire out in the country where there were lots of them and that he had 2 friends at that place who took care of them for their master. I'd like that job myself but you can't depend on Jack at all. He is always swaggering around with a chip on his shoulder and telling impossible things, so people will contradict him, and then he has an excuse for a scrap. I am going to ask Hobson if he knows anything about sheep. He looks something like one. Maybe they are related to him and he can tell me about them.

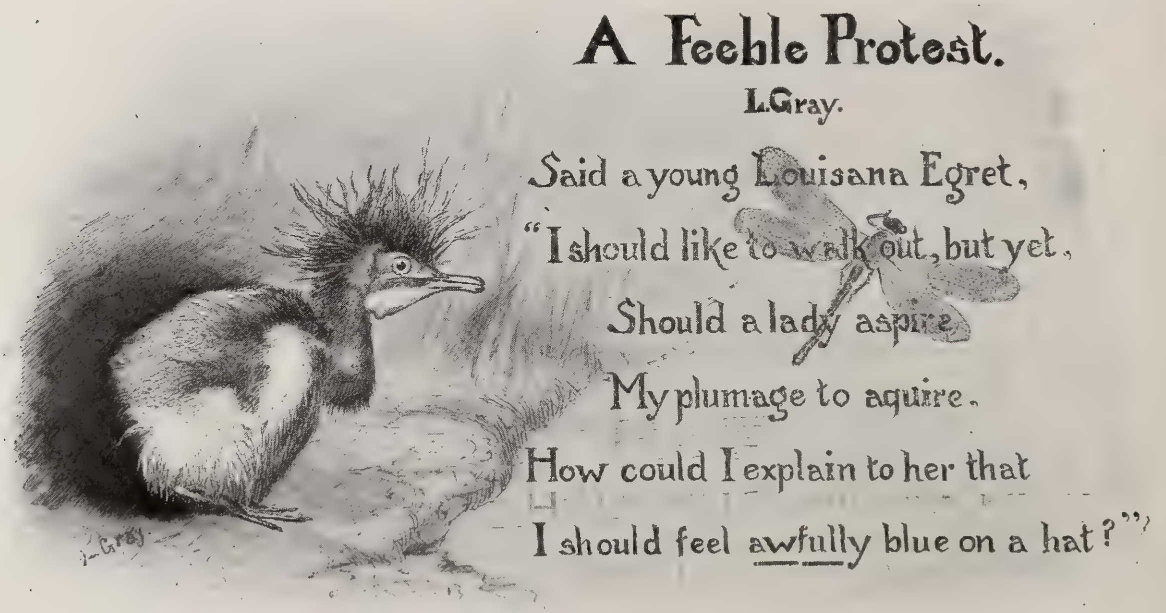
Berkshire and I went out to the same place the next day. Berkshire tied a long line to my collar and took me up where I could see the sheep rabbits. I wanted to start right in, but thought he knew best and that I would better wait until he told me to go. Sure enough, in a moment he cried, "Hi, Hi," and away I went. I had not gone far when the end of the line that was fastened to my collar caught on something and I was jerked high in the air, heels over head. Fortunately the line broke and I was able to continue the chase but at a great disadvantage, as my wind was pretty well knocked out of me, and the line, dragging behind, bothered me. I tried to make up lost time by running under a barbed wire fence and cutting corners on the sheep rabbits, but the line became tangled in the wire, and, try as I would, I could not get loose. Berkshire ran up and gave me another thrashing, crying "'Ware sheep!" at me again, much to my surprise. Now, don't you think he was unreasonable? How could he expect me to run or catch anything for him with 40 feet of line hanging to my collar?

Berkshire, Suffolk, and I hunted a great many times that fall and we got a world of birds, but never any rabbits, nor could I find one, hunt as I would, until the last day we went shooting. On that day Grandma and Berkshire were at one end of a big wheat field and Suffolk and I were following along a narrow strip of corn that ran along one side of the field. We had found a number of birds. Suffolk had killed right and left without a miss for some time. Everything was going along smoothly, and we were all having a glorious afternoon. As we came to the end of the corn field, I discovered a flock of sheep rabbits down in a little hollow. I decided I would work on my own hook and show Suffolk how well I could do. I did not wait for him to tie any lines on my collar nor did I wait for him to cry, "Hi, Hi"; but sailed in and away we went!

Suffolk fired both barrels at the flock, but he didn't get any. I think he must have been excited by such a large flock and have shot in a hurry, for nearly all of the shot hit me, and I could not see that any of the rabbits were hit at all. I ran fast and caught up with the flock, but the first one I bit fell on me, and wrenched my leg so badly I had to stop. Suffolk came up and looked me over carefully, picked some of the shot out of my back and scolded me a long time, but he did not whip me for not catching more than the one. I guess he was ashamed at the way he missed them and hit me.

It took me a month or more to get over that hunt. In fact, whenever it is damp and cold I can feel that same old ache in my leg and I am sure I could not run as I did. I have not been out of the kennel since that day and Berkshire says I shall never go out again.

What I want to know is, what does "'Ware, sheep" mean? Why does Suffolk call me a wolf-hound, and why am I always left at home when the other dogs are taken out shooting?



A Feeble Protest.

L.Gray.

Said a young Louisana Egret,
"I should like to walk out, but yet,
Should a lady aspire
My plumage to aquire.
How could I explain to her that
I should feel awfully blue on a hat?"

"Fishing by moonlight is great fun. I went out last night and caught 42."

"What kind?"

"Sunfish."

"Sunfish—by moonlight? What a liar you are!"—Chicago Tribune.

A ’POSSUM HUNT WITH CREED.

MONCURE BURKE.

“Bacon am sweet, ham-bone am good,
’Possum am berry, berry fine;
But gimme, O gimme, gimme—wish you would—
De watermilion growin’ on de vine!”

Creed was singing this old doggerel with a far-away look on his face and an accent on the word ’possum. The watermelon season was past and gone, and his thoughts were evidently turning to what he considered the next best meat. After the chores of the day were done, he sidled up to me in a confidential sort of way, and said:

“Boss, hab you noticed dat de ’simmons is black wid fros’?”

“An’ de col’ nights done sweeten up de wil’ grapes?”

“An’ de ’possum so fat his tail won’t hol’ him?”

“Hold on, Creed, I never saw a ’possum as fat as that.”

“Jes a figger of speech, boss. But can’t you see dat ’possum in de oven wid his crisp, brown sides a leakin’ out rich gravy, an sweet ’taters roun’ him in a row—a layin’ dar, a grinnin’, jes invitin’ you to come on an’ eat him up?”

I couldn’t see him, but Creed said he saw him “plain as daylight,” and his mouth opened like the entrance to a coal mine and he shook with laughter at the very thought of it. Creed had a large imagination. He was the author of some wonderful hunting stories, inspired, no doubt, or at least enlarged, by this fanciful faculty. Excitement seemed to turn his eyes into magnifying glasses; he saw inflated things, and went off and (unconsciously, let us say) lied about them. On one occasion he solemnly stated that he had caught a ’possum as big as a sheep. About that time a fresh sheep-skin appeared on the wall of his humble cabin and a sheep was missing from a neighboring flock, and some people were unkind enough to hint that Creed had stolen it. But probably Creed was not much to blame after all. He had that affliction of the eyes to contend with, and in addition he believed in one of his dogs as he believed in Providence. He paid half his corn crop, and a dollar to boot, for him, and his faith in him was absolutely unlimited, measly cur that he was. Said he:

“Dat dorg Trailer won’t run nuthin’ but ’possum.”

So any tracks that Trailer ran, whether made by a sheep or other quadruped, was a ’possum to Creed, and therefore, his legal meat.

By 8 o’clock Creed and his troop were equipped for the fray and awaiting marching orders. The party was made up of Creed, a detail from the male membership of his numerous family, 3 curs, and an interested spectator. The implements of the chase consisted of 2 axes, a lantern, a bundle of “light wood” and a bag.

“Dis a good night—dark an’ frosty; ’possum gwyn walk soon to-night,” said Creed.

Half a mile from the house, in a little wooded bottom, Trailer sniffed the ground, lifted up his head and howled.

“Dat’s a ’possum, shore ’s you born. Dat ’s right, ol’ boy, roust him out, roust him out! Hish! hish! hark hark to him Spot! hark to him Trooper!”

The dogs carried the trail smoothly, their speed increasing as the scent grew warmer. We followed them as well as we could, dodging through underbrush, jumping ditches and streams, crashing through briars and thickets in mad haste after the pack, now in full cry. Their voices suddenly seemed to stand still, and the short, running notes changed to a prolonged, excited howl.

We stopped and listened.

“Treed!” shouted Creed, and we dashed off toward the spot.

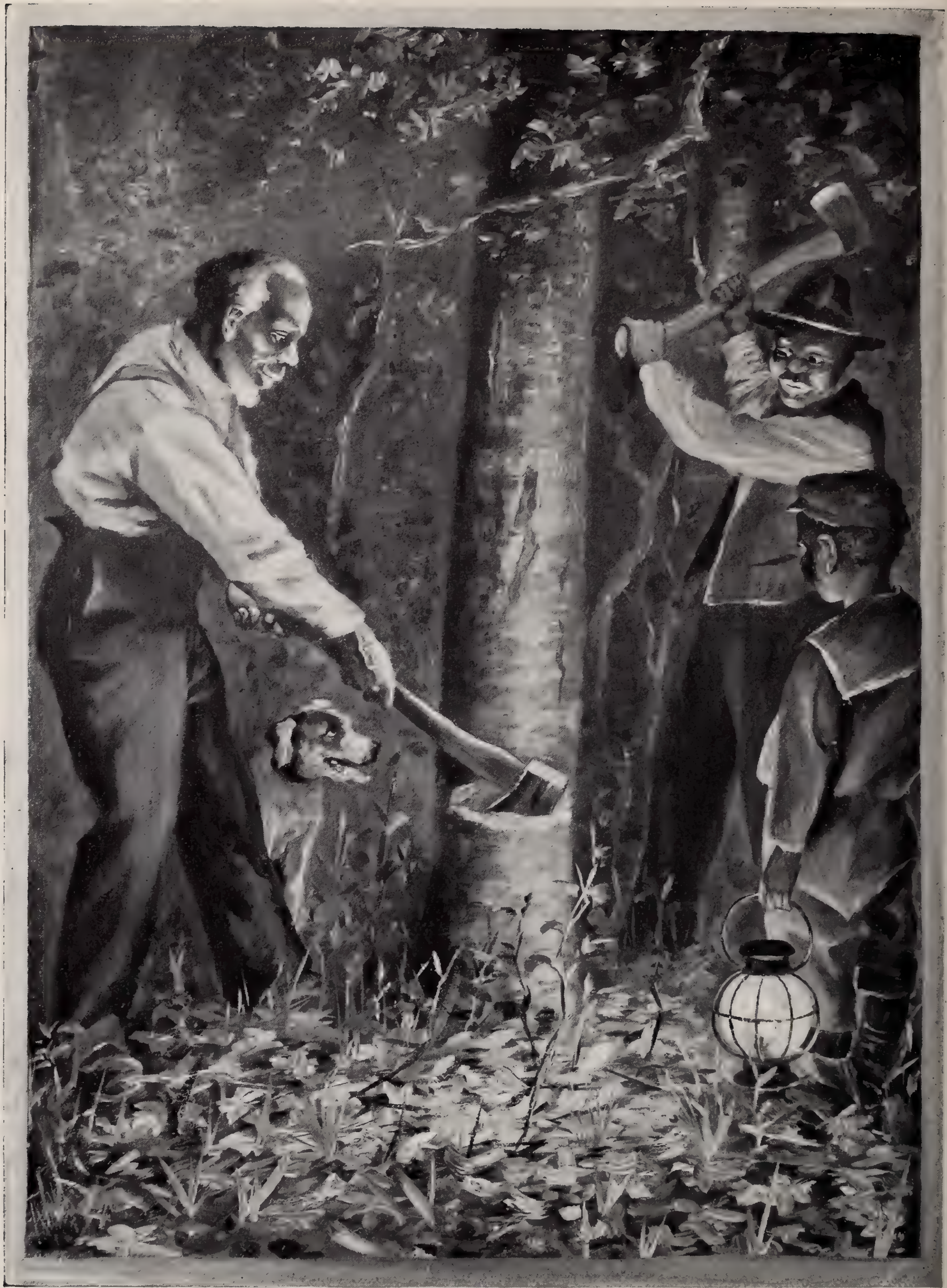
The circle of light from the lantern disclosed the 3 dogs vainly trying to climb a little sapling, in the branches of which, about 10 feet from the ground, a large ’possum was sitting, grinning down on the scene below.

One of the boys shinned up the sapling and bent it over, and Creed caught the possum by the tail and swung it into the bag.

A short distance farther on the dogs struck a warm trail, and were off like the wind.

“What I tole you—’possums walkin’ tonight!” cried Creed, as he started off in pursuit.

We followed at full speed, keeping as near the dogs as possible. They were running across an open field toward the oak woods, one of the boys—a splendid runner—almost at their heels. There was a large fallen log at the edge of the woods, over which the dogs and boy leaped, and then disappeared as suddenly as if the earth had swallowed them. But almost immediately the sound of wild yells, snarls and growls, from the depths, made us aware they had struck bottom. Hastening forward with the lantern, we peered over the log. A deep gully yawned just on the other side, at the bottom of which the boy,



THE AXES WERE PLIED, ONE ON EACH SIDE OF THE TREE.

dogs and 'possum were writhing in the liveliest kind of fashion. They were finally extricated—all somewhat chewed up, but none seriously hurt, except the 'possum, which was dead.

Now for another one. And in a remarkably short time the dogs had him treed up a white-oak, a large straight tree, the first branches 20 feet from the ground.

"Can't clim' dat tree," remarked Creed, as he looked up at its lofty height.

Taking a "light-wood" torch he tried

to "shine his eye," but the tree was tall, the limbs large and the leaves not all off, and he failed in his effort.

"Come on wid de ax, boy, an' les cut dis tree down."

The axes were plied, one on each side of the tree, by the light of the torch, the white chips pattering down on the dry leaves and the strokes echoing through the lonely woods.

"Tom!" shouted Creed to his young son, "take dem dorgs and de lantern furder up on de hill."

"We's all right, daddy, de tree ain't gwy toch us," replied Tom, confidently.

Crash! went the tree. The lantern was extinguished. Tom was squirming around under the topmost twigs, and the hounds were howling. Creed rushed up to rescue his careless offspring; but now Tom was out all right and grinning as if it were the joke of his life.

"You lil fool!" exclaimed the irate and disgusted father, "ef dat tree hadn't gin you sich a thrashin' you'd a got it fum me! An' de possum done got away, too!"

The dogs circled around trying to get the trail off. Creed was examining the tree closely.

"Huh," said he to himself, "dis here Mister Ileff's "line" tree; hope he won't fin' out who cut it."

But the dogs have found the trail, and forgetting Mister Ileff and his line tree, we press after them. A quarter-mile run and the 'possum is treed again. Another big tree, too tall to climb and too thick to "shine his eye."

"I believe dat's a sperrit," pronounced Creed, solemnly, and the little darkies with ashy faces lined up behind their sire. "Look at dem dorgs how droopy dey is—look like dey been conjerd. Les git away fum heah an' go home; I don't like to fool wid sperrits."

"Oh, no, Creed, that will never do in the world. Cut the tree down and let us see what it is."

The trunk vibrates beneath the sturdy strokes of the axmen, trembles, and topples over. The dogs rush into the mass of leaves and branches; some angry growls and shakings follow, and Creed rescues the animal and holds it up in the light—a little 'possum about the size of a half-grown kitten.

"Huh," says Creed, "Taint much more'n a sperrit arter all; I might a knowed a big 'possum warn't gwyn clim' a big tree like dis, anyway."

But Creed is happy, for "young 'possum am berry, berry fine," and is fully worth, in his opinion, an hour's hard work and 2 good white-oak trees—one of them a "line" tree at that.

FROM A PHOTO KINDLY LOANED BY T. J. WERLEY, MARION O.

HEAD OF AN ENGLISH STAG.

FROM A PHOTO KINDLY LOANED BY STANLEY WATERLOO.

"LOCKED UP."

THROUGH NEW HAMPSHIRE MOUNTAINS.

H. S. BOSSON.

I wish to give to the readers of RECREATION a mere hint of an outing, the healthiest and most enjoyable vacation I have ever taken, and at the same time, the least expensive, viz., a tramping tour through New Hampshire's mountain country. It may be the means of others profiting by a form of recreation of which few realize the val

July 6th I started with 2 companions from Boston for Campton Village, N. H. Our luggage consisted of a canteen, an army blanket, a rubber blanket and such wearing apparel and toilet articles as would be needed for the 2½ weeks required to cover the 250 miles we planned to traverse. This we slung over our shoulders enclosed in the blankets in knapsack form.

From Campton Village we started out, for what is known as the "haunted house" on the road to Waterville, 10 miles, where we were to make our first night's stop. Reaching here we prepared our supper, made our beds with enormous ferns, in the second story of a house long since deserted, having a scant roof and being enclosed by but 3 walls. Next morning we started for our first mountain, Sandwich Dome, 4,000 feet high. From the summit, reached by a path of three miles from the base, we had our first glimpse of mountain scenery. Northward the land stretched in uprising folds, Southward, Lake Winnepesaukee, dotted with its many islands, glared in the sunlight.

Passing on we went to Waterville, whence we climbed Tri Pyramid, so-called on account of its 3 pyramidal peaks. This mountain was at that time without a path. The summit is accessible by 2 great slides, on the North and South sides. We ascended by the one at the North, which is 2½ miles long, of sheer rock. This slide is the largest in the mountains and stands out white against the dark background of the foliage for miles.

Thence we passed through a heavily wooded country, tracing our route by blazes on the trees, and after traversing 25 miles reached the top of Moosilauke. The view from this peak is, in the estimation of many, the grandest in the range. The height, 5,000 feet, presents a panorama of wonderful beauty and variety. On one side are the White mountains rising and falling like mountain waves till the eye can follow no farther. On the other hand is an entirely different view. The country stretches itself out in direct contrast, it being as quiet as a sheltered pond. Through this flat land winds the Connecticut river, beyond stand the Green mountains, and still farther we catch faint glimpses of the Adirondacks.

Leaving with much regret this great piece of God's work we passed through the Flume, thence up mounts Liberty, Lincoln and Lafayette. On the top of the last, 5,250 feet, we spent the night with but the shelter of our blankets and crevices in the rock. A tramp down the mountain on its other side brings the "Old Man of the Mountains" staring us in the face, his dark features starting into perfect clearness. Down past the Profile House and thence by the railroad tracks, through Bethlehem Junction and the Fabyans we are at the Crawfords and ready to make our ascent of Mt. Washington, one week onward in our tramp. Going up the bridal path, some 8½ miles in length, we reached the highest point of land in New England, 6,293 feet. Spending the night at the Tip-Top House we awoke in the morning to find ourselves enveloped in a rain cloud, and after watching the clearing of the storm and the breaking of the clouds beneath, we passed down the mountain by way of Tuckerman's ravine to the Glen House. This ravine is an amphitheater of huge proportions. It is embanked with snow the entire year. As this snow is gradually washed away underneath by the springs in their downward course, an immense snow arch is formed, an object of interest to Mt. Washington visitors.

From the Glen House our course carried us through Carter's Notch, a forest of wild beauty. The highest point in this notch is beautifully situated 2,000 ft. above the level of the sea, between Carter's Dome and Wildcat mountains. Here are 2 small sheets of water, sparkling like jewels and caves of great depth. Climbing Carter's Dome one can obtain a most picturesque view of Mt. Washington and the Presidential range, their deep ravines standing out in quaint forms. From its summit Mt. Pleasant in Maine can be seen.

Pushing on through the notch we reached Bartlett, thence by way of Kearsarge Village to Mt. Kearsarge. For one of the smaller peaks its view is unsurpassed. The intervales, rivers, and lakes reaching outward from its base with shadows inspire one with a deep sense of Nature's meanings.

We next found ourselves at Conway Intervale. The following day was the Sabbath, and we prepared for a day of rest, finding it hard to believe that 2 weeks had passed. Refreshed by a country church service and a night's slumber we were ready for our last climb, Mt. Chocorna, which we reached by passing through North Conway, Conway and Albany. This mountain is the grandest of all New Hampshire's hills. Its sharp summit, snowy white, stands out in bold relief. One is awe stricken and bends instinctively in reverence. Its glacial marks indicate that, at some remote period it was likely New England's highest peak. So the glory of Chocorna is not so much in the view as in the mountain itself. With regret at leaving so grand a structure we moved on to Centre Harbor and with a 4 miles' row on Lake Winnepesaukee we reached one of the many islands at a point which commanded a view of the mountains which have earned our eternal friendship. Here they calmly faced us that we might take a last review of their mighty splendor. Taking the train at the Weirs we were soon back in Boston as brown as chestnuts, and looking like tramps. So ended a never-to-be-forgotten time.

It may be well to add: the total cost of this trip was $18.24 apiece. I have many times regretted that we did not carry a camera with us, for the country through which we travelled presents many a beautiful bit of nature. It was our original intention to pass the night time in barns and camps, or with only our blankets and the heavens as a covering. But there were 3 nights when the weather made it necessary to seek a more substantial covering, viz., at the summits of Mts. Washington and Moosilauke and at the Glen House. At many points the Apalachian Mountain Club have established camps which will be found very convenient to the devotee who visits these shrines afoot.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY MISS E. B. UNDERWOOD.

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE, N. H.

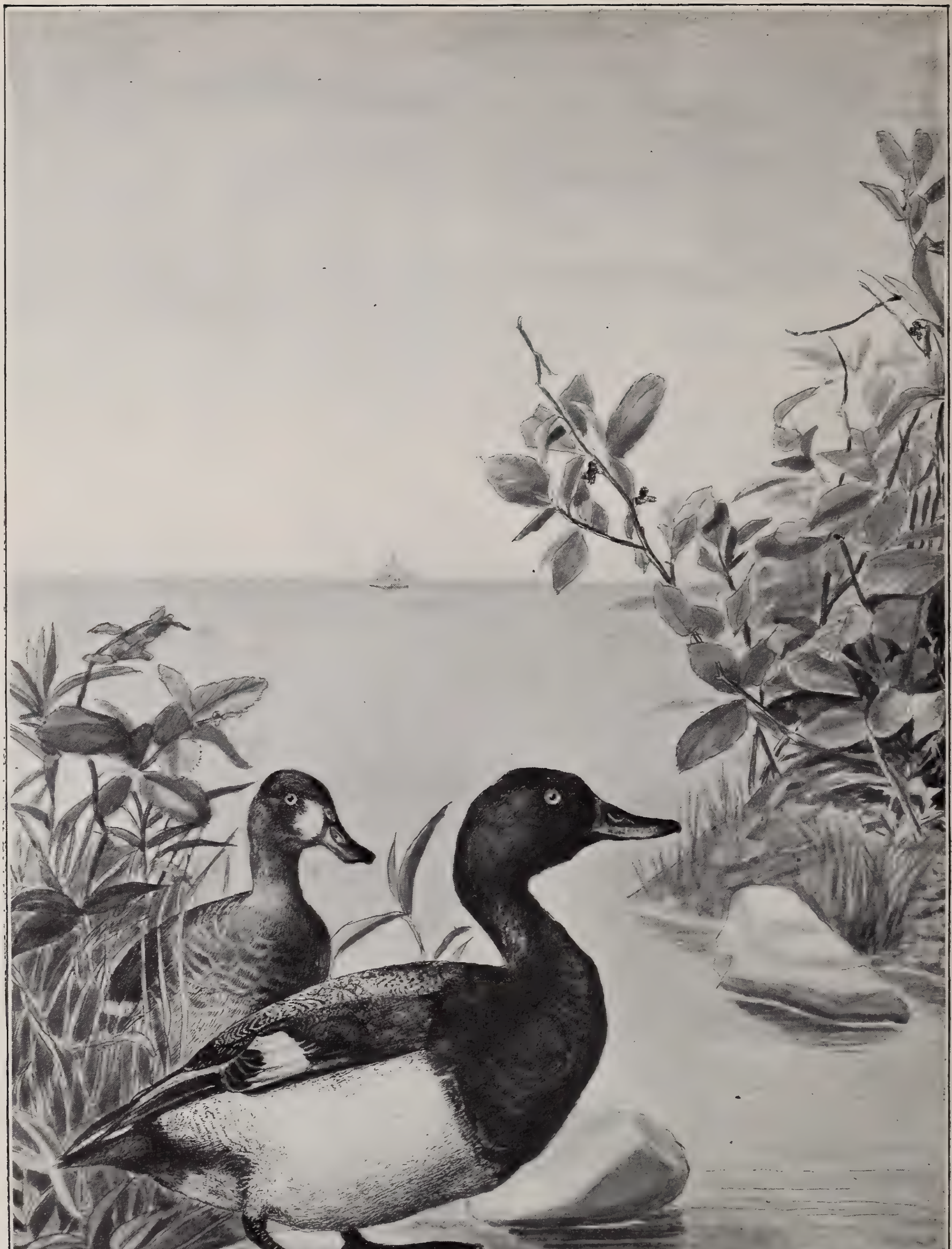
(Sandwich Mountains in the distance.)

One should take a small mirror to be used for flashing purposes, as it forms a great source of amusement. Very rarely is it that a flash from a mountain top is unanswered. In choosing shoes take those that have had some wear, with strong uppers; have them soled with leather and put a thin layer of rubber on the surface. They will stand the greater use and will be much the easier. A morning dip in a mountain brook or lake will be found exhilarating if one is accustomed to a cold bath.

I have tried to give to those who have found time to peruse this article an idea of what country should be travelled and of what mountains are the best adapted for a pleasant journey. One would not return, as would naturally be supposed, tired and desirous of rest, but would find he had a new lease of life, ready to take up his work with fresh vigor.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY M. V. HALL.

MACEO, A. K. C. 50,016.
Owned by Dr. Edwin Carman, Freeport, L. I.



LITTLE BLUEBILL, BROAD BILL, OR LESSER SCAUP DUCK.

THE BUSHY TAILED WOOD RAT.

J. ALDEN LORING.

Of all the animals inhabiting the West probably none bears such a bad reputation as the bushy tailed wood rat. He lives, as a rule, in the mountains, although occasionally a specimen is found in the sandstone bluffs of the lowlands. These rats are known to the cowboys, miners and mountaineers as wood rats, pack rats, or mountain rats. The Cree Indians of Northern Alberta call them medicine rats, because of their strong, pungent smell.

Often when crossing a tract of slide rock or scrambling about cliffs the hunter will discover a pile of rubbish heaped under a shelving rock or in a crevice. These mounds are made by wood rats, not always for nesting places, but for mere amusement, it would seem. Wood rats frequently live in or near old buildings, mills and camps, placing their mounds on shelves, benches or in a corner of a room. These nests are made of all sorts of rubbish heaped often to the height of 3 feet or more and containing several bushels of material. The size of some of the articles used is remarkable. Pieces of turf, stones, sticks, bones and in the valleys, cacti, are the principal materials; but not infrequently some queer things are found. For instance, a friend once took an Indian's skull from one, although he was inclined to think the rats had built about the skull and had not carried it to the nest. It is not at all improbable, however, that a full grown wood rat could carry a human skull from a distance. I once found the bleached bones and skull of an eagle, together with some of the feathers on top of and about a nest.

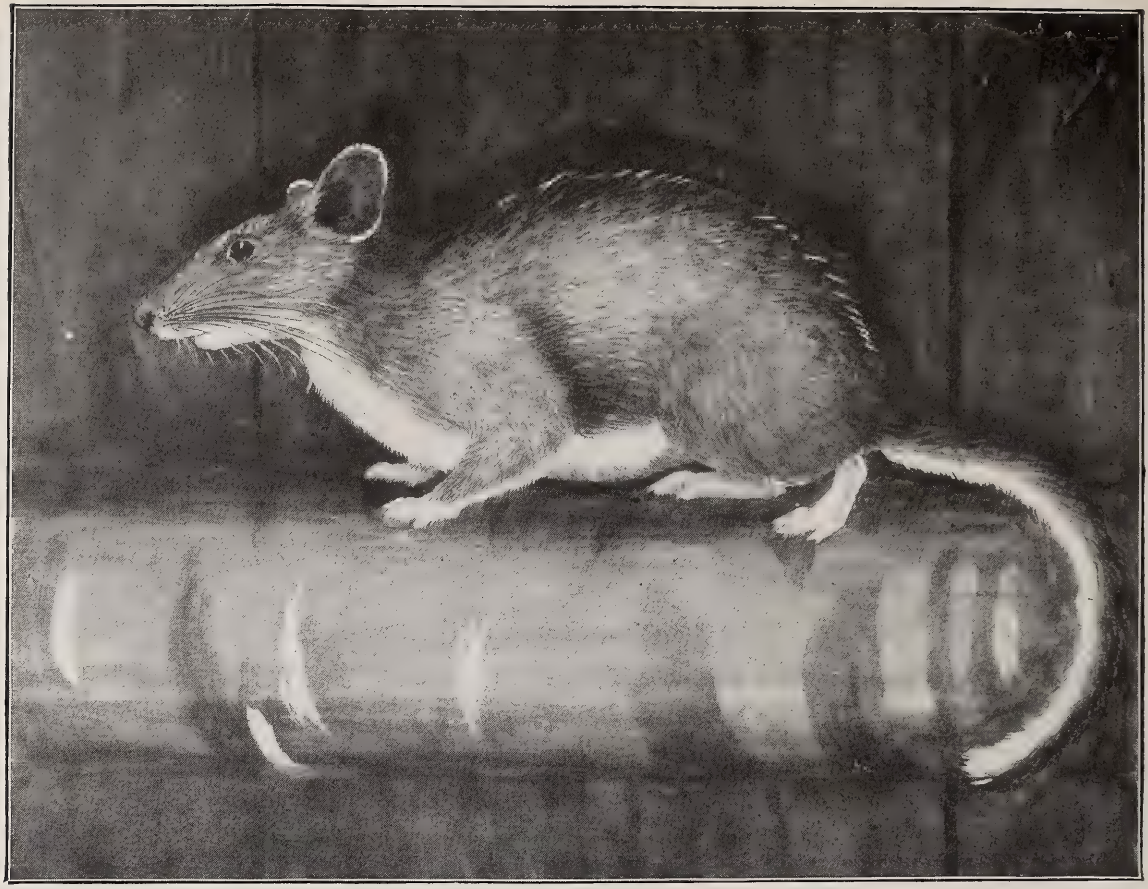
Frequently I have found wood rats living in colonies along the faces of bluffs, their houses but a few yards apart, and well-defined paths connecting them. In these places they seldom use their mounds for abodes, but take up quarters among the rocks. As in the case of most rodents, their food consists principally of vegetable matter, such as grasses, roots, and various plants. In British Columbia I found small piles of grass and weeds on rocks, and logs near timber line, and always supposed it was the work of these animals, as several were caught in traps set for them. In trapping them, I have been most successful with meat as bait, and have found them not at all backward about accepting it.

Their bad reputation is gained from their fondness for appropriating others' property; hence the name "pack rat." They are the subjects of many an amusing camp fire tale. It matters not whether the articles taken can be used in their domestic life. With the exception of provisions, everything shares alike. Knives, forks, spoons, cartridges, soap—nothing is exempt. They are carried to the cellar, the garret or between the rafters, to be found in after days. The noise made by one of these rats while on a foraging expedition reminds the restless sleeper of a herd of horses crossing a bridge.

The most amusing case of wood rat theft that has come to my notice was near the border between British Columbia and Washington, the victim being a woman. Before retiring for the night, she removed her shop teeth, and put them on the table. The next morning she found in their stead a potato. Thinking she was being made the victim of a joke, she said nothing, until compelled, at the breakfast table to admit her loss. As soon as it was fully established that a robbery had been committed, the potato was examined, and marks of rodents' teeth were found. A wood rat had been heard frequently between the rafters in a certain corner, and tearing away a piece of siding from the spot, the false teeth were recovered, together with various other missing articles.

I will not soon forget the narrow escape I once had from a robbery which, if successful, would have been more serious than the one mentioned above. I had made my camp for the night near a dilapidated cabin, and as bedding was scarce, I determined to sleep with my clothes on. As is my custom at such times, before turning in I took from my pockets all the articles which would be annoying, together with my watch and pocket-book. Placing them in my hat, I put it on one side, near my head. I had nearly fallen asleep, when a slight noise and movement caused me to open my eyes. A large wood rat stood by my side, on his hind legs, with his front feet resting on the rim of my hat, gazing intently into it. A quick movement in a vain attempt to catch him, caused him to retreat under the cabin. Half an hour later he was in a steel trap, my captive. Had he been successful, he would have left me 2,000 miles from home financially embarrassed.

Western men have frequently told me that these animals frequently bring back articles and leave them in the place of those taken, as in the case of the false



WOOD RAT, *NEOTOMA CINEREA.*

teeth robbery. Whether this is true I will not say. Certainly it sounds a little fishy but the report has come from persons who in other respects seemed truthful, and we all know that Nature plays some funny pranks.

Wood rats have been known to do great damage around mills by cutting up leather belting, and on ranches they make free with the owner's grain and provisions.

Their principal enemies are weasels, martens and owls.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

For 2 years we had been bothered by a pack-rat, and he certainly deserved the name, for nothing was too good or too bad for him to pack off; not food alone, but anything. It was wonderful the amount and size of things he could carry away.

He took everything in the way of victuals, bread, meat and butter. He even dragged a biscuit as big as my fist across the room, and only stopped then because he couldn't get it down the hole.

If he had remained contented with edibles he might have been alive yet, for the cats wouldn't dare interfere.

Alas, his officiousness finally brought upon him the ill will of the whole house. This however, did not seem to put him out any. He kept up his nocturnal visits, creaming the milk, reprinting the butter, upsetting cans and buckets and scampering over the floor at such a rate as sometimes to waken us.

At first a sudden noise would send him to his hole in a hurry, but that soon got old and I think he enjoyed it latterly.

Even this we could have put up with but every night saw another French frill or enormous air hole in the most ridiculous places. Even the shoes did not escape his sharp teeth. We could not keep a thing any place to be safe till morning.

This went on till one morning found a pair of father's drawers, his best and last brought over from Bonny Scotland, chewed into a mass of wool. This was enough. Father's patience was exhausted, and he came down on us boys hot and hard for permitting the brute to live so long. Why couldn't we trap or shoot him; that was the rub!

We had trapped him and he had succeeded in extracting himself. He was never seen but once in the daylight and before we reached the gun rack he had disappeared.

I set a trap for him one night and felt confident I would have him in the morning. Rising early I found he had been through everything, including 3 fur capes, which he ruined.

One night shortly after this when I was asleep, I heard a terrific crash and sat up in bed rubbing my eyes. Will called to me to get up and strike a light. I did so and found him in his night shirt, with the potato masher in his hand, gazing intently at the dresser. Below lay a boot in a pail of milk. He had been awakened by the rat. After listening a while he heard it sipping milk on top of the dresser and reaching cautiously for a boot, he threw it toward the sound.

The dresser showed he had thrown to kill. The rat was gone but Will had smashed the milk pan and the milk was forming a small lake.

He told me to jump to the other end of the dresser for he believed the rat was down behind. I got the lamp and looked. There he was, jumping up and hunting for a way to escape.

We called Jim. When he learned what the matter was he caught up the butcher knife, saying: "He must not escape alive."

We had him cornered, but not caught by a long way; he could run up the wall like a fly, and Willie said, "I'll bet he gets away after all."

"Not if I know it," said I, and calling Jim to take my place, I reached for the shot gun. We would have used a rifle but he was jumping all the time and it would have been hard to hit him.

I ran two shells in the gun, intending to hit him when he ran across the floor.

The situation was so ludicrous that we all burst out laughing. We were all in our night shirts. Will with the lamp in one hand and the potato masher in the other; Jim flourishing the butcher knife, and I with a double-barreled shot gun, at full cock. Will shined the lamp down behind the dresser and I stepped up with the gun.

The rat kept running up and down, now on the wall, now on the dresser, and just when he turned to come down I pulled the trigger.

Whether Will shook the lamp or whether it was the concussion, we don't know, but the glass went to pieces. We struck a light as quickly as possible and looked eagerly behind the dresser; there lay part of the poor rodent, the rest of him was sticking on the wall. He was an enormous fellow with whiskers 4 inches long.

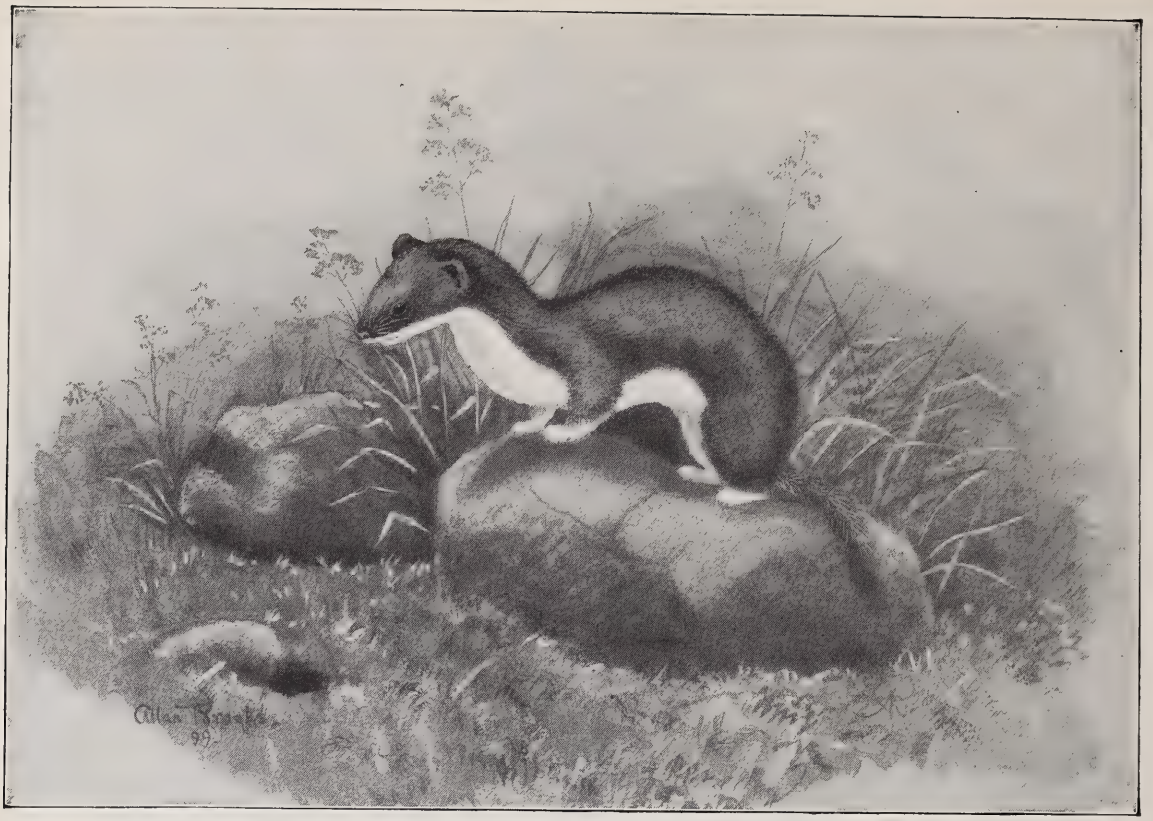
P. C. Dewar, Spokane, Wash.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. BENECKE.

ANOTHER GOOD MULE DEER HEAD.

PHOTO BY W. H. WRIGHT.

THE SENTRY.



BONAPARTE'S WEASEL, *PUTORIUS CICOGNANI.*

BONAPARTE'S WEASEL, *PUTORIUS CICOGNANI.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

This is the commonest weasel in Southern Canada and Northern United States, and is the smallest species in America except its Pacific coast representative, *P. C. streatori*, and the tiny *P. nixosus*, which can always be distinguished by its extremely small size and the lack of the black tip to the tail.

Bonaparte's weasel has a wide range, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and in British Columbia it is found from sea level to the tops of the highest peaks.

East of the Cascade mountains it always turns white in winter but West of that range in Southern British Columbia, it rarely undergoes a seasonal change.

As in all its congeners there is great difference in size between the sexes, the females being so much smaller than the males that to an ordinary observer, it would seem impossible for them to belong to the same species. This variation is even more pronounced in the Puget Sound subspecies, (*streatori*), which differs from the typical form in being smaller and darker, with the white on lower surface confined to a narrow strip.

These little weasels do more good than harm, as their principal food is mice, and other small, destructive rodents, although they can kill a good sized game bird when they have a chance.

The illustration represents a typical example in summer pelage. West of the Cascades they generally have less white on lower parts and intergrade with *streatori.*

SING A SONG OF HAPPY.

WALTER M. HAZELTINE.

Sing a song of happy,
  Glad as I can be;
Don't have much, but what I have
  Is quite a lot for me.
When the clover blossoms
  I can smell the smell,
And when they shoot pop-crackers
  I can whoop and yell.

When folks go to circuses
  I can see them go,
And the bloomer girls that ride on wheels
  I can watch, you know.
Patches on my trousers,
  Many's they will hold,
And every patch is worth to me
  Twice its weight in gold.

No, I'm not a dudelet
  Nor peacock in a tree,
But what I am, I tell you what,
  Is quite a lot for me.

A NEW COON.

R. N. SAUNDERS.

Three hunters learned in woodcraft sat on the dyke.

Ezry, in whose eyes the tears always stood, even in his happier moods, when Fortune smiled and his traps were full.

Jack, small and wiry.

Harm, bent with rheumatism and burned by the sun.

Three shot guns lay uncaressed across 3 pairs of knees, while the shovels stuck carelessly in the bank were witness to prove that toil had been endured nor were the 3 empty game bags needed to assert that the toil had been unrewarded.

The dyke Timothy Hayes had thrown up to protect 2 sides of his lowland farm from the occasional overflow of the Klaverrachen. In consequence of this protective policy of Hayes, the creek had decided not to play in his yard any more, and from year to year had slowly but surely receded, and in retaliation had thrown up behind it a collection of sand dunes and rubbish in many places several rods wide. On this uncultivated strip a wood of willows, maples and buttonballs had sprung up, while a dense growth of fire weeds and wild parsnips made it a paradise for muskrats and woodchucks.

These animals tormented farmer Hayes by weakening his dyke with their burrows and by their inroads on his crops. He was a kind hearted old fellow and seldom complained, and if the truth be told he enjoyed the society of his wild tenants, for he would spend hours watching them and studying their habits, as he lay concealed in the shade behind a tree on the creek bank.

About 3 weeks before an old and wise raccoon, weary of family cares, had decided, in her home on Becraft, that travel would refresh her and be an education for her 3 cubs. So she set out on a journey which ended where picking was prime.

Farmer Hayes was wild over the wasteful antics of the newcomer, which with her 3 sleek hopefuls had soon ruined a large part of a fine crop of late corn. His little dog, Snap, that kept the woodchucks in bounds, was unable to intimidate the newcomers, learning to his sorrow that a coon is not a "chuck," as a cub forced him to play horse by riding him out of the underbrush at their very first encounter. The cub, being inexperienced and doubtless enjoying his first trial as an equestrian, went too far. His line of retreat was cut off by a farm hand who finished him with a fork.

The hunters pronounced the carcass "giniwine," and then began the quest for the mother and the little brothers of the deceased; but the old lady proved too cunning and boldly carried on her depredations, evading her pursuers by all sorts of strategic moves. The footprints, like those of a baby, and the newly husked ears of corn proved that Mrs. Coon and her children were still in the locality.

One afternoon when farmer Hayes was walking near the cornfield, a little striped gray animal shot out of the field and ran swiftly into a hole in the dyke. Hastily filling this with stones and sods, the farmer sent for the hunters.

The afternoon sun had enough of the vigor of summer still left to add to the conditions of the occasion.

They soon struck fresh ground that showed that the coon was digging for dear life, and this added a zest to the toil.

Harm's old hound, Sport, lay sleeping disinterestedly in the weeds, and the 3 wondered at his indifference, as they paused to mop the perspiration from their brows.

At last they could hear the coon as she bit and clawed at the roots which hindered the progress of her tunnel. Ezry now fixed a long alder, splitting it at the end, and jabbing this improvised instrument down into the hole he twisted it several times and was rewarded by bringing out a fine bunch of gray fur that made all eyes dance and all mouths chorus "Coon's hair, by jingo!"

"We've got her this time sure, old man." Ezry triumphantly shouted to farmer Hayes —"She's chawed her last ear of corn. Now then, gen'lemen, while she's tuggin' at them roots we'll make a little fire and smoke her out."

According to orders, Harm stood back with his breech loader in readiness, while the old hound, aroused by the excitement and the change of tactics, arose with a yawn and a "zip" and sat down on the dyke. With his ears raised inquiringly, he took a long steady look into the hole, twisting his nose disdainfully as he faintly sniffed once or twice: then stretching away up on his tip toes while he yawned again, he deliberately turned his back on the operations and gazed off across the fields, while a half-humorous expression came over his intelligent features. No one liked his actions—they showed a lack of politeness.

The fire was kindled, the damp weeds piled on, and the smoke driven down into the hole, from which issued the most frightful coughing—but no coon.

"She's dead game," said Jack, and everyone was too much absorbed to note the possible significance of his words.

Ezry objected to a further "fumygatin'"

on grounds which Bergh would have taken, and he ordered the fire removed and a resumption of the work with the shovels.

Jack plied the tool while Harm stood at "port parry."

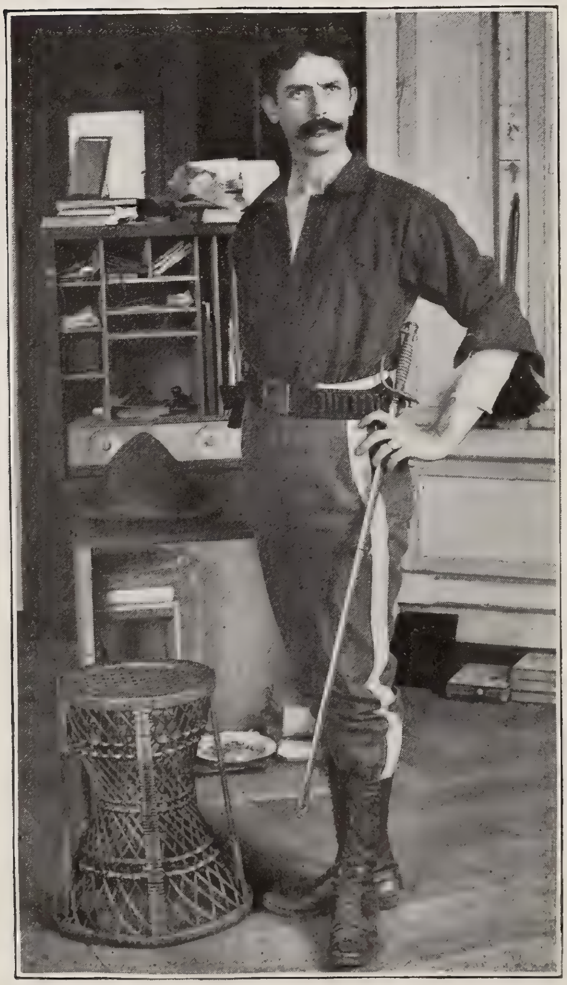
They were nearer their quarry than they had expected, for a few strokes with the shovel revealed a gray-and-black-striped tail.

Down went Ezry's sure hand, and, quicker than thought, a slim gray animal with bulging yellow eyes and grinning foamy fangs—with tongue out and all 4 sets of claws widely spread—shot up over the dyke toward Harm, who stumbling backward at the uncanny approach fell over the old hound and discharged both barrels of the gun almost in the faces of Ezry and Jack. These, heedless of the close shave, continued their fixed and astonished stare at the body they had exhumed.

When the echoes and the smoke had passed away, farmer Hayes was well across the field, but it was plainly to be seen even at that distance that his disappointment was giving him acute pains, for he would frequently stop and hold both his sides, as he threw back his head and bent beneath his anguish (?)

The autumn sun was fondling the straggling locks on the brow of the Becraft when the hunters, more learned than ever in the lore of wood craft, cast one last malignant look at the still object in the grass and arose from the oppressive silence on the dyke and dragged their weary limbs homeward while impressive vespers for the future repose of the farmer's soul made the old hound smile in the cynical way of an agnostic.

"Come, cubs," said Mrs. Coon. "Come, cubs, Tom has served us a good turn today—the old stupid—and if he feels strong enough, we will try to help him home." And that is the reason why farmer Hayes marvelled the next morning on finding coon tracks in his kitchen garden. But it was a long time before he ceased to wonder as to what ailed his pet tiger cat, Thomas.



LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE.

LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE.

Here is an excellent likeness of the brave young officer who has rendered such material aid to the army and to science as Official Photographer of the Philippine war. As told in May Recreation Lieutenant O'Keefe has had command of the photographic corps, and has done valuable service in photographing the battle-fields and the positions of the contending forces, before, during, and after each engagement. When not actually engaged in this work he has been fighting with his company.

THE WING ON THE BONNET.

Just in front of my pew sits a maiden—
  A little brown wing on her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure,
  And sheen of the sun upon that,
Through the bloom-colored panes shines a glory
  By which the vast shadows are stirred,
But I pine for the spirit and splendor
  That painted the wing of the bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem;
  With the soul of a song it is blent;
But for me, I am sick for the singing
  Of one little song that is spent.
The voice of the curate is gentle,
  "No sparrows shall fall to the ground";
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
  Is mocking the merciful sound.

—Exchange.

THE RED SPLOTCH OF BLOOD.

(With apologies to Stephen Crane.)

G. A. MACK.

The day dawned reluctantly. Luminant, ochery streaks scouted before the tardy sun. Overhead many little clouds were welding into a large cloud. The West was ruddy with sinister prophecy. An arc of red, flaunting menace encroached upon the pasty sky. The wind soughing through the woodland roused sibilant protest. Birches and maples danced agitatedly like acrobatic spiders on a hot stove-lid. Great oaks and hickories tossed up great arms and snapped their fingers at prognostications.

The sun, clearing the hilltops, floated in gray mist like a currant tart in a bowl of gravy. At sight of it the wind fled, moaning. Only now and again a stray flurry spluttered wet leaves. A chickaree chickered. A tree toad piped guttural pipings. At a dizzy height a hawk kee-you-ed; then tobogganing down a draught it vanished. A crow, preening upon a dead tree, turned from vanity to discretion. Motionless, he peered intently. Then bowing a mute cry of warning he fled on wings of silence. Portentous sounds beat upon a tense, waiting hush. The sounds were of crackling twigs, squishy gurglings of wet trodden moss, and raspings of briars on canvas.

Ultimately a man appeared. He picked his steps with morose caution, after the manner of an approved leading villain. His face mirrored pigmy thoughts and expressed late suppers and an indolent liver. Through his mask of nonchalance anxiety mowed and stared. For he had wagered a hat on his prowess, and his hands were yet bloodless. He wore tan thigh-boots built upon an extravagant rumor concerning the girth of his legs. His bepocketed coat was of the dead grass color carefully avoided by dead grass. Being of the instructed, he carried his gun at an exaggerated present arms. Wherefore many cobwebs streamed pennant-wise from its muzzle. Having crossed hills, he now moved with the cumbrous uncertainty of a paretic camel. His breath came and went in pants. Pausing, he assumed an attitude of great wisdom and vast experience. It seemed to him that his wood-lore was of a finer carat than the wood-lore of Daniel Boone.

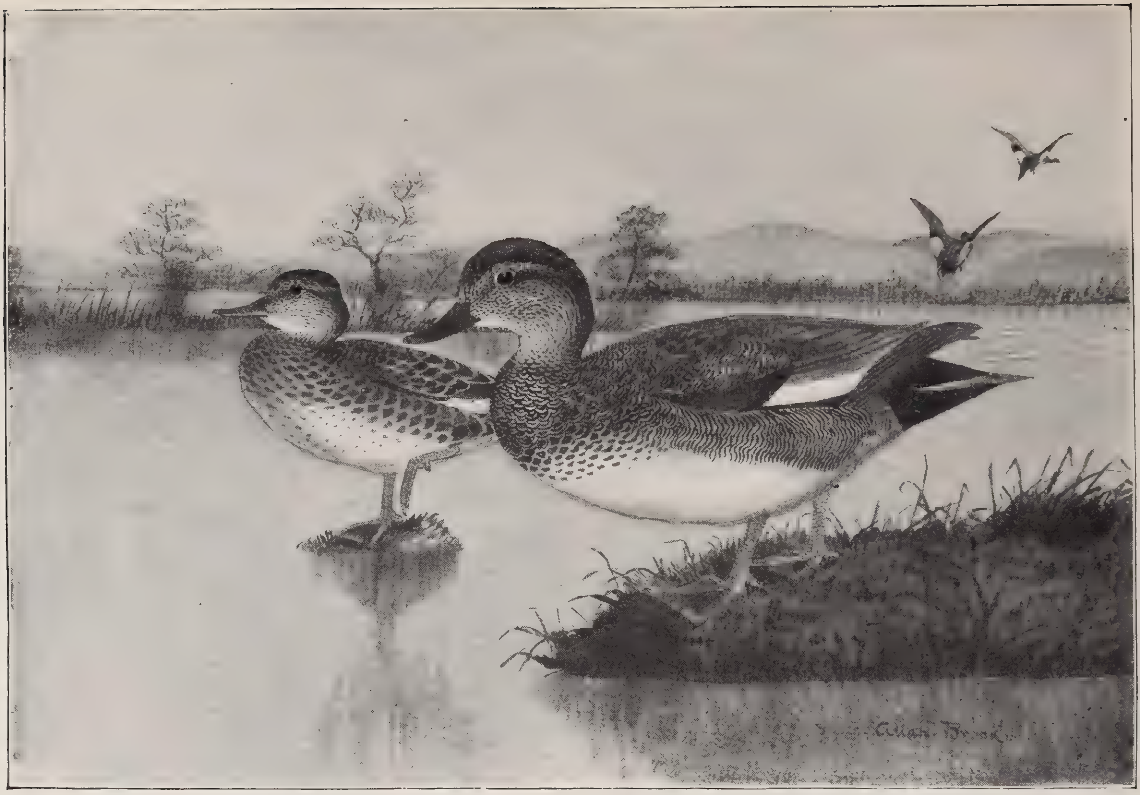
Observing these passages, a squirrel barked derisively. The man turned. The squirrel plastered himself smoothly to a branch. So doing he became invisible. The man brought his gun to a charge, stock below elbow. He was grounded in the ethics of clay birding and scorned advantage. He stretched his left arm beneath the barrels like a beam under a derrick. Then in utter fulness of preparation he waited. The observing squirrel was dismayed at the auguries. He sought safety through danger. Springing from the branch he put the tree trunk between himself and his enemy. The man exultantly circled the tree. The squirrel retreated spirally upward. Coming to the topmost branch he hid in a crotch. The man continued to circulate with head atilt. When he grew dizzy he sat down, still holding his gun according to Hoyle. He persisted in this ambushment for a period, notwithstanding a crick in his neck. Also, there were gnats.

In the hushy stillness the forest-folk reasserted themselves. A bird trilled. A chipmunk held a nut in paws and gnawed it. The squirrel's fancy grew roseate with hope. There is no danger, he thought. He remembered that he had business elsewhere, and leaving the crotch of security he ventured far out on the branch. The man saw, and his eyes gleamed balefully. He lifted the gun and fired. Many No. 6's plopped into the doomed squirrel. For a moment he clung, his claws frantically exploring crevices in the bark for a firmer hold. His tail fluttered sinuously. Pain griped him and drew his lithe body into an agonized knot. Then, with horrible contortions, he bounded into the air and fell. A compassionate twig caught and held him. The report of the gun echoed against silence in demoniacal wailings and clashings of sound.

The man stood waiting for the squirrel to fall. The trees looked on stolidly. The squirrel hung pendant, his breast upturned to the pitiless sky. His bright eyes gazed fixedly into nothingness. His little arms were raised as in protest or supplication. From his wounds drop followed drop and gathered on the fallen leaves in a red splotch of blood.

The man spoke. "Gawd!" he said. With that start he ran blithely down the scale of Biblical names, copiously garnishing all with lurid adjectives. Coming to Judas Iscariot he retraced his steps to the ultimate cause, amending and amplifying, and on the way coining many new adjectives of excessive virility.

The trees preserved their impassible demeanor. The squirrel hung pendant. The man's word-minting capacity had limits. Reduced to tepid, inefficient damns, he went away. His feet made behobbed No. 11 prints in the dank soil.



THE GADWALL, *ANAS STREPERA.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

The gadwall, more commonly known in America as the grey duck, is a duck of wide distribution, being found over the whole of the Northern hemisphere. It is of rather Southerly breeding range and migrates far South in winter. Its distribution is irregular. It is abundant in some localities and scarce in others, seeming, as a general thing, to prefer inland to coast districts.

Even in full plumage the drake is a quietly colored bird, and the female is often mistaken for a mallard by careless sportsmen. In all plumages it can be distinguished by the color of the wing, which has a large white patch on secondaries, instead of the speculum or "beauty spot" of all other North American ducks of this genus.

In habits as well as in appearance the gadwall seems intermediate between the mallard and the wigeon, and it is a close ally of the latter. When flushed it rises perpendicularly and the flight is rapid, the resemblance to a wigeon, when on the wing, being marked. The gadwall is a clean feeder and a first rate duck for the table.

The bill in the adult male is black; in the female and young birds dull ochraceous orange, with the culmen dusky. The feet are ochraceous, with dusky webs, in both sexes; irides hazel. The young in down are lighter colored than any other surface feeding duck I am acquainted with.

IF WE DIDN'T HAVE TO.

EMMA S. CARLETON, IN CHICAGO JOURNAL.

Some sage person has discovered,
  And has told in verses neat
What a lot of cash 'twould save us
  If we didn't have to eat.

Let me add unto this wisdom,
  Though the thought may make you creep,
We could hoard up gold in bedclothes
  If we didn't have to sleep.

Furthermore, 'tis borne upon me
  With a force I cannot balk
That we'd save a lot of leather
  If we didn't have to walk.

So of all the bills that vex us
  Just the biggest one, I guess,
Would be spared for safe investment
  If we didn't have to dress.

Come to think the whole thing over,
  Free concurrence you will give
That vast wealth would line our pockets
  If we didn't have to live.

—Chicago Journal.

GLORIES OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

L. W. WALKER.

To the globe trotter, sportsman, fagged out business man, or anyone capable of enjoying the beauties and wonders of the universe, I recommend a trip to the Yellowstone Natural Park, as an unfailing tonic, compared to which, all the patent nostrums in the world are as nothing. But such a trip should be taken judiciously, not in the way of the ordinary tourist who rushes through in 5 or 6 days. Weeks should be taken if possible, in order to make those delightful side trips, which disclose pictures of nature not otherwise obtainable. The first 3 days are devoted to viewing the Mammoth Hot Springs, with their interesting and many colored terraces, caves, Devils' kitchens, etc., the Norris, Lower and Upper Geyser Basins, where those marvelous geysers, Old Faithful, The Riverside, The Grant and Grantess, The Castle, Beehive and many more, hold supreme sway, surrounded by the paint pots and pools of indescribably rich and delicate colors.

The steam continually arising from the hot pools, geysers, and many fissures in the fountain, impresses the beholder with the feeling that he treads upon a thinly crusted region, near the very heart-beat of our globe.

Next comes that marvelous ride across the continental divide, where two oceans join hands, the waters from the one side eventually finding its way to the Atlantic and the other to the Pacific.

The view is sublime, the Grand Tetons and Shoshone lake in the distance are landmarks for some of the most wonderful landscape gems amid the Rockies, and just South of the park line, near the Tetons is the grand hunting region, where last fall, Assistant Secretary of War Doe, bagged so many elk, bear, deer, etc. If you close your eyes and look no more the trip has paid you.

Farther on, a delightful ride across the lake on the little steamer, or around it by stage, and you arrive at the Yellowstone Lake hotel, located on its very bank. This is said to be the largest body of water in the world at the same altitude (7,700 feet). Here is a restful spot and one where the fisherman may indulge his proclivity to the utmost, for even the babies bring back such catches of trout that after the first day they never stop to count. I dare not tell you what I know about this fishing, for you would at once (if you have not already) class me as the Prince of Liars, but come and see, or ask your friends who have been here.

Three or 4 days is all the majority care to spend at the geyser, but at the lake many lay over for the rest and fishing. But wait a little. The next day after a 3 hours' ride through Hayden valley, beside the Yellowstone river, where in season the last of his race, the buffalo, may be seen, as well as vast herds of elk and many antelope, you find yourself ushered all unheralded in, at the gateway to that enchanting canyon, rightly called "Grand." How unexpected! A mile back, who would have dreamed that this peaceful, gliding river could so quickly become such a turbulent mass of foam? And look, it goes with a 160 foot plunge over the brink of rocks which forms the crust of the Upper Falls. At its base, that gamey little fish the rainbow trout, is found in all his glory. The stage rolls along on the very verge of the canyon, down a little hill, across a bridge overlooking Crystal Falls, a dainty bridal vail, and then up along the verge again, where can be heard the rumble of the Great Falls, which makes a single drop of 360 feet. A few turns up a steep hill and the Grand Canyon Hotel is reached.

During the last 20 minutes you have barely had a peep through the driveway leading to the canyon proper, and are wondering if anything was ever so awe-inspiring; but wait. Eat your lunch, then come with me. I take you first to Point Lookout, where the best view of the Great or Lower Falls may be had. There they are, half a mile in the distance, and the river far below. You gaze, but not a sentence escapes you; only short exclamations. Every adjective in your vocabulary is gone. You wish to tell me your thoughts. I bid you be patient awhile and motion you to follow. For 2 miles I lead the way along the edge of this wondrous canyon. Grand View, Artists' Point and many others of interest are quickly passed and now we are at "Inspiration Point." Behold!

We are on a point or rock extending into the canyon 200 feet. What a vantage ground for the eye. Looking up toward the Great Falls the river appears like a beautiful thread of silver and emerald as it plunges along over its rocky bed 2000 feet below. Now the eye wanders up the sides of the canyon and we see huge fantastic rocks; there a dog or lion's head, on the other side a giant pile that strikingly resembles a ruined castle. But this is nothing, for 'tis the magic coloring that mystifies and enchants the senses. 'Twas indeed planned and executed by a Master hand. Every color imaginable may be seen, from the brighest crimson to the most delicate cream. These colors generally run parallel to the river in great broad bands, delicately interblending. Yonder is a beauteous patch of coloring that I can liken to nothing but the sheen of a dove's breast.

Well, finish the picture. We have tarried long, oblivious of time. The Great Falls in the distance, the fantastic shaped precipitous and wondrously colored sides, with here and there jets of escaping steam, find a fitting frame work beneath the waving pines on the brink above, the snow capped mountains just discernible in the distance, surmounted by the blue dome of heaven itself.

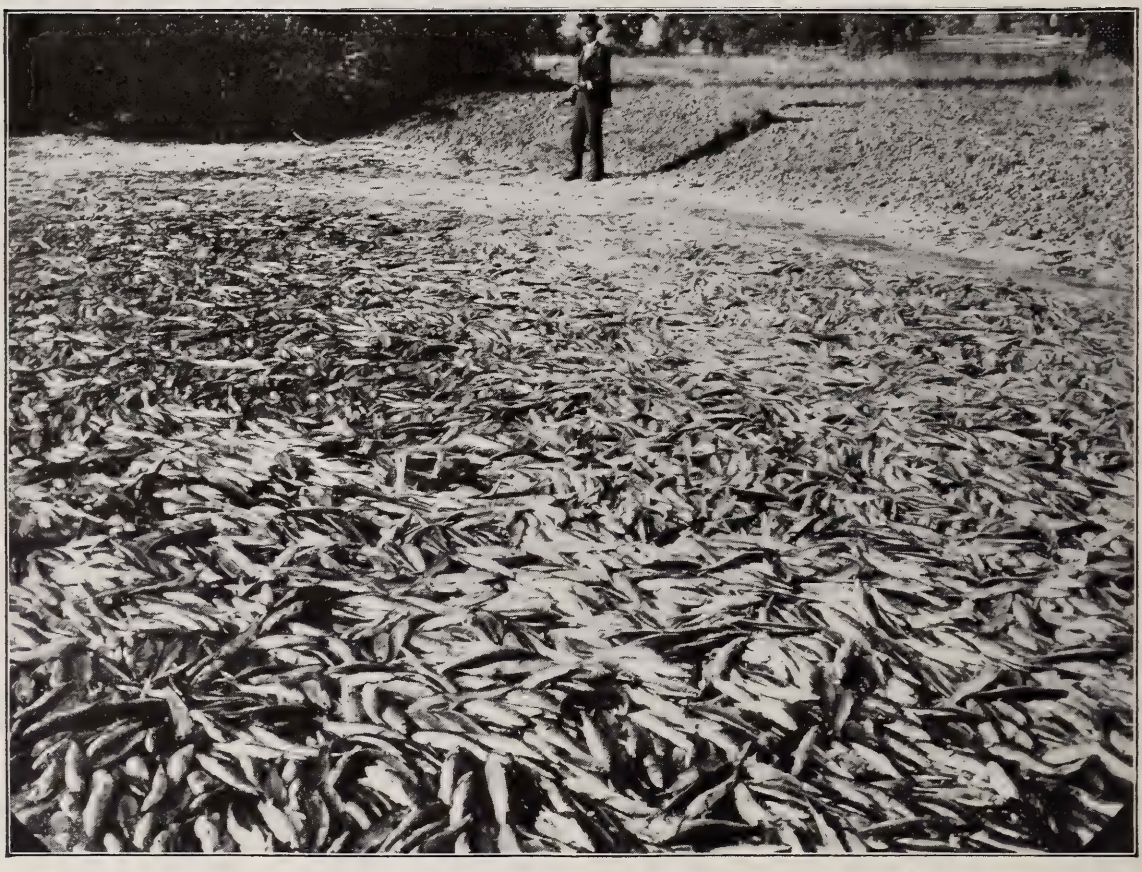


PHOTO BY CARCHESTER· UKIAH, CALIF

A FISH JAM ON KELLY'S CREEK.

I send you a photograph of a recent fish jam, on Kelsey creek, Lake county, California. As we have the camera to back the story I have no fear of its being questioned.

Kelsey creek flows into Clear lake, which is 30 miles long and several miles wide. The creek widens out at its mouth and is shallow, the bottom being coarse gravel through which the stream percolates into the lake, at low water, leaving a gravel bar. During the spring rains these fish run up the creek to their spawning beds in countless numbers, returning with the first flood after depositing their spawn.

It sometimes happens that May is a dry month and the waters recede rapidly, leaving a gravel bar at the mouth. In such cases the fish on their downward passage get stranded in immense numbers and pile up sometimes 3 or 4 feet deep over a considerable area.

In the jam shown in the picture there are supposed to be 60 to 100 tons of fish. They are composed of several varieties. The "Hitch" (so-called by the Indians), "Chipall," or hard mouths, and several others. They are largely consumed by the Indians who dry them by the ton, for winter food. The whites seldom use these fish, as they are very boney, although the meat is sweet. The fish are evidently prolific as these jams are not of infrequent occurrence, yet the supply does not seem to decrease. If the surrounding farmers were more provident the fish could be advantageously used as a fertilizer, yet few are ever used in this way.

Alfred V. LaMotte, Ukiah, Calif.

WOULD DESTROY THE SEALS AND SEA LIONS.

PROF. W. T. HORNADAY, A. W. ANTHONY, PRESIDENT DAVID S. JORDAN, DR. B. W. EVERMANN, HON. GEO. M. BOWERS, COMR. THOS. PERRY, U. S. N., AND OTHERS.

> On the evidence of prominent fishermen of the city and by the opinions of fish experts, given before the meeting of the Fish Commission a week ago, the sea lion has been convicted of being a destroyer of salmon and other valuable varieties of fish, and the Commissioners have decided on a war of extermination against his species. In accordance with this decision Deputy A. W. Wilson and an assistant will leave to-morrow for the Point Royes rookeries for the purpose of conducting experiments to ascertain the quickest method of ridding the waters of the pest.
>
> The work of destroying the seals will be extended to other rookeries later. Work will not be begun at the Farallones until instructions are received from the Treasury Department at Washington.
>
> The case against the sea lion has been made stronger within the past week by a report which came to the commissioners from a friend of E. Willis, the engineer at the Olympic pumping station near the Cliff House. While Engineer Willis was standing on the pier which extends out into the ocean he noticed a great commotion in the water about 50 feet up the beach. When he arrived at the spot he found a large sea lion worrying a salmon up toward the beach. Finally the salmon in its desperate struggle to escape destruction landed high and dry on the beach. Willis then interfered in the fight and deprived the seal of his prey. The fish weighed 16 pounds.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Mr. A. W. Anthony sent this clipping to Mr. W. T. Hornaday and commented on it as follows:

On my return to San Francisco I find that the fate of the California sea lion has been settled offhand. See enclosed clipping from San Francisco. There may be cause for this war, but there is little evidence to work on and I for one doubt its being a wise move. Unfortunately no one can give any evidence favorable to the seal. One close observer tells me that 25 years ago thousands of seal were found about the head of San Francisco bay near Redwood City. They were killed off and their decrease was followed by a marked increase in rays and shovelnose sharks, and by the almost entire extermination of the sturgeon.

My friend could not say positively the sharks and rays destroyed eggs or young of valuable fish, but felt sure they did. I know the seals kill large numbers of shovelnose sharks and rays, for I have seen them do it. A few years ago when seal were much more abundant than now fish were equally plentiful and we heard nothing of the vast (?) damage done by the seals.

The fishermen are apt to be misled by an idea based on about the amount of evidence given in the enclosed clipping—the killing of one fish—and after exterminating the seals and lions they may find they have "sawed themselves off the end of the plank."

I am not certain the seals of this coast are beneficial to the fishermen, but I should like to see the matter thoroughly investigated before any such sweeping action is taken; for I think the damage is at least greatly overestimated

Mr. Hornaday endorses Mr. Anthony's letter thus:

This looks like a serious matter, and as such is referred to the President of the L. A. S.

It looks to me like a move on a par with the "fool bird law" of Pennsylvania, which cost the farmers $1,000,000 or more. Interest in the preservation of the sea lion is to us a matter of sentiment, but to the fishermen of the Pacific coast the destruction of these animals may easily prove the biggest kind of a boomerang. Every time the balance of nature is wantonly disturbed, somebody smarts for it.

The Fish Commission should be warned and go slow, and be sure they are right before they go ahead.

I am ready to join in a protest and a call for more time.

On receipt of this correspondence I wrote the California Fish Commission as follows:

On behalf of the 300,000 readers of RECREATION, distributed throughout the United States and Canada, and on behalf of the 1,800 members of the League of American Sportsmen, also distributed throughout all of the states, I beg to protest against the proposed effort of your honorable board to destroy seals and sea lions on your coast.

Every nature lover in the United States—and this means every true sportsman—is interested in the preservation of the fauna of the entire country. The seal is one of the most interesting and beautiful species of North American animals, and all such men are especially interested in the preservation and propagation of this species.

The L. A. S. was organized primarily and purposely to protect the birds, mammals and fishes of the country and every member of this League, as well as thousands of naturalists and nature lovers outside of it will be shocked at the news of the proposed action of so formidable a body as yours, backed by a great commonwealth like that of California.

It would seem from the evidence before me that you have yielded to the money-loving instincts of certain market fishermen who have requested you to destroy these seals because they in turn destroy some fishes. It is a fact that the seal lives on fish, but this is a part of the great plan of nature; and while man is to have dominion over the balance of Nature, yet I do not believe—and the sportsmen and naturalists of the country do not believe—that you would be justified in exterminating these animals for the mere purpose of placing a few more dollars in the pockets of the fishermen than they might otherwise be able to accumulate.

Throughout the states of Illinois, Iowa Minnesota, Nebraska and the Dakotas the prairie chicken eats more or less of the farmers' grain each year All through the Southern and Middle States quails do likewise; yet no state in all this group has ever declared a war of extermination against these beautiful birds for that reason. Throughout Michigan and Wisconsin deer annually destroy more or less of the farmers' crops of various kinds; yet these states do not for this reason declare a war of extermination against these animals. Robins and other song and insectivorous birds destroy more or less fruit every year, in many states; yet who ever heard of a state declaring a war of extermination against such birds?

I might name many instances such as the foregoing, where the destruction wrought by a species of bird or mammal is much greater than that wrought by the seals of your coast; but these will suffice.

You will pardon me for saying that your action in this matter is wrong, and in violation of the wishes of hundreds of thousands of people who have a proprietary interest in these seals, which your honorable body should respect.

Comparatively few of us are fortunate enough to visit your coast at any time, but to those of us who do go there one of the greatest attractions your people can show us is the seals and sea lions on the rocks about the Golden Gate. Why should you rob us of this pleasure, when the only people to be benefited by such destruction are the few fishermen along the coast?

It does not appear from the reports of the many people who live in your state, and the many Eastern people who visit you each year, that there has ever been a shortage in the fish food supply. If you kill the seals and sea lions the fishermen may produce a few more fishes each year, but this would probably mean that the price of fish would decline in the market and that in the end the fishermen would be no richer than they are now. A lower price of fish food would be a benefit to the poor people of your state, but, so far as we have learned these are not clamoring for the destruction of the seal. The demand for this seems to come from the fishermen, and to be inspired purely by a love of money.

I trust you will reconsider your action and that you will allow none of the seals or sea lions to be killed.

Then I wrote Dr. Everman of the United States Fish Commission, informing him of the proposed slaughter and asking him to do all he could to stop it. In due course I received the following reply:

I received your letter of the 18th inst. The proposition of the California Fish Commission to kill the sea lions on that coast is monstrous and objectionable in every way. I have talked with the chiefs of the various divisions of the Fish Commission this morning, Dr. Merriam and others of the Agricultural Department, and with Dr. True, of the United States National Museum. They all agree that the proposition is a monstrous one and sure to result disastrously to the fishing interests of the California coast. The United States Fish Commissioner and Dr. Merriam have both telegraphed the California State Fish Commission this morning asking, (1) if the newspaper clipping regarding the proposed action is true; (2) expressing a decided opinion that the results of such a course would be disastrous and objectionable in every way, and, (3) asking that the matter be held in suspension for further investigation.

While it is probably true that the sea lions do eat some fish, what of it? Fifty years ago, both sea lions and food fishes were much more abundant on the California coast than they are to-day; but there is no more evidence to show the decrease in the food fishes has been due to the sea lions, than that the decrease in the sea lions should be charged up against the fishes. This question of killing off the sea lions is one which has come up frequently in the past, but apparently it has never reached such a serious stage as at present.

I have also arranged to have the Secretary of the Light House Board seen, and interested in the matter. He will be able to stop anything of this kind so far as the Farralone Islands is concerned. The intention is to get him to telegraph the California commission asking them to call a halt in their foolish course.

I am very glad that you have called my attention to this matter. I had seen one or 2 newspaper items but it had not occurred to me that this course was to be seriously considered by the California commission. You may be sure I shall do everything I can among the people here toward influencing the California people against such a dangerous course.

Very respectfully,
Barton W. Evermann,
Ichthyologist, U. S. Fish Commission.

Here is a copy of a letter written by the Hon. Geo. M. Bowers, United States Fish Commissioner, to the Secretary of the Treasury:

From newspaper clippings and other sources I learn that the California State Fish Commission has determined upon the destruction of the sea lion herds, on the coast of that state. Some of the newspaper articles indicate that it is the intention to carry the war against the sea lion even to the practical extermination of the species on the California coast. It also appears that permission to kill the animals on and about the Light House reservations has been granted the California Fish Commission.

The reason for this war on the sea lion is stated to be the assumed fact that the sea lion is destructive to the fishing interests of that coast.

From the best information obtainable it does not appear that any investigation or study of the food of the sea lion has ever been made. I can not learn that any one has ever examined the stomach of a sea lion for the purpose of studying its food.

It is not unlikely that the sea lion does feed to some extent on food-fishes, but it is equally likely that it also feeds on certain species of sharks which may be even more destructive to food-fishes than the sea lion is.

In consideration of these facts I would strongly urge a suspension of the order permitting the killing of the sea lions on the Government reservations on the California coast, pending a thorough investigation of the food habits of the species. Or, if the order can not be wholly revoked, I would then request that it be so modified as to permit the killing of such a number only as may be necessary to furnish material for a study of the stomach contents.

It will be a national disgrace if this interesting and attractive animal should be exterminated in this way, and on the very doubtful character of the evidence which has been brought against it.

Then comes this from Mr. Hornaday:

I am glad you have taken this matter up vigorously. I had yesterday a long interview with the chief clerk of the Lighthouse Board, and from him learned the exact status of the case at this date. To my astonishment I find that Dr. Jordan has reported on the subject, to the California Fish Commission, and has advised and endorsed the destruction of the sea lions. Backed up by his report the commission applied to the Lighthouse Board for permission to send men to the various islands where the sea lions congregate, to spend 30 days in shooting the animals. This permission has been granted and will go into effect the first of June. I am now writing to the Lighthouse Board for a copy of Jordan's report. I intend to ask the Zoological Society to forward to the Lighthouse Board an urgent request for the suspension of the order permitting the killing of seals, pending further and more thorough investigation by Dr. Merriam's bureau. The Lighthouse Board has granted permission for the sea lions to be thinned out, but not that the herd should be exterminated; but the whole business will be practically in the hands of the paid killers of the Fish Commission, and with long range rifles of modern manufacture, and smokeless powder, you can imagine about how many sea lions would be left at the end of 30 days. Undoubtedly the men will kill as many as they can.

It is useless to try to do anything with the California Fish Commission, but we may be able to do something with the Lighthouse Board. Fortunately, there is time to act before the first of June.

On receipt of the foregoing I wrote Secretary Gage to this effect:

I am in receipt of a copy of a letter sent you by the Hon. George M. Bowers, U. S. Fish Commissioner, in which he requests you to prohibit, in so far as possible, the proposed killing of the seals and sea lions on the California coast.

On behalf of the League of American Sportsmen, which now has 2,000 members distributed throughout 42 states, and on behalf of the 300,000 readers of RECREATION, practically all of whom are deeply interested in the protection of all the native fauna of this country, I beg to endorse most heartily everything Mr. Bowers has said to you in the letter referred to. In common with all other naturalists and nature lovers in the United States I feel that the proposed slaughter of these beautiful and interesting animals would be a national disgrace.

I enclose herewith copy of a letter I recently wrote the California Fish Commission, which I trust you will take time to read carefully and which expresses my views and those of my colleagues, at greater length.

I earnestly hope you will exercise your authority in this matter promptly. I am in receipt of advices from San Francisco to the effect that the killing has already commenced. The Fish Commission has employed a number of hunters and has authorized others to act with these, on their own account. Some of the latter at least are men who love to slaughter for the mere sake of it, and who have no regard for the beauties of nature.

From the reports referred to it seems that several hundred of these seals and sea lions have already been killed, and unless prompt and vigorous action is taken the herds will be practically exterminated about San Francisco within a few days.

I beg you to telegraph your representative there to stop the killing, at least temporarily, until the matter can be properly investigated and considered.

I should be glad to be advised of your action in the matter.

Then came this good news:

Your letter of May 27th, to the Honorable, the Secretary of the Treasury, relative to the alleged proposed killing of seals and sea lions on the California coast, has been referred to this office.

The Lighthouse Board on April 27, '99, at the instance of the Board of Fish Commissioners of the State of California, authorized the Inspector of the 12th Lighthouse District to permit the California Fish Commission to send deputies to certain lighthouse reservations, under such rules and regulations as he might establish, for the purpose of thinning the herds of sea lions which congregate there. . .

In view, however, of your protest, and of certain others, the board has telegraphed the Lighthouse Inspector at San Francisco suspending the permission granted in its letter of April 27, '99, until further orders. . . .

The matter will be further considered by the board at its quarterly meeting which will take place next Monday.

Respectfully yours,
Thomas Perry,
Commander, U. S. N., Naval Secretary.

I at once wrote Doctor Evermann urging him to attend the meeting of the Lighthouse Board, with as many other heads of Government departments as he could induce to aid him, and to seek a hearing on the question.

I also wrote Dr. David S. Jordan, President of Leland Stanford University, asking him to aid us in saving the seals, and this is his answer:

I am sure it is not the intention of the Fish Commission to exterminate the sea lion or to go anywhere near exterminating it. Since they gave up killing them at the Farallones a long time ago, they have greatly increased. Those who have recently made an attempt to count them, estimate between 3,000 and 6,000 of the animals on the breeding rookeries of the Farallones. I have consented to the idea that the interests of those who love these great and picturesque animals, would not be materially interfered with if half of them were killed off; but I have strongly protested against the extermination or even reduction of the herd of the great sea lion, *Eumetopias*. I do not think any real attack will be made on this animal. It is the little, black, barking sea lion, *Zalophus*, that is doing the mischief. It enters the Sacramento river and other streams about San Francisco bay, and is a shrewd fisherman, getting into the nets, catching the fish there and destroying the nets. The animals on the seal rookeries at San Francisco will not be disturbed, but as a matter of fact they are only the superfluous males from the Farallones and their fate is involved in that of the others. I have strongly urged that in the work of killing the stomachs be examined in order to ascertain the kind and quantity of food they take. As a matter of fact we do not know whether the destruction wrought by the sea lion in the Sacramento river is to be measured by the thousands or millions of dollars.

I have the most profound respect for the opinions of Dr. Jordan and am glad to find he does not concur in the plan of the California Fish Commission for a wholesale destruction of the seals and sea lions, but agrees only to a moderate reduction of the herd.

Meantime Mr. A. T. Vogelsang, President of the California Fish Commission, writes me in part as follows:

The California Fish Commission has undertaken the reduction of the sea lion herd contiguous to the Bay of San Francisco. . . . The proposed action has been determined upon only after full, mature and public consideration of the subject. . . . After a full discussion of the subject, it was determined, without a dissenting vote, that it was a duty our Fish Commissioners owed to the taxpayers of the state that the sea lion herd be reduced. We, thereupon, resolved to do so, and we propose to carry out that resolution. . . .

We did not go ahead until we knew we were right. Now, knowing we are right, we are determined to go ahead.

I confess to a feeling of some impatience on this proposition for we have received 2 communications other than yours, and like yours, we have no doubt they were written without a full understanding of the subject.

And this also:

Washington, D. C., June 3, 1899.

Dear Mr. Shields:

The game to slaughter the sea lions on

the California coast is now effectually blocked.

This afternoon I called on the chief clerk of the Lighthouse Board; also on Commander Perry, naval secretary of the board, to ask if the board at its meeting next Monday would give any of us a chance to be heard. They said the matter is settled so far as their board is concerned. Commander Perry wired the Lighthouse Inspector at San Francisco to withdraw the permit previously granted until further orders, and he assures me no further orders will be sent him! So no more killing will be allowed on the Lighthouse reservations.

The California Fish Commission will probably continue to do some killing elsewhere, but it will not amount to much.

They will probably criticise us severely, but we are well fortified in our position. If there is a particle of proof as to the statements made by the California Commission, I have failed to see it. No one here,—Merriam, True, Palmer, Miller, Townsend, Stejneger nor any one who knows anything about the sea lion—has any evidence that it destroys salmon. On general principles, from what we know of the fur seal, the harbor seal, etc., it is quite likely the sea lion does destroy some salmon; but we have no proof of it. These men say "We estimate that they destroy fully 25 per cent of the salmon that enter Suisun bay"; also "that a sea lion eats from 25 to 100 pounds of fish daily."

It would be interesting to learn how the facts(?) were obtained on which these "estimates" are based. How do they know how many salmon enter Suisun bay? All this sounds very fishy to me.

It appears that Jordan says nothing about killing any except old bulls. It seems to me they are stretching his testimony and making him sanction what he never meant to approve.

But we have won. I congratulate you.

Sincerely,
B. W. Evermann.

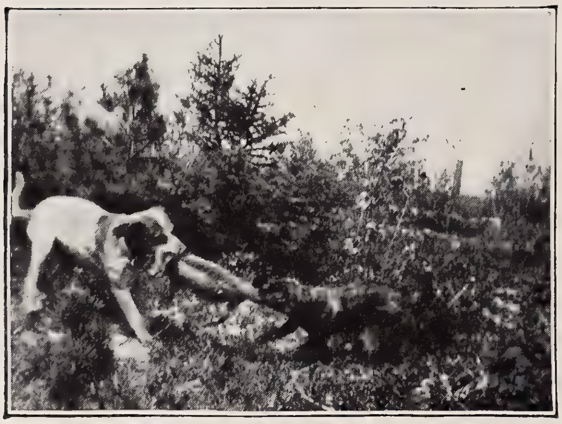
AUGUST.

The days are some shorter, folks do as they ought to
By plunging in sea, lake, and river to swim;
The dudelet and daughter parade by the water,
He's after her fortune, and she's after him.

AN UNFORTUNATE WOODCHUCK.

CHAS. F. HICKOK.

One day last June while going from my lodge at Pictured Rocks to Grand Marais, I met an old bear trapper by the name of Perry, at a point on Lake Superior known as Sullivan's Landing. Perry had with him his 2 dogs, Bucco and Roamy. Bucco was a little brindle of about the build of a fox terrier. Roamy was of the coach dog type and considerably larger. As Perry and I sat talking I saw a large woodchuck coming down the trail. About the same time Bucco saw and made for the chuck. A lively battle ensued in which the woodchuck held his own beautifully. Had not matters taken a turn in Bucco's favor, I think the fight would have terminated in bold Bucco's getting severely whipped. Perry, seeing how the battle was likely to end, slipped from Roamy's neck the rope with which he had the dog made fast to his own belt. Roamy made a dash on the scene of battle which quite upset Bucco's fighting tactics. A few good shakes from the larger dog and the life had gone out of the gritty little chuck. Bucco, however, was not a little angry with the larger dog for interfering in his affairs and grabbing the woodchuck by the hind leg he attempted to take it from Roamy, thus claiming the victory. At that juncture I touched the button of my camera, securing a negative which for novelty is not often excelled.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY CHAS. S. HICKOK, GRAND MARAIS, MICH.

STRETCHING THE TRUTH.

PHOTO BY LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE.

A CORNER OF THE OLD FORT AT CAVITE, SHOWING WHERE ONE OF DEWEY'S SHELLS LANDED.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. WRIGHT.

LISTENING TO A LECTURE.

THE PRIMITIVE INDIAN MEDICINE-MAN.

DR. ROBERT BELL, F.R.S.

Although a Doctor of Medicine, I do not practice the profession, but have been employed for many years in making geological explorations and surveys for our government in the wild North lands of Canada. For a part of this time my duties led me into vast country lying Northward of Lakes Huron and Superior. In the course of these travels I was often called on to exercise my knowledge of the healing art, and my interest in medicine induced me to inquire into the methods practiced by the Indians.

The vast region I have mentioned is one continuous forest, sparsely inhabited by Ojibwés who are interesting on account of their native simplicity and honesty; but more particularly, to me, for their superstitions and their queer notions about medicine. Although they had medicine-men of their own, when they heard that a white doctor was passing through their country they brought their sick for treatment from far and near. They are credulous and are thorough believers in witchcraft. Their "doctors" make only a limited use of medicines, relying mainly on sorcery or conjuring to effect cures. It is for this reason that among them the term "medicine," does not mean drugs, but magic. The conjurers or medicine-men form a sort of league and are bound to help each other in deceiving the simple-minded Indians. They think disease, accidents and death are due to secret influences originating in the hatred of their enemies, or the wicked efforts of other medicine-men, who may be employed against them and who work by means of evil spirits which they can summon to their service. The conjurer is able to exercise his occult art even from a long distance.

Some of these men really think they possess a mysterious power, but they must be well paid to induce them to use it, and so they live by preying on the superstitious fears of other people. They make them believe they can draw out or drive off the spirits which are working mischief in the bodies of their victims, by making pictorial representations, beating tom-toms, singing and by other means. The belief that disease can be sucked from the body is deeply rooted. If a boy dreams of creatures which suck or draw nourishment to themselves, such as woodpeckers, woodcock, suckers (fish), mosquitoes, etc., it is considered a sign the lad is destined to become a member of the medicine fraternity.

When a medicine-man visits a sick Indian, he usually says to his patient: "My poor fellow, you have an enemy who has sent you this trouble." After making an examination in order to locate the exact source of the disease, he will proceed to suck his patient's shoulder or side, after having cut a small incision in the skin. Along with the blood which he draws, he will spit out an arrow-head, a pebble, or some other hard object and will tell the man this has been sent in some mysterious way to carry disease and pain into his body, by the conjurer.

Then he may make what he asserts to be a sketch of the enemy on a piece of birch bark, stab it in the region of the heart and pronounce the original powerless for further mischief. This operation is usually followed by a prolonged beating on the tom-tom, accompanied by a monotonous chant, to drive off the worsted spirits of evil. Then the sick man is considered in a fair way to recover.

On subsequent visits of the doctor, etiquette requires the patient to say he is better, even to his last gasp, if the case should end fatally. The doctor's excuse for the latter contingency is that the "medicine" of the conjurer conducting the case for the enemy has, after all, proved too strong for him, but "never mind, he is bound to win the next time." The inquiring friends will be told by the family that their doctor's "medicine was not strong enough."

One day, some Indians came to my camp paddling a large canoe. In the bottom lay a sick relative of theirs. He was very weak and suffered from shortness of breath, fever and pain in one side. They had employed a conjurer to cure him, but while the patient was undergoing treatment they heard of me and lost no time in bringing their friend to the white doctor.

I did not think it a breach of professional etiquette to look into the case. The poor Indian was suffering from pneumonia, and so ill, that I could not help feeling sorry for him. But at the same time I could scarcely restrain a laugh when I uncovered his chest for examination. All around the seat of the pain my brother practitioner had painted, in various colors, as skillfully as he could, pictures of a tortoise, a sucker, the sun and the crescent moon. The idea was that the spirits of these creatures and of the heavenly bodies would draw out the disease, while the medicine-man performed his incantations. Although nothing could be more ludicrous than the spectacle thus presented by this poor dejected red man in his sore distress fresh from the hands of the medicine-man, I did not ridicule the notion, but pretended to take no notice of it. I gave his friends some medicines and appliances with directions for his treatment and I afterward heard he had recovered.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

BEAR HUNTING IN B. C.

Mr. Vannier tells a thrilling story of an encounter he once had with 4 bears. He carried a .44 caliber Winchester and had only 5 cartridges. With 2 of these he dropped 2 of the bears where they stood. Then the other 2 bears, both large and ferocious, attacked Mr. Vannier, who remained calm and confident.

The comrade at his side, unarmed and excited, felt doubtful as to how the matter would end and advised that the 3 remaining cartridges be fired at once. To this Mr. Vannier replied, that if he could hit the bears at a distance, he would be certain to hit them when they got within a few feet of him. He placed one bullet in the head of one bear and followed it by a similar dose to the other, leaving both dead almost at his feet.

Last season my catch was 2 martens and 8 panthers. I get about ¾ of my panthers in traps; the rest with a heavy revolver that I carry for that purpose. It is more convenient than a rifle to carry while trapping, and usually quite as effective, except for bears.

These panthers are worth the trouble to get them, the bounty being $7.50 each and the skin of a large one will bring $4 to $5. They are sold to private parties sometimes for large sums, though I never got more than $8 for one skin.

This district is no good for fur animals. I follow traps for 100 miles sometimes to get one marten. Deer seem to be more plentiful than they were 10 years ago. An Indian at that time shot 167 deer in 6 weeks for the skins, and attended to his traps at the same time. The deer were all large, judging from the skins.

There appears to be about an equal proportion of swine among whites and Indians. The only remedy that I know of is to educate them through Recreation. That will show them what they really are and will cure a great many. When you listen to a hog boasting about the number of deer shot while mired in deep snow, you cannot avoid noticing that the one characteristic most prominent in him is ignorance.

This is my last winter trapping and hunting in this part of the country. I will change off to gold hunting for a few years, on the Yukon. Should I meet with some adventure or make some new observations of things interesting to sportsmen, you will hear of it. I hope I may have the pleasure of meeting some friends of Recreation in Alaska.
Charles A. Baylor.

IN DEFENSE OF THE FOX.

Never return a verdict of guilty until the defendant has spoken, or until some one has spoken in his behalf.

In June Recreation there appeared an article under the heading of " Mr. Fox, Game Hog," in which the author recommended placing a bounty on Reynard, thus condemning him to extermination.

I cannot agree with such heartless warfare on an animal which is certainly of great benefit to the people of the Northwest and undoubtedly useful to the country in general.

Perhaps where the country lad has forgotten or never knew the use of the rifle, and where the fox has practically wiped out the rodents and is forced to subsist on other creatures, it may be necessary to reduce his numbers, but even there not to exterminate him.

In Minnesota, the Dakotas and Wisconsin fully 90 per cent. of the fox's food is of animals generally recognized as injurious, namely: Gophers, field mice, rabbits, weasels, woodchucks, etc.

Old Reynard is not an angel by any means, but the game birds and barnyard fowls are so seldom found on his bill of fare that we should be reasonably lenient when he does appease his hunger on some choice morsel of poultry or game.

Moreover, the fox is generally held accountable for the depredations of every weasel, mink and skunk in the neighborhood.

Let us look at another phase of the fox question.

As game we find him a worthy quarry for the most enthusiastic sportsman. During the winter months few things offer sport so fine as fox hunting, provided you can handle the rifle dexterously. Winter hunting alone is sufficient to prevent foxes from becoming too numerous, so there is no necessity of a bounty.

Instead of placing a bounty on Vulpes vulgaris we should, rather, discourage the practice, so prevalent, of digging out their dens in the spring and killing all the young. If people would stop this practice they would save their counties thousands of dollars that are paid out in gopher bounties.

Man is painfully slow to notice the useful missions of his silent neighbors; and naturalists will have won a victory when they influence public opinion to appreciate the good traits of the red fox, that animal which is associated with our fondest recollections of the woods and fields of the Old Homestead.

William T. Cox.

HE IS NO "HOG."

There is a prominent lawyer in Dallas, Texas, named Jerome Kirby. He had once been nominated by one of the political parties for Governor of the state, and enjoys an extensive and lucrative practice. Traveling West on the T. & P. Railway with him the other day, the conversation turned to hunting, when Mr. Kirby said:

"My father settled in Denton county in 1856, on a ridge between 2 creeks, and many a time I have seen buffalo by the thousands, and droves of antelope 100 or 150 strong, and prairie chickens sitting on the riders of our lot fence as thick as ever you saw chickens roost. Deer were so plentiful that I have passed an old buck many a time within 20 yards and he would stand and look at me, and never bat his eye.

"Wild turkeys on the creek were so thick you could almost walk over them, as they were looking for water. I always wore a 6 shooter, and carried a rifle, yet I never shot a buffalo, an antelope, a deer or a turkey.

"The only killing I ever did was to hold the gun for my little sister, 3 years younger than I, while she shot at a deer—an old buck—about 30 yards from our front gate. And then we did not think enough of it, to go out about 600 yards, where he fell, to see whether he was dead. A neighbor passing that way a few days afterward told us there was the carcass of a deer out there, and then we knew we had killed him. I did kill enough prairie chickens one day for dinner, and that was the extent of my hunting."

Your correspondent said to him: "Well, one of 2 things is certain; either you have none of the instincts of a sportsman, or you were a native born fool." The Major laughed at my rough joke, for he knew I accounted for his strange career as a sportsman by the former supposition. From all I have read in RECREATION I should put the Major in the category of your ideal sportsman. At least no one could justly accuse Jerome Kirby of being "a game hog."

R. T. Hanks, Fort Worth, Tex.

THEIR LIMIT IS TOO HIGH.

Troy, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION: I send you herewith a clipping from a journal published ostensibly in the interests of game and fish protection and preservation:

> Mr. Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, went to St. Louis last week, but remained here long enough for a good talk about the South and Southern game. He tells me the shooting at Wapanoca Club preserve, on the St. Francis, near Memphis, has been remarkably good recently. J. Edrington, of Memphis, on 3 consecutive days killed the limit of 50 ducks a day, and moreover, killed 5 turkeys and 2 wild geese. J. M. Neely killed 100 ducks in 2 days. W. H. Carroll on one day killed 50 ducks and 8 wild turkeys. B. F. Price, the secretary of the club, killed 50 ducks one day, and Mr. Buckingham and Frank Poston, of Memphis, have each killed the limit on several different occasions this winter. That is really a wonderful shooting preserve, and personally I always liked this club, because it sets a limit to the daily bag, which is something any shooting club ought to do in these days.

As the clipping is from the weekly letter of one of its staff correspondents it possibly reflects to a certain extent the opinion of that journal on the subject of the daily bag limit. This correspondent then says, "I have always liked this club, because it sets a limit on the daily bag." Great Scott! what a limit! Only 50 ducks a day, with turkeys and geese galore. I always feel ashamed when killing half that number of snipe in a day. The members of that club ought to feel elated and are no doubt surprised at their own moderation. The case reminds me of a story told of an old German who kept a beer saloon. The question as to whether or not lager would intoxicate was being discussed, and our German friend was asked for his opinion. "Vell," said he, "I trink only 50 or 60 glasses a tay and it dond vas make me trunk, but I dond know vat would happen if a man vas to make a hog of himself."

Seriously, Mr. Editor, how can we expect moderation in game killing by the average shooter, when accounts of slaughter, such as this clipping details, are printed in papers devoted (?) to the interests of sportsmen, and without a word of condemnation?

Kenandrach.

HUNTING WITH TENDERFEET.

In the fall of '98 it was my misfortune to be caught in the woods with 2 boys.

All summer we had planned for the trip, the boys being enthusiastic in their desire to taste of the charms of forest life. The weather was unfavorable until late in November, but when it settled we made our arrangements as rapidly as possible, and finally got off.

We struck for Moose river, and after a somewhat tedious journey reached our camping grounds, built our camp and were ready for work.

The next morning broke cold and clear, and dispatching a hearty, hasty breakfast we struck out. Three miles out we found tracks, and here began my trouble.

Giving Lew and Jack the privilege of "heading off," I took the trail. The boys did not keep far enough in advance, so, calling them in I put them on the trail and assumed the heading off business myself.

No sooner was I out of sight than I heard them calling me. Thinking silence would quiet them I did not answer for a time, but as they continued squawking I finally gave it up and went to them. Asking what was wrong, they replied, they thought I was lost!

Utterly disgusted I turned toward camp, remarking that it wasn't a very good day for hunting anyway. We decided to wait for more snow, which consumed a week. Then the snow came, and I went out alone.

I soon got 2 deer, but on my return to camp found Lew homesick! It was out of the question to persuade him to remain longer, so we cut out for home, 2 disgruntled boys and one disgusted man.

After getting the kids safe home I went back to our camp accompanied by Frank Lull, a veteran hunter. We found everything as it had been left: hunted successfully and delightfully for 2 weeks and then returned to the cares and sorrows of everyday life.

Harry Adams, Warren, Minn

SAW 18 MOOSE BUT DID NOT SHOOT.

Fully appreciating the value of your energetic crusade against the game hogs, and being heartily in sympathy with you, I desire to relate a personal experience, in the Maine woods, last fall, in order that the grunters may realize that we do not all wear bristles; though in so doing I know I am opening the way for the cry of "Gabriel!"

Without claiming for myself, virtues above my fellow sportsmen, I desire to draw the contrast with the game hog.

In October last I made a trip to the Moosehead country, for the purpose of carrying out a long standing desire to kill a big bull moose. I did my level best to accomplish that end; working faithfully and hard for some 12 days, but without tangible results.

During that time I saw many sights to delight the heart of a sportsman, and thoroughly enjoyed every moment of my outing.

Deer were especially plentiful, and so tame that a game hog could have made a record. I am satisfied that had I taken only the sure shots, I could have killed at least 30. I saw in the neighborhood of 100, on the trip. I examined many of them through the sights of my Winchester, but killed only one.

I had the great satisfaction of seeing 18 moose, on different occasions, of various sizes, any one of which I could have dropped with certainty; but as the big bull I wanted failed to put in an appearance, I came home without firing a shot at any of them. My moose is still in anticipation, and on some future occasion I hope to lay him low.

The whole trip was most enjoyable, and the sight of so much game fully repaid me for time and expense. Nor does there now linger a single twinge of regret at not having taken advantage of some of the many opportunities to bag a moose.

E. S. D., Scranton, Pa.

SOUTH DAKOTA COMES INTO LINE.

Among the laws passed by the last legislature and signed by the governor was the game law. For several years sportsmen in this state have been trying to pass a game law similar to those in operation in Iowa and Minnesota. They have been unable to do so up to last winter. The new law provides that no person shall shoot or kill any prairie chicken, pinnated grouse, sharp-tail grouse, ruffed grouse, woodcock or quail between the first day of January each year and first day of September following; or shoot or kill any wild ducks, wild geese, brants or wild crane between the first day of May each year and the first of September following; or any curlew or plover between the 15th of May each year and the first day of September following.

It further provides that no person shall knowingly hunt on the enclosed, cultivated or occupied lands of another without first having secured the consent of the owner or tenant; that not more than 25 birds shall be killed by any one person on any single day. A fine of $10 is provided for each of the above offenses. It is also a misdemeanor to have any of the above-mentioned birds in possession 15 days after the close of the season and punishable by a fine of $10 for each bird.

It is unlawful for any railroad company, express company or individual to transport any of the above-mentioned birds out of the state. This does not prevent an individual from taking game out of the state during the open season, or 3 days after, provided such birds are shipped in open view, tagged and plainly labeled with the name of the owner, and they do not exceed twenty-five in number, and the owner of the birds is on the same train or in the conveyance with said birds. The breaking of this section of the law is punishable by a fine not less than $10, or more than $50.

Another section provides that any person found outside the limits of any town, or city with gun, ammunition and dog, between the first of July and the first of September of each year, shall be presumed to have violated or attempted to violate the law, and the fact shall constitute prima facie evidence of guilt. Any person so found shall be punished, not only by the fine provided, but shall have his gun or guns, dog or dogs, confiscated.

It is also unlawful to serve guests of hotels, restaurants or boarding-houses with any of the above-mentioned birds, during the closed season. Game and fish wardens are to be appointed in each county, who shall receive for compensation one-half of all the fines collected, while the other half goes to the informer.

A license fee of $10 per gun is placed on each non-resident hunter. Wardens are given the power to search any building, enclosure, car, box, crate, barrel, basket or box.

Sioux Falls, S. D., paper.

DEER HUNTING IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

Traverse City, Mich.

Editor RECREATION: It had been 12 years since I had a deer hunt, but with 4 others took a trip of this kind in November, in the wilds of the Upper Peninsula. I enjoy the pleasure of a tramp in the woods, and the company of a good rifle, and no man ever owned or shot a better one than my .25-35 Winchester. With it I can kill the largest buck or cut the neck of a grouse or squirrel. Our party carried 4 Winchesters and one Savage, all good.

We all got to like the Savage as it has many good points in its favor. My friend W——, who had it, is a first-class hunter and rifleman, and has used about every different make and caliber of rifle, in the black powder list, and says he likes the Savage better than anything he has owned or seen as yet. He made a good record, 3 deer, 2 killed in their tracks, his third, a buck of 208 pounds, ran about 4 rods, after being shot.

Our rifles all did good work, none of us followed wounded deer very far, and none that we shot got away. Of course these things depend largely on the man behind the gun. We killed 11 deer, and brought home 10, being 2 to each man, and I think as many as any party of sportsmen should kill, although we heard of several cases where parties killed all the law allowed, 5 deer to the man. I hope our legislature will soon enact a law limiting hunters to 2 deer to the man.

We should also increase the bounty on wolves. They destroy many deer every year. A hunter in the Upper Peninsula cannot but notice the scarcity of fawns, which fall an easy prey to the wolves, when young. There should also be a suitable bounty on lynxes, wildcats and foxes, for the protection of grouse and rabbits.

RECREATION is doing a great deal of good in the protection of game, and in teaching people common decency, as to the amount of game one man should kill. Keep up the good work, Brother Shields.

M. M. Conlon.

A NEW MECCA FOR THE TOURIST.

I have just returned from a hunting trip 70 miles Northwest of here. My guide and I each killed a deer and saw several others.

Taking the entire Adirondack region, I think it is harder to get a deer than last year at the same time. Then I had little trouble in killing 2 deer in 6 days. This year I had to hunt 7 days to get one. I have talked with many old hunters and all attribute this unusual wildness of the deer to spring and early summer hunting by lawbreakers.

Many who used to hound because it was an easy way to secure a deer, now that hounding is prohibited, hunt "before the law is off," because it is easy then to get a shot. During this early hunting many deer are shot at and missed, and as a result, the hunter who waits for open season finds the game wild.

A month ago I was on the summit of Mt. Marcy. This is my second ascent. We were 6 days' tramping and camping on that trip, during which time we traversed some of the wildest and most difficult passes in the state. My guide and I believe we have the honor of being the first white persons who ever descended the Western wall of Panther Gorge. Far up on the side of the Gorge, we discovered a wonderful canyon which we believe will rival Ausable Chasm. I have named it "Recreation Canyon" after your excellent magazine.

Success to RECREATION and the L. A. S.

Harry V. Radford, Blue Ridge, N. Y.

SHOOTING DUCKS FROM A PLATFORM.

I enclose a clipping from the Galveston News. W. L. Moody & Co. are prominent bankers here. Several years ago they secured a grant on a large lake near here for the purpose of growing rice, so they said. This lake is known the country over for its fine duck shooting. They never planted a grain of rice but instead fenced it up and now ship to Chicago and New York a large number of ducks every year. On the edge of this lake they built a small platform and there station themselves while the hired hands row around the lake and scare up the birds. The Mr. Bryan mentioned is W. J. Bryan, late candidate for President.

Chas. Rogers, Galveston, Tex.

Here is the clipping:

Leaving The News Office, Mr. Bryan boarded one of Colonel Moody's yachts for Lake Surprise, where he said he would undertake to punish the ducks, which he had learned had become somewhat obstreperous since his last visit. The hunting party was composed of Mr. Bryan, Mr. W. L. Moody, jr., and Mr. Lovejoy. Mr. Sealy Hutchings is already at Lake Surprise and will join them there.

Mr. Bryan is said to be a first rate shot, and when here before he bagged 30 canvas-backs, which was about as good as the other hunters did who were familiar with the grounds. Mr. W. L. Moody, jr., says that it is impossible for even a good marksman to do his best on his first visit to Lake Surprise. He says when his father and ex-Governor Hogg went hunting there 2 years ago they fired about 400 shots and only bagged about 51 ducks. Colonel Moody has since learned the ways of the fowl, and on his last trip to Lake Surprise he brought down 130 ducks in a day.

I enclose a clipping from "The Evening Journal," of this city. If the report therein is correct, it is to be hoped the perpetrators of those deeds will be speedily brought to justice. It seems to me, if ever swine were ready for the slaughter house, they certainly are.

J. A. Armstrong, Ottawa, Can.

The clipping reads as follows:

DEER SLAUGHTERED BY THE HUNDRED.

Game and fish overseer Cormier, of Aylmer, has received intimation of a grave state of affairs existing at Noniningue, back of the county of Labelle. Hunters are making terrible slaughter among game, for the mere sake of destruction. The woods are dotted with carcasses of deer, while lakes and bays abound with floating trout and other fish. The shores are infected with decaying trout and cart loads of them were brought down to Labelle station last Friday and offered for sale at 3 cents a pound. There is great indignation among the law-abiding citizens and immediate action is asked for.

The game law forbids a hunter to kill more than 2 deer, yet one man sent to Montreal 39 head of big game. Others have slaughtered a great many and left them in the bush to rot, without even skinning them.

A Montreal lawyer writes that he saw at

one time 400 carcasses left to rot around Trembling mountain, in that district. On Lake St. Joseph, he counted 200 deer in a more or less advanced state of decay.

Mr. Cormier will prosecute a number of offenders, among them some high American officials.

Ottawa, Ont., Journal.

A SHOT FROM MEXICO.

San Luis Potosi, Mex.

Editor RECREATION: Your favor 26th ulto. I am at present unable to reply definitely to your question, but think the pigeon here is not the American passenger pigeon. I have killed many of them from time to time. We call them blue rocks. They are large, strong flying birds, of a dark blue color on neck and part of body. I do not remember their distinct marking; will in a few weeks be out again and will kill one and advise.

While we have an open season all the year, we hunt only in the fall and winter when the game is in good condition.

We are not game hogs down here. I have hunted all over the Republic and can vouch for truth of this statement. Have killed game from the Wilson snipe to mountain lions and bear. Have lived here 17 years.

Lake Chapola is the ideal spot (in this country) for wild fowl shooting, only there is such great numbers of wild fowl that it is hardly sport to shoot them. I have killed 48 wild geese from 3 to 6 p.m. and many ducks (all kinds), not in the count, and still I am not a hog as comparison would exculpate me, i.e., numbers of geese found as to number killed would probably figure 1,000,000:48::, etc., you to supply the missing term.

H. A. Vaughan.

If the killing of 48 geese in a day does not entitle you to a place in the pen I don't know what would.—EDITOR.

A REFORMED POT HUNTER.

Editor RECREATION: I like your way of writing up the game exterminators, the spring shooters, etc. They are criminals and should be put behind the bars. In a few years the ducks will be gone, and they will never come back. I have shot ducks on the Saginaw river and bay for over 20 years and can see the difference every year. I probably killed my share of them, and in the spring, too, but I think it time to reform and save what are left so they may hatch a flock or 2.

Spring shooting was prohibited in this state last spring. Some of the duck shooters want the law repealed so as to allow them to shoot in the spring again. I hope the legislature will not make any change. The present law is good, and our game wardens have been keeping a sharp look-out for violators. Very few ducks were killed here last spring.

One of our game wardens keeps a summer resort hotel close to the best duck shooting, and he kept after the duck shooters very close last spring.

A law should be passed prohibiting the sale of all kinds of game. That would stop a great deal of slaughter. If the shooters could not sell their ducks or other game birds, they would not shoot so much. When the profit stops they will stop.

I am telling you this because I know by experience. I am called the worst market hunter in this part of the country, but it is not so. I have quit: and hope others will follow.

John R. Cotter, Essexville, Mich.

OUTLOOK IN COLORADO.

The big game of Colorado has had a deal of trouble to keep out of the way of the market hunter in the past, but things have changed somewhat and a new era seems to be opening up. During the past season, but little was killed because of the forest fires which compelled the game in many localities to change its habitation; so, when the hunters went to their favorite grounds the game was gone. Another reason why but little game was killed last fall was that the season was so dry. It was almost impossible to stalk large game, as an animal could hear the hunter long before he could see it.

I went out on 2 occasions with 3 or 4 others. We were in a good game country but no large game was killed. I know of many parties who went out with no better success.

It is reported that over 50,000 deer crossed the Grand river below Glenwood springs last fall while the forest fire raged North of there. They no doubt wintered on the South side of the Grand and went North in the spring.

Now, if the market hunter and the Indians can be kept hobbled awhile, we shall soon have plenty of both deer and elk. Cattle are being run in all the game ranges in this part of the state. Last fall I saw cattle ranging above timber line.

Bart, Gunnison, Col.

RABBIT COURSING IN OKLAHOMA.

As I think the lady readers of RECREATION are not in sufficient evidence in its pages I send an account of our principal Oklahoma sport—rabbit coursing. I have not ventured to introduce any sporting terms because I am not acquainted with them. A 5,000 acre tract of government timber—an old military reservation—West of the city was chosen as the place of meeting. Several sportsmen with 6 or 8 grey-hounds were there early and, though the wind was blowing a gale, quite a number of people in carriages and on horseback were there to see the fun. Two dogs were matched for the first run. Two men, mounted on ponies then dragged a long rope over the grass and soon started a jack rabbit. Off he went with the dogs after him, over ditches, fields, and fences, every one following for 2 miles.

Another pair of dogs were selected, and another exciting chase followed. Dignified business and professional men drove, rode and yelled like school boys. At noon we lunched, hunted persimmons and then off to the chase again. Run followed run until evening drove us home with the remembrance of a day of sport that will furnish us many a laugh amid the realities of every day existence.

Nettie B., Oklahoma City, Okla.

A LABORING MAN'S PLEA.

Cheboygan, Wis.

Editor RECREATION: I have read many sportsmen's journals, but have never seen anything in their columns from the laboring man's standpoint. Apparently he has but little sport, or no time to tell of it, and those who do write for such journals do not often think of the poor man.

We cannot go to far off lakes to slaughter ducks, and must content ourselves with a few which we can catch along our rivers near home. Lo, if we do this, we are Sunday desecrators, pot-hunters, etc.

But the so-called gentlemen! Why, bless them, they need recreation and must have it, spring and fall. These shoot all they can reach, and then leave them to rot. Yes, to rot! And then they brag about it. Gentlemen? Are they?

They are our leading sportsmen; bankers, counter-jumpers, business men, out for recreation.

The factory hand needs no recreation. His happy lot is to toil year after year, for a daily pittance which will barely support his family in the cheapest way, leaving no margin for recreation for any of them. And if, by chance, one such should disclose his discontent his murmur meets the sneer, "You've no business with a family if you can't provide comfortably for them." Love and home are for the rich, toil and loneliness for the poor!

However, we are to help pay for protection for the rich man's game, just as we pay for all his other luxuries.

I have a yellow pointer. With him to help Jake and I have sometimes killed a few woodcock, on Sundays, which we could sell at 45 cents and 50 cents each, buying meat with the money, sometimes earning enough on Sunday to keep the wives and little ones in meat for a week. For this we are dubbed pot-hunters!

Do our sportsmen who shoot ducks in the spring do so for meat or merely for sport? Which works the greater harm, the individual hunter who kills a few on Sunday, or the swarm of gunners who throng the lakes in spring?

Henry Zurheide.

A REPLY TO MR. ROCK.

In January RECREATION I got an unfair scoring from R. W. Rock, of Lake, Id. I have never been on good terms with Rock. When he and his outfit came to Lake I had been there 6 years and game was abundant. The first year he was there Rock sold 65 cow elk to Gillman, of Sawtell, besides over 100 antelope and deer and 8 rams. He also sold every spring for 10 years a 4 horse wagon load of hides and horns. Once when the Park officers were after him he loaded a wagon with buffalo heads and left the Lake at 2 a.m.

His statement that "the catching of game tends to its preservation rather than extermination" is all bosh. He knows as well as I that game catchers cause the death of 5 animals for each one they take alive. It is true I have killed 100 rams on the Madison range, but I was 14 years in doing it, and sheep are as thick to-day on the range as they ever were. If you wish to inquire which of us bears the best reputation as a hunter, I will send you names of men who have known both Rock and I for years.

M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, Mont.

HE DIED HARD.

Most hunters agree that a quartering shot lengthwise through the body will stop any animal at once. I want to tell of one exception. I was hunting with W. L. Winegar, of Egin, Idaho.

We struck the track of a small band of elk. When we came up with them they were in a small grove of pines. They ran out over a bald knob, 125 yards distant. The old bull came out last; I waited for him and fired at his shoulder. I saw it jerk, but he went on apparently sound.

We followed him about 2 miles and he stopped 3 times to lie down. At last I shot him through the heart, when he sank immediately.

On dressing him we found the first bullet, a 300 gr. .45-90, had broken the shoulder blade, turned back and passed through the thoracic and abdominal cavities, severing the intestines in several places, so that the abdomen was filled with blood and intestinal contents. Some elk, like some cats, take a great deal of killing.

Hamilton Vreeland, Jersey City, N. J.

SOME DENVER DUCK EXTERMINATORS.

A Denver paper recently printed a story of spring duck shooting in that vicinity, illustrated with several duck hog pictures, from the text of which I quote:

> For a full week now, the season has been open. Men have been returning to town with sufficient ducks to supply themselves and their friends, and even the markets with enough and to spare. Advices from the south promise even better sport later.
>
> . . . .
>
> As the tyro gazes on the photographs that his more adept and lucky friends have had taken of themselves, loaded down and almost completely concealed with strings of ducks purporting to be the results of a single day's work, he naturally wants to know how it is done. . . .
>
> The duck shooting season in Colorado lasts from September to May. Only 4, and at most 5 months of that time are really available for shooting; for the migration of the birds lasts but little more than 2 months each way. All varieties of ducks remain in this vicinity all the summer, and one or 2 kinds remain all winter. For this reason a movement is now on foot to have the season extended on the spring end. Two bills with this in view are now pending in the Senate. Senate bill No. 148 provides for April 15 as the closing day of the season. Under this bill licensing of guns, guides and parks is introduced. Bill No. 492, called the "Game Hog bill" calls for the extension of the season, without any reference to licensing. The present bills provide for a limit of 50 birds to each man in the party.

Sail in, Denverites! Kill off all the ducks as soon as possible. Don't let one go North to nest! Then when they are extinct you can turn your attention to clay pigeons.—EDITOR.

THE WORMWOOD IN THE CUP.

The issue of Forest and Stream for June 9th, devotes a page and one-third to an elaborately prepared roast of G. O. Shields, because of certain alligators, birds, and fishes killed by him in Florida 20 years ago! It harks far back to the days when there was game a-plenty, and the need of sparing life was apparent to no hunter. It was a long way to go for a grievance; and apparently it is De Soto's turn next.

Through 4 broad, and sometimes valuable columns, a writer with only courage enough to write "Didymus" (from "didy,"— a clout, and "mus," a mouse—clouted mouse) at the end of his contribution, depicts Coquina as the most bloodthirsty monster on earth,—the type of the lowest degenerate among sportsmen. On the editorial page, and to the extent of another column—by the same writer but pitched in a more top-lofty key—the editor of RECREATION is held up some more as a horrible example.

I remember that until RECREATION was started, the much-reviled G. O. Shields, now a devil incarnate among game (according to the Clouted Mouse) was a liberal and always welcome contributor to the columns of Forest and Stream. What has happened to cause such copious purging on the part of the dwellers in the stone palace of sleep at 346 Broadway, who shape the waning destiny of Forest and Stream?

The causes of the many nasty flings flung at G. O. Shields, through F. and S., during the last 3 years, are not far to seek. They are as follows:

1. RECREATION, with 65,000 circulation.
2. The League of American Sportsmen, with 2,000 members, *sans* F. and S.
3. Circulation of Forest and Stream about 8,000!

The last figure is probably too high. Two years ago, when an office-boy stole the F. and S. subscription list and offered it as a present to Mr. Shields, it contained only about 3,500 names! Mr. Shields immediately restored the list to Mr. Grinnell, and has his grateful acknowledgement, but the boy had "figured it up."

I grant,—to please the virtuous (?) Didymus, and for the sake of argument—that 25 years ago, when Coquina was young and thoughtless, and game swarmed about him, he may have killed more than he should. In those days, where is the hunter who did not? But, when the disappearance of game became apparent, G. O. Shields was one of the first American sportsmen to lay aside his rifle, and become a game protector. Can G. B. Grinnell say as much?

But the president of the League of American Sportsmen needs no defense. Let Didymus, Grinnell and Reynolds continue to gnaw the RECREATION file in their waking intervals, and fret their hearts out in sheer envy of the success of the one lone man at 19 East 24th St.

Selah.

AS TO SPRING SHOOTING.

Des Moines, Ia.

Editor RECREATION:

The subject of abolishing spring shooting of game birds has been much discussed among sportsmen for many years. Advocates of the measure claim such shooting is wrong in principle; that birds in the spring should be permitted to go unmolested to their nesting grounds; and as a result there will be more birds for fall shooting.

They say no sensible man would kill one-half his flock of fowls in the spring just before nesting season. We, on the other side, claim it makes no difference whether the man kills one-half his flock in the spring or in the previous fall. A bird killed in the fall can have no family next spring, which is the same as if killed in the spring.

Spring shooting is destructive to game because it increases the open season, or, lengthens the time during which game may be lawfully killed, but is of no more importance than abolishing fall shooting would be

In the fall birds are young, unwary and easily bagged. In the spring they are strong, hardy and shy. These are unquestionable facts, which all sportsmen will recognize.

All true sportsmen are interested in the preservation of our game and I do not hesitate to say after many years' observation and study of the subject I am convinced that all states need one game law which would give more protection to game than the miscellaneous lot which now exist. It is this: Keep game out of the market every day in the year.

One market hunter will destroy more game in a season than 12 men who shoot for pleasure. The reason is plain. The market hunter makes it a business. He is familiar with the haunts and habits of game in his vicinity. Some of them also emigrate with the birds. The sportsman loses each trip from one to 3 days in locating the best hunting grounds, so that in a week's trip he will not have more than 4 days' shooting, counting also the time to go and come. A friend and I took a week's trip last year. As we stepped off the train at destination we saw a market hunter in the act of shipping more game than we got the entire trip and on being asked said he had killed them all the day before, but, like his kind, did not volunteer to tell where We had traveled more than 100 miles and the week's trip cost us each $15 or $20, which was left in the community. Market shooters travel from place to place with teams, live like Indians, and don't spend cents where we spend dollars.

The natural supply of game with short open seasons spring and fall will never be diminished if kept out of the markets. On the contrary, it will increase. Keeping it out of the markets is a law that can be enforced, if any law can be; so can the law designating certain periods as open seasons. But such laws as refer to use of blinds, sink boxes, sneak-boats, sunrise and sundown and all similar rubbish can not be enforced.

There should be a law to prohibit shipping out of the state unless game is accompanied by the shooter. A sportsman who has lawfully shot game in another state has left in that state many times its equivalent in money and should be permitted to transport it home, provided his state forbids the sale of game.

Game should be preserved for those who find health and pleasure in the pursuit of it, not for profit.

Therefore, let us get a few days fresh air in both spring and fall. We would prefer to get only 6 birds in the spring and 6 in the fall to getting 12 in the fall.

Recreation is what the true sportsman is after.

T. S. Ford.

GAME NOTES.

The following is from the Chattanooga Sunday Times. I think Jesse Bell is ripe for a dressing down.

J. W. Blair, Chattanooga, Tenn.

> QUAIL SHOOTING IN THE SOUTHWEST.
>
> One hundred and twenty-five birds in a day to the single gun and dog is, so far as my knowledge extends, the quail record for Southwestern Texas, a land that is emphatically the home of the quail. It was made near Marcellinas, on the San Antonio and Aransas Pass railway, in Karnes county. These were all fairly killed birds and the holder of the score, Jesse Bell, was accompanied by 2 other men, who were with him all day. Scores of 85 and 90 birds in a day are not by any means uncommon. The man who is unable to count 60 in bag at set of sun thinks himself unlucky.

He should deem himself the only decent man in the crowd. The others should be heartily ashamed of themselves. So should the editor of the "Times" for having "puffed" them.

The second annual encampment of our camping club occurred about 8 miles out of the city of New Lisbon, Wis., on the Lemonweir river. The party consisted of Wm. Wilcox, A. E. Kelk, E. N. Hurd, E. E. Winkler and W. E. Buckingham. The boys had unusually good luck catching pickerel, bass and pike.

Hunting was out of the question at this time of the year, it being the 3d of August, but the indications are it will be exceedingly good in the fall. Prairie chickens, ruffed grouse, ducks of all kinds, snipe and plover show up in abundance.

The Lemonweir river, for 25 miles up stream, is a perfect dream of loveliness, and the elegant sites for camping parties are very numerous. Splendid climate, pure ice, cold spring water, delightful scenery, no malaria and jolly society are a few of the points that the tourist should consider when he comes to choose a place to pitch his tent.

E. N. Hurd, New Lisbon, Wis.

Our prospects for good sport this fall were never so good as now. Ducks have been nesting all around us, in sloughs which for 2 or 3 years have been dry. Chickens were never more numerous than now.

Fred Philips, Spirit Lake, Ia.

Game here is scarce owing to the number of game hogs. I shot 35 gray squirrels during the open season and am satisfied. One of my neighbors killed 110 and is still hunting for them.

E. O. Dean, Cortland, N. Y.

Your neighbor should go to Vancouver and form a combine with Webber.

It makes me mad to see how the game is being exterminated. If the use of shotguns could be prohibited for 10 years, game would increase rapidly.

Should like to hear from other readers of RECREATION on this subject.

Bob, Kishacoquillar, Pa.

Should like to hear, through RECREATION, from men who have hunted in Tehama county and the Shasta mountains, California, regarding the game. What animals are found there and in what number?

C. H. K., Jamaica Plain, Mass.

About the only game here is foxes and they are killing off what little there is of other game. Last fall I got 3 mink, 5 muskrats, 2 gray squirrels and one grouse.

C. Kimball, Wolfboro Falls, N. H.

The Cuvier Club had 2 men arrested for shipping game before the season opened. When you shoot game hogs load with salt, so it will hurt.

Thos. L. Smart, Cincinnati, O.

Game prospects are good. Quail and deer are plentiful. Bear are numerous. Oystermen tell me the bays are alive with geese, swans, brant and ducks.

John W. Rusk, Belhaven, N. C.

We are going to have a hard fight with the game hogs and pot hunters, but you can rest assured we shall rumple their bristles before we have finished with them.

J. S. Estill, Savannah, Ga.

Deer, elk, bear, blue grouse, quail, and ruffed grouse are plentiful here this year, but Chinese pheasants are scarce.

W. H. Boren, Camas Valley, Ore.

How can I trace wild bees to their tree in the woods. I should like to try it and see them work.

F. S. Tufts, Winchester, Mass.

"More power to you," you are doing a great work and are doing it manfully and fearlessly.

Jas. R. B. Van Cleave, Springfield, Ill.

Keep up your crusade, Coquina. You are building even better than you know. The game hog must go.

Idaho, New York City.

Game is scarce in our county; only a few bear and deer left, but plenty of game hogs.

Mrs. R. O. Baylor, Lone Fountain, Va.

Chickens and quails plentiful; turkeys and deer scarce.

A. C. Cooper, Fort Sill, Ok.

Red squirrels are thick here. I have shot over 20 with my .22 Winchester repeater.

F. M. Agge, Boston, Mass.

The Lobo Hunt Club, under the leadership of Crow brothers, secured 12 foxes last season. The pack is composed of 4 fox-hounds, and they are clippers to run.—London, Ont., Advertiser.

MISTAKEN.

MARY A. DICKERSON.

She looked so sweetly startled when I kissed her unaware,
That I murmured, half repenting, "Forgive me, 'twas not fair.
You should not be so charming. And, yet, for friendship's sake,
I beg of you to pardon my unfortunate mistake."

She stood there, proudly silent, till my speech was blundered through,
Then answered, shyly raising her eyes of laughing blue,
"What very strange excuses for a gentleman to make!
I might forgive the kiss, sir—if 'twasn't a mistake!"

FISH AND FISHING.

THE LAW AS TO MILL RACES.

Mr. A. owns a mill race one-half mile long, having its source in a creek, and its outlet into the same; also an overflow between the 2. He owns the land on both sides of the race, from source to below outlet, and to center of said creek. It has been the practice when drawing the water from the race for repairs, and sometimes for the special purpose, to catch what fish were in the race, either with rake, spear, net or otherwise.

1. Can A or his employees, whom he has given permission be hindered or prevented from continuing this practice?
2. Can the same race be made into a private fish pond by putting in screens and posting the same?

Subscriber, Honoye Falls, N. Y.

I referred this inquiry to Julius H. Seymour, General Counsel of the L. A. S., at 35 Wall Street, who replies as follows:

The inquiry of "Subscriber" as to the practice of drawing off water from a mill race for the purpose of killing fish, etc., is answered in the game laws as follows:

1. Whether A. or his employees can be prevented from continuing the practice.

Sec. 101 prohibits the taking of fish by shutting or drawing off water for that purpose; but the commissioners may give permission to the owner or persons in charge of private grounds, reservoirs, or the waters of the State to do so for the purpose of taking carp, pickerel or other deleterious fish, and no others.

I do not think this mill race is a pound, or a reservoir or public water, and if it were, permission must first be obtained and only those fish taken. The penalty is $100 for each violation.

The public should keep clearly in mind that the game laws protect fish and game, no matter whether they are in a lake, or an aquarium, or public or private waters. A trout is a trout, and it can not be caught or possessed within the prescribed periods, no matter where it lives. The State owns it and allows its destruction only at specified times and places, set forth in the game laws.

I think the owner of this race can be prosecuted, and prevented from continuing the practice.

2. Whether he can make a private fish pond of his mill race is answered in Article IX., Sections 210 to 216 of the game laws. He can post notices, at least one foot square, on at least every 50 acres of the land or along the banks of the mill race, giving a brief description of the premises and the owner's name, etc., Sec. 211, and if he desires to devote the mill race to propagation, etc., he must advertise as per Sec. 212, and post notices.

FISH, FROGS AND OTHER THINGS.

A little book bearing this seductive title has just reached me:

"Fish and Fishing Along the Line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway."

It is published by the general passenger department of that road, and contains some valuable information for anglers. Here are some sample chunks:

I am glad to note that within the last year or 2 live frogs are not being slowly tortured to death "to make a holiday" to such an extent as heretofore. To put a live frog on a hook is cruel and barbarous; and when other bait will answer the purpose equally as well it should certainly be used. I have, in the last 2 seasons used pork rind exclusively, in all kinds of waters and at all seasons, and have caught as many bass as (in some cases more than) others who baited with live frogs. I have fished out of the same boat, with a more expert bass fisherman, and caught 2 bass with pork rind to his one with live frogs. It doesn't matter much what shape the rind is cut, although I have been most successful with a piece about 2 inches long by one inch wide, with a notch cut in at one end, to give it somewhat the shape of a frog. It is necessary to punch a hole in the other end to slip the hook through, as the rind is too tough for the hook to penetrate. If this hole is made just large enough for the hook to slip through snugly, one piece of rind will do for a day's fishing—which is a great saving of time and trouble. (Sometimes a long, narrow strip of rind, about the length and breadth of the average minnow, is more attractive). Pork rind is also cheap—5 cents' worth will outlast a dollar's worth of frogs. Aside from this, and the humane aspect of the matter, the use of pork rind is more sportsmanlike, in that one deceives and lures the bass with something it does not particularly like. There is nothing deceiving about a live frog—it is just what "Br'er Bass" wants, and he will keep after it if he misses on the first strike while with the pork rind it is necessary for the angler to be on the alert and strike as soon as the fish strikes, for he will not come a second time—at least on *that* cast.

The following simple scheme for keeping minnows alive may prove useful to some of our angling readers. It was discovered accidentally by a friend of mine last year. Grease the inside of the can in which minnows are to be kept, thoroughly, with lard or pork rind, and then wipe out with a piece of newspaper. This will leave a slight coating of grease on the inside of can. Then put in fresh water and the minnows will live all day without changing the water. I do not know just why this is so, but it is.

Fishing through the ice is not sport, and should not be permitted. There is not an element of sport in it, and I am glad to say that few *anglers* indulge in it. The man who baits a trap for a 'coon, skunk or any other animal that happens along, is as much of a sportsman as the man who cuts a hole in the ice and drops in a line.

The book is distributed free. If you should send for a copy please say how you heard of it.

ALMANAC FOR SALT WATER FISHERMEN.

The following will be found accurate and valuable for the vicinity of New York City:

Kingfish—Barb, Sea-Mink, Whiting, June to September. Haunts: The surf and deep channels of strong tide streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs and beach crustaceans. Time and tide: Flood, early morning.

Plaice—Fluke, Turbot, Flounder. May 15th to November 30th. Haunts: The surf, mouths of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, killi-fish, sand laut. Time and tide: Ebb, daytime exclusively.

Spanish Mackerel. Haunts: The open sea. July to September. Baits: Menhaden, trolling—metal and cedar squids

Striped Bass—Rock Fish, Green Head. April to November. Haunts: The surf, bays, estuaries and tidal streams. Baits: Blood worms, shedder crabs, calico crabs, small eels, menhaden. Time and tide: Night, half-flood to flood, to half ebb.

The Drums, Red and Black. June to November. Haunts: The surf and mouths of large bays. Bait: skinner clam. Time and tide: Day—flood.

Blackfish—Tautog. April to November. Haunts: Surf, vicinity of piling and old wrecks, in bays. Baits: Sand worm, blood worm, shedder crabs, clams. Time and tide: Daytime, flood.

Lafayette—Spot, Goody, Cape May Goody; August to October. Haunts: Channels of tidal streams. Baits: Shedder crabs, sand worms, clams. Time and tide: Day and night, flood.

Croaker. July to October. Haunts: Deep channels of bays. Baits: Shedder crabs, mussels. Time and tide: Day, flood.

Snapper—Young of Blue Fish. August to November. Haunts: Rivers and all tideways. Baits: Spearing and menhaden; trolling pearl squid. Time and tide: Day, all tides.

Sheepshead. June to October. Haunts: Surf and bays, vicinity of old wrecks. Baits: clams, mussels, shedder crabs. Time and tide: Day, flood only.

New England Whiting—Winter Weakfish, Frost Fish. November to May. Haunts: The surf. Baits: Sand laut, spearing. Time and tide: Night, flood.

Hake—Ling. October to June. Haunts: Open sea surf, large bays. Baits: Clams, mussels, fish. Time and tide: Day and night, flood.

Weak-fish—Squeteague, Squit. June to October. Haunts: Surf, all tideways. Baits: Shedder crabs, surf mullet, menhaden, ledge mussels, sand laut, shrimp. Time and tide: Day and night, flood preferred.

Blue Fish—Horse Mackerel. June to November 1st. Haunts: Surf, open sea and large bays. Baits: Menhaden, surf mullet and trolling squid. Time and tide: Daytime, not affected by tides.

TO EXTERMINATE THE FISHES.

Here is a copy of a circular issued by J. S. Patty, Deputy State Commissioner of Fisheries and Game, who gives his address as Winamac, Ind.:

> DEAR SIR:—The last Legislature made radical changes in the Fish and Game Laws in this state. Heretofore it has been unlawful for any one to have a net or seine in his possession, the penalty being a fine of not less than $50. It is yet unlawful to have an unlicensed seine or net in any one's possession, and a heavy fine is attached for the violation of this law, but now any citizen of the State may procure for $1 a license to own and use a seine.
>
> This license will be good for 5 years from its date, will give the holder thereof the privilege of owning a seine not to exceed 100 feet in length and 8 feet in width, with a 1½ inch mesh, and the privilege of using such seine in any of the rivers and streams of this State during the months of July, August and September in each year. Every one who fishes with a seine or trap net must have his own individual license. I will therefore give all an opportunity to procure such license. For convenience clubs sufficient to run a seine may be formed. Each club may own one or more seines, to be used only by those holding license. The law provides that before a license shall be issued to any person, such person shall pay a fee of $1, and give a bond for $200 conditioned that such seine will not be used in violation of the fish law. If the seine law is properly obeyed, this bond amounts to nothing. When your club is formed if you will send me a list of the members I will call on you at my earliest convenience. I am under heavy bond to enforce the fish and game laws, and expect to give my entire time to the work.

This is certainly a remarkable document for a state officer to issue. Ordinarily it is understood that the duty of a commissioner of fisheries is to propagate and protect the fishes in so far as possible; but Mr. Patty seems desirous of doing everything possible to aid in cleaning out the lakes and rivers of his state. He is said to be sending this circular broadcast all over the state. This would indicate that he wants every man in the state to buy a seine at once and then take out a $1 license for the privilege of using it 5 years. He even advises his constituents to organize clubs to work these seines. He seems to fear that if a seine belongs only to one man he may not use it as much as it should be used, and he wants the farmers and others in each neighborhood to club together and keep the nets moving.

If the granger legislature of Indiana is desirous of having the last fish in the state caught and killed they have certainly found the right man to further their wishes.

The way to make a bad law obnoxious is to enforce it. I hope the true sportsmen of Indiana will see during the present summer what a gigantic fish hog scheme this seine law is, and that as soon as the next legislature convenes they will have it repealed.

HE CHANGES HIS TACTICS.

Mr. W. B. Kniskern, G. P. A. of the C. & N. W. Ry., has for several years been collecting from his agents in Wisconsin and Michigan, reports of all the big catches of fish made in the waters adjacent to his lines. These reports have been sent to the sportsmen's papers and through the mails to possible tourists. On May 22d last I wrote Mr. Kniskern as follows:

I beg to again call your attention to what I consider the unfavorable advertising you are giving your line by sending out reports of the work of fish hogs. This is not simply my designation of the men who catch 3 or 4 times as many fish in a day as they should. It is a term in common use by all decent sportsmen, as expressing their opinion of this class of fishermen.

For instance, you state in a bulletin dated May 16th that John Carley caught 51 brook trout on May 14th. This is at least twice as many trout as any man should take in a day. I have had one or 2 bulletins from you within the past 2 weeks mentioning even larger catches than this.

The sending out of such reports of big catches, and having them published in various periodicals, flatters these men. They get copies of the publications containing the reports and show them to their friends. This encourages the hoggish instincts of not only the men who do the fishing, but of others as well; and that tends to deplete the waters along your line of the fish supply which they should contain for many years to come.

I do not mean to tell you how to run your business. I simply caution you, as a friend of yours, and as a friend of fish and game protection.

To which Mr. Kniskern replies as follows:

Chicago, May 30, 1899.

We are heartily in accord with the views expressed in your letter, and have instructed our advertising department to eliminate any such information from our notices in future. We will co-operate with you in every way consistent, on the lines you have inaugurated in bringing about these desirable results.

Yours truly,
W. B. Kniskern, G. P. and T. A.

And thus the gospel is being spread, day by day. It is gratifying to know that many of the great railway lines are becoming so deeply interested in the work of fish and game protection.

SOME SALMON FACTS.

Is the enclosed regarding salmon true? Are land-locked salmon affected in the same way?

W. S. Foote & Co., Lowell, Mass.

W. F. Hubbard, in the Oregonian says.:

"The time required for a salmon to arrive at maturity is about 3 years. During this time the salmon do not visit fresh water, but remain in the ocean until the approach of the spawning season, or the development of the organs of reproduction urge them to seek fresh water.

"When a salmon has once entered a river it never returns to the ocean, but continues its journey up the stream as far as possible before it becomes necessary to seek a place to spawn.

"The salmon that first enter a river in the spring are the ones that ascend the farthest up the streams and reach the headwaters before it is necessary for them to stop to spawn. These salmon are the first to spawn, which is accomplished by them at the headwaters of the longest streams.

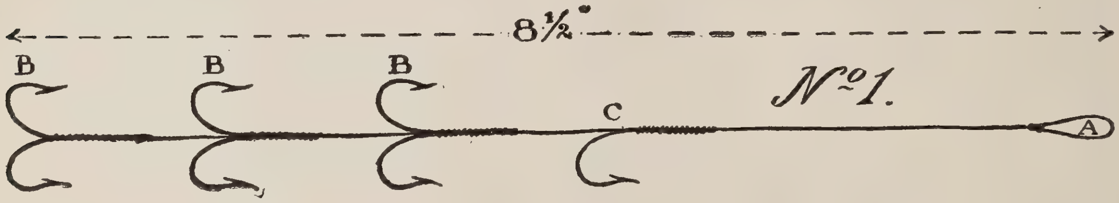
"All species of salmon deteriorate rapidly as the spawning season approaches, and as they eat nothing while in the fresh water they are consequently very poor when the spawning season begins. The act of spawning is very exhausting, and in its performance the fish becomes much frayed and mutilated. The fins and especially the tail are often worn to the bone. After spawning the fish hover about the spawning grounds a short time but soon drift off and die."

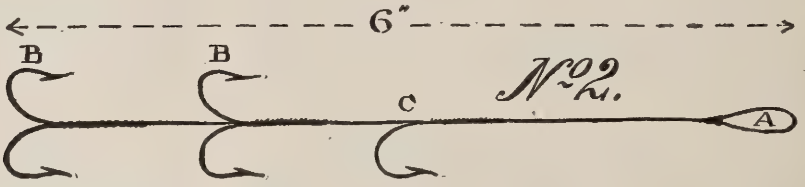
Replying to the above the Hon. Geo. M. Bowers, U. S. Fish Commissioner, says:

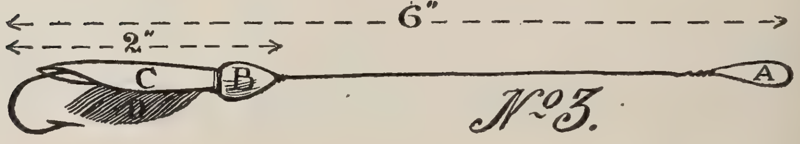
The statements made by Mr. Hubbard are true so far as we know, with the exception of the first, in which he says the time required for a salmon to arrive at maturity has been proven "by experiment" to be about 3 years. This may be true but we have no positive proof to that effect. The salmon referred to by him is the quinnat salmon of the Pacific coast, which is an anadromous fish. The landlocked salmon belongs to an entirely different genus, and remains all its life in the landlocked streams and lakes of New England, never descending to the sea.

This morning I went out into the shop with 2 minnows and one fish hook, with one pair of pincers, and this is what I brought out.

On No. 3 I laid my highest hopes. No. 1 is composed of 3 gangs of hooks (B.B.B.) and one single hook (C), strung on wire.







No. 2 is same only having 2 gangs (B.B.) of hooks. No. 3 is a common fish hook (e.) fastened to a phantom minnow's head (B). The piece of rubber off a white minnow (c) is folded over the back of the fish-hook and tied on to minnow's head. Under the rubber is tied a red feather off a spoon bait (D), while the whole fly, minnow, fish-hook and spoon are fastened to cat gut. I tried No. 1 and having no luck put on No. 2 with 2 minnows by the tail. In a little while I caught a fair sized black bass. Then I tried No. 3. As soon as it touched the water there was a tug and a buzz and away went my line; and soon a 3-pound bass was flopping on the bank beside me. Then I caught a 4-pound bass; then 2 smaller ones. Next I took out a 6 pounder. Then I went home. No. 3 is all right.

Geo. Knox, Harwood, Fla.

LAWLESS FISHERMEN.

George L. Carver is state game protector for Wayne county, N. Y., which borders on Lake Ontario. He recently took out and destroyed a lot of nets placed in Sodus bay in violation of the law. The fishermen who owned the nets came along while the warden was burning them and attempted to destroy his boat. He fired a shot at them with his revolver and they fled. The warden went on with his work, and an hour later, when he went to get his horse, which he had left in the barn of a nearby farmer, he found the animal in an adjoining lot. The fishermen had cut and mutilated the horse so badly he was scarcely able to travel. They have notified farmers that their property will be destroyed if they in any way aid game or fish wardens. The fishermen live in huts in the woods and have thus far eluded pursuit. They threaten to kill any warden or any other officer who may be sent after them. If the civil authorities are unable to enforce the laws in Wayne county, it would seem proper for the governor to send a company of militia there to look after these outlaws.

TWO MORE SPECIMENS OF THE MICHIGAN BREED.

Please note attached:

George Symes and Will Aten tell wonderful stories of their recent fishing trip on the Au Sable, near Roscommon. Any others intending to fish for brook trout in that locality may as well remain at home. The gentlemen say during their few days' trip they caught over 400 trout and brought home over 300.

These men were only gone 3 days, so they must have caught these fish in about one day. They are prominent men here and I think if you take the matter up with them and put the correspondence in print it will have a tendency to bring about good results, as this matter has been much talked of and many of our people are indignant at this exhibition of swinishness.

E. T. J., Owosso, Mich.

I wrote Aten as follows:

I am informed that you and a friend recently caught more than 400 trout in 2 days. Will you kindly advise me if this report is correct?

Yours truly,
G. O. Shields.

The above is true. We fished one day and part of 2 more. Had all we wanted to eat while there and brought home 330.

Yours respectfully,
W. E. Aten.

I also inquired of Mr. Symes, and here is his answer:

I am pleased to state that this is no fish story. We caught over 400 trout and brought home 330. We ate the others there. George B. Symes.

Why should you be "pleased to state" it? You would be ashamed of it if you had been reading RECREATION for the past 5 years. You see by the above what your neighbors think of you, and all the sportsmen in the country will have the same contempt for you when they read your letters.—ED.

SHINERS.

Any person wishing to have a few days of good fishing at small cost, may do so by taking the boat at 8 p. m., reaching Milwaukee in time to catch a train on the C., M. & St. P. railroad at 6:20 a. m., which takes you to Lake Mills Station. The lake is about a mile from the station.

You can get boats and bait from the man who keeps the boat-house. He is an obliging old man and will treat you squarely. The lake is fed mostly by springs and fish are plentiful. Black and rock bass and pickerel are the fish generally caught. There are plenty of hotels within a quarter of a mile of the lake.

A. H. Wichert, Chicago, Ill.

Game Protector George Carver made a great haul this week in Blind Sodus bay north of this place. One brand new gill net was taken, measuring 1260 feet in length, which was stretched across the mouth of the bay, and three other gill nets were found, each 500 feet long. Further investigation revealed 2 trap nets, one of them being 12 feet square, with wings extending out 130 feet in each direction, the other net being 8 feet square, with 75 foot wings. All of the nets were full of fish. Over 40 pickerel, ranging in weight from 2 to 15 pounds were found in the smallest gill net, while the trap nets were loaded down with fish. Mr. Carver said there were fully 1,000 pounds of fish in the big trap net.—Red Creek, Vt., Herald.

Also this:

Game Protector Carver, of Lyons, captured 5 nets in the bay, Tuesday, and destroyed them. Four of them were trap nets, one being new and evidently the first time in use, and one large gill net.—Same paper, later date.

Carver is a corker and should be promoted at once.

Shell Lake, Wis., May 3.—Willard Tubbs of River Falls, Wis., was fined $54 for violating the game laws by catching 45 trout the day before the season opened. —From Milwaukee Sentinel May 4th.

One day last week 3 men from the glass works caught 10 large trout in the bottom of the old canal with their hands, A small spring and shallow water enabled them to do this. County Detective Joseph Rightnour was informed of this violation of the fish law and he at once notified the offenders, who admitted the charge and paid a fine of $18. It was perfectly right. Now we hope some of the chaps who catch trout with nets will be pulled in likewise.—Keystone Gazette, Bellefonte, Pa.

Good! If all wardens will follow these examples and if all newspapers will commend them for doing so, there will be some hope of preserving the fish.—ED.

Herewith letter from agent of the 15th inst., reading as follows: "Fishing is quite good here, John Louisell, sportsmen's guide of this place, in 5 or 6 hours, usually catches 10 to 15 pounds of brook trout. Louis Hokenson caught 6 pounds in 30 minutes last Thursday.

Our rivers are the Paint, the Bush and the Ontonagon. Bush river is considered the best one, 5 miles East, Ontonagon river second, 4 miles West, and Paint river runs within 50 feet of the railway station here.

W. B. K., Elmwood, Mich.

In June RECREATION W. Powell, of St. Lambert, Quebec, says a large-mouth bass weighing 5 pounds was caught in the St. Lawrence river.

We do much better than that down here. On July 10, 1898, there was caught in a pond near Hampton park a large-mouth bass which weighed 6¾ pounds. It was probably the largest ever taken on Long Island. It was mounted and is now in our house in Hampton park.

John F. Walton, Southampton, L. I.

Oliver J. Townsend, of Penn Yan, N. Y., caught a 7 pound white fish while trolling for trout in Brandy bay, Keuka lake. Mr. Townsend was much surprised at his catch, as white fish have never before been known to take a spoon bait.

Joseph T. Cox, M. D., Penn Yan, N. Y.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

THE SMALL-BORE RIFLE STILL.

Weatherford, Tex.

Editor RECREATION:

Replying to Y. M. C. A.: There is little wonder that those seeking "the best" in rifles or shotguns should be puzzled by the extravagant claims of the gun-makers and gunworks, as to this or that gun, and the wonderful performance of different guns in the hands of experts. I have been handling guns for nearly 40 years, and have in my boyhood days made some wonderful kills with a cheap single barrel shotgun and an old-fashioned rifle. I conclude that, given any modern American shotgun or rifle, there is much more in the man, who aims it than in make or caliber. "Any old thing" will kill if aimed right, within its range. If Y. M. C. A. wishes a gun only for deer, and smaller game, to be used in a thickly settled country, a .32-40 is the best, or some less powerful arm than any of the .30's. If he would use a .30, never use a full metal patched bullet on any game, in any locality. This lesson should be pressed home by all means, not only because the soft pointed bullet has much more shocking power, on either "bone" or "tissue," but because it is but little, if any, more dangerous to the "other fellow," than the old .45, as penetration is no greater, and any tree or game that will stop a .45 will stop the soft-point .30

Either a Marlin or Winchester will do, but the old models of the Marlin have a very inferior breech block, and I have never seen one that had been shot much, but had sprung in the breech. I have never used their improved breech-lock, but the principle is much better. The Winchester .30, model 1894, is a handsome and very effective gun, where one expects to meet with bear, moose or other large, or dangerous game. The .30-40 model is a marvel in its range and shocking power (soft nose bullet) but is not a symmetrical arm, yet I think the magazine action superior, as I have never had a cartridge to jam or hang, even in a "bar" fight But while all ammunition concerns make and sell "short range" ammunition for the .30's I have never been able to use it with any degree of satisfaction, or accuracy, as I have always had to "train the gun" for all distances, in order to use it at all. This renders it useless for game.

My experience with the .30-40 Winchester the last season in the Rocky mountains was very satisfactory, and while I never slaughter game wantonly, I killed several and never lost one that had been struck. I got a large buck, after trailing him some 400 yards to where he had lain down. He jumped up and looked at me at a distance of less than 50 yards in a dazed way, until I put a bullet through his neck to save the meat. I was much astonished to find that the first shot had shattered one hind leg just above the hough. As some excuse for the bad shot, will say it was a long one.

If R. Q. O. Traver will load his own shells with buckshot that will just chamber in the muzzle of his shotgun, (press a wad into the muzzle and put shot in on it to test), as follows, he will have no trouble to build a killing load at 75 yards: Take strong paper, say hardware wrapping, and make a case or tube that will just fit in the shell, to hold 9 buckshot for 12 gauge pasting it well, side and bottom (folded) leaving sufficient in length after placing it in the shell, and putting in the charge to turn good and strong over the top, to be also well pasted down, before putting on top wad. This is the same principle as cutting the shell between the powder and shot, but is safe, and will not injure, even a choked gun, and it will give wonderful results if well loaded. It is good for turkeys and all long range work.

H. S. Moran.

LONG SHOTS VS. LONG BOW.

Armington, Mont., March 5, 1899.

Editor RECREATION:

D. L. Leeper, Spokane, Wash., talks of my "wonderful" performances shooting game at what he considers "such great distances." He concludes by saying he doesn't believe me. I don't care for that. Heretofore my word has been as good as an affidavit. I have witnesses to most of the shots he objects to, and could get their affidavits; but if I can not be believed without that I don't want to be.

When I made the statements it was with no desire to pose as a crack shot or a long range marksman. I am far from being either. I was merely trying to demonstrate the possibilities of the .30 calibres. If "such accurate shooting" can not be done why do manufacturers equip their rifles with elevating sights ranging from 300 to 3,000 yards?

To Doubting Thomas I wish to say: With the rifle of which I wrote (.30-30 Winchester) I have killed wolves and coyotes up to 500 and 600 yards. First shot? Not always; no, far from it. But in shooting on the prairie one can see where the bullets strike and in 2 or 3 shots can come very near getting his game.

"All this he did without raising his sight once." Yes, sir; that's what I said. In hunting I don't raise my sights one shot in 50. I hold the front on object I desire to hit and look over rear sight. This may look like "guesswork" to a great many, but when once the habit is acquired remarkably close "guessing" can be done.

Now, here are a few shots that I know of having been made, and there were witnesses to all of them: Three geese killed by an older brother at 455, 510 and 519 steps respectively. One of the other shots evidently killed, as a goose was knocked down and flew off with legs hanging. Five shots, off-hand, .45-90 Winchester 30 inch barrel Lyman sights. One day 350 yards. One shot same gun. One black eagle 367 yards. Same gun and sight. Shot from rest. The geese mentioned above were *"single geese,"* not "flock shots."

Here are a few shots I have made: one goose, 355 yards, .38-55 Ballard, open sight. Shot from rest. One goose, flying, 145 yards. (Single bird, same gun.) One single goose, 150 yards, flying, .40-65 Winchester, 3 shots. Opened on coyote at *about* 275 yards, 4 shots; 3 hits. Any one would have killed in a few minutes but showed no sign of being hit till he fell dead at 325 yards. .30-30 Winchester (best gun made) no witnesses. One black tail buck at what two friends estimated at 350 yards, .40-70 S. S. Remington No. 3, Lyman sights. Same gun and sights—*about* same distance crippled an elk. Three shots at rock about 10 x 12 or 14 inches, 475 yards, .45-90 Winchester. Fired from rest. First shot low 10 inches. Raised sight higher and fired other 2 and found they had struck about 3 inches from center and 2 inches apart. One witness. Peepsight of my own make. Three coyotes, 30 yards running, .38-40. Never touched a hair.

A. A. Haines.

GRIZZLY VS. MARTINI.

Bruce's Landing, B. C.

Editor RECREATION:

It is amusing to read the different positive statements your correspondents make as to which is the best rifle or shotgun for a man to use. It is a good job we have different opinions or some maker would get a fortune while others, equally as good, would have to close out. I have used the Kentucky, Ballard, Winchester, Marlin, and for the past 11 years have done most of my big game shooting with a Martini-Henry .45-85, with the regular 32½ inch barrel. This rifle makes a very small hole in the fur but "freezes" game quickly. I have shot deer with it, and found no traces of blood until I found the dead body within 50 yards of where he was shot. I have watched my fellow-sportsmen trying to sew up the hole made in a bear's skin by a .30-30 on its way out, and can not see why a small caliber should be used if it has to make such a big hole to be effective. The big hole it makes in game is the worst objection I ever had to the Winchester.

With my Martini I have killed geese at all ranges up to 500 yards. Once I killed a deer at 600 yards. He fell dead in his tracks. I do not think it is creditable to the shooter or his rifle when he kills game at long ranges without elevating his sights. If he would frankly confess that he shoots up in the air it would look better for both.

I was amused by that picture you gave about the fight between a horse and a grizzly.

Last spring I met a big grizzly in the Kootenay district, on a snowslide. I was within 20 feet of him before I saw him. He was busy turning over some stones, and though facing me, did not get my scent, owing to a favorable wind. When he did scent me he looked up, but he was too late. My bullet caught him at the front of his left shoulder and came out behind his right shoulder. He fell over on his back and while in that position my bird dog, which had never before seen a bear, caught him by the hind leg, as he would a deer. The bear got up, and turning round made a pass at the dog. He struck some brush the dog was standing on and sent brush, dog and all 30 feet down the hill. This effort burst him up inside and he fell. As he did so he vomited clotted blood. He did not get on his feet again, but crawled slowly through the brush about 50 yards, the dog coaxing him along by nipping his heels. He then crossed his front paws, laid his nose on them, and closed his eyes apparently dead. One ear had been chewed off in a family quarrel, so he was a tough looking customer. To make sure he was dead I told the dog to nip him. Bruin opened his eyes. They were bloodshot, but seeing me so close they brightened up not unlike a rattlesnake's. I then put a bullet through his skull above the eyes and he died instantly.

I afterward found this bullet pressed against the skin of the throat and broken into many pieces. It is a 480 grain bullet and strikes with 2 tons force, so you can have some idea of the hardness of his skull.

He measured 8 feet 6 from tip to tip, over 9 feet across the fore legs, and the nails on his paws were 6 inches long.

J. Irwin.

BIG MAN—BIG GUN.

I can safely call myself an old hunter, as I began in '44, when 17 years old, to kill, from jacksnipe to grizzlies, and have killed game from Texas to California, etc. Therefore, permit me a few notes. One writer says: "I noticed with considerable amusement what Grizzly Pete, of Buffalo river, had to say of the .45-70 (an entirely obsolete arm) as against all small bores and particularly the .30-30 and .30-40."

I claim that Grizzly Pete is entitled to his opinion, and to "put yourself in his place"—correct.

If a man's gun suits *him,* what more does he want? As to the weight of a gun, some men are far more powerful than others, and can hold a heavier gun steadiest. As to ammunition, many hunters unnecessarily load themselves with it, therefore, the smaller the bore the more they can carry. Old hunters like Grizzly Pete and I would start out for a day's hunt with but a few cartridges and the size don't count.

One writer says: "I take it, the only gun of which he can speak from experience, is the .45-70." Suppose it is. Is not his opinion of value as to that gun? Can it be said that the .45-70 has not sufficient killing power?

The main point with hunters is to get a gun they can hold on game. Some men require a heavy gun, others do not. Personally I know this to be a fact. With a powerful man after he gets used to his gun a few pounds more don't count. I prefer a heavy rifle, so heavy that few men would care to pack it all day. I can shoot it straighter, hold it steadier. I have plenty of muscle to carry it—then why should this be a subject for ridicule—especially since I get more game than the average hunter.

As to ammunition, I would prefer to suit it to the game to be hunted. In the early days of California I tackled a grizzly with my old Kentucky rifle and extremely small ball. I had a close call for it. On deer it was good enough. I would sooner use a .45-70 on all large game than have the meat unnecessarily torn by a .30-30 or .30-40. Still I consider the .45-70 rather large.

A while ago I went on a hunt with a party of 6. For the hunt of a week I took 20 cartridges, some of the party had 350 cartridges. None less than 200. When we got to the hunting ground they loaded down with heavy belts of cartridges—and the first days, one might have thought there was an Injun skirmish on hand. I let the outfit go their way. I went mine, in an opposite direction. At night it was "Why in h— did you shoot at me?" "Why you wasn't within half a mile. What are you talking about?" The fact was they had .30-30's and .30-40's and it was only a miracle some one wasn't killed. The result of the hunt was 5 deer killed by them, badly mangled. I killed 3 with my old Henry! all in fine condition.

Now then, whose gun was the best? It is not gun alone, it is the man behind it.

Many years ago I went down to Arizona when Apaches were bad—though some became *good.* I was then prejudiced in favor of my old Kentucky rifle, and no better gun was ever made for its range. No doubt it would cause some of your writers "amusement," if they saw the small ball it carried. Yet in my hands it even killed grizzlies. And the "Greasers" learned to know its deadly nature. But I wanted a long range gun to shoot a mile or 2 or less, and went to a good old gunsmith I knew and told him my wants. He said, "I've got the very gun you want," and brought me a Sharp, that had been made to order, short and very heavy. I don't know the caliber, but the round ball was ½ ounce. One slug ¾ ounce, the other 1¼ ounces. I took it out of town and tried it against a stump. To my surprise this was bored through. I didn't know what to make of it then. Sometimes I think some of the balls are going yet. I bought it.

On the way out at Soda lake I met a company of soldiers going to Arizona. One morning the Indians ran out in front of the camp, perhaps 500 or 600 yards away. The soldiers popped at them without effect. I laid the old gun on a rock, took as good aim as I could, at the fellow, disagreeably slapping a certain part of his person, and to my surprise, and all of us, down he went. Which was the best gun? Afterward I found the gun a holy terror to shoot, and a better gun for ordinary game I could not wish. Yet many a man could not have carried it all day.

I have read much valueless matter. Let us have fairer criticism and learn why one gun or a certain ammunition is better than any other, but I do not see anything in favor of either that unnecessarily destroys good meat, or makes it unsafe for another hunter to be any where in the vicinity of the shooter. Most game is killed within 100 yards. Timber, unlevel ground, etc., hinders it being killed much farther, though there is much boasting of long shots.

Geo. W. Warner, San José, Calif.

A WORD FOR THE WINCHESTER SHOTGUN.

Editor RECREATION:

I have seen numerous inquiries in RECREATION concerning the Winchester repeating shotgun and I wish to say that purchasers of the Winchester will get their money's worth.

I have used the lever action and now have a '97 model take-down that I would not exchange for any double gun. With the lever action I killed a large hawk sitting on top of a tall tree at 60 yards (load 3 dr. 1 oz. No. 5). I had no idea that I could kill him. I could kill everything I pointed it at. The slide action is quicker than the lever, but both are good guns and each model has some advantage over the other. The '97 model is choked slightly more than the lever action. If you use black powder get the lever action, if smokeless, the '97 model.

If R. I. O. Travers will get a 10 gauge cylinder bore lever action Winchester he will find the gun he wants for buckshot.

To clean empty rifle or revolver shells I throw them in hot water as soon after firing as possible, then swab them with a rag and wipe dry.

I should like to hear more talk on revolvers and revolver shooting; what revolvers your readers like best, etc. I use a .38 caliber double action, 5 inch barrel, and can usually place my 10 shots in a 6 inch circle at 25 yards, resting. Is that considered good for a revolver? The best shooting I have ever done was to put 3 consecutive shots in a small envelope at 74 yards.

I use a .44 caliber '92 model Winchester. It is a good gun. I do not think it equal to the .30-30 or larger black powder calibers, but good enough for me.

Now I will ask Bro. Coquina and his readers which gun gives the greater penetration, a cylinder or a choke bore? Also why does the '92 model Winchester .25-20 give more penetration than the .25-20 single shot? The velocity per second is lower in the repeater and there is little difference in the trajectory.

Sport, Schenectady, N. Y.

AS TO DRIFT, ETC.

I note with interest the very lucid illustrated explanaion of drift by G. P. Servin. Would not an analogous case be a tennis or baseball thrown with the forward half moving to the left? Since the right side of ball is moving forward and the left is moving backward toward thrower, does not the friction of air on the right side cause the ball to drift or curve to the left rather than to the right, as the bullet of Mr. Servin has done? If both cases are true evidently velocity, twist and specific gravity must be important factors. Will not Mr. Servin or some one kindly explain?

Would say to J. W. Brown, who wants an open pattern for quail shooting at 30 yards, I prefer a full choke and Peter's shells loaded with King's smokeless. I have tried the following methods for brush shooting:

Reduce the charge of shot, use larger shot, decrease wadding between powder and shot, divide the shot and use thick wad over shot, one wad black or pink edge between powder and shot, one ounce shot divided by card wad and black edge wad over shot, will give a load with open pattern and enough penetration for brush shooting.

But it must not be expected to give either the evenness of pattern or penetration of the standard shell.

Mr. Travers would find that the Ithaca company makes a 12 gauge gun which shoots buckshot exceedingly well. Other makers, also patrons of RECREATION, no doubt make as good guns for buckshot.

It has been proved that the 10 gauge is superior to the 12 gauge where the larger shot is used. The method of loading as recommended by the Ithaca people is good and is as follows:

Place a wad in muzzle of gun forming a cup ½ inches deep. Select such a size of buckshot that a layer of from 3 to 5 will chamber loosely in cup formed in muzzle. Take the number selected and place in shell and if the gun is full taper choke, they will chamber very loosely in shell. Fill up space between top of buckshot with Nos. 10 s. 12 s. or sawdust. Then another layer of buckshot as above until the required charge is obtained. Shot wads between the layers spoil the pattern.

C. D. K., Newport, Ky.

OFF-HAND SHOTS.

I heartily recommend to all sportsmen the Laflin & Rand powders—both Sporting Rifle Smokeless and the .30 Caliber Smokeless.

I have tested the Sporting Rifle Smokeless at 75, 100, 200, 300, and 600 yards range, in a .25-35 Winchester and a .30-30 Marlin, for light shooting with lead bullets. I used 9 grains and 12 grains of powder in a .25-35 Winchester shell and .30-30 U. M. C. shell with No. 5 Winchester and No. 6 ½ U. M. C. primers respectively. My bullets were a 103 grain No. 25,717 Ideal, and a 150 grain No. 308,156 Ideal; both hardened 1 to 10.

As a result of the test in both guns I find a remarkably flat trajectory as compared with black powder; excellent penetration, and phenomenal accuracy at all ranges. Also great cleanliness, absolutely no fouling, no jumping and no leading. There is great stability to the powder and so far no deterioration. My opinion of the powder is, it is the best in the world;

J. W. Henderson, Ouray, Colo.

In January RECREATION J. W. Brown wishes to know how a full choke gun can be made to give an open pattern. Various articles on this subject have appeared in RECREATION from time to time but one more may not be amiss.

"Shot spreaders" have been on the market for some time, costing about 50 cents a 100. They consist of 2 rectangular pieces of pasteboard morticed into each other at right angles. When one is placed in the shell it forms 4 compartments for shot. This "spreader," of course, takes up room, hence it is advisable to use a longer shell instead of fewer wads.

This will open the pattern very considerably, though it probably lessens the penetration. The spreaders are so simple in construction that anyone can make them.

Another method is to separate the shot by wads. Put in part of the shot then a card wad, then the rest of the shot. One or more wads may thus be used.

Of these 2 methods I think the first will be found more satisfactory.

A. E. Midgley.

Will someone tell me why the .32-40 rifle, with smokeless powder and soft-nosed bullet is not just as good a weapon as the .30-40 or .30-30?

2. What is the best way to clean a gun after ordinary usage?

3. Why does not some company put out a revolver of small caliber using smokeless powder and soft-nosed bullet?

I endorse the idea of H. A. Ives, in January number: Limit the number of shots to be fired at certain game instead of the number that may be killed.

The hunter who can match his own cunning against that of his game and get within a reasonable killing distance is a truer sportsman than the fellow who "pumps lead" after everything that jumps up, only to send a large majority wounded to die in some secluded place.

F. B. Ellis,
Walnut Grove, Minn.

I would like to find out from good authority if shooting a round ball from a shotgun can in any way injure the gun or spoil the choke.

The Ideal Handbook No. 10 says: "Never shoot a naked ball. Procure a square piece of fine linen large enough to enclose the ball and fasten with strong thread, first dipping in a good lubricant."

It says further that they do not recommend round ball for choke bore guns. But it does not state why, whether because the shooting is not accurate or because it is injurious to the gun.

With the bullet wrapped in linen and lubricated, I believe it is perfectly safe, but I do not care to take any chances of injuring the choke until I am certain.

R. C. C., Seattle, Wash.

Will some reader of RECREATION tell me the danger-limits of the .32 short C. F. and the .22 long rifle? I mean the extreme distances at which, in case of their striking anyone, they are likely to cause trouble for the shooter. I think it must be in the neighborhood of 850 yards, but fortunately have never verified my calculations.

While camping last summer, I found the bullets go through one inch of seasoned chestnut at about 500 yards. The shooting was done across a body of water, thus preventing accurate judgment of distance, but I will give the trajectory figures, and from them some expert can work out the probable range.

The mark was 6 feet tall and 12 feet long; and behind it was a tree estimated to be 40 feet high. By aiming for the top of the tree we were able to hit the target 10 times running. Overshooting by 40 feet gives the bullet a mid-range ascension of 20 feet and points to range hard on 500 yards.

The shots were well bunched; most of them would have hit a man standing in center of the target.

Will someone kindly let up on the .30-30 taffy-pull long enough to answer my query?

W. S. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.

My gun is a 12 gauge Ithaca hammerless, No. 2, $60 list, Damascus barrels, 30 inches, full choke, drop of stock 2½ in.

I had it made to order. It is one of few of its kind. I had it built with 12 gauge barrels on a 10 gauge stock, barrels ¼ in. thick at breech. It weighs 9¼ pounds, but is so perfectly balanced that one does not find the weight burdensome. Stock delicately built yet strong enough for any gun. It is an ornament to a parlor.

Shooting qualities first class. Ducks and rabbits I have killed at 60 yards with No. 6 soft shot. No. 8 shot will kill quail and other small game. "BB" shot I have put through 1 1-3 in. soft pine at 50 yards.

Before buying a gun look at the Ithaca. It will pay you.

Norman Peterson, Carpentaria, Calif.

I would like to add my ideas to the discussion regarding 16 g. double guns and loads. My standard load in a Remington 16 g. 6¾ lb. gun is as follows: 32 and 34 grains smokeless powder, 1 hard card, one ⅜ felt and one field wad, ⅞ oz. shot, 7 to 10, one regular top shot wad. U. M. C. high brass shell. For No. 6 shot and under, 36 g. 1 oz. shot wadded as above. These loads give excellent results.

Should like to hear from any rifleman who owns one of the captured Mausers, '93 model, as to its accuracy, and whether with ½ jacketted bullets it would not prove satisfactory for deer and large game.

G. E. M., Somerville, N. J.

We have lots of game here, also lots of game hogs. There are deer, antelope, mountain sheep, bears, cougars, wildcats, coyotes, quail, sage hens, grouse, ducks and geese. Rabbits are so numerous as to destroy crops.

I should like to hear from someone who has used a .30 Winchester model 95. I have used almost all sizes and models of Winchester, except the .30. For deer I like the .38-56 better than any I ever tried. For wing shooting I use a Winchester repeating shotgun, slide action. For close shooting I think it hard to beat.

G. C. Goddard, Little Pinto, Utah.

Will some one inform me regarding the .32-40 Winchester, model '94?

For 2 years I have used a .32-20 indeed have *mis*-used it in every way, —leaving it uncleaned and wet, and it is still in perfect condition. The barrel is all one could desire in durability. It is an ideal weapon for ducks and geese. I know a man who has shot deer with one of the same caliber, though I think it too small for such game.

Which action—lever or slide—is best in a Winchester repeating shotgun? Does the slide action jam the shells?

T. M., Southborough, Mass.

I have read the article by S. W. Siddal in regard to the repeating shot gun. He says the objection he has to it is the shells sticking when going in the barrel. He must have had one of the first ones made, for I have used a '97 model more than a year and never had a shell stick yet. I consider the repeater the best shot gun made, regardless of price.

Keep right on giving it to the game hogs.

George Winter, Dannebrog, Neb.

Noticing that 300 yards range point-blank is claimed for the .30-30, I wish to inquire how the rifles are sighted to obtain this result. If the line of sight and the bore are exactly parallel, why would not the bullet fall about 4 feet in 300 yards? With a muzzle velocity of 2,000 feet it would take the bullet nearly ½ second to travel 900 feet, and a bullet will fall very close to 4 feet in that time. The (number of seconds) squared × 16.1 feet being the formula for falling bodies. Does the twist of the bullet affect this rule?

Subscriber.

March 3, 1899.

I wish to say to those who want an all-round gun get a Savage. It is the gun. Aside from the regular factory loaded ammunition, I have had the best of success reloading. For target use 100 to 200 yards and for woodchucks, 40 grains F. F. G. powder, 100 grains miniature metal-covered bullets. In shells that have been used it is necessary to have a shell re-sizer.

Dough Boy, Athol, Mass.

One thing that amuses me is the talk about large and small caliber rifles. If some of these Eastern fellows would come and stand up with me in front of our Northern grizzlies, they to have the old fashioned smoke stacks, and I my .30-40, they would soon see the difference. The old rifles were all right till the smokeless ones came out. I have shot 34 bears with the .45-90, and 12 with my .30-40; therefore I think I know what is the best rifle for dangerous game and would take chances with a .30-40 which I should dodge with a .45-90 Winchester.

A. Jordan, Arrowhead, B. C.

Is it not a fact that the right or left barrel of any double gun will put a majority of the pellets to the right or left of a stationary target? If so, why should not a single gun shoot truer than a double gun of equal quality, since the sight of the single gun is directly in the center of the barrel? It is to the left of the right barrel and to the right of the left barrel in case of the double gun. Let's hear from some practical sportsman on this subject. M. K. Barnum, North Platte, Neb., for instance.

J. H. Ramsay, Seaboard, N. C.

I have tested the Laflin & Rand Sporting Rifle Smokeless powder at 100 and 200 yards range, in a .45-70 repeater. I used 24 grains of powder with a 330 grain bullet, hardened 16 to 1. The result of the test was very satisfactory, the flight of the ball regular and the shots well grouped at 100 and 200 yards. The trajectory is slightly flatter than with 70 grains of black powder and the same ball. It is the best powder I have ever used. There is no smoke to speak of, and but slight recoil. This powder is a Godsend to those using large caliber, black powder hunting rifles.

H. R. Hitchcock, Elwood, Ind.

Have any of the readers of RECREATION tried a cast bullet made of 10 per cent copper, 10 per cent tin and 80 per cent lead, for use in the .30-30 or .40-40 smokeless rifle?

H. P. Pettit, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

Coyote Ash must have a wrong idea of lateral drift; or, perhaps, he is only making fun of somebody's theory about a known difficulty in rifle shooting.

I should say there would be no drift at point blank range, no matter what the grade or range of the rifle may be. I am much interested in the Guns and Ammunition columns of RECREATION, because they give the practical experience of men who know about things.

C. F. Marble, Rockland, Mass.

Everybody to his notion about rifles; and me to mine. I have hunted and trapped in the Rocky mountains for 18 years; have studied the nature and habits of game in its native haunts in the wilderness and have used nearly all kinds of rifles. I find the Winchester .30 U. S. Army the best big game gun I ever tried.

Chas. Marble, Chestnut, Mont.

Get a Winchester sling strap, a Heikes' hand protector, and a leather recoil pad. Cut through the recoil pad in 2 places ⅜ inch apart for hook of strap. Hook the other end of strap to end of hand-protector, or attach the regular fore end swivel to same if desired, and the whole thing can be attached or removed without defacing gun in the least.

E. R., Brookline, Mass.

Has any reader had any practical experience in using a 32-40 repeater, bored for high pressure smokeless powder, and using 36 to 40 grains Dupont Government smokeless powder and a paper patched cylindrical bullet? Or a 32-40 barrel bored for low pressure smokeless Dupont No. 1 powder; but using the above mentioned high pressure ammunition? If so, please tell us about the velocity, penetration and trajectory.

Frodue, Visalia, Calif.

Will some brother sportsman give his experience with the .25-20 repeater as a deer gun?

Can anyone give results from using the above gun with split nose or express bullets on deer? Will some one give as nearly as possible the cost per 100 of reloading Marlin .30-30 shells, short range, lightest load? The above information will be of great help to me.

R. S. D. Loach, Karnes City, Tex.

Can some of your readers inform me (1) as to the way of reloading .30-30 shells?

(2) Can the bullets be made by the Ideal reloading tool, or must they be bought from the company. (3) What tool is best for the .30-30, and how would you reload them. (4) Is the steel jacket bought separate?

Old Subscriber.

Will the editor or some reader of RECREATION give an estimate of the per cent of successful shooters at the trap who shoot with both eyes open? "Dude" Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Ia., shoots with both eyes open. How is it with Hykes, Elliott, Bud, Grimm and other good trap shots?

Bert T. Barnes.

I should like to ask through RECREATION of some one who has used them, 1st, which he thinks is the best rifle for target shooting and for rabbits and prairie dogs; the Winchester single shot C. F. .22 cal. or the Stevens rifle, No. 44 or 45, bored for their new .22-15-60?

2. Is the Winchester .22 C. F. inside lubricated?

3. Will it handle one of the Ideal heavier bullets, say 55 grains?

H. L., Hackberry, Kas.

Noting the many objections to .30-30 bottle-nicked shells, I am moved to ask: Why can we not have a Stevens .30-30 straight-shell, for smokeless powder, metal jacketed bullet of about 170 grains?

This shell could be reloaded with light charge, hardened lead, with good results. The barrel, of course, should be of special steel, twist one in 12.

William Blake.

NATURAL HISTORY.

WHY NOT JOIN THE L. A. S.?

What shall we do to protect our birds? We pass laws but what good do they do? We have a state and city law but every snow storm brings thousands of horned larks to our streets to feed, and hundreds are killed by men and boys, regardless of laws or of humane feeling. The other day a farmer told me about swallows that nested under the eaves of his barn last spring. He said he got a club and knocked the nests down, killing 75 young and breaking many eggs. You can not teach that class of people anything.

We must teach the boys and girls the beauty and benefits of our birds. I thought when bird day was first proposed it was just the thing, but I have changed my mind. I think, now, if bird day should be generally observed in the United States it would be a mistake. I agree with G. A. Mack in February Recreation. Interest a boy in the study of birds and you make an egg collector of him. We have too many now that collect eggs as they do postage stamps, to see who can get the largest collection with no thought of their value.

Ornithologists are born, not made. This question of bird protection is a serious one and the decrease of birds is alarming. Most people do not notice this decrease. They look at nature and her birds and do not see her beauty nor think of the benefit the birds are. The ornithologist sees the birds are scarcer every year as he tramps through woods and meadows. Where once birds were abundant, now only a few remain. How dreary these places will be when they are all gone, the fields laid bare and the crops destroyed by insects that the birds ate. Here in Colorado new species of insects are added to the list every year. We now stand second on the list. Nebraska first with 400 species, Colorado second with 374. While the insects are increasing the number of birds has decreased about one-half in the last 15 years. I am not an alarmist, but these things will come to pass. We may not see it, but the rising generation will. The ornithologist is the man to advocate protection.

Let us organize an ornithological society in every state, and let the members see that the laws are enforced, and the gospel of protection spread everywhere.

W. L. Burnett, Fort Collins, Colo.

ANSWER.

Why not all join the L. A. S.? That is already organized and at work. It was organized solely for the pnrpose of protecting the birds, the mammals and the fishes It has already made a record and is making more of it every day. It has 2,000 members distributed over 42 States. It has arrested and fined a number of men for killing song birds and is watching for other offenders. Why ask for the organization of other societies when you have the right kind already organized? Send in your $ Brother Burnet.

A HEAVY PIGEON SHOWER.

Lacona, N. Y., Mar. 3, 1899.

Editor Recreation:

I have seen a great deal in your valued magazine about the pigeons and what has become of them and have thought several times I would write to you on the subject, as I may be able to give you some information which may be of interest to you as well as to some of the readers of Recreation. We all remember how we used to look forward to the flight of the pigeons in spring time, 25 or 30 years ago, and what thousands of them used to pass over nearly all parts of New York State. This town, or a little East of here, was once a famous feeding ground for them and a man to whom I am indebted for a good portion of my information at that time made a business of trapping them for the market, for trap shooting, etc. One spring in the 70's he captured here (3,000 dozen). In the spring of 1875 the pigeons made a flight North to this part of the State about the last of March or first of April, it having set in warm quite early. Immediately after their arrival it turned cold and they all disappeared, going South.

Mr. Miles Blodgett, now an old man living here who made a business of catching them went South in the State to ascertain if possible their whereabouts and finally located them near the village of Byetown on the line between New York and Pennsylvania; meantime snow had fallen quite deep and the pigeons having begun to roost in the small timbers, chilled, would fall out of their nests into the snow. The ground was literally covered, and thousands of them died in this way.

Still the main body of the flight had left Byetown going Northeast, in a storm of rain and sleet. Mr. Blodgett went after them at once taking the train for Malone, in the Northeastern part of the State; here he saw small flocks of 5 and 6 and a dozen flying about in a bewildered sort of manner. He spoke of his business, and inquired what was the matter with the pigeons. Two newly arrived Adirondack hunters told him that they had been up on the mountains called "The Two Indians," and when coming down had seen at a distance several acres of ground which had a strange appearance. There was at the time 14 inches of snow on the ground, softening from a thaw. On reaching the place they found, as Mr. Blodgett puts it, millions of dozens of dead pigeons, the sleet having frozen in bunches on their tails in their flight, weighing them down so they fell and died.

These men say they walked a distance of 3 miles over the dead bodies of millions of these birds, and investigation proves the truth of their statement.

Mr. Blodgett is a first-class citizen, a man of veracity, and knows as much about pigeons as any man in the country.

This explains a great deal of the mystery surrounding the disappearance of the birds in this section.

You know almost immediately after the pigeons come here in spring they commence to nest. A pigeon will build a nest in 3 hours and lay one egg in it, and in 4 weeks will move away and leave the young to shift for themselves. They were nesting at Byetown when the cold weather and the phenomenal fall of 14 inches of snow caught them. Men who were in the woods could reach up into the low scrub timber and from their loaded sleighs take off their nests hundreds of the birds frozen to death. Those of course were all old birds, none of the eggs being yet hatched.

I will cheerfully answer any questions which your readers may ask regarding the matter.

We are prepared to make it interesting here for any of the swine who may become too previous the coming season and we all join in commending you for your good work in so good a cause.

F. Everett Hall.

MORE PIGEON ENGLISH.

Delavan, Wis.

Editor RECREATION:

There have been handed me, with the request that I answer, 2 letters addressed by you to the postmaster and the editor of the Republican, this city, regarding recent occurrence of the passenger pigeon in this vicinity. This bird is without doubt still much commoner than many people suppose, though occurring only in small scattered bunches, isolated pairs and single individuals.

Some of the newspaper reports regarding the total extinction, and then again the abundance of the bird in some distant land or out-of-the-way section of this country are ridiculous. I have long ago ceased to give attention to any item of the occurrence of *Ectopistes migratorius* that I see in local or city papers, or even the average sportsmen's journal.

Of this, however, I am positive: The passenger pigeon now occurs regularly in Southeastern Wisconsin every year in small numbers, and doubtless does in other parts of its former range. It is seen in this and adjoining counties almost every summer and a beautiful young male, killed within 3 miles of Delavan, on September 8, 1896, is now in my collection.

The species is in no present danger of total extinction. In fact, there are several forms of North American birds that will perhaps be extinct before the wild pigeon is. Neither is it likely that we shall ever again see those flocks that were formerly common. As regards the notice you ask about, that appeared in the Delavan Republican. I have no doubt it is true. I talked with Mr. P. O'Donnell, of Millard, Wis., and he says he positively saw the flock numbering from 100 to 200 birds. They lit and flew away again. He was close to them and is sure he was not mistaken. He is a reliable man and is familiar with the game birds of this region.

N. Hollister.

For several years I have seen isolated pairs of wild pigeons at different times, near my farm at Lime Ridge, but would not shoot them, although I could easily have done so. I know the large flock was seen by Wm. Brenizer, the postmaster at Lime Ridge, and several other men. I have known Mr. B. intimately for 25 years and you can rely on what he says.

George J. Seamans, Reedsburg, Wis.

I have written this postmaster at Lime Ridge but have not heard from him yet.

Murat, Amherst, Wis.

I saw 5 passenger pigeons May 28, '99 in the vicinity of Lake Emily. They flew Northeast.

F. J. Thomas, Amherst, Wis.

I saw a flock of about 100 passenger pigeons in April last. They flew low—just escaping the roof of my house. My boy followed them into the woods where they alighted, and flushed them, but it was then nearly dark. They came from the South and went North.

A. Moherg, P. M., Amherst, Wis.

On May 28 I saw 4 passenger pigeons light in a tree about one mile from here and they afterward flew East.

J. C. Swendson, Amherst, Wis.

I saw a few small flocks of pigeons last spring, lighting near my farm. They staid there about 2 weeks, and I saw them often.

George L. Cutts, Spring Lake, Wis.

Last spring I saw near this village about 120 wild pigeons, apparently in search of feeding grounds. A few days later I saw about 50 near my farm in the town of Deerfield.

Bert Fry, Wautoma, Wis.

I have seen only 3 pigeons this spring, and these are the first I have seen for 5 or 6 years. These lit in a tree one half-mile from here.

Bert Barnhart, Wautoma, Wis.

CONGRESS IS INDIFFERENT.

Mr. Payne's article in the April Recreation, entitled, "Let Us Save the Buffalo," contains a good suggestion. Surely the few remaining buffalo should be united into one herd if we are to preserve the species from extermination. Can not Recreation, which is always ready to work vigorously for a good cause, do something in this matter? Can it not arouse public sentiment in this regard; and if necessary, secure the passage of a law by Congress looking toward the saving of this magnificent beast? Will not Coquina institute a discussion of this question, and invite suggestions?

If there is any possible means of saving the American bison, it should be tried at once.

H. V. Radford, New York City.

ANSWER.

In past years, Congress has been appealed to repeatedly in behalf of the vanishing buffalo. Mr. Hornaday's report on the "Extermination of the American Bison" gives a full history of the efforts made during the existence of the great herds. In 1889 Buffalo Jones tried hard to induce Congress to take an active interest in saving the buffalo from total extinction, but in vain. Congress has never yet enacted any legislation for the preservation of any wild creature save the fur seal!

I regard it as utterly useless to expect or hope that Congress can be induced to do anything for the buffalo. Thanks to the parsimony and negligence of Congress, the lousy poachers hired by low-lived and disreputable taxidermists about the Yellowstone Park, and one or 2 elsewhere, have reduced the park herd from 300 in 1892 to about 30 in 1899, and the last Park buffalo will soon be run down and killed. For all of which Congress is directly to blame!

If the American bison is not preserved by the efforts of private individuals, he is doomed to become as dead to the world as the dodo. Even the zoological parks and gardens can not be relied on to perpetuate him, for their ranges are limited by reason of the necessity to have their animals seen. If the bison is saved from total disappearance, it will be by such men as Austin Corbin, Chas. Goodnight, J. H. Hill, and the Allards. I believe the buffalo is for the present, at least, safe in their hands; but for all that, I would much rather see a herd of 100 animals in an enclosure of about 15 square miles, in the Yellowstone Park, surrounded by a Page fence and a line of scouts. This is what Mr. Hornaday made elaborate preparations to urge upon Congress in 1887, backed by the Smithsonian Institution; but in an evil hour he allowed himself to be persuaded to abandon the idea, by the publisher of a certain paper that is now engaged in defending game hogs, and now it is too late to save the Park herd in that way.

HOW BIG DO BEARS GROW?

There is a man here who says he has seen a bear that weighed 1,650 pounds. Can you tell me what the record is? W. F. Perry, Grand Forks, N. D.

ANSWER.

So far as I know the largest grizzly ever killed or seen weighed 1,173 pounds. This one lived in Union Park, Chicago, for 18 years, and died there.

He was fed to suffocation by the thousands of visitors, and in his later years grew so fat he could not walk and could only crawl around. Previous to the time of his death I had had some controversy with 2 or 3 other writers on the question of the maximum weight of bears, and arranged with the park superintendent and the head of the Chicago Medical College, to weigh the bear when he died.

Consequently when "Old Bob" shuffled off the superintendent had him carted over to the college and weighed, gross, with the result already stated. His skeleton is now in the college, properly articulated.

I have heard of a number of bears being killed that were said to have weighed anywhere from 1,200 to 2,200 pounds, and have run down a number of these reports; but almost invariably it has transpired that the bear was not weighed at all, but that some man or men "estimated" that he would have weighed up to the figure stated. This is different. It is possible that a larger bear may have lived and died, or been killed, than old Bob, but if anybody knows of one, definitely and absolutely, I should like to have a postmortem report of it without any guesses or estimates.

Colonel Pickett, of Wyoming, wrote some years ago that he had killed over 50 bears, many of which were grizzlies; that he had always carried with him on his hunting trips a large pair of steel yards that he had cut up and weighed every bear, elk, or other large animal he had killed, and that he had never, up to that time, killed a bear that weighed as much as 800 pounds.

It is possible the Kadiok bear of Alaska would beat old Bob, but I have no knowledge that any have ever been weighed.—Editor.

THE SPARROW IS A PEST.

In the March issue of Recreation, L. Nixdorf asks, "Are English sparrows considered a pest, and if so why?" I am somewhat surprised at the question, since the fact is well known that in various parts of the country a bounty has been placed on the head of every miserable sparrow. Here in Ontario, many sparrow hunts have been held with considerable success, many thousands having been captured in these events.

A long close study of this "Anglo-American" sparrow has convinced me that the bird is a pest, a nuisance, a veritable plague, and an arrant coward. I have seen them in flocks cover a field of grain, and in a short time, an examination has shown that the ears of wheat have been stripped of the grain, leaving chaff for the farmer.

Alone cowardly, in a noisy flock they courageously attack any small bird that unwittingly places itself at their mercy. Their destructiveness and thieving propensities I have particularly noticed.

In some parts of our province a few years ago a decrease in the number of robins was very noticeable. I laid the blame largely to the sparrow. One summer 4 families of robins built their nests under the 4 corners of our house. There they happily nested till one afternoon, hearing a noisy dispute about the gables, I drew near to learn the cause. A flock of sparrows had taken forcible possession and while I watched, 4 pretty blue eggs fell at my feet from the robin's nest above me, where the sparrows were making violent eviction. I vowed vengeance, and when the sparrows had laid their 8 to 10 eggs in the stolen nests, I had the extreme pleasure of making evictions. I have seen this repeated many times.

A friend of mine once had a martin cote where the martins nested in large numbers. Gradually the sparrows fought their way in, and finally every martin disappeared, replaced by a noisy, quarrelsome, pugnacious, polygamous, and lousy breed of sparrows—a perfect "pest-house."

J. H. Holmes,
Exeter, Ont.

SO IS THE JAY.

I have read with great interest articles in Recreation on the blue jay. Was surprised to read the answer to Frank L. Randall. Have always considered the blue jay an enemy of small birds. In Samuel's "Birds of New England" I read: "Its food is more varied than that of almost any other bird we have. In winter, the berries of the cedar, barberry and blackthorn, with the few eggs or cocoons of insects that it is able to find, constitute its chief sustenance. In early spring the opening buds of shrubs, caterpillars and other insects, afford it a meager diet. Later in the spring and through the greater part of summer the eggs and young of smaller birds constitute its chief food, varied by a few insects and berries."

In another place he says, "the jays are equally injurious with the crows" and that "they are not deserving of a moment's indulgence or protection at the hands of the ruralist."

I should like to hear from others on the subject. If the jay is not as harmful as we have supposed he should be protected. He is a beautiful bird; but if he destroys our song birds, in such numbers as claimed by some, he certainly does more harm than good.

I like the way you give it to the game hogs. Keep on with the good work until they are all driven into the pound.

Frank L. Parkhurst, Lawrence, Mass.

A BIG ELK HEAD.

I have gathered thousands of elk antlers and have one pair that I think is the largest I have ever found. I have heard of some larger and wider spread, but on inspection they have proven smaller. Mr. Sheard's large elk head measures some 8 inches more in length and some wider spread, but it is not a perfect or an even head. I had this mounted to stand on a pedestal the height of a bull elk. The neck is mounted in or with native wild grasses peculiar to the Rockies. Several attempts have been made to get a good picture of this head but none entirely successful.

DIMENSIONS.

	Inches.
Length of beam	60
Circumference of beam	8½
Circumference of burr	16½
Length of 1st brow point	21
Length of 2d brow point	25
Length of 3d brow point	23
Length of 4th brow point	19
Length of 5th brow point	18
Spread between 3d points	55½
Spread between 2d points	50
Spread between 2 top points	48
Spread between 1st brow point	15
Spread between 2d brow point	33½
Spread between 3d brow point	50

There is a cluster near the burr of each horn on the same side, each cluster being the same. There is also a small projection on each beam. They are the same on each beam and in the same place.

A. H. Paton, Meeker, Colo.

RANGES OF BIG GAME.

Bighorn Sheep.—Has any reader met with evidence of sheep in Old Mexico? Or in the mountains of the Pacific slope of the United States or Canada?

Elk.—Any evidence that elk are still found in British Columbia, or were ever found except near the United States boundary and for a short distance along the Eastern slope of the Rockies. Were they ever found in Eastern Texas?

White-tail Deer.—Evidence that they are found along the Pacific coast, or in the coast range, or on Vancouver island, or in British Columbia except along the United States boundary.

Moose.—Evidence that it is or ever was found in Washington and Oregon.

Please give full data in replying—county as well as State. Rumors, or hearsay evidence not desired.

Ernest Seton Thompson, 144 5th Ave., N. Y.

GIRLS FORSWEAR BIRDS ON HATS.

Promises made by several hundred girls attending the public schools of New Brunswick, N. J., to refrain from wearing song birds on their hats have caused consternation among the milliners of that city, but it adhered to it will afford the residents of New Brunswick an opportunity of hearing a grand opera singer at a nominal cost.

Mrs. Mary R. Jordan, the musical instructor in the public schools of New Brunswick, recently received a letter from Mme. Lilli Lehmann, the grand opera singer, in which she promises to sing in that city in November if the girls attending the schools would forswear the wearing of birds in their hats.

The girls readily agreed to dispense with the birds even at the risk of being considered out of fashion, and Mme. Lehmann has been advised by Mrs. Jordan that the compact will be faithfully kept. Some of the girls, who belong to the best social circles of New Brunswick, are doing their best to interest their friends in the crusade, and the milliners are at a loss for means to counteract the movement.—N. Y. Herald.

Wearing or selling the feathers of birds which are protected under the new millinery law appears to be perilous business, as a prosecution under the law, which went into effect April 1, has just been made in Lowell and there is no doubt equal reason for prosecutions in this city. The Misses Rodgers, of that city, milliners, were charged with having black finches for sale. The complaint was made by Benjamin P. Chadwick, deputy state commissioner of fish and game. The judge in this particular case did not impose the fine of $10 for each bird, which the law provides, but placed the case on file. Half of each fine collected under the law goes to the complainant, and it will be strange if some one does not try to accomplish the enforcement of the law here. It applies the same against any one who wears the forbidden plumage as against one who sells it. Although sentence was not given in the Lowell case, dealers in that city have been officially notified to obey the law in the future. They have in turn notified their customers, so that the sale of the forbidden birds will probably stop in that city.—Boston Globe.

An Illinoisan in Mexico, denouncing bull fights as barbarous, received this reply from a Mexican: "Not so fast, Signor. In the States you kill the pretty quail and the beautiful deer. You kill the partridge for sport. You kill the song birds and use the exquisite plumage to decorate your women. We do not do that. The bull has to be killed anyway, and we just have a little fun with him before we kill him."

Will some reader of RECREATION give a brief description of the pine martin—color, shape, size, and habits. A photo would be interesting. Is the black squirrel a distinct species or only a freak of nature?

J. T. M., Marion, O.

Join the L. A. S. The membership fee is only $1. Sixty cents of this goes back into your own state to be expended there in the work of game protection.

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

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Treasurer, F. S. Hyatt, National Exchange Bank, 90 West Broadway, New York.

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H. W. Loveday, Chief Warden, Schiller Building, Chicago.

MINNESOTA DIVISION.

S. A. Smart, Chief Warden, St. Paul.

Applications for membership and orders for badges should be addressed to Arthur F. Rice, Secretary, 19 W. 24th St., New York.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW YORK.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Albany,	C. D. Johnson,	Newtonville, N. Y.
Allegany,	J. D. Holden,	Belmont, N. Y.
Broome,	M. A. Baker,	Whitney's Point, N. Y.
Cayuga,	H. M. Haskell,	Weedsport, N. Y.
Chemung,	Fred. Uhle,	Hendy Creek, N. Y.
Erie,	E. P. Door,	103 D. S. Morgan Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
	Marvin H. Butler,	Morilla, N. Y.
Essex,	W. H. Broughton,	Moriah, N. Y.
Montgomery,	Charles W. Scharf,	Canajoharie, N. Y.
Oneida,	E. J. Breeze,	Forestport, N. Y.
Orange,	Wilson Crans,	Middletown, N. Y.
	J. Hampton Kidd,	Newburgh, N. Y.
Rensselaer,	Capt. J. B. Taylor,	Rensselaer, N. Y.
Richmond,	Lewis Morris,	Port Richmond, N. Y.
Schenectady,	J. W. Furnside,	Schenectady, N. Y.
Suffolk,	F. J. Fellows,	Islip, L. I.
	P. F. Tabor,	Orient, L. I.
Tioga,	Geo. Wood,	Owego, N. Y.
Washington,	C. L. Allen,	Sandy Hill, N. Y.
Westchester,	George Poth,	Pleasantville, N. Y.
Essex,	H. E. Braman,	Keene Valley, N.Y.
Rockland,	A. Woodward,	Ramapo, N.Y.
Sullivan,	Ernest W. Kenne,	Mongaup Valley, N. Y.
Dutchess, Columbia,	A. B. Miller,	Jackson's Corners, N. Y.
Broome,	John Sullivan,	Sanataria Springs, N. Y.
Orange,	Thomas Harris,	Port Jervis, N. Y.
St. Lawrence,	J. W Aitchison,	Madrid, N. Y.

LOCAL WARDENS IN CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield,	George B. Bliss,	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park St., Bridgeport, Ct.
Hartford,	Abbott C. Collins,	783 Main Street, Hartford, Ct.
(County Warden, care Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co.)		
Litchfield,	Dr. H. L. Ross,	P. O. Box 100, Canaan, Ct.
New Haven,	Wilbur E. Beach,	318 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW JERSEY.

Morris,	D. W. Clark,	Newfoundland.
Somerset,	G. E. Morris,	Somerville.
Morris,	Francis E. Cook,	Butler.
Passaic,	L. M. Lefevre,	Pompton Plains.
Sussex,	Isaac D. Williams,	Branchville.
Morris,	Joseph Pellet,	Pompton Plains.
Union,	A. H. Miller,	Cranford.
	C. M Hawkins,	Roselle.
Warren,	Jacob Young, Reuben Warner,	Phillipsburg.

LOCAL WARDENS IN WYOMING.

Fremont,	Nelson Yarnall,	Dubois.
Uinta,	S. N. Leak, W. L. Simpson,	Jackson.
Carbon,	Kirk Dyer,	Medicine Bow.

DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of from 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Boston, Mass. Photographic goods.
Folmer & Schwing, 271 Canal Street, New York City. Photographic goods.

The Bostwick Gun and Sporting Goods Co., 1528 Arapahoe St., Denver Col.
W. H. Longdon, Bridgeport, Conn. Sportmen's goods.
New York Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson Street, New York City. Condensed products.
Oneida Community, Kenwood, N. Y. Traps.
Metz & Schloerb, Oshkosh, Wis. Moccasins, hunting shoes, etc.
Novelty Cutlery Co., Canton, O. Pocket cutlery, ink erasers, etc.
M. A. Shipley, 432 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa., Fishing, tackle.
Willis Arms & Cycle Co., Kansas City, Mo. Bicycles, athletic and sportsmen's goods.

Kalispell, Montana, 2, 11, '99.

Since the organization of the Flathead county branch of the League one man has been arrested, charged with violating the game laws. The charge was selling venison. He pleaded guilty and was fined 25 dollars. This is the first arrest in 2 years, although the law has been openly and flagrantly violated. We are extending our membership into all parts of the county (which is a large one, 100 miles North and South, and 200 miles East and West), and our people report a very noticeable falling off in violations of the game laws. We have the active and effective co-operation of the United States Forestry Commissioners and their rangers.

The other day Mr. A. McArthur, a member of the League, and I, personally notified all the butchers in town that after next Monday the League would vigorously prosecute all persons offering trout for sale. Without exception, they promised hereafter to refuse to buy or sell trout, applauded the objects and purposes of the League and some of them have applied for membership. Our reason for fixing a definite time, after which we would commence prosecutions, is that the enforcement of the law has been so lax in the past we did not feel warranted in jumping on butchers and others without due warning.

Indians are constantly catching fish through the ice, and exposing them for sale in this place. After next Monday we will endeavor to put a stop to it. But the catching and selling of fish is the least damage they do. They are on the hunt, regardless of season, and legal limitations on the number of deer, elk, caribou and moose permitted to be killed in a single open season.

It is sad the way deer have been killed by Indians in this country. Packload after packload has been carried to the reservation every fall, after the snow has fallen to a depth sufficient to enable poor Lo to hunt to advantage. This can be attested by reliable people in every part of the county.

Five years ago, as county attorney of this county(an office I then held), I sent an officer up to the head waters of South Fork of Flathead river to investigate the alleged destruction of a large number of elk by Kootenai and Flathead Indians. The officer was directed to go to a point about 75 miles South of Coram, on the line of the Great Northern Railroad. This point is the crest of the Rocky mountains. Within a small radius rise the South Fork and Big Fork of Flathead Swan river, Big Blackfoot, Dearborn, and Clearwater. The 3 first named rivers flow westward into the Pacific; the Big Blackfoot and Clearwater find their way into Lake Pond O'Rielle, and eventually into the Pacific, the Dearborn flows into the Missouri. Where these rivers head is a sportsman's paradise. The elk, the deer, white tail and black tail, the caribou and moose, and the blue grouse are all to be found here, sheltered by magnificent fir and tamarac trees, and sustained by the mosses of coniferous trees and the grasses of countless meadows and swamps. Into this section I sent a peace officer in 1894. He made his way on snowshoes, and on arriving he found piles of elk hair from one to 3 feet high, covering areas from 10 to 20 feet square. This hair had been scraped off by squaws in tanning. He found along the trail over which the Indians had made their way out of the mountains, 60 sets of magnificent elk antlers. The depth of snow had compelled the Indians to abandon these heads, but before doing so they had taken a hatchet and broken 2 or 3 prongs off each set so as to spoil them should they be found by a white man. We had the satisfaction eventually, of gathering these noble red men in, and found in their possession 30 antlered heads beside a large quantity of meat and a number of hides. They were indicted and tried. Most of them were convicted, but the maudlin jurymen (ex-squaw men no doubt), fixed the penalty at the minimum, thus virtually destroying the moral effect of the convictions. Under our law, as it stood then, we had no right to confiscate the heads or meat of the animals captured (see paragraph 2 and 7 of enclosed letter), so the Indians sold the heads at prices ranging from 15 to 30 dollars apiece; thus by an an anomaly of the law the cold fact of their imprisonment was brightened by the reflection that their criminal act was not in vain, that they had money in their blankets and the State was furnishing them food and warmth during the cold winter months.

My experience with Indians has satisfied me that a jail sentence, especially during the winter months, is just "duck soup" for the average blanketed hobo.

Unless the federal government takes hold of the question and solves it properly, our red friends will always be an unmitigated pest wherever large game exists.

We are thinking of procuring some Mongolian pheasants and turning them loose. I wish you would let me know what you know of the birds, their habits, game qualities, places where they may be procured, prices, localities and under what conditions they will thrive.

Sidney M. Logan, Provisional Secretary, Flathead County branch L. A. S.

A VALUABLE REMINDER.

Here is a copy of a circular letter sent to Connecticut members by H. C. Went, Sec.-Treas. of that division:

I hope you will not fail to renew your membership. Has the dollar paid last year brought you no personal benefit? Forty cents of it went to the national organization. Doubtless it has done good, East, West, North or South, in introducing higher ideas of sportsmanship; more consideration for game and the game laws, in meting out punishment for violations, etc. If your 40 cents, expended in a circular or poster, has convinced one pot-hunter of the evil of his ways, has it not been well spent?

What of the 60 cents which came to this division? It has enabled the chief warden to appoint 5 deputy wardens, who have made use of posters in their localities, advertising the work of the League.

Good work was done at Hartford, at the instigation of the L. A. S., and by League members who are in the house of representatives.

Early in January I was informed that George Stevens, of East Canaan, had shot a ruffed grouse in violation of law. Our Litchfield deputy was notified and on January 27, Stevens was arrested and fined $16.

On February 27, I sent our New Haven deputy a check for $20 for prosecuting 2 cases of game law violation successfully.

Confidential correspondence with a sportsman of Dover Plains, N. Y., with regard to a tough gang of pot-hunters from that section, who habitually hunted and fished in and out of season, over our State line near Kent resulted in an arrangement for a lookout in both States, and the illegal work has been checked.

On March 14 I wrote to George White, proprietor of the Tontine hotel, New Haven, protesting against the sale of quail. Mr. White responded at once, assuring me his hotel would serve no more game in close season.

On May 24, I wrote again to our Litchfield deputy requesting investigation and prosecution of a case of shooting a game bird, which had just been reported to me. The case is pending.

I have written to sportsmen in Bridgeport, Danbury, Derby, Hartford, Torrington and Waterbury enclosing constitutions and circulars and sometimes personal letters of over 200 words. All this takes time.

The chief warden travels all over the Western part of the State in the course of his business, and does a great deal of personal work; but the work of the chief warden and the secretary-treasurer should not be counted in under the 60 cent list.

The usual expenses for stationery and postage have to be met.

Harvey C. Went,
Secretary-Treasurer Conn. Div. L. A. S.

Mr. H. E. Woodworth of this city, whom I have appointed secretary-treasurer of the Wyoming Division, L. A. S., is a man of experience, not only locally, but over all portions of the State and our bordering States.

He is a man of large business interests, being owner and manager of the Wyoming Midland Telegraph, a line 150 miles long; and secretary of the Lauder Mercantile Co., one of the most extensive mercantile houses in the State. He is also interested in the Lauder Electric Light & Power Co., the Lauder Flouring Mills, etc. He is an expert amateur photographer, a thorough sportsman and an ardent advocate of game protection, being one of the first members of the L. A. S. in America. I bespeak for him the support of League members everywhere.

Frank Dunning, Chief Warden, Wyoming Division.

THE LIST IS GROWING.

Since June RECREATION was issued a number of railway general passenger agents have joined the League. The complete list now stands: Geo. H. Daniels, G. P. A., New York Central Ry.; C. E. E. Usher, G. P. A., Canadian Pacific Ry.; D. J. Flanders, G. P. A., Boston and Maine Ry.; Chas. S. Fee, G. P. A., Great Northern Ry.; H. C. Hudgins, G. P. A., Norfolk and Southern Ry.; J. C. Pond, G. P. A., Wis. Central Ry.; Jno. Sebastian, G. P. A., Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Ry.; Bryan Snyder, G. P. A., St. Louis and San Francisco Ry.; W. R. Callaway, G. P. A., "Soo" Line; T. H. Goodman, G. P. A., Southern Pacific Ry.; Geo. W. Hibbard, G. P. A., Duluth South Shore and Atlanta Ry.; N. A. Simms, G. P. A., Ulster and Delaware Ry.; W. B. Bevill, G. P. A., Norfolk and Western Ry.; D. B. Keeler, G. P. A., Ft. Worth and Denver Ry.

Join the L. A. S. The membership fee is only $1. Sixty cents of this goes back into your own state to be expended there in the work of game protection.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE BERKSHIRE COUNTRY.

It is now the season of the year when the Berkshires, which are so constantly compared to the Middle and Western counties of England are at their best. During the present month all who can possibly make a visit to this charming section of Western Massachusetts will get a fuller measure of enjoyment than can possibly be obtained in any other way. I have just returned from a brief stay, making headquarters, as usual, at Stockbridge. Although it has been my custom annually to visit the Berkshires, it seems as though never before was that country so exquisitely beautiful as now. The Berkshires are now inexpensively and easily reached, a trip from Boston to Pittsfield being a most attractive and enjoyable one. The Boston & Albany road is not only one of the best in the world, but it operates a train service between Boston and Pittsfield, on its way to the Western cities that is simply perfect. Seven times daily their through trains to the West cross the old Bay State between Boston and Albany, 4 of which are entirely by daylight. You should select one of these day trains, for the scenery en route, particularly the 50 miles between Springfield and Pittsfield is superior to anything else in New England. At Pittsfield, which is the heart of the Berkshires, passengers can, in the same station, either go North over the Boston & Albany road to North Adams, but a few miles from Williamstown, or South to Lenox, Stockbridge, Great Barrington and Sheffield. It makes no difference what way one goes from Pittsfield, it is one constant joy and pleasure. There is certainly no county in Massachusetts, or in America, that equals Berkshire for beauty and picturesque scenery. There is no trip that can possibly be made during the coming month that would give as much pleasure as one to this section, be it brief or long. Mr. A. S. Hanson, G. P. A. of the Boston & Albany Railroad, Union Station, Boston, will furnish full information regarding this beautiful country and their constant train service.

—Exchange.

KING SENDS OUT A NEW BOOK.

The great appreciation shown to the little book, "Hints on King's Semi-Smokeless Powder and Peters' Cartridges," has induced the 2 companies issuing same, to put out another edition, which is far more elaborate than the first. Beside the valuable matter contained in the first edition, it gives the results at the Sportsmen's exposition tournaments, where Peters' cartridges, loaded with King's semi-smokeless, made such phenomenal winnings in the various classes, showing a number of the targets made in these most interesting events. By way of answer to the hundreds of sportsmen who are now organizing or are interested in revolver and pistol clubs, a great deal of information has been compiled, as to how such clubs may be organized and conducted. Rules are given as to Management, Rifles, Targets, German Ring Targets, Columbia Targets, String Measure, Marking, Scoring and Signaling, Position, Ties, General Rules, Penalties, Rules for Pistol and Revolver Shooting, Selecting and Building a Range, etc.

These "Hints" are well written. Technical terms are either avoided or carefully explained so that readers of all classes may understand the rules and appreciate their significance.

Any sportsman may own a copy of this book, free of charge, by addressing The King Powder Co. or The Peters Cartridge Co., of Cincinnati, mentioning RECREATION.

THE CENTRAL IS AHEAD.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has published preliminary returns of the earnings of United States railroads for the year ending June 30, '98, from which it is possible to see what revenues came to the various passenger departments of the large systems all over the country during that period. The gathering and arranging of the statistics necessary to make up such an exhibit is a task of great magnitude, hence it is some time after the official year has expired before results can be made known. The advantage, however, in adopting the figures put out by the Commission, is that they represent returns made by all the roads for one and the same period—the year running from July 1 to June 30—and not the various fiscal years of the railroad companies themselves, some of which ended December 31, others on March 31, and so on.

Proof is furnished of the supremacy of the New York Central over all other systems of United States railroads in the matter of passenger department revenues, which include earnings from mails, express, etc., as the total reached $38,373,695 for the year named. This places the New York Central $701,495 ahead of the Pennsylvania, upon whose Eastern and Western lines the receipts of the passenger department footed up $37,672,200 for the same period.

WHERE TO GET GAME AND FISH.

The Great Northern Railway has lately issued 2 books of great value to sportsmen. One is entitled "Fishing and Shooting Along the Line of the Great Northern Railway," and is a complete directory of the game and fish in the region traversed by that line. The information is tabulated under the names of the different States through which the road runs and under the names of the towns in each State. In this part of the book the information is written out in full. Then in another section the same facts are condensed into a table with such headings as "Kind of Fish," "Kind of Game," "Names of Principal Lakes," "Miles from Towns," "Names of Hotels," "Names of Guides," etc.

The other book is entitled "Moose and Deer Hunting" and throws some additional light on this subject. Both publications contain valuable maps and should be in the hands of all sportsmen who may plan to fish or hunt in the great Northwest. Address F. I. Whitney, G. P. A., St. Paul. Mention RECREATION.

WIND MILL FELL ON IT.

Winnebago, Ill., April 25, 1899.

Page Fence Co., Adrian, Mich.

Gentlemen:

In regard to strength of Page fence would say, last year I put up 10 rods of 13-48 in. for my nearest neighbor. This spring, in March his wind mill blew down. It was a large, heavy mill with 50 ft. tower, it had a clean sweep and struck the fence just at top of the tower, it broke the 6 in. end post off at the ground, and the 4 x 4 bracing, and never hurt the Page Fence in the least. It was a good advertisement for the Page. What would soft wire have done? Simply broke.

Yours truly.
W. S. Bailey.

TRADE NOTES.

The Laflin & Rand Powder Co. has issued a beautifully illustrated book descriptive of the process of making smokeless powder for small arms, rapid fire guns and heavy ordnance. It contains a number of exceedingly interesting pictures of the big guns which so surprised the world by their work in the late war, and of the powder with which they are provided. Some of these cuts seem to illustrate maccaroni cut up in sections; others look like sections of stovepipe and still others like bundles of telegraph poles; yet they are all pictures of cannon powder.

The book will be sent free to any one who may ask for it and mention RECREATION.

The Eastman Kodak Company, of Rochester, N. Y., has issued another new book. It is called "Kodaks for 1899," and contains a number of descriptions and cuts of new instruments, and many pointers as to improvements on older ones. It also contains some illustrations of cartridge holders and roll holders, and a large number of pictures of bicycles with various Eastman kodaks attached. It is full of interest from start to finish and every photographer should have a copy of it. It will be sent gratuitously to all who mention RECREATION.

Niles, Mich.

Mr. D. W. Cree, Griggsville, Ill.

I congratulate you on making the best stove for general camp use ever made. I have camped out many times but never with so much comfort and pleasure as last season, when I took with me one of your common sense camp stoves. Potatoes were baked in 20 minutes and meals served in quick time and in good shape, to our party of 10 people. I cheerfully recommend the stove to all lovers of the camp, and would not take $25 for my stove.

Yours truly,
F. W. Cook.

"Hunting and Fishing," is the title of a neatly printed and handsomely illustrated book just received from the passenger department of the Chicago & North-Western Railway. It is a model of the printer's art, and is a thoroughly reliable guide to the famous fishing and shooting resorts in the States of Wisconsin and Michigan, reached by this progressive railway. It contains interesting articles on the different methods of fishing and hunting and valuable lists of stations where good hunting or fishing can be found. A copy of this valuable book will be mailed free on application to W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago.

The passenger department of the Chicago and North-Western Railway has issued a synopsis of the game laws of Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa, South Dakota, Nebraska and Wyoming, which should be in the hands of every sportsman who intends to shoot or fish in any of these States. You can get a copy by addressing W. B. Kniskern, G. P. A., Chicago, and mentioning RECREATION.

NOVELTIES FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The average hand camera makes a picture small in size but perfect in detail. Under ordinary circumstances a small picture is satisfactory but often an enlargement is necessary to bring out the salient features of a photograph, a face or a building. This enlargement required special apparatus or a visit to a professional photographer, either alternative being expensive. Mr. U. Nehring, 1 East 42d St., New York, solves this difficulty by making a lens which fits in between the two combinations of any double lens and transforms any folding camera into an enlarging one. By the use of this interchangeable enlarging lens any folding camera can be used to make a full size negative from a picture much smaller, the small cost of this being within the reach of anyone.

Mr. Nehring has also just placed on the market an interchangeable tele-photo lens by which an object some distance off can be photographed as if close by. It can be used with any ordinary folding or cycle camera, long bellows not being necessary, It is, in fact, an enlarging lens that can be used in the field. This lens is to be recommended not only for its convenience, the wide range of subjects it admits of and therefore increased pleasure and profit, but also because of its reasonable price. Mr. Nehring thus obviates the necessity of buying special cameras for special purposes, making it possible for one instrument with the aid of these low priced lenses to do the work of several.

A COMMON SENSE SADDLE.

A well-known physician says this of the Bernasco bicycle saddle, made by W. B. Riley & Co., 324 Market St., Philadelphia:

During the past 3 years I have watched the evolution of the Bernasco bicycle saddle. Its outlines have been so modified that it now, from a physician's point of view, is about ideal. It can readily be adjusted to fit the individual anatomical build of anyone. The space between the 2 separately constructed sides of this saddle assures that no injury is possible to the important perineal parts of the rider, as these parts are subjected to no pressure. Its spring action is certainly correct. There are various other points of merit exclusively possessed by it and I believe it by far the most comfortable and most correctly constructed saddle on the market to-day. Respectfully yours,

Wm. Duffield Robinson, M. D., Philadelphia, Pa.

AN ADMIRABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR LEGGINGS.

Speaking of Fox's Patent Spat-Puttee, advertised on another page of this issue of Recreation, Country Sport (London) says:

"Another specialty which attracted our attention was a combination of Puttees and Spats, which are far ahead of either stockings or the ordinary make of Puttees, which are not combined with Spats. The combination of Puttees with Spats enables the former to be used with low shoes, which is a great advantage to those who do not like the confinement of boots. From having carefully examined these Spat-Puttees, we have come to the conclusion that they will almost entirely replace the usual combination of stockings and gaiters. Stockings usually require a garter for their proper support, and this causes local pressure which a good deal interferes with the working of the leg, and at the same time the stocking fails to support the leg at the calf, where the support is most needed. The final advantage of the Puttee lies in the splendid protection it gives against thorns, as compared with those parts of the stockinged leg which are unprotected by the gaiters."—Country Sport.

LEHIGH VALLEY SUMMER TOURS.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad has just issued its book of "Summer Tours"; which gives full details of routes and rates to various places where a summer vacation may be pleasantly and profitably spent. The attractions of the various points covered in the book are diversified, including mountain, lake and seaside resorts, affording a choice of a summering place of any character which may be desired. In naming fares to points not on the line of the Lehigh, the book calls attention to that line as a desirable route to reach the places named. Of course the strongest emphasis is placed on the points reached by the Lehigh itself and the scenic attractions of the route through the Pennsylvania mountains are not understated, but the book is withal a compendium of useful information regarding nearly all of the better class of summering places, wherever situated. Mailed on receipt of 4 cents in stamps. Address Chas. S. Lee, G. P. A., Lehigh Valley Railroad, 26 Cortlandt Street, New York.

Spratt's Patent, makers of the celebrated dog foods, medicines, etc., have built up such an enormous business that the big building on 56th street will no longer answer their purpose, and they are soon to move to Newark, N. J. They write me: "We have decided it is better in every way that we should own our own factory, and have therefore bought land and buildings near the Pennsylvania and Central Railroad of New Jersey depots in Newark, N. J., where we shall have more room, and larger accommodation for the storage of materials. We shall also increase the number of our ovens, so that our capacity will be doubled. We expect to move in the near future, and shall probably be shipping from Newark before the end of the year."

Spratts advertise in RECREATION. That's why their business booms.

Norwich, Conn., June 21, 1899.

New York Dry Plate Co.

Enclosed find proofs from New York dry plates, taken on a hot day—no ice water—no monkey business; simply alum in hypo bath. Seed and Cramer plates treated same as these acted like butter on a hot night.

The portrait of the young man did frill like fury, because I was reckless and used no alum. I soaked him in wood alcohol and all is O. K. except that the picture is hard.

Please excuse pencil. I wanted to show you what I can and am doing with the New York dry plates in Yankeedom, and have no time to hunt up a pen. Give me your opinion of the work. Yours truly,

Herman N. Lay.

RELATIVE VALUE OF 2 ADVERTISING MEDIUMS.

New York, June 30, 1899.

Dr. Geo. B. Grinnell, Pubr. Forest and Stream, City.

Dear Sir: I have received 3 orders for "Hunting in the Great West," mentioning the 2 page review given it in your issues of June 10th and 17th. I regret I can not give better testimony as to the value of your paper as an advertising medium, but facts are stubborn things. Yours truly,

G. O. Shields.

New York, June 4, 1899.

Mr. G. O. Shields, Edr. and Mgr. RECREATION, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I find on posting up my books that I sold during the month of May $1,257.85 worth of goods on orders mentioning RECREATION. Yours truly,

David T. Abercrombie & Co.

You pay your money and you take your choice.

A little over a year ago the Waltham (Mass.) Rifle Club sent for a 6 pound can of King semi-smokeless powder. Since that time we have used no other. During the past year our club average has been raised between 6 and 7 points, and the individual yearly averages have been raised from 3 to 8 points on the Standard American target. We find the "CG" grain gives the best results in the 32-40 caliber, and "FG" in the 38-55. It is unsurpassed for cleanliness, and even shooting, and we cordially recommend it to all riflemen.

Arthur L. Mansfield, Secretary.

Holyoke, Mass., June 8, 1899.

The West End Furniture Co., Williamsport, Pa.

Gentlemen: I received your cabinet in good order some days ago, and am highly pleased with same. Many of my friends have seen it and think it is just the thing, and it certainly is right up to date. Thanking you again for the fine piece of furniture, for which I send check in payment, I remain Yours truly,

C. F. Schuston, Jr.

I received the handsome Talbot reel today, and to say I am delighted is putting it too mildly. I feel as happy as a boy in his first pair of trowsers. I can not express my gratitude to you in words, but will try to show it by my deeds.

Wm. L. Fisher, Easton, Pa.

I received the Stevens' Ideal rifle sent as a premium for 10 subscriptions to RECREATION, and it is an excellent shooting gun. I thank you very much for the present. F. G. Pennington, Chester, Neb.

I received the can of Laflin & Rand powder and have tried it. I don't think there is any powder made that can beat it. I had an old time sportsman try it and he says it is O. K.

R. R. Blake, Buchanan, Mich.

Jaggs: Wilkerson is a stickler for consistency, isn't he?"

Naggs: "Why? What's he done now?"

Jaggs: "Whenever he rides his chainless wheel he insists on carrying his chainless watch and having his chainless dog follow him."

"Mamma," said George Gazzam, "when the groceryman comes won't you please order some arrowroot?"

"What for, George?"

"I want to plant it and raise an archery set."—Harper's Bazar.

And when the sun has dried the roads
  I smile and grin and smirk—
To think I've left my bicycle
  Just about 5 miles from work.
    —Cleveland Leader.

Camera for Sale: High grade 4 x 5 camera, with 3 plate holders. Cost $27.50, sell for $8. cash. Quick remittance. A bargain.

A FAKE ELKHEAD.

In November, '98, Dr. D. D. Palmer, Davenport, Ia., wrote E. B. Wittich, Livingston, Mont., that he had heard Wittich had an elk head with a phenomenally large pair of horns, and asking for a price on same. In due time the Doctor received the following reply:

Livingston, Mont., Nov. 29, 1898.
Dr. Palmer, Davenport, Ia.

Dear Sir: Yours 22d at hand. Replying, the total measurements of horns of my choicest elk head is 24 feet 6 inches, as per rough sketch herewith.

John Everett, of this place, owns a 22 point elk head with a spread 5 feet 5½ inches that he took on a debt for $400, several years ago. Understand he said he would sell it because it was too large for anything but a hall. Respectfully,

E. B. Wittich.

Then Dr. Palmer wrote Everett asking price of the big head and in due time received this reply:

Livingston, Mont., Dec. 9, 1898.
Dr. Palmer.

Dear Sir: Yours of December 2d to hand and contents noted. Have been absent from home till this a. m., hence the delay in writing. Yes, I have a mounted elk head that has 22 points, which is too large for my home. I took it on a debt. It stands me at $400. The points are perfect, and from a killed elk. On separate sheet I give you a sketch of horns. I am no draftsman, therefore you must not expect to get a fine picture of them. This is the largest head I ever saw, and while I don't claim to know much about game heads, I don't know of a head as large anywhere. I will lose $100 on the head to turn it into cash. Will sell it for $300 on board cars here. I hope you will understand figures on drawing, and then you will know how it will suit you.

Yours truly,
J. Everett.

P. S.—I do not know weight of head, but it is heavy.

[Everett's sketch was not sent to RECREATION.]

It seems the doctor was not yet satisfied and wrote Everett for a photo of the head. Then came the following:

Livingston, Mont., Dec. 24, 1898.

Your letter to hand. Will get photograph on Monday next. Will have to put it up on side of my barn as it is too large to put up in my house to get photo. I don't feel like paying for crating as it will cost me at least $10. I now have $400 in it. I will send you photo and as good a measurement as I can take of it.

Yours truly,
J. Everett.

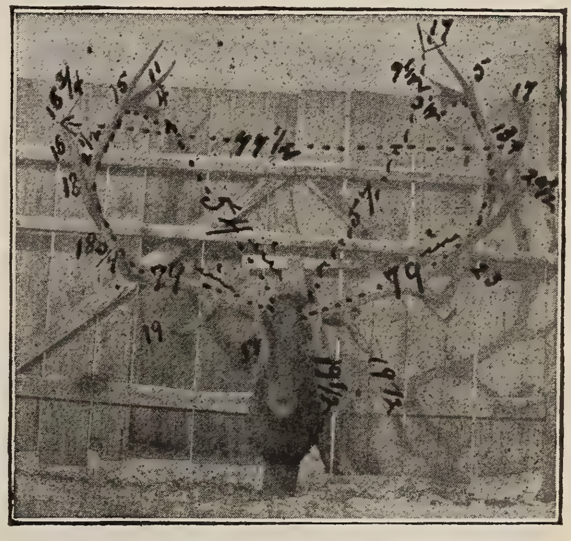
Livingston, Mont., Jan. 4, 1899.

I have taken a photo of the great head and will ask you to have patience. It has stormed every day since I took the photo, so the films can not be developed until the sun comes out. As soon as I get them I will send on to you, and I hope you will like them as it is a very large head.

Yours truly,
J. Everett.

Then this:

Livingston, Mont., Jan. 16, 1899.
Dr. Palmer.



A POOR PHOTO OF THE FAKE ELKHEAD.

Under separate cover I send you photo. of my elk head marked as well as I can make it. I took the head out of my barn and set it against a 6 foot light board fence and I had to set it on the ground, as you will see, to get the photo. Even then the horns go above the fence, and the position I had to take it it throws its points all together; but as you are an expert you will make it out nicely. You ask how long it will take to crate it. Just about one day. You also say you want the horns only. I won't sell that way as the head would be a total loss to me. I will take $270 on the cars here for the head. If you want the head send me draft for that amount and I will ship it without delay and I will crate it and wind the horns with burlap so they won't get scratched. Will make the crate out of as light timber as will safely hold it so as to lessen express. I think you can not get a finer and larger pair of horns in the United States, than the ones I have.

Hoping you will understand the figures on antlers and that you will see they are the largest to be found. Yours truly,

J. Everett.

And then this:

Dr. Palmer, Davenport, Ia.

Livingston, Mont., Jan. 23, 1899.

Yours of Jan. 18, 1899 to hand. I think the difference is almost too great as to the amount I have asked you and what you offer me for the head;; but have talked the matter over with my wife and we know if we keep it in a few years we can get more than what it cost me in the first place, which was $400 of hard-earned money; but as times are so hard I have decided to let you have the head for $200 and I know you will be the owner of the largest elk head in America. Will ship to Chicago as advised, so you can remit to me and I am sure you will be the king of all large animals. Yours truly,

J. Everett.

The next letter is from a taxidermist in Chicago who requests that his name may not be mentioned:

Chicago, Feb. 6, 1899.

Dr. Palmer.

Just received the 22-point horns and paid $18.05 express charges, just about what the head is worth. It is the biggest fake anybody could have put up. I don't wonder you never got a good photo. Each beam is 74 inches long, by a spread of 78 inches. Two pair of antlers have been set together and both were picked up. The horns are unnaturally colored and varnished. The antlers are of such enormous size that the express company could not get the head into any car or wagon and had to demolish the crate.

I don't think you will keep the fake head and wish you would relieve me of it soon as it takes more room than I have to spare. I can not crate it for less than $5, I don't even feel like doing it for that. You can charge the seller more than that for he swindled you the worst way. He gave you wrong measurements all around and said the elk was killed. Let me know by return mail what you are going to do with it. —— ——.

And this also:

Chicago, Feb. 8, 1899.

Dr. Palmer.

Your card of Feb. 6th received.

I am sorry that man swindled you, and hope you will get even with him in good shape. I never saw any such work done or thought anybody would sell such a thing for a natural killed specimen. If you did not pay him yet, it would be the best thing to send it back to him and take all the expenses C. O. D.

Such antlers are worthless and your elk mounted with them would spoil your collection, for every hunter or visitor, that knows animals, would soon find where the size and prongs come from.

The main set of antlers, that are on the skull are spread very much and on every side. Six prongs are added to them. The antlers were partly rotten when found, and most of the rough part is now smooth, for the rotten parts had to be taken off before they could be colored. I hardly think that you can get them into your house. The head is poorly mounted and the scalp is not worth enough to mount another head with it. The head must have been mounted long ago and the scalp is already cracking. —— ——.

Here is a letter from another man who wishes his name withheld:

Livingston, Mont., Feb. 11, 1899.

Dr. Palmer.

I received the card this a. m. Had heard about the large head that E. B. Wittich had, and heard he had shipped it to some one same time as I was shipping some heads. The one he shipped was so large it would not go into the car. I remarked that likely it was another one of his fake heads. He sold one a few years ago to an Austrian count for $600 which went to pieces in New York.

The head sent you seems to be shipped by Mr. Everett. This man is a brother-in-law to Wittich, and is in the railroad insurance business. If they have done any crooked business with you I would refer you to John T. Smith, attorney. He will jar them up in good shape if you have a case. They are a dirty, unprincipled outfit and ought to be prosecuted.

I never saw the head. The better way for you is to notify Everett that you have found it to be a spliced head and demand your money back. Then if it is not forthcoming there is time to act through an attorney. I do not know positively about the head but I do know that a spliced head has been sold by Wittich at an enormous price. I think you can settle without a law suit. —— ——.

Then Dr. Palmer placed the matter in the hands of an attorney and some days later received this letter from Everett:

Livingston, Mont., Feb. 20, 1899.

Dr. Palmer.

I am to-day in receipt of a letter from one W. M. Chamberlin, attorney, stating that the head I sold you had been spliced. If such is the case I did not know it. While I do not claim to be any judge, I was sure they was a good set of horns, It seems strange you should let some attorney write me when you could have done so and given me a statement about the head. We can arrange a settlement satisfactory to us both. I never knew elk horns could be spliced and am greatly surprised that you think they are, yet they might be, and I do not know it. I wish you would write and be fair with me, as I will with you and state how you are willing to make a fair settlement.

Yours truly,
J. Everett.

Then Everett refunded:

Livingston, Mont., March 2, 1899.
Dr. Palmer.

On your word that the horns are spliced I return you the $200 you sent me. You may do with them as you see fit. You now have them for only the express charges.

Yours truly,
J. Everett.

Here is another testimonial for Wittich.

Livingston, Mont., Feb. 17, 1899.
Dr. Palmer.

I think the head you bought was one that Wittich owned and he took that way of getting the head off on to you. Now their play will be to pretend the head belonged to some one else and that Everett was an innocent party and did not know the head was a fake.

This from another expert:

Orange, N. J., Feb. 12, 1899.

Your postal received. When I read your letter about that elk head I was skeptical about it. The largest known pair have a spread of 57 inches from outside of main beam—not from points that stick out. I have a pair that measure 60 inches from point to point, whereas the beam measurement is only 47 inches. There is a taxidermist in Livingston, Mont., that works that kind of a trick. I have seen a pair from him that were so large I made critical examination and found they were spliced with other parts of horns. It was well done, and only by careful examination could it be detected. That same man sent a pair to Germany and when they arrived they had fallen apart. There was a big row over it.

I will give $300 for a pair of American elk horns that will measure 60 inches across outside of mainbeams and 63 inches along the beam.

Yours very truly,
Robert Gilfort.

Davenport, Ia., March 7, 1899.

I got the $200 back from the 22-point fake elk horns. As soon as I have time will mail you the letters so as you can write up the business.

Dr. Palmer.

And so ends this remarkable story. Readers will draw their own conclusions and hereafter will require something more than "rough sketches" and poor photographs when buying heads from Wittich.

This correspondence is printed solely for the purpose of protecting possible buyers of heads, and not for the purpose of doing Wittich or Everett any injustice.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

The Ancient Defender of Game Hogs, otherwise called "Forest and Stream," devotes a page and a half to a review of one of my books, which I should thoroughly appreciate if it had any circulation worth while. The A. D. G. H. undertakes to show that 25 years ago, in Florida, I killed a vast amount of game. There were 4 of us in the party and so nearly as I can recall we killed 5 or 6 alligators, 2 deer, 5 turkeys and 20 herons, egrets, etc. This in a 3 weeks' hunt. Game abounded in those days and we could easily have killed 500 birds and 100 alligators in the same time, if we had been the game hogs which the editor of the A. D. G. H. says we were. However, if we were there again I should not kill so much game, because it is scarce now.

The conditions that make some men game hogs now did not exist then and no one supposed they ever would. The difference between a man and a jackass is that a man can change his mind and—the editor of F. & S. can't.

J. J. Barkley, of Boone, Ia., is a candidate for a seat in the Iowa legislature. He is president of the Boone County bank; a veteran of the civil war and has filled many positions of trust in years past. What recommends him most strongly to the readers of RECREATION is the fact that he is a thorough sportsman and a member of the L. A. S. All sportsmen in his district should therefore vote and work for him, without regard to party lines. If elected he will no doubt work hard for the improvement of the Iowa fish and game laws, and there is great need of some important amendments to these.

The new fish law of Wisconsin prohibits the sale of brook trout at all times. This is another State that has lined up on the side of prohibition. They will all get there in time.

Join the L. A. S. The membership fee is only $1. Sixty cents of this goes back into your own state to be expended there in the work of game protection.

Who wrote the poem entitled "The Song of the Hunted"? Am holding it for this information.—ED.

BOOK NOTICES.

PO-KA-GON'S LAST BOOK.

At the time of his death, Simon Po-ka-gon, chief of the Pottawattamie Indians, was about to publish an Indian romance, "O-gi-maw-kwe Mit-i-gwa-ki," "Queen of the Woods." The MS was nearly all in type when the old chief was called to pass on, without seeing his book put into the hands of the public. This has now been done. The story had, however, received Po-ka-gon's finishing touches and owes nothing to another.

It is an historical sketch of his life, written with the simplicity and force which mark all his work. His personal history and that of his father, to which he often refers, were inwrought with that of the early white settlers in Michigan, Indiana and Illinois. In writing them, he lives again the days when the forests were primeval, when the deer roamed almost undisturbed in their depths, when the sky was often dark with the flight of the wild pigeon and when the beauty of Nature held sway where now exists the ugliness of what men are pleased to call civilization. With quaint touches, Po-ka-gon pictures the simple lives of the red children of the woods, their closeness to Nature, their freedom and their independence.

Necessarily his book contains many things the white race must blush to read, yet it is written without malice. Far to the contrary, the old chief's leading idea in writing it was to bring the remnant of his race into closer relations with the white men whom he does not hesitate to call "brothers," despite the wrongs he and his often suffered at their hands. With unspeakable pathos he reveals the people of his race gentle, generous, just, confiding and loyal, until deceived and robbed by the white man, driven from their homes and poisoned by the white man's rum. The old chief's story is a revelation to those who think the only good Indian is a dead one. His great charity, his dignity in misfortune, his heroic effort to forgive his persecutors and to love them are touching beyond words and reveal the soul that is truly great, above and beyond all externals.

The book also contains a paper on the Algonquin language, written by Po-ka-gon, addresses delivered by him, poems written in his honor, a brief sketch of his life by his publisher and other interesting material relating to Po-ka-gon and his people.

Published by C. H. Engle, Hartford, Mich.

HOW TO DIG.

At this moment I do not know of a more open and attractive field for bright young men of artistic instincts and a real love of nature than landscape gardening. Why on earth more of them do not enter it instead of jamming themselves into the crowd of lawyers and doctors is to me a mystery.

In "How to Plan the Home Grounds," the ex-Superintendent of parks of New York City has given a really great amount of valuable information, relating not only to the home grounds, but to public parks, parkways, residential parks and several other subjects not quite germane to the title. The superabundance of subjects treated has robbed the home grounds of many important details which would have been much more valuable to the average rather than information on such subjects as churchyards and cemeteries. Mr. Parsons might well have made 3 books of the matter he has condensed into one. But, in spite of too high condensation and a wretchedly inadequate index, the book is a real treasury of knowledge, full to overflowing of facts that result from abundant experience and ripe knowledge. It deserves a wide circulation among home-builders, and all others who believe in planting and beautifying instead of disfiguring the face of Nature.

"How to Plan the Home Grounds," By S. Parsons, Jr. 16mo. pp. fifteen + 249. 56 illustrations, plans and diagrams. New York, Doubleday & McClure Co. $1, net.

William L. Fisher, Easton, Pa., has written a small book entitled, "Practical Points For Anglers With Rod and Line." It contains nearly 5,000 words and treats of everything pertaining to the angler work and tools. It gives in detail all the information necessary for catching black bass, wall-eyed pike, striped bass, pickerel, and all game fishes. It fully explains the art of trolling, the kind of boats, rods, baits and tackle to use. The book will be issued in a few weeks and will sell at ten cents a copy. Mr. Fisher is a practical angler, and knows when he has enough fish for a mess. He says the book is not intended for fish hogs.

Molly: "Cotton came sprinting down the river bank shouting, "Get the minnow bucket, quick; I've got a little scholar."!

When she released her catch the Deacon asked: "What kind of fish is it?"

"Cat-fish."

"Then why did you call it 'a little scholar?' "

"Well, I guess, didn't I get it out of a school of fish?" G. S. P.

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Such whiskey as we offer you for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides you are guaranteed the certainty of **pure** whiskey, absolutely free from adulteration.

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Rochester, N. Y.

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

" A Bird in the hand is worth 2 in the bag."

RECREATION'S FOURTH ANNUAL COMPETITION.

RECREATION has conducted 3 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. A fourth is now on, which it is believed will be far more fruitful than either of the others. This one opened on January 1, '99, and will close September 30, '99.

Following is a list of prizes:

First prize: A Reflex camera, 5x7, made by the Reflex Camera Co., Yonkers, N. Y., with Zeiss anastigmat lens, and listed at $80;

Second prize: A wide angle Wizard camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co , Cresskill, N. J., with double swing, size 6½ x 8½, and listed at $60;

Third prize. A Korona camera, series 2, size 5x7, manufactured by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $27;

Fourth prize: A split bamboo fly rod, listed at $25;

Fifth prize: A lady's or gentleman's hunting case gold watch, listed at $20;

Sixth prize: An Acme Rotary Burnisher, made by the Acme Burnisher Co., Fulton, N. Y., and listed at $12;

Seventh prize: A Bristol steel fishing rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Ct., and listed at $8;

Eighth prize: A Baby Hawkeye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., Boston, Mass., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one gross Eastman Solio paper, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.;

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen carbutt plates, made by the Carbutt Dry Plate Co., Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.;

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a year's subscription to RECREATION.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or domestic animals, representing, in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Cycling pictures especially desired. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum, or ca rbon, or Solio, of each subject, which shall become the property of RECREATION. The name and address of the sender, and title of picture to be plainly written on back of each print. Daylight, flashlight, or electric light pictures admissible. Prize winning photographs to be published in RECREATION, full credit being given in all cases.

Pictures that have been published elsewhere, or that have been entered in any other competition; not available. No entry e charged.

Don t let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures failed to win in the last competition, because the makers did not heed this warning.

Write on back of each print the title thereof; your name and address; name of camera, lens, and plate used; size of stop and time of exposure.

TIME EXPOSURES. *(Continued.)*

GENE S. PORTER.

12. Speaking of birds, there are no more rare and beautiful pictures than those of birds and their nests. Every owner of a camera should have a collection of them. There is no necessity of disturbing the bird or her nest. If you cannot secure a picture without doing so, be sufficiently fine in your sentiments to go away and let the little mother alone. If you find a nest you can take, do so with neatness and dispatch, and take yourself off. You don't deserve a place among civilized beings, if you want only to disturb a brooding bird.

13. Economy is a matter of great import to many, if not most amateurs. You can economize greatly, in the use of folding cameras with plate holders by the use of kits, inside the holders, thereby enabling you to get the benefit of your fine large lens on plates of any size.

Frequently, when using a camera of 4 x 5 or larger you want to take smaller pictures, and you dread to use your large plates, so you frequently miss pictures you really want, yet don't use an 8 or 10 ct. plate on. This is where kits come in.

Kits are made by any reliable firm, and are small wood frames the exact size and thickness of plates. They fit the plate holder just as a plate does. You can have the center cut to fit any sized plate. Drop the plate in, turn a tiny button to clasp the edge, and there you are. For common use 4 x 5 plates are good. I am doing most of my work at present with a Cycle Poco, that is a perfect little gem of a machine.

My plate holders are 5 x 7, and I use 2 sizes of kits. I have a leather carrying case, in one end of which the camera exactly fits. In the other I have four 5 x 7 plate holders. One of these I load with two 5 x 7 plates, 2 with four 4 x 5 plates, and one with 2 4 x 4 square plates. This gives me 8 exposures each trip, and I rarely use all of them. I bought my kits from E. and H. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, New York, a firm I have found reliable, prompt and accurate in filling small orders as well as larger ones.

The use of kits is a great economy in plates and paper; but I would advise anyone trying them to open the camera, and lay off with a lead pencil, on the ground glass, the exact size of each kit opening. Then in focusing keep well inside your lines for each plate. If you try to carry the size of plate in your mind while focusing you are apt to make objects much smaller than they need be; also to scalp or curtail your subject. These lines in no way interfere with focusing for a full size plate. In fact I find them a great convenience in leveling and focusing, and I know workers who lay off the entire ground glass in squares to assist in this.

14. Last winter the water works in our house froze and burst, and it was 2 weeks before I could get them repaired. I had some pictures contracted and was compelled to finish them.

I hired a hand and we carried 14 buckets of water across the lot, and then I began to slop. I slopped all day and took a cold that threatens to land me in a premature grave. I made the measliest lot of pictures I ever turned out. I don't think I surpassed them in my salad days. Hereafter when pictures are submitted to me for criticism I shall ask, "faucet wash buckets of water across the lot, and then or bucket wash?"

If they say "faucet" I shall sail in and criticise. If they say "bucket," I shall say "well done!" regardless.

Any one who gets anything out that you can recognize when washing plates and prints by hand is a genius.

If I didn't have water works I should wear my last spring's bonnet one year more, call in the tinner, have him make me a 15 or 20 gallon tin can and mount it on brackets over the kitchen sink, with a small piece of hose to drip the water on my plate and prints in their trays in the sink. If I had not a sink I would forego a new frock, and have him make a large tin tray to set my washing pans in, and use a second piece of hose from it to a bucket underneath to catch the drippings.

It may seem at first too great a hardship to give up frocks and bonnets, and theatre parties; but it isn't half so bad as to make so much expense with your camera, that you set the family complaining, and have to give up work you are anxious to do on account of the expense. I speak from experience, and it has not been funny; but that is over.

A pair of shearers with blades so long you can swipe clear down the side of a 5 x 7, at one fell swoop.

Forty feet of camera hose, with a bulb, so you can set your camera focussed on a bird's nest and retire to the bushes, leaving a trial of rubber behind. When the bird comes home with a worm in its bill, think of the picture you'll get.

A big strong jack knife to cut limbs to cover the camera with.

Here comes the tug-of-war for me. A pair of Brownie overalls, so there will be no skirts to hold getting in and out boats, or to snag on logs and trip me up. As for climbing snake fences how on earth is one to do it? A camera, perhaps 2 in one hand, a tripod, a focussing cloth, and a roll of hose in the other.

No one sees you in the woods and beside when one does you are writing articles and taking pictures on contract, at a salary, so you may surely be allowed as much liberty as a bicycle girl.

If it were only a ball dress now, with shoulder straps for sleeves, and a patch of waist fore and aft, as big as your 2 hands that would be all clear sailing.

Lastly, a pair of wading boots. Just so surely as I land on one side the river and let the boat go back, just so surely do I see a bird with a worm in its bill enter a bush on the other side; or a snake or a rabbit, or a quail, where I feel sure I could get them were I only there. The Wabash is navigable in top boots, except in rare places, after the middle of May; and half the time you are compelled to get in the water to get the view you want on the bank. The deacon is long suffering, and kind; I want this list before time to start to Michigan and I don't know what he will say but you should see me pour out the oil of pursuasion, in double barreled doses.

I have managed to catch my skirts and fall down repeatedly.

I have stumbled, and complained that I fear I'll break my bones and cripple myself. I have estimated that I have lost $500 worth of rare pictures, that I failed to get because I was not properly dressed to secure them. I firmly believe that in 6 weeks more I shall have him to the place where he will advise me to dress so I can go about my business untrammeled.

POINTS FOR AMATEURS.

An acid fixing bath, which has many advantages over plain hypo solution, may be made as follows: Dissolve 8 ounces of hypo in 24 ounces of water; 1 ounce of sulphite of soda in 3 ounces of water; ½ ounce of chrome alum in 4 ounces of water, and add 1 ounce of sulphuric acid to 1 ounce of water. For mixing add the sulphuric acid solution to the sulphite of soda solution, then add this mixture to the hypo solution, and lastly add the chrome alum. The use of an acid fixing bath hardens the film, does away with the necessity for an alum bath, and for washing the plate between developing and fixing; it takes away any stain left by hypo or other developer; it instantly stops development, and clears the negative from the green fog that often appears. It is equally good for bromide paper, but must not be used for printing out paper.

Always fix a plate 5 to 10 minutes after the white salt has disappeared. If it is taken out as soon as transparent, the silver bromide has only been converted into a double salt of silver and sodium thiosulphate, and this double salt, not having had time to dissolve in the hypo solution, is left in the film. No amount of washing will get it out, as it is insoluble in water; and under the action of light it changes to black silver sulphide, thus ruining the negative. There is no cure for this, so prevent it in the first place by thorough fixing, preferably in an upright grooved vessel.

In intensifying with mercury, it sometimes happens that the plate blackens unevenly on adding the ammonia or sulphite of soda. This is due to the presence of hypo in the film, or to insufficient washing between the bleaching and blackening. There are often queries respecting the granular appearance of a negative intensified with mercury. The reason of this is not clear. On microscopic examination it is found that the particles of silver have been enlarged, thus causing an appearance of grain. The stronger the solution of mercuric chloride used, the larger are these particles. So it is to some extent obviated by using weak solutions, and by using sulphite of soda solution to blacken the negative instead of ammonia. This does not give such great intensification as the ammonia, but the grain is decidedly less.

The following will be found a useful reducer:

Potassium ferric oxalate......	75 gr.
Sodium sulphite	75 gr.
Water	8 oz.

Add 25 grains oxalic acid. Shake till green, and pour off from the crystals of acid that may remain, and make the solution measure 10 ounces. This can be used over and over again till it turns yellow.

Graduated skies are not often seen, but are easily done and are very effective. They give the appearance of a hot, scorching day, and are suitable for photos taken in brilliant sunshine. Some views I have recently seen of the Pyramids and other scenes in Egypt looked far more realistic with this effect than the cloud negative could have made them. To graduate a sky, take the print out of the frame and put it into another, with a piece of plain glass in front instead of a negative. Then curl a piece of cardboard up, about the external size of the printing frame, and place the cardboard against the frame with the curled end covering the sky and the flat end the landscape. Expose the frame to weak daylight and move the cardboard up and down, bringing it farther down each time. With a little care most beautiful effects may be produced.

In using matt paper I have found the best method of obtaining the tones I want is to fix the print first, and after thorough washing, proceed to tone them in the usual bath employed, but with the addition of 1 grain of gold chloride per ounce of the bath. I find that the fixing alters the tone of matt prints far more than of the glossy. I tone afterward till the tone is slightly warmer than I want (to allow for drying), and then put the prints into a bath of bromide of potassium, 1 ounce to water 8 ounces. This stops toning at once. A solution of salt, often used for this purpose, is not nearly so efficient. I am in this way sure of the final tone, and have succeeded in getting most artistic results on matt paper, which could not be compared with the tones I used to get, and have seen others get, by using the ordinary method. It entails only a little more washing. It will be found that different tones are obtained according to whether the print is washed or not before fixing. For brown tones it is better not to wash it; but red tones are much more easily obtained if it be washed first, as usual, for 15 minutes. If Bartolozzi red tones are desired, the print should be washed first, and a weak toning bath used, diluted with twice the quantity of water. This color is most effective on the dull surface print.

The following is an effective way of mounting matt surface prints—especially brown toned ones. Get some thick toned etching paper—as rough as possible. This may be procured from any stationer or dealer in artists' goods. Tear it roughly to the desired size; mount the print on it; then place it on a piece of blotting paper and rule a margin round the print with a piece of ebonite, or the smooth end of a glass rod. This will make a sort of plate-sunk mark, which will be deeper the harder you press on the ebonite. The mounted photo looks exactly like a toned etching.

Mahogany may be ebonized as follows: Coat the wood, previously smoothed, with a solution of ferrous sulphate, followed by one of gallic acid. French polish the wood when this process has made it dark enough. It may be continued several times, getting darker each time.

In printing it is by no means seldom that the print gets stained in patches. The stains are mainly caused in 3 ways: (1) By touching the print with moist fingers—the perspiration left on the gelatine prevents the action of the toning bath; (2) by hypo in the washing water or in the toning bath; or (3) by the print coming in contact with an exposed piece of zinc or other metal in the washing tank. These stains may often be removed by a little alum solution brushed over them. Sometimes, however, this method fails, when the following will be a certain cure. It is always best, however, to try the alum solution at first, as soon as possible, for it prevents the stain from spreading. Dissolve 2 ounces of calcium chloride in 20 to 30 ounces of water, and at the same time dissolve 4 ounces of potassium carbonate in 10 to 20 ounces of water. Add the 2 together, boil and filter through double filter paper. Place the print, or prints, in this solution, when the stains will depart. Afterward wash well, and place prints in alum solution to harden the gelatine. Wash again and dry.

Editor RECREATION:

For the past 2 years I have been a constant reader of RECREATION and have followed its career with keen interest. Being a lover of nature and a true sportsman, in all the term implies, I am anxious to see this magazine fill the sphere for which it only is fitted. I am anxious to see the photographic department enlarged, but I fully appreciate that this can only come about by the constant co-operation of the readers of the magazine. They must contribute their ideas and experiences. The field for the exchange of opinions is a vast one, and all should share in its benefits. RECREATION should become a recognized authority on amateur photography, as it is in it's other lines.

Every little helps, I am going to append a formula for developing plates exposed under all conditions. I have used this developer on plates exposed many hours, and on "snaps" given, but 1-200 part of a second, and have produced results most excellent in both cases.

Mr. Shumaker, in a recent issue, asks for a formula, or directions for developing snap shots. If he will make up this developer and use it as I say, he will find it in every way all he wants. The formula is as follows:

No. 1.

Water (distilled)	16 ozs.
Sulphite Soda (crystals)	½ "
Yellow (not red) prussiate of potash	1½ "
Hydrochinon	40 grs.
Eikonogen	30 "

To make this solution properly, measure out the 16 ounces of water, and dissolve in it thoroughly the eikonogen and hydrochinon one at a time, not adding one ingredient until the other is fully dissolved. Then add the sulphite of soda, and when that is fully dissolved add the yellow prussiate of potash. This solution should be filtered and kept thoroughly stoppered, in a glass stoppered bottle. Corks spoil most all fluid solutions used in photography.

No. 2.

Water (distilled)	16 ozs.
Caustic Soda	1 "

This solution is of course easily made, but must not be filtered.

To develop a snap shot, on say a 4 x 5 plate, take 2 graduates, and into one of them pour 2 ounces of No. 1. Into the other pour one drachm of No. 2. Flood the plate with the No. 1 solution and allow it to soak well into the film. Pour it back again in the graduate and add to it the one drachm of No. 2. Pour this combined solution on the plate and develop in the usual way. The image does not appear until the combined solution is poured over the plate. The shorter time the plate has been exposed, the longer it should soak in the No. 1 solution. If a plate has had plenty of time and requires no forcing at all, the 2 solutions may be mixed, in the first instance, and flowed over the plate as usual with the ordinary developers. The object of flooding with the No. 1 solution first, is to prepare the film for the aggressive action of No. 2.

By using this developer in this manner, a deal of latitude can not only be given in the exposure, but it also allows of as much latitude in the developing, a truly great boon to the average amateur. The quantity of No. 2 solution can of course be varied to suit the case at hand, and it can be modified in the manoeuvering so as to produce any result desired. Clear, cold gray negatives, to heavy, dense black ones can be obtained at pleasure. In fact, any quality desired can be obtained from it, as I know by experience. I also have used it by mixing the 2 solutions first and adding a little water, for the development of lantern slides and bromide papers, and have produced excellent results with it. In every way, it is an "universal developer."

BOYD C. BARRINGTON.

PLATINUM BATH.

20 ounces water.
15 grains platino-potassium chloride.
8 drams liquid phosphoric acid of 1,154 specific weight.

After this wash the prints quickly 3 times and then fix for about 10 minutes in

1½ ounces hyposulphite of soda
30 ounces water.

After fixing wash well for ½ an hour.

Brown-black tones are obtained by putting the prints directly into the platinum bath without any previous gold toning.

Another formula, by which the platinum tone is secured in one operation and which may be used on any and all papers, is as follows:

Platinum chloride	15 grains
Chloride of copper	20 grains
Sat. solution of citric acid	2 ounces.

This is a strong stock solution. For toning, use one dram to 15 ounces of water. Prints will give a fine platino color in 3 to 5 minutes. Then fix in hypo, one to 30, for 10 minutes and wash.

This is as nearly as possible the "Single Platino toning bath" now on the market.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In answer to A. G., in regard to developing plates, so as to retain the clouds in negatives, I advise him to use a developer weak in pyro, eilso, hydro, or any other of the reducing agents and having a small excess of alkali. Flow the plate with this developer until a faint outline of the image appears. Then keep the developer from the sky as much as possible. This can be done by tilting the tray so the solution just reaches the sky line, and then flow it from side to side, allowing it to flow over the whole plate about every 10 seconds to keep development even; otherwise there would probably be a streak at the sky line.

A plate developed in the ordinary manner where the sky has been allowed to develop too far, and the clouds have been lost in density, can be printed by making an outline print of the negative; then with a small pair of scissors cut away the sky portion of the print and allow the remaining portion to blacken in the sun. Screen the negative with this paper and print until clouds appear; then remove, and finish printing.

The best cloud negatives are made with ortho, or isochromatic plates, in conjunction with a color screen. I believe those made by Bausch & Lomb Optical Company to be as good as the best. The cloud negatives made in this way require a little more care in developing, as they are sensitive to red and yellow rays, and should be protected from the ruby light as much as possible in developing. Landscape negatives obtained in this manner have a brilliancy far superior to the ordinary negative.

The best cloud effects are produced by double printing. When you see an exceptionally fine display of clouds photograph them, and by screening, as advised above, print sky from the negative, then screen sky portion and print landscape.

W. C. Morris, Irvington, N. Y.

This bath will work well for prints made from negatives developed with either developers given in April RECREATION.

Print a little darker than wanted when prints are finished. Wash in 5 or 6 changes of water, or until all the free silver is removed.

Make 2 stock solutions as follows, to have on hand in 2 separate bottles:

Stock solution No. 1:	
Water	15 ounces.
Pure chloride gold	15 grains.
Stock solution No. 2:	
Water	2 ounces.
Acetate Soda	1 ounce.
To tone take	
Water	32 ounces.
Stock solution No. 1	1 ounce.
Stock solution No. 2	⅛ ounce.

Then make bath slightly alkaline with borax, testing with red litmus paper. The paper will turn slightly blue when enough borax has been added.

A saturated solution of borax should be made up and kept on hand for this purpose.

Prepare the bath at least one hour before using. After toning to the desired shade, which should be reached in 8 or 10 minutes, throw into a clean dish of water until all prints are toned. Then wash in 3 changes of water. Then fix for 10 minutes in

Hypo	1 ounce.
Water	16 ounces.

After fixing wash one hour in running water and see that prints are separated.

Mount with any good starch or flour paste, and when nearly dry burnish with a hot burnisher, using Castile soap for lubricator.---A. C. S., Franklin Falls, N. H.

What causes red spots to appear on platino paper when put in a plain gold bath? Sometimes only part of the prints are spoiled and sometimes all of them.

C. W. Speelman, Bemidji, Minn.

ANSWER.

Such spots are usually due to perspiration from the hands, or to the manner in which prints are handled during washing and toning. When the hands perspire freely the perspiration soaks off in washing waters, and getting on the face of prints causes greasy spots which repel toning bath. Air-bubbles forming under prints in washing waters also cause the greasy appearing spots.

Before commencing to wash prints for toning wash the hands and trays thoroughly with borax or bicarbonate of soda. Never clean trays with soap and never wash the hands with soap just before commencing to tone a batch of prints. Do not allow air-bubbles to form on prints during washing. Handle prints as little as possible; keep them face down; use plenty of water and rock the tray. Do not use a shallow toning bath. If a small amount of bath is used, use a small, deep tray so that there will be no difficulty in keeping prints well under the bath. It is a good plan to start toning of prints face down. When toning is well started they may be turned face up for examination.

If I were asked to name the most important rule in the successful taking and finishing of a photograph I should unhesitatingly reply "Don't Hurry." In almost every other occupation there may be times when an increase of speed will help things along, but not in photography. Here the old fable of the hare and the tortoise will apply, except that in the fable, the hare did finally reach the goal, while in photography the one who hurries will never reach it. Each step must be taken with care and deliberation, painstaking attention to detail and reckless disregard of the time consumed. Otherwise the little hills of difficulty frequently met with grow into towering mountains, and defeat will be the result.

When composing a picture, don't hurry. If those who are posing for you grow impatient, appoint another time when they have more leisure, or their nerves are steadier. If you lose the desired picture never mind. You would have lost it anyway as a spoiled plate, an evening's work and, a disturbed temper would have inevitably resulted from a hurried and unsatisfactory posing.

If you are desirous of photographing a landscape don't hurry. View it from all sides and deliberately make up your mind which will be the most attractive. Focus carefully, and after making sure that all is ready, "press the button."

Perhaps the one great mistake made by amateurs more often than any other is this disposition to hurry. If you desire clear, sharp, beautiful pictures take plenty of time. I was much interested in the article in the June number of RECREATION by G. S. P. Her ideas are excellent, and if she will write me, I will cheerfully give her the formula for compounding the platinum solution she desires.

Fannie M. Webster, Tomahawk, Wis.

SNAP SHOTS.

G. S. P.

Trim your finger nails.

Rinse your hands between baths.

Save half your old developer.

Save your empty plate boxes.

Open diaphragm wide to focus.

Leave it wide open for snap shots.

Close from 32 to less for time.

Don't focus against the sun.

Remove plate holder slide before you try to take picture.

Don't set tripod with one leg on your frock, and upset camera when you move.

Never lay plate holders on damp ground, or in sun, they are frail affairs and warp easily.

Don't feel you have to waste a plate every time some monkey asks you to.

Never snap anything you can possibly give a little time.

If you can't afford all the material you want miss the circus and give up ice cream soda.

Don't take pictures of people without asking permission. It isn't decent. Other people have some rights.

If you can't get sufficient high light on a portrait subject, use a powder puff.

Trim photos to suit the subject, and find a card to mount them on afterward.

Have plat. hypo., and gold baths between 60 and 70 degrees in cold weather.

Flower pictures, water and landscapes, look well in blue or green print.

When you enter your dark room for business lock the door.

Don't try to take outdoor pictures when the wind blows.

If water is so still as to take like glass, heave in a good big stone just before you expose.

In answer to A. G.:

If you have been unsuccessful in getting clouds in your pictures it is due to the fact that without a ray filter or color screen you can not get good clouds on a properly exposed and developed plate. A short shutter exposure and a strong development will bring out the clouds.

Amateur, Flemington, Pa.

Will someone please inform me as to whether a too weak hypo. bath will turn negatives brown, or what is the cause of it. I have had some trouble with such. Hydrochloric acid will remove it, but I wish to know the cause of the plates turning brown.

B. W. R., East Hardin, Vt.

A lady with her son went into a gallery and asked:

"What will you charge to take a picture of my little boy?"

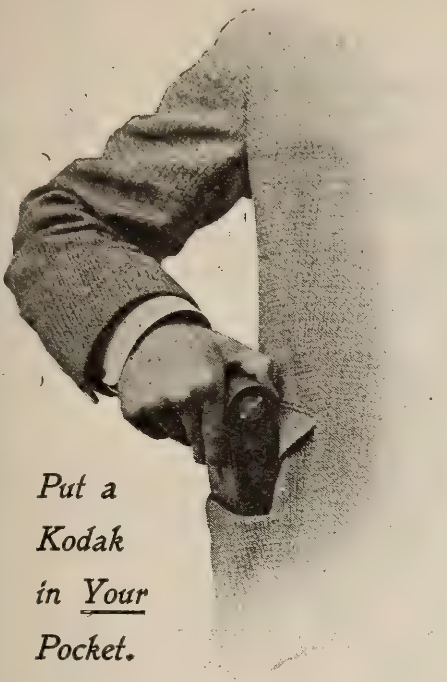
"Fifty cents, madam, but we can take them cheaper by the dozen."

"Well, this one and another is all I have, so I'll just wait," said the lady as she turned and walked out.—St. L. and Can. Photographer.

Will some camera fiend tell a brother fiend through the columns of RECREATION how "spotting out" is done?

Ferdinand, Port Jervis, N. Y.

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.



Put a Kodak in Your Pocket.

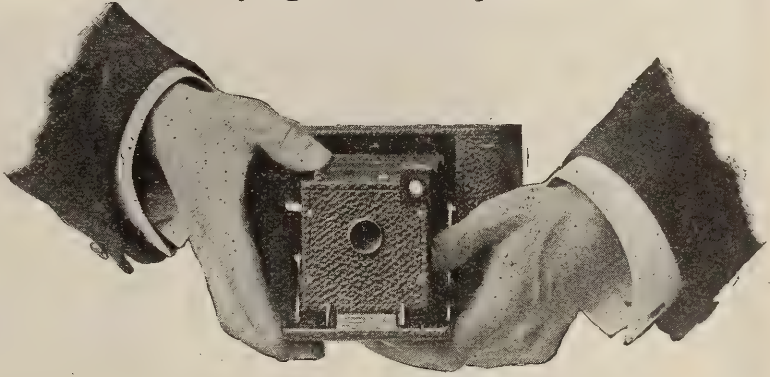
Folding Pocket Kodaks

add to the charm of picture taking by making it simple and easy, yet lack nothing required for the best photographic work. They are to other cameras what watches are to clocks.

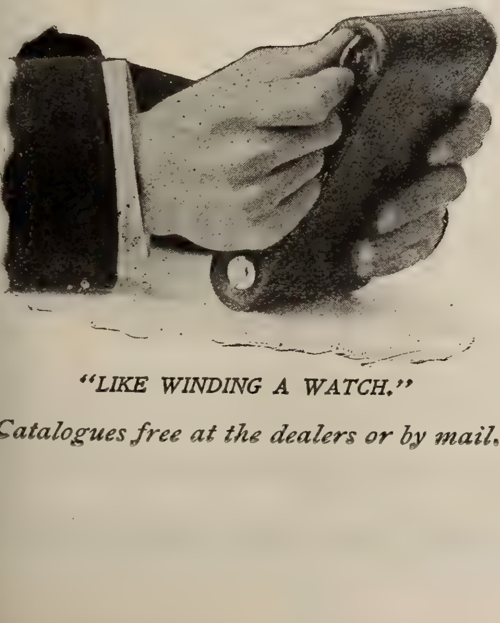
They go in the pocket, but are as accurate as the larger instruments. In fact, they make pictures as *large* as cameras of from three to five times their cubic bulk, and make them so clear and sharp that they can be enlarged to any size.

And the films slip readily into the pocket too. Indeed "Pocket photography" *without* the film cartridge simply isn't pocket photography. The camera may go in the pocket. No trouble about that. But the plates must be provided for. A dozen 3½ x 3½ plates and the necessary holders weigh a pound and a half and are bulky and fragile. A film cartridge for 12 exposures of the same size weighs 2 ounces; is carried inside the Kodak and will not break.

Several extra cartridges of a dozen exposures each can be carried in the pocket without inconvenience and used anywhere at any time. **All Kodaks can be Loaded in Daylight.**



"YOU PRESS THE BUTTON."



"LIKE WINDING A WATCH."

PRICE.

No. 1 Folding Pocket Kodak, for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, fine meniscus achromatic lens, - -	$10.00
Film Cartridge, 12 exposures, 2¼ x 3¼, -	.40
No. 2 Folding Pocket Kodak for 3½ x 3½ pictures, fine meniscus achromatic lens, - -	15.00
Film Cartridge, 12 exposures, 3½ x 3½, -	.60

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Rochester, N. Y.

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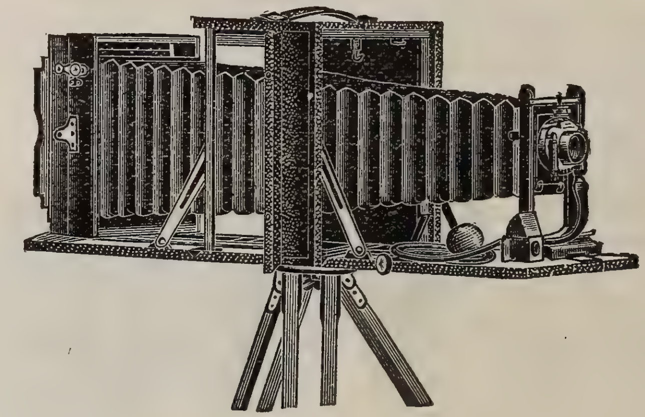

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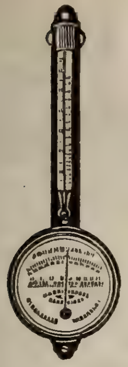

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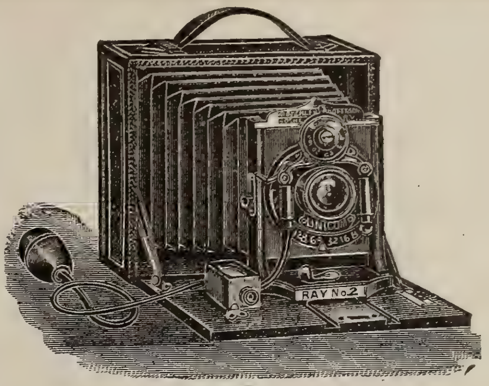
THE WOMAN.

"You naughty, cruel, wicked boy!
To rob birds' nests for pleasure;
How could you steal the old birds' joy,
The mother's dearest treasure?"

THE SMALL BOY.

"Oh, no! her trouble's all is o'er,
She don't care none for that, ma'am;
She hain't no feelin' any more—
She's up there on your hat, ma'am!"
—Exchange.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.



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Nothing will afford you as much pleasure.

They are light, neat and compact.

A full line from $2.50 upwards.

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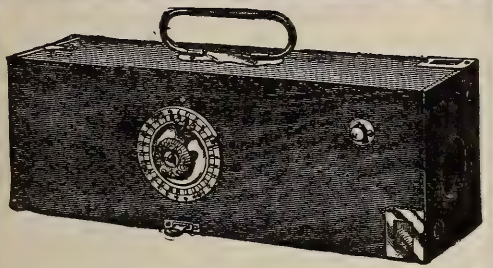
Circulars and catalogue at agencies or sent by mail.

RAY CAMERA CO.
210 Centre Street, Rochester, N.Y.



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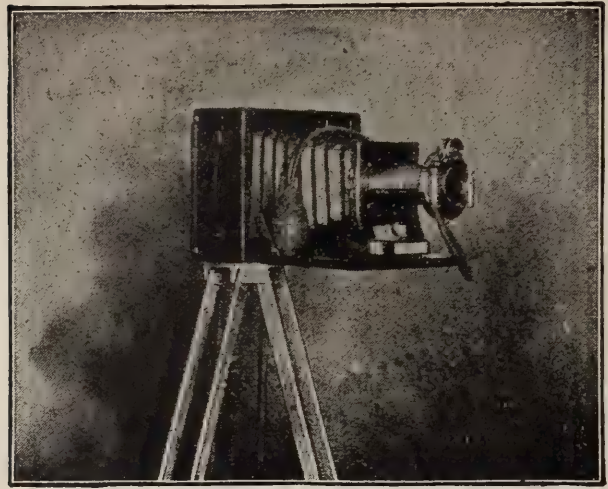

NEHRING'S

New Snap Shot Tele-Photo Lens

will convert any short bellows Cycle or Folding Camera, as the Premo, Poco, Wizard, Ray, etc., into a LONG FOCUS CAMERA.

An ideal lens to take pictures of game from a distance, obtaining a large image of the subject photographed. Price, 4 x 5 $8.00, 5 x 7 $9.00, 6½ x 8½ $12.00, 8 x 10 $15.00.

Send for our Mail Order Catalogue of Cameras and Supplies.

U. NEHRING, 16 East 42d St., N. Y.

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THE LOVELL PLATE

Contains all the silver the emulsion will carry.

It is this that gives it

SPEED, QUALITY and LATITUDE

And our method of Manufacture ensures its being

CLEAN.

For 15 cents in stamps or currency, we will send a trial package of LOVELL PLATES. All we ask is a trial.

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New York Dry Plate Co., Guttenberg, N. J.

Our "Book of Helps" sent free on application.

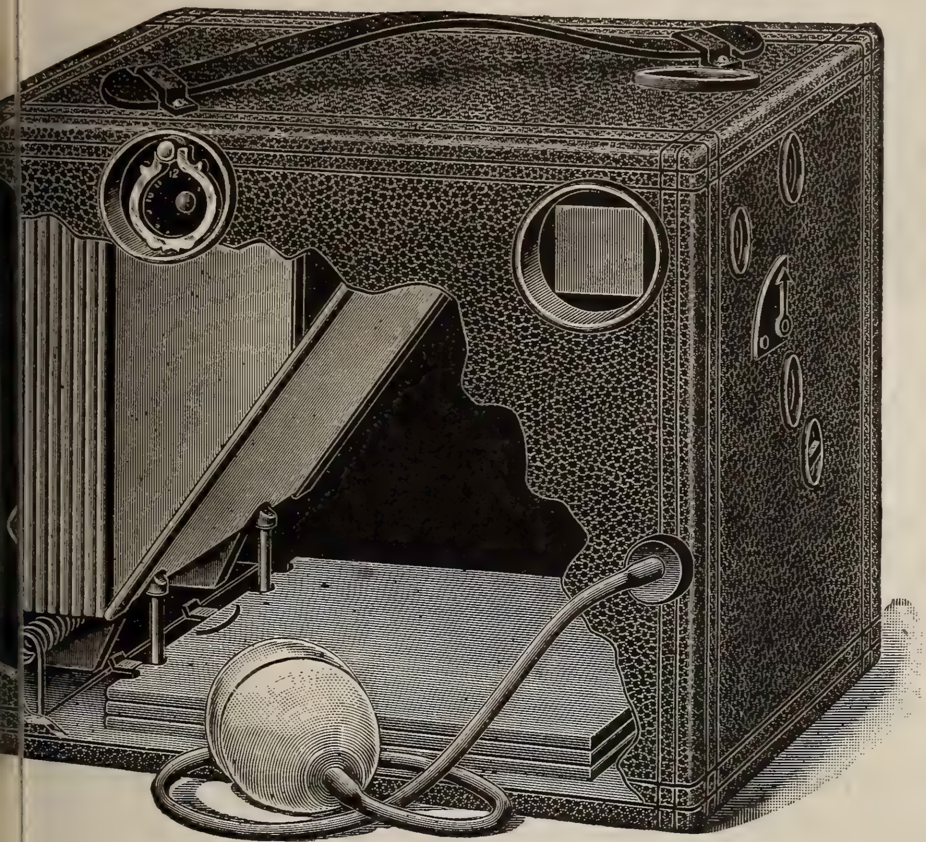
SLAUGHTER OF RABBITS.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette).

What constitutes a good day's rabbit shooting? In his new book Mr. Harting awards to Lord de Grey the honor of holding the individual record. In 1883, when a party of 9 guns killed 3,684 rabbits, Lord de Grey accounted for the enormous total of 920. Next to him comes the late Sir Victor Brooke, with a score of 740 in a day to his single gun. He used exactly 1,000 cartridges, and fired one-half of the day from his right, during the other from his left shoulder. Beside this Titanic effort others are dwarfed. Mr. Charles Eley and a friend shot 900 between them in a day at Lord Stamford's seat in Leicestershire, Bradgate Park. A party of 13 shot 3,333. Yet we do not know that these record days are precisely the best in a sportsman's memory. Many a pleasant day has been spent with the gun and an old spaniel after which the bag did not amount to more than from 3 to 10 brace, and in the opinion of some who have earned a right to be heard there was more true sportsmanship shown on the one day than the other.

Lord de Grey, Harting, Ely and Brooke should come over here and get a job in one of the Chicago slaughter houses. They could probably spill blood enough there in a year to satisfy their appetites for several years.—ED.

Improved CYCLONE Magazine



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Send 10 cents For a sample package of

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Especially intended for Snap Shot Exposures. Equally good for time exposures on plates or Films, Transparencies, and our Vivax Bromide Paper. Put up in vials, in two sizes. Six small size, 25 cents; six large size, 50 cents. Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price.

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JOHN CARBUTT,
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HUFFNAGLE'S

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DEVELOP YOUR PLATES AND FILMS IN PARLOR OR FIELD

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Can be taken apart and put together in a few minutes. Can be held on the lap.

Fitted complete for use with Trays, Water Tank, Tubing, etc. LIGHT TIGHT

For Camp, Steamboat, Hotel, Home

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Send for descriptive circular and terms.

JOHN HUFFNAGLE
Belmar, Monmouth Co., N. J.

The Perforated Daylight Loading Film System

has been adopted for use in all cameras of our manufacture. By this method picture taking becomes more simple than ever, and experience is a necessity no longer required in photography.

The New Tourist and Hawk-Eye Jr.

cameras that we are offering as our specialties this season are the most compact outfits in existence, and for beauty of finish, accuracy in adjustment and superiority of lens have no equal. Hawk-Eyes, are furnished in all popular sizes, at moderate prices, are loaded and unloaded in broad daylight and use either film or glass plates.

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A BOON TO AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

Gold Toning and Fixing Powder for all papers is a substitute for and an improvement over all toning processes now in use. The most remarkable feature is the fixing which precedes the toning, producing a variety of beautiful permanent tones to the so much admired chocolate brown, mostly noticeable in leading photographic galleries. 1 package sufficient for one gross 4 x 5 prints, 30c.

Captole Developer Powders ready for use for all plates, films, lantern slides, time exposure, snap shots, portraits, bromide papers, etc., giving clear negatives of good density. 1 box 12 Powders to make 48 oz. best developer, 50c.; 1 box 6 Powders to make 24 oz. best developer, 25c. Each box contains besides 1 package of clearing salt to be added to the fixing bath.

If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name with your order. Explanatory circular catalogue free. **Standard Supply Co.,** Dept. 12, **182 State St., Chicago, U. S. A.**

For Sale : New No. 44 Steven's Ideal rifle, with half octagon barrel, oiled walnut stock and forearm, rifle butt, case hardened receiver, sporting rear and Rocky mountain front sight; .25 caliber, weight 7 pounds, 24-inch barrel. Hopkins & Allen .32 caliber pistol, self action, folding hammer, nickel plated, automatic cartridge extractor; it breaks like S. & W., and is in A No. 1 condition. Also .22 caliber Steven's Favorite, No. 17, with plain open front and rear sights, 20 in. barrel, with canvas bicycle case. This is a bicycle rifle, is in good condition. Also an 8-inch hunting knife. Will sell all for best offers. What is your offer?

F. A. Musser, Lancaster, Pa.

Owing to the vigilance of Mr. Joseph Rogers, Government inspector, assisted by the local authorities, about a dozen men were recently fined $10 each for buying and having in possession moose meat, at Sturgeon Falls, Ont. Another was fined $50 for killing a moose, and another old offender paid a fine of $40.

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

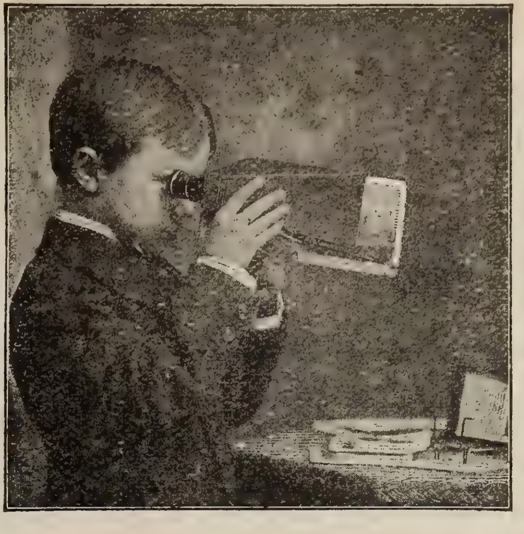
Sprinkle, sprinkle, little cart,
You must play a busy part
In this busy, dirty town,
If you keep the dust all down.
Hustle, hustle, little cart,
Work away with all your art;
Do not let your axles rust
While the porters raise the dust.
—Chicago News.

"Bobbler's wedding was the culmination of a romance. He met his wife on a train."

"He did? Why doesn't he sue the company?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Patience: "Alice doesn't believe there's a man living like her husband."

Patrice: "Why, how does he live?"—Yonkers Statesman.



THE PERSPECTOSCOPE enlarges photographs by reflecting the view of both eyes to focus into one picture, avoiding the necessity of a double picture, which the stereoscope requires.

From Prof. F. E. Sanford, LaGrange, Ill.: The perspectoscope left for me to examine is far ahead of a stereoscope. It is an excellent companion to the camera.

From the Editor of the "Photo-American," New York: The effect in looking at pictures through this instrument is the same as one obtains when looking at a stereoscopic picture through a stereoscope. The instrument is well worthy of a prominent place in the homes of all photographers.

From Prof. C. E. DeButts, Fairbury, Ill.: I have used a perspectoscope for some time past, and consider it a very fine instrument. It can be used for any kind of a picture or photograph. It gives all the effect of a stereoscope without the necessity of using double pictures.

From Horace B. Patton, Professor of Geology, Colorado State School of Mines: I have been making use of one of your Perspectoscopes with great satisfaction during the past month. For all small photographs, especially four or five inches, it certainly brings out the perspective surprisingly well. The perspectoscope ought to meet with a ready sale among the thousands of amateur photographers.

From G. E. Layton, Patchogue, N. Y. It is just what I have been looking for and I would not take ten dollars for it if I could not get another. It doubles the value of the camera.

Ask your dealer for it. If he does not handle it get him to order it for you, or, we will send one, morocco finish, express paid, on receipt of $2.00. Perspecto pamphlet free.

PERSPECTO MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

Dept. B., 415 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Charley, though a small boy had been with his Papa on a civil engineering trip through Mexico. Since his return he had been looked up to, with wonder and envy, by all the small boys of his neighborhood, and he liked it immensely.

He was proceeding to astonish small Harry, who had never been outside his county.

"And at night we had to climb in the wagons; and the guards burned fires, and kept watch; and the wild cats screamed, and the lions roared till you couldn't sleep, and the taggers came——"

"You hold on there, you're wrong," broke in Harry. "Taint 'taggers,' it's *tigers.*"

"I tell you 't's taggers."

For a moment the travelled young man careened on his pedestal; then he recovered with a mental gyration, worthy of a Philadelphia lawyer.

"Ho! them old book 'tigers'! These are a new kind they have just found out, and they are called 'taggers' 'cos they tag 'round and kill people." G. S. P.

Join the L. A. S. The membership fee is only $1. Sixty cents of this goes back into your own state to be expended there in the work of game protection.

We are always curious to know the kind of plate put out by the various makers; and, as we had never tried this new concern's product, we decided to investigate. The Lovell Dry Plate Mfg. Co., of New Rochelle, N. Y., ... The extra rapid brand, sensitometer 60, was selected for the test, and to them we gave every manner of trial. They behaved beautifully in portraiture, building up pluck nicely in several kinds of developer, neither coming up too fast to govern readily, nor too slowly for one's patience — just a happy medium. . . . . We specially admired the way they responded to slight changes in the developer. Some were put in the pyro containing no alkali, and then the alkali added, a little at a time—just to watch the effect. Every drop counted, and our experience has left us with a respect for the plate, as one which can be moulded at will by the operator. . . . . Its responsiveness to changes in the developer, (making it plastic in the operator's hands), its general adaptability to any sort of work and its low price make it worthy of unhesitating recommendation. — From The Photo-American.

"The literary life is not a path of roses."

"I don't know; lots of authors are eternally throwing bouquets at themselves."—Chicago Record.

SIGNALS FROM A SLEEPER.

W. H. NELSON.

To one in robust health the journey from the nation's capital to the Rocky mountains is necessarily wearisome. To an invalid, however, it is much more fatiguing. All the luxuries which modern invention stimulated by American enterprise, has gathered to wrap about the traveler can not heal disease, nor rob the saddened heart of the pain of separation.

From the B. & O. station in Washington to my destination in this mountain valley, the "Sunny San Luis," I found my journey made watchfully soft and easy. The Pullman spread its velvet seats and roomy berth for my repose. The observation compartment lent the wide crystal of its windows, and its roomy rear platform for my use. The buffet spread its snowy tables and glittering furnishings—laden with a menu to satisfy the hungry gourmand or tempt the capricious invalid. And best of all, the officers of the train, Capt. Samuel Gill, train conductor, and J. A. Barker, Pullman conductor, made it a point of duty and pleasure to add in every possible wav to the comfort of those who, temporarily, found a home in their swiftly rolling village. I tender them my thanks.

The B. & O. was the first of the great iron highways to cross the Appalachian barrier, and, while the feats of engineering performed in that event have since been far surpassed, it is still a matter of surprise to the gazing tourist how the work was accomplished so well; and most of all how such long trains can whip around such sharp curves at such high speed and with such perfect safety.

It may not be amiss to say that the new management is straightening many of those curves and reducing the heavy grades.

I left the Washington station of the B. & O. at 3:40 p. m., on Dewey Day, with the May RECREATION fresh from the press in my hand, and was whirled rapidly through the freshly crowned forests and verdant fields of Maryland, making no stop till we reached Harper's Ferry. Here the pilgrim feels the presence of Fate, for here that strange character, John Brown, met the doom so often bestowed on enthusiastic fanatics—martyrdom. He was insane, the world says, and even his enemies believe it, but he had suffered much and long, and it was no wonder if his stalwart though narrow mind became at last unbalanced. Mistaken or not, he was the John Baptist of Freedom, and

"His soul is marching on."

From the train one may see, on the one hand, the frowning heights of Maryland once bristling with cannon and thronged with the boys in blue, and on the other the bleak face and bald summit of Bolivar Heights from which the Confederates so often threw shells and consternation among the garrison of the little town between, so sleepy now, so bustling then.

Here that grizzly Confederate phantom, Stonewall Jackson, who was so mysterious in all his movements—who threatened Winchester in the morning and struck at Harper's Ferry in the evening,—made his appearance in '62 and received the surrender of Col. Miles and 13,000 men, with their arms and provisions and then faded away like a silent ghost to appear next day on the field of Antietam.

From the Ferry the railroad winds in and out along the banks of the Potomac whose waters glint and sparkle in their sinuous windings with suggestions of bass and perch, which makes the fisherman aboard the train itch to go down to them with rod and fly. Here and there, too, tumbling under our feet, flashing down into the blue bosom of the river, comes a mountain brook, babbling and laughing, as it tells of the trout that hide and dart among its slumbering pools under the pines, far up in the mountains.

Who can sweep through such a region as this, even on the rushing wings of steam, and not feel the poet-wish to quit the scramble and jostle of the selfish world for a while; creep, like a tired child into kind old Mother Nature's lap, and laying his aching head on her gentle bosom so fall asleep?

For Sale: .40-82 Winchester rifle, with loading tools, bullet mold, 50 loaded cartridges, canvas case with shoulder strap. All in fine order. A bargain at $12. Also N. Y. Club rifle, .22 cal. with Lyman ivory bead sight. A new gun, price $5.

Frank Stuart, Lincoln St., Spokane, Wash.

For Sale or Exchange: Fine oil and water color paintings, framed and unframed, and rare old violin. Would exchange for .30-30 Winchester, 12 gauge, hammerless, Stereo binocular field glass, or Gram-o-phone. Address Lock Box 26, Stoughton, Mass.

For Sale.—Useful and ornamental novelties, used in every home. Sell at sight. Send $2.50 and get a complete sample line. Agents wanted everywhere. Big discounts. Big Profits. Plymouth Novelty Co., L. B. 91, Plymouth, Wis.

For Sale or Exchange.—A thoroughbred setter dog 3 years old, partly broken; stands nicely and ranges beautifully. For particulars apply to H. L. Hayes, Bealton, Virginia.

Wanted or Would Exchange : 12 x 14 or 14 x 16 army wall tent, 8 or 10 oz. duck, in A No. 1 condition, without holes or patches; also fly. Would exchange a new 44 Ideal Steven's rifle, for same.

F. A. Musser, 235 E. Orange street, Lancaster, Pa.

For Sale or Exchange : For shot gun or rifle of same value, a well bred pointer, 10 months old, perfectly house broken. Will be ready for work this fall.

Fred Taft, 17 Gordin street, So. Framingham, Mass.

Wanted : A pure bred pedigreed Gordon or English setter pup, about 4 or 5 months old. Address with description, with picture if possible and price.

H. E. Wadsworth, Lander, Wyo.

For Sale : Fine Irish setter dog. Well broken for quail. Price, $25.

W. S. Dorrier, Lock Box, 27, Scottsville, Va.

For Sale : High class pointer puppies. Pedigree on application.

E. E. Heatt, Fairmount, Ind.

Wanted : A registered Gordon or Llewellyn setter pup.

K. C. Roberts, Thawville, Ill.

Wanted : Summer boarders. Large house, mile from station, references.

Mrs. Robert Smith, Greene, N. Y.

"What you want when you want it"

Libby's Luncheons

Delicious, delightful, delectable meat dainties—always all ready — no fire, no bother — all you have to do is to serve —for home, for picnics, for everywhere.

Veal Loaf | **Ox Tongue (whole)**

Potted Ham, Beef and Tongue

Wafer Sliced Smoked Beef | **Deviled Ham** | **Brisket Beef**

Put up in convenient sized key-opening cans.

Drop Postal for Pork and Beans

We'll send you free a sample can of Libby's Home-Baked Pork and Beans, the kind which taste even better than those mother used to bake, and our book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

COMMENDATION AND CONDEMNATION.

I sometimes wonder if you have to wear a larger hat than formerly on account of the praise you are constantly receiving for your excellent magazine and the good work you have done and are doing for the preservation of our birds, game and fish. I am sure your efforts are appreciated by many more than you ever hear from, who, like me, refrain from expressing their approval because of their modesty and the desire to have RECREATION filled with other matter. One wants to say so many things when writing you, that he hardly knows where to begin.

First I think you should not give more space to criticisms of such fellows as Webber. Now, that you and several of your contributors have soundly scored him, drop him.

You are all right on Marlin. So long as I can own a Winchester I could not be induced to use a Marlin. That side ejection is a "delusion and a snare." I have owned 7 Winchesters of different calibers but never had any difficulty with the top ejection or "with gas blowing back in my face." I have only owned one Marlin but that was "a plenty."

I am glad to see the endorsement of Cree's camp stove in the March number. They are O. K. Our party of 5 used one for 3 weeks in October, '97, on the headwaters of the Penobscot. We had no trouble in doing all our cooking with it and it kept our tent very comfortable in freezing weather. It will burn anything you put in it and will keep fire all night.

The Lefever shotgun is O. K. though they are rather modest in advertising. I am sure all who have owned one will agree it has more good points than any other. If Mr. John J. Harris should buy a Lefever he would congratulate himself.

I wish more space were devoted to Amateur Photography. I should also, like to see a department devoted to trap shooting.

The .22 long rifle is probably the best cartridge of that caliber but don't use it in a repeater. For that use the .22 caliber Winchester.

T. D., Boston, Mass.

Lots of men who have an aim in life lack the ammunition.

When a fool doesn't act like a fool he fools a lot of other people.

It's their crooked ways that enable some men to make both ends meet.

You can get a fine Camera by securing a club of subscribers for RECREATION..

Some Rare Opportunities

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod
A Reel, a Tent, a Bicycle
FREE OF COST

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in instalments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

Recreation 19 West 24th Street
New York

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, paper; or a Zar Camera, listed at $1; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer, each listed at $1; or 1 doz. Chatfield Trout Flies, assorted, listed at $1; or a 2-pound can of Laflin & Rand's Smokeless Powder, listed at $2.

THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a No. 41 Stevens Pistol, listed at $2.50; or 1 doz. Chatfield Bass Flies, assorted, listed at $2; or a Baby Hawk-Eye Camera made by the Blair Camera Co. and listed at $5.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camping Outfits*, cloth; or a No. 3 Acme Camera and Outfit, listing at $3.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades*, cloth; or a Willsie Camera, made for cut films, and listed at $5; or a Boss Dandy Camera, (Wizard V) 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $5; or a Forehand New Model Revolver, listing at $4; or a Primus Oil Stove, listing at $5, or a Nodark Camera, listing at $5; or a Hawk-Eye Camera made by the Blair Camera Co. and listed at $5.

SIX subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *American Game Fishes*, cloth.

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or an Australian Mosquito-proof Tent, listed at $7; or a Stevens Diamond Modeled Pistol, listed at $5; or a Korona Camera, Model I.C, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listing at $7.

EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Wall Tent 7¼ x 7 ¼, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $7.50; or a Split Bamboo Fly Rod or a Split Bamboo Bait Rod, listed at $6.75; or a No. 4 Cyclone Camera, listed at $8.

NINE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 17 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $6.

TEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Steel Fishing Rod, listing at $6 or less; or a Yawman and Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, listed at $10; or a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Stevens Ideal Rifle, No. 44, listed at $10; or a Wilsie Camera, listed at $10; or a Fishing Tackle Cabinet, made by G. S. Hudson & Son.

TWELVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $8.50; or a Kozy Camera, listed at $10; or a Korona Camera, Model I-A, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $13.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a Shakespeare Reel, Silver plated, listed at $15; or a No. 19 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $9; or a Wizard B Camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $14; or a gun cabinet, made by G. S. Hudson & Son; or a Grade A Sportsmen's Trunk, made by the New Departure Trunk Co., and listed at $18.

TWENTY subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or a Complete Working Model of the Battleship *Oregon*, 36 inches long, and listed at $15; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $16 or less; or a Grade B Sportsmen's Trunk, listed at $22.

TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $25; or an Improved Gramophone (Zonophone), listed at $25; or a Waterproof Tent, 14½ x 17, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $25; or a 4x5 Cycle Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $22.50; or a Recreation Camp Mattress, made by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., and listing at $20; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $20 or less, or a Grade C Sportsmen's Trunk, listed at $25.

THIRTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $20 or less; or a 5x7 Cycle Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $27; or a Shattuck Double Hammerless Shot-gun, listing at $25; or a Split Bamboo Fly Rod; or a Split Bamboo Bait Rod, listed at $25; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $25 or less.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, an Arlington Sewing Machine, listed at $19.50; or a 5x7 Korona Camera, made by Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $32; or a Forehand, grade O, double hammerless shot gun.

FORTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $30 or less; or a Savage .303 Repeating Rifle.

FORTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, an Ithaca, Quality, No. 1, plain, double-barrel Hammerless Breech-loading Shot-gun.

FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a high-grade Clipper, Elk or Acme Bicycle, worth $50.

SIXTY subscriptions at $1 each, a Lefever Hammerless Shot-gun, Grade H, listed at $44.

ONE HUNDRED subscriptions at $1 each, a high-grade Wilkesbarre Gun, with Damascus barrels, listed at $125.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a fine Lefever Hammerless Gun, Grade E, with automatic injector, listed at $120.

WALTHAM WATCHES

The best and most reliable timekeepers made in this country or in any other.

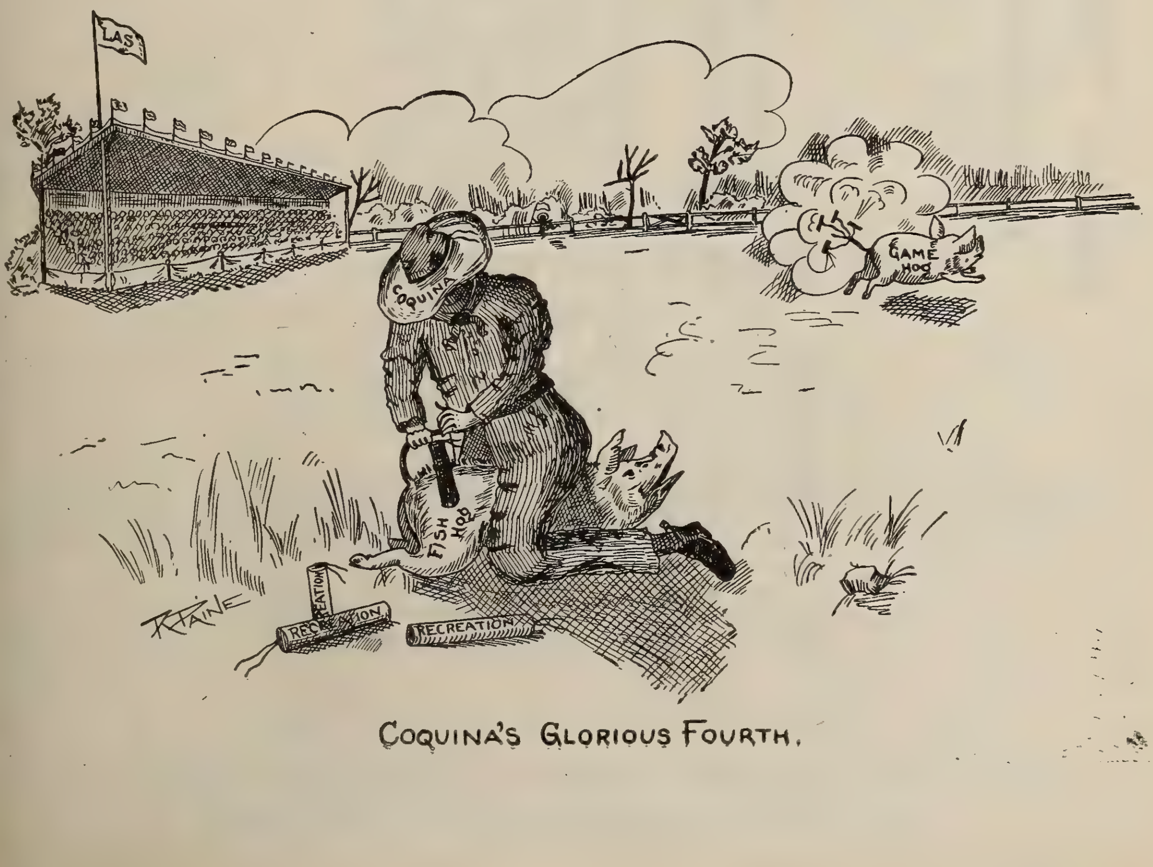
The "Riverside" (trade-mark) movement is jeweled throughout with rubies and sapphires.

For sale by all jewelers.

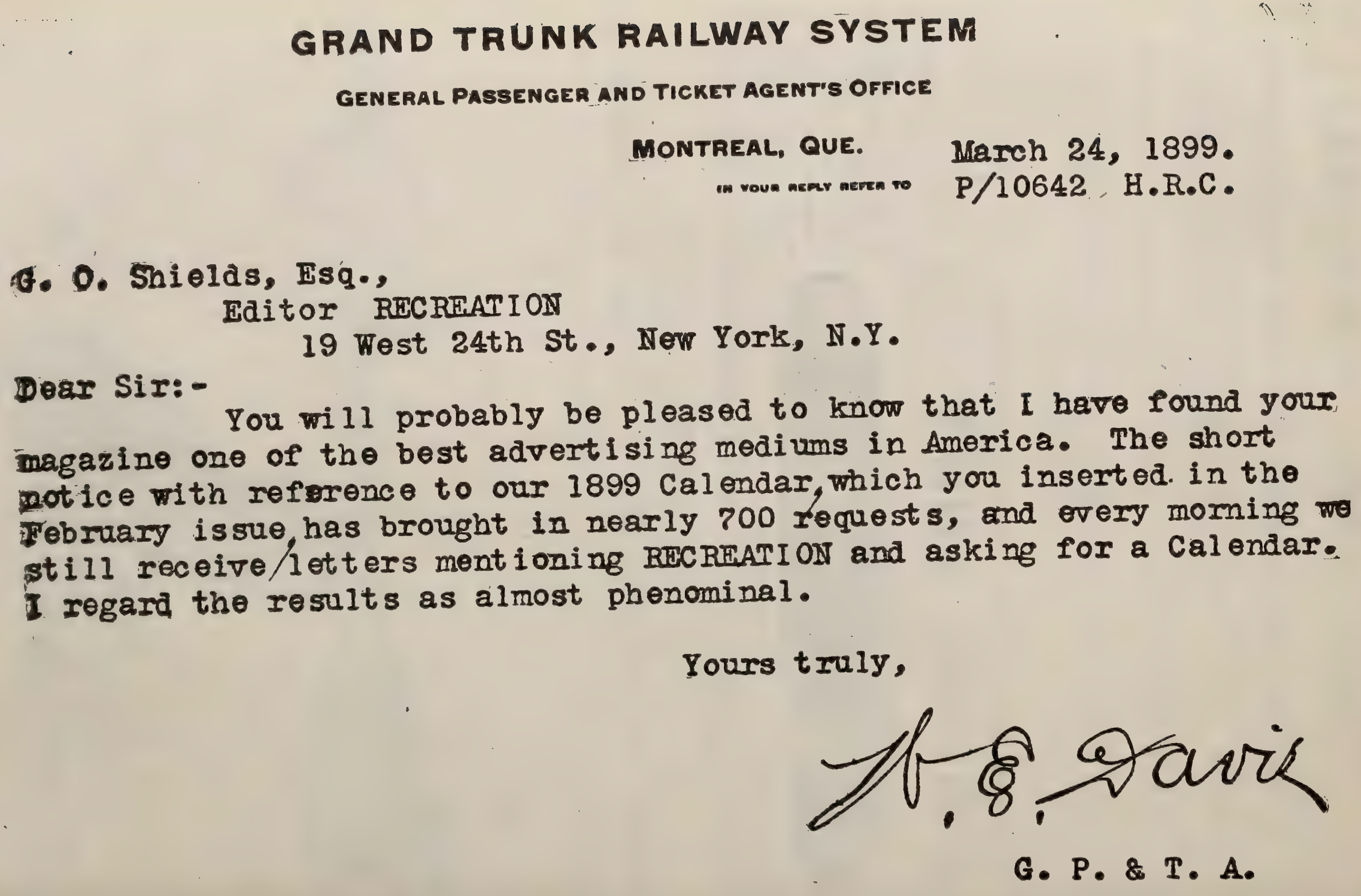
A GOOD KNIFE is requisite for an enjoyable day with rod or gun. Don't mar your pleasure by having a worthless knife. The best of material and workmanship make **NOVELTY KNIVES** perfect. A written warranty given with every one. Your name under the handle insures its return if lost. Pictures of celebrities, sporting scenes, lodge emblems, etc., on the other side. Handle is perfectly transparent and indestructible. Excellent novelty for high-grade advertising. Send stamp for circular. **Agents Wanted.**

Senator Style (same as cut), No. 118, 2 blades, $1.20;
No. 120, 3 blades, $1.60; No. 122, 4 blades, $1.85.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., - 33 Bar St., Canton, O.



COQUINA'S GLORIOUS FOURTH.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT'S OFFICE

MONTREAL, QUE.

March 24, 1899.

IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO P/10642 H.R.C.

G. O. Shields, Esq.,
Editor RECREATION
19 West 24th St., New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:-

You will probably be pleased to know that I have found your magazine one of the best advertising mediums in America. The short notice with reference to our 1899 Calendar, which you inserted in the February issue, has brought in nearly 700 requests, and every morning we still receive letters mentioning RECREATION and asking for a Calendar. I regard the results as almost phenominal.

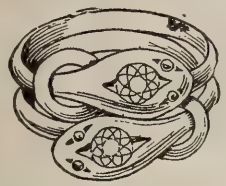
Yours truly,

H. E. Davis

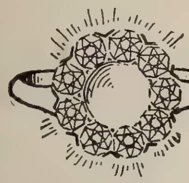
G. P. & T. A.

In Selecting Jewelry

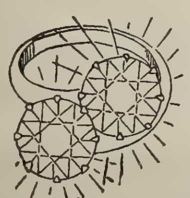
which involves a considerable expenditure of money, great care should be exercised in choosing the PLACE to buy. There is so much spurious jewelry offered to the public nowadays that there is great danger of being fooled. Why not buy where the jewelry business is study, and where only reliable goods are sold? We don't preach a degree of honor greater than that practised by others, but we don't fool you. We give you your money's worth every time.



SNAKE RING, two pure white Diamonds, $25; Diamond and Ruby, Saphire or Emerald, $20; Turquoise and Diamond... 15.00



PEARL Opal, or Turquoise centre, fine White Diamonds around, $50; Ruby, Emerald or Saphire.... 75.00



TWO 2-karat Diamonds, first water Gems....... 85.00

Solid 14 k. Gold Watches.

E. Howard & Co., Elgin, Waltham and Geneva movements, at 20 per cent. less than manufacturers' prices, and 30 per cent. less than WHOLESALE LIST. We allow 30-day trial, and make no charge for repairs for five years.

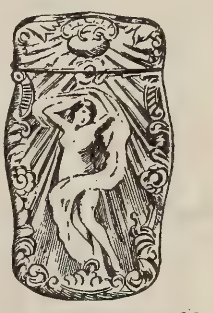
E. HOWARD & CO., 3 oz. case, solid 14 k. gold, open face or hunting case; list price $50; our price..........	35.00
SAME WATCH CASES, Waltham or Elgin movements; list $33; our price..	25.00
LIGHTER CASES, Waltham or Elgin movement, as low as..............	18.00
GENEVA hand engraved solid 14 k. gold cases, as low as	15.00
LADIES' size, same description, as low as..	10.00

These prices are 30 per cent. less than wholesale list and 20 per cent. less than manufacturers' prices.

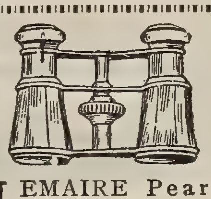
DIAMONDS.

We cut and polish them, save 25 per cent. and duty, guarantee every stone, and allow the full price paid us within one year from date of purchase.

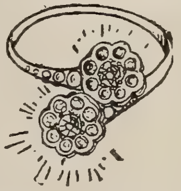
No house in the world can do more.



14 KARAT Gold Match Case, $10; Sterling Silver......... 1.50



LEMAIRE Pearl Opera Glasses..... 5.00 Others upward from $2.00.



PHILOPENA Ring, Twin Cluster of Diamonds, $25; smaller size........ 15.00

Established 1844

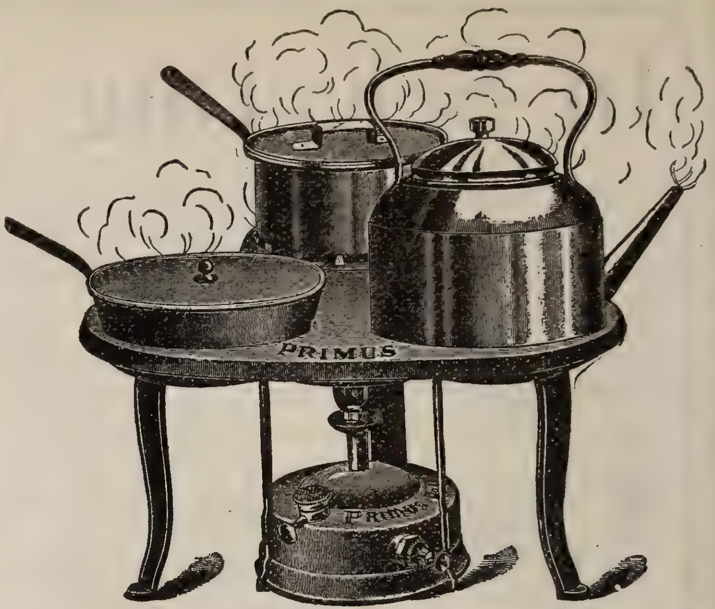
MRS. T. LYNCH,

Established 1844

Diamond Importer and Manufacturer of Fine Jewelry and Silverware

1 and 3 Union Square, cor. 14th Street, New York.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE, MAILED FREE.



DO YOU EVER
Hunt? Fish? Paddle a Canoe?
Explore? Prospect? Climb Hills
or Sail a Yacht?

If so you have had trouble in starting a fire, or in keeping a fire, especially in bad weather. In cold weather or wet weather, you have wished you could have a fire in your tent to warm you, to dry your clothing and your bedding.

THE PRIMUS OIL STOVE

remedies all such difficulties. It cures all the ills that campers are heir to. It is the one thing needful to make camp life a dream of Elysium.

Wickless **Blue Flame**
Kerosene-Burning **Non-explosive**

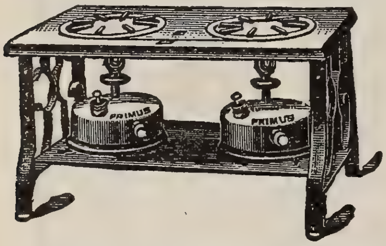
The features which make an oil-burning stove **Perfect**, are **Safety, Simplicity, Efficiency, Economy, Durability, Cleanliness,** all of which are **Perfectly** embodied in the **Primus.**

The **Primus** has no wick, hence its *perfect* combustion.

The **Primus** burns *any grade* kerosene. The flame can be regulated at will.

The **Primus** develops a heat of 2,100° Fahrenheit.

The **Primus** will burn, at its full heat, for **five** *consecutive hours* on a consumption of **only** *one quart* of kerosene. In other words, **one-fifth** *quart per hour, at a cost of less than one cent.*



DOUBLE STOVE FOR YACHTS

The Primus burns every-day kerosene, without a wick, with a clear, blue, smokeless and sootless flame.

The Primus is Positively Non-Explosive.

The Oil Tank Cannot be Filled While Burning.

The Primus While Burning May be Turned Completely Over Without the Slightest Exposure to Danger.

The Burner Lights Without Smoke. The Flame is Positively Odorless and Sootless.

It is by no means probable that any reader of RECREATION will ever give the **Primus** so severe a test as did the celebrated Arctic explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, on his famous voyage. His ship, the *Fram*, was equipped with **Primus** stoves, and when he left the ship to make his "dash to the Pole" on sledges, a **Primus** went with him. The following extract from "Farthest North" gives, in the explorer's own words, his estimate of its value:

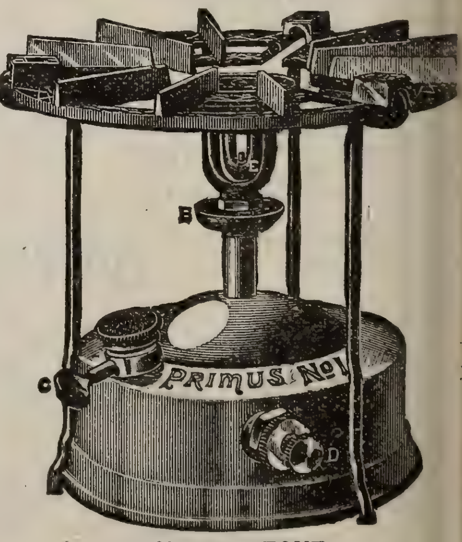
Vol. II., page 128: "For the heating was used a gas-petroleum lamp known as the **Primus**, in which the heat turns the petroleum into gas before it is consumed. By this means it renders the combustion unusually complete. Numerous experiments made by Professor Torup in his laboratory proved that the cooker in ordinary circumstances yielded 90 to 93 per cent. of the heat which the petroleum consumed should, by combustion, theoretically evolve. A more satisfactory result, I think, it would be impossible to obtain.

"As fuel, my choice fell on petroleum. Alcohol does not by any means generate so much heat in comparison with its weight as petroleum when the latter is entirely consumed as was the case in the lamp used by us. **We took with us rather more than 4 gallons, and this quantity lasted us more than 120 days, enabling us to cook two hot meals a day and melt an abundance of water.**"

An Alaskan prospector, who has used a **Primus** for several months, writes to a friend thus:

"Our '**Primus**' is a gem. A quart of kerosene lasts a week and cooks three meals a day for us. When it rains and is damp and cool we use it in the tent. Having perfect control over the amount of heat it gives out, it is no trouble to care for; no smoke or odor as in other kerosene stoves."

Write for circulars and full particulars. Mention RECREATION, Address



No. 103 STOVE
The type used by Nansen

THE PRIMUS COMPANY,

197 Fulton St., NEW YORK.

AGENTS.
HOLBROOK, MERRILL & STETSON, San Francisco.
Los Angeles and Sacramento, Cal.
GLOBE GAS LIGHT CO., Boston, Mass.
JAS. SPEAR STOVE & HEATING CO., Phila., Pa.
GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Whiskey bearing the name "Schweyer" is guarantee of the best—none so delicious—money can hardly buy its equal.

Goods shipped in plain package without marks to indicate contents, and if not perfectly satisfactory send them back at our expense and we will refund your money at once.

4 FULL QUARTS WHISKEY

We are the **only Distillers** in America shipping Pennsylvania Pure Rye to **consumers direct.** Bear this in mind.

SCHWEYER'S PURE 8 YEAR OLD PENNSYLVANIA RYE $3.60 Express Prepaid

The prime old whiskey prescribed for medicinal and general use.

The famous Pennsylvania Rye, for 27 years double copper distilled and **aged in wood** under personal direction of Mr. John Schweyer himself. Never less than **8 years old, most of it 10 and 12 years old** when first bottled. Sold **direct to the consumer from our distillery** at the low price of $3.60 for four full quarts that cannot be bought elsewhere for less than $6.00.

We also offer our **SEVEN YEAR OLD CABINET PENNSYLVANIA RYE at $3.00** Express Prepaid

$3.00 for **four full quarts.** This is the finest 7 year old rye ever drank and cannot be duplicated for less than $5.00.

We save you all middlemen's profits and guarantee absolutely pure whiskey without adulteration.

We refer to any Commercial Agency, Bank or Express Company in United States.

JOHN SCHWEYER & CO., DISTILLERS,

Address all orders to Warehouse A O 609, 611, 613 W. 12th St., CHICAGO.

Orders for Ariz., Col., Cal., Idaho, Mont., New Mex., Nev., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must callfor 20 quarts freight prepaid, or write for particulars before remitting

FEW HUNTING OR FISHING PARTIES GO INTO THE WOODS NOWADAYS WITHOUT A CAMERA; YET THIS IS NOT THE ONLY OCCASION ON WHICH THE CAMERA CAN BE USED TO ADVANTAGE. THERE IS RARELY A WEEK THAT YOU DO NOT HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO GET AN INTERESTING PICTURE OF SOME KIND.

I WILL GIVE YOU A FINE CAMERA AND A FINE LENS FOR A CLUB OF SUBSCRIBERS TO RECREATION. THE CAMERAS I AM USING ARE THE BO-PEEP, WIZARD, KORONA, HAWK-EYE, ETC. YOU CAN GET SUBSCRIPTIONS ENOUGH TO EARN A CAMERA IN 2 HOURS. WHY NOT GET THEM?

Address, RECREATION,
19 W. 24TH ST., NEW YORK.

"As I understand it," said the heathen, "you propose to civilize me."

"Exactly so."

"You mean to get me out of habits of idleness and teach me to work."

"That is the idea."

"And then lead me to simplify my methods and invent things to make my work lighter?"

"Yes."

"And next I will become ambitious to get rich, so I won't have to work at all."

"Naturally."

"Well, what's the use of taking such a round-about way of getting just where I am? I don't have to work now."—Washington Star.

For Sale: .45 cal. Winchester, with case and reloading tools. In A1 condition.

George A. Uebele, 419 Sherman St., Milwaukee, Wis.

She: "What would you do if I attempted to run up stairs and leave you here alone?"

He: "Hold you."

She: "I'm going."—Detroit Free Press.

For Sale: A .32-40 Marlin repeating rifle. Price with reloading tools $10. Arthur E. Briggs, Elkdale, N. Y.

She: "Do you believe the howling of a dog is always followed by a death?"

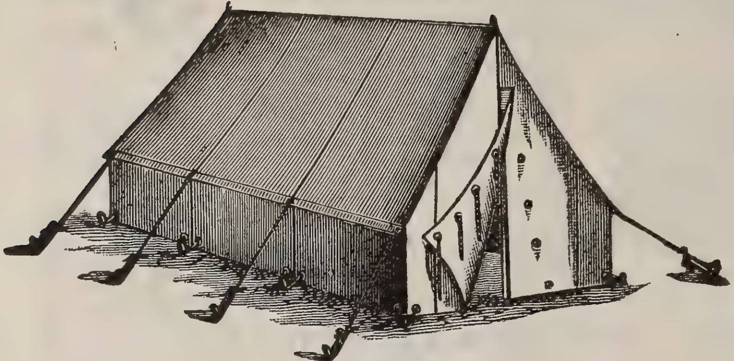
He: "No; not always; sometimes the man who shoots at the dog is a poor marksman."—Chicago News.

For Sale: A World's Fair Greener gun. Bargain if taken at once. Address J. C. F., Recreation office.

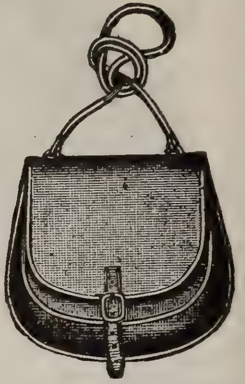
He: "Why did Miss Oldly take to the violin?

She: "Because there's a bow goes with it."

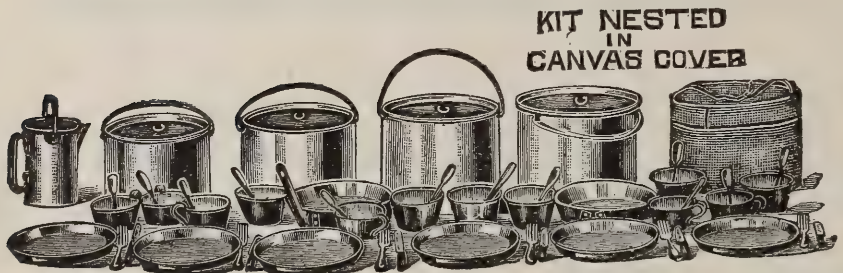
Articles for Sportsmen and Travelers



WATERPROOF TENT



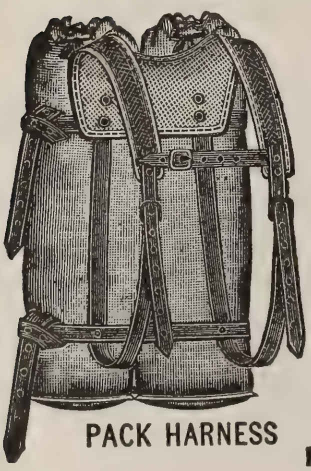
AMMUNITION BAG


KIT NESTED IN CANVAS COVER

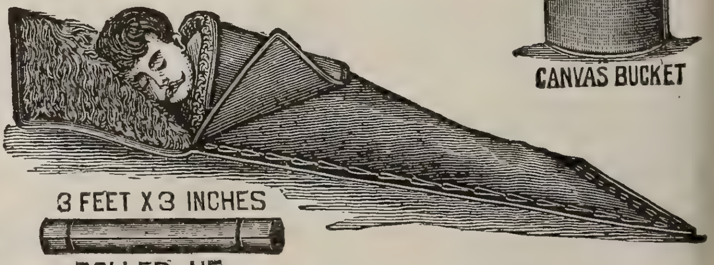
WASH BASIN

Aluminum Cooking Outfits

CANVAS BUCKET



PACK HARNESS



The Johnson Sleeping Bag

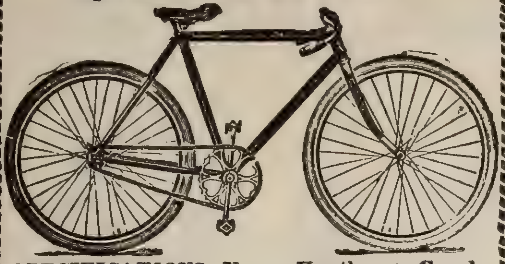
KNOOKS DRIED VEGETABLES AND SOUP TABLETS

All kinds of Tents, Sleeping Bags, Clothes Bags, Ground Cloths, Covers, Primus Burners and Utensils, Air Mattresses and Cushions, Hair Camp Mattress, Camp Furniture, Camp Stoves. Any Canvas work done to order. Folding Bakers.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE R

DAVID T. ABERCROMBIE & CO.
36 South Street, NEW YORK

HIGH-GRADE
HAWTHORNE
$22.50 NET.



SPECIFICATIONS. Name—Hawthorne. **Cranks**—6½ inch (diamond shape). **Chain**—3-16 inch best hardened centers and rivets (Indianapolis B best quality), straw center and blued sides. **Frame**—Regular 24-inch, option 22 or 26 inches. **Finish**—Dark myrtle green, neatly hand striped. **Gear**—Regular 72, option 78; 10 tooth rear and 26 front sprockets are used on 72 gear, 10 and 28 on 78. **Handle Bars**—Adjustable. **Pedals**—Bridgeport, rat trap. **Saddle**—Gilliam, padded top. **Spokes**—Tangent, Excelsior Needle Co's best No. 2, 32 front, 36 rear. **Tires**—1⅜-inch Morgan & Wright double tube. **Tool Bag**—Containing wrench, oiler, repair outfit and spanner. **Tread**—4⅞-inch. **Tubing**—Shelby cold drawn seamless. **Wheel Base**—43½ inches. **Wheels**—28 inches. **Weight**—(About) 25 pounds.

15000 Sold in 1898

It's as good as any wheel made. All modern improvements. Guaranteed for one year. If not found as represented, return at our expense both ways, and you can have your money back on demand.

ASK US TO SEND YOU OUR FREE BICYCLE CATALOG

Send 15 cents for our 1,000 page catalogue. It lists everything used by mankind.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., CHICAGO.

"Father," said the boy who was looking pensively at the sunshine and luxuriant foliage which told of approaching June.

"What is it?"

"Where do you suppose General Funston would be to-day if his father had punished him so that he was afraid to go in swimming?"—Washington Star.

Mr. Upson Downs (seated by a stranger in railway car): "What time is it by your watch, if you please?"

Stranger: "I don't know."

"But you just looked at it."

"Yes, I only wanted to see if it was still there."—Wasp.

"My boy Johnny has such a cheerful disposition."

"Yes?"

"Oh, yes. When I make him wash his neck, instead of grumbling, he just says he's glad he is not a giraffe."—Indianapolis Journal.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

THE MARVEX GLOVE.
(Registered.)

IN ALL DESIRABLE COLORS.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY

B. Altman & Co.

NEW YORK.

He makes rhymes for a sausage trust—
They pay him fairly well;
But to his friends he always says
He's writing doggerel.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

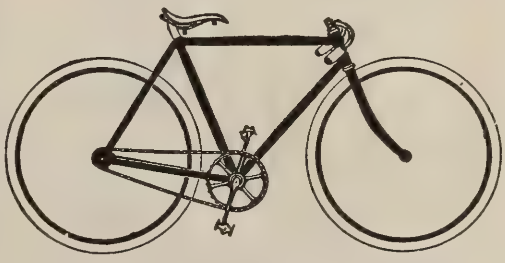
His baby talked when 8 months old,
And so he blew his horn;
And yet the Bible says Job cussed
The day that he was born.
—Judge.

IN ANSWERING ADS PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

TRIBUNE
BICYCLES

For 1899

The best wheels in the world



Write for large new catalogue illustrating our full line of twenty-three models : : :

THE
BLACK MFG. CO.
ERIE, PA.

ESTABLISHED 1840

GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.

Makers of Tents, Flags, and Sails

Copyright 1899 Geo.B.Carpenter & Co

Camp
Furniture
AND...
Outfits
Rainproof
Covers

CONTRACTORS TO THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

202, 204, 206, 208 S. WATER STREET
CHICAGO

Send 6 cents in stamps for our new 80-page catalogue of Tents, etc., illustrating every style and size from the largest U. S. army tent to the smallest camping tent.

For Sale: A series of water colored drawings by the well known artist and naturalist, Allan Brooks. The subjects are as follows:

	Price.
Male Mallard on the Wing	$2.50
A pair of Woodducks in the Water	4.00
A Pair of Longtail Ducks	2.50
A Pair of Bluebills in the Water	2.50
A Pair of Shovelers on the Margin of a Marsh	3.00
A Family of Baffleheads in the Water.	2.50
California Plumed Quail	2.00
Mexican Blue Quail	2.00
A Pair of Ruffed Grouse	2.50
Male Band Tailed Pigeon	2.00
Male Canadian Spruce Grouse	1.00
A pair of spotted Sand Pipers	1.00
A herd of Rocky Mountain Sheep, in native habitat	3.00
One pair of Rocky Mountain Sheep in native habitat	3.00
Male Mule Deer on the snow	2.00
Male Mule Deer, on the snow, running	2.00

These drawings are actual studies from life and are true to nature. They vary in size from 8 x 10 to 12 x 14, and are suitable for framing.

Any sportsman desiring accurate pictures, in color, of game birds or mammals, should order at once.

Address RECREATION, 19 West 24th street, New York City.

The Bangor Commercial says the salmon season just closed has been the poorest known on the Penobscot in many years. It reports only about 20 salmon taken, against 60 to 80 in each of the several preceding years. The cause of the decrease in the number of salmon in the Penobscot is attributed to the fact that the pulp mills on the river discharge their chemical refuse into the water and thus pollute it to such an extent that the salmon no longer find it a pleasant home. It is predicted that unless this is stopped the fish will desert the river entirely in the near future.

The following catches of fish were recently made here from Lake Winnebago:

Frank Parker, Fond du Lac, together with W. C. Houston, of Chicago, caught 40 white bass.

Lawrence Martin, Fond du Lac, 20 pounds of perch.

Col. N. Boardman, Fond du Lac, 19 perch and white bass.

Chas. Dins, Fond du Lac, 37 perch and white bass.

K. B., Fond du Lac, Wis.

The output of trout from the Paris, Mich., hatchery was about 2,500 000 this year, but the capacity of the hatchery is much larger.

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We are the largest manufacturers of this class of work in the U. S.

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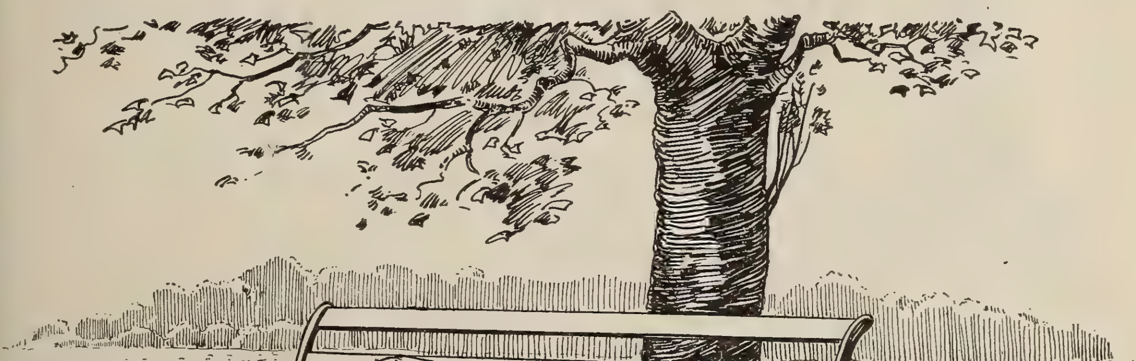

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S. H. Corbett, Ontonagon, Mich.

I received the ladies' gold hunting case watch to-day, and it is indeed a beauty. I am surprised to think you can give such valuable premiums for a few hours' work. I cannot express thanks enough. I wish you success in your noble undertaking of uplifting sportsmen above the level of the hog. The Indian, who lived chiefly on game, did not take more than he could use.

J. E. Butler, Appleton, Wis.

I received my Korona camera in first class condition. To say that I am pleased with it does not by any means express the satisfaction I feel. It is a most liberal reward for my time and trouble. In fact, I am more than repaid, and you may be sure RECREATION will always, while under your management, find a hearty supporter in

George R. Aldred, Toronto, Canada.

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The Club
Manhattan
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G. F. Heublein & Bro.
New York Hartford London

From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th

In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails, by the time they are used by the consumer, may have already been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers — Manhattan, Martini, whiskey, gin, vermouth, and York—all excellent.

For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Sea-Shore, or the Picnic.

These Cocktails are aged, are ready for use, and require only to be POURED OVER CRACKED ICE and strained off to be in perfect condition.

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25c at All Druggists.

C. H. STRONG & CO., Props., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

The Ithaca hammerless gun you sent me for subscriptions arrived promptly and I thank you very much for it. Nothing will ever fly too high for my new Ithaca. RECREATION is a fine magazine and it has more than pleased the boys in our section.

Adolph Peterson, Eureka, Cal.

I received the camera from the Manhattan Optical Co., and it is a beauty. I am more than pleased with it, and thank you very much for so nice a present. It is an extra fine one for the 20 names I sent you. I think if more of RECREATION readers knew what fine premiums you gave there would be many more working for them.

A. S. Boothby, Saco, Me.

Allow me to thank you for the Cyclone Camera received to-day. It is a model of neatness and simplicity. RECREATION gives its readers more news and more valuable prizes than any other magazine in the world.

Mrs. D. E. Diller, Seattle, Wash.

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References: Lieut. G. T. Emmons, U. S. Navy, Navy Dept., Washington. D. C.; Hon. Will. D. Jenkins, Sec. of State, Olympia, Wash.; G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

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References: Arthur Brown, Supt., Philadelphia Zoo; E. M. Bigelow, Chief, Dept. of Parks, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. T. Hornaday, Director, N. Y. Zoo Garden and G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

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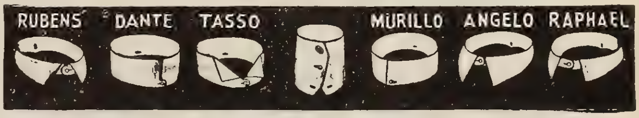

The Gun Cabinet you sent me as a prize reached me in the best of condition. It is a beauty and just the thing I have been wanting for a long time. The No. 2 Bullet Kodak also reached me O. K., for which you will please accept my sincere thanks. I am much pleased with it.

F. M. Crooks, Springfield, Mo.

I received the beautiful little Baby Hawkeye camera as a premium and am delighted with it. I thank you most cordially for it, and hope to make many interesting snap shots while out with rod or gun.

Percy Selous, Greenville, Mich.

I received the Shattuck gun and am as well pleased with it as I was with my first pair of boots. It is an excellent gun and shoots close and hard. The subscribers are well pleased with RECREATION and I feel deeply indebted for this premium.

J. M. Cunningham, Wrightsville, Ills.

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I received my Ithaca gun in good time and find it far above what I expected. It is perfect in every respect.

J. E. Thompson, Portland, Me.

I received the Abercrombie tent in good condition and am much pleased with it. Many thanks to you for your trouble.

D. C. Covert, Norfolk, Neb.

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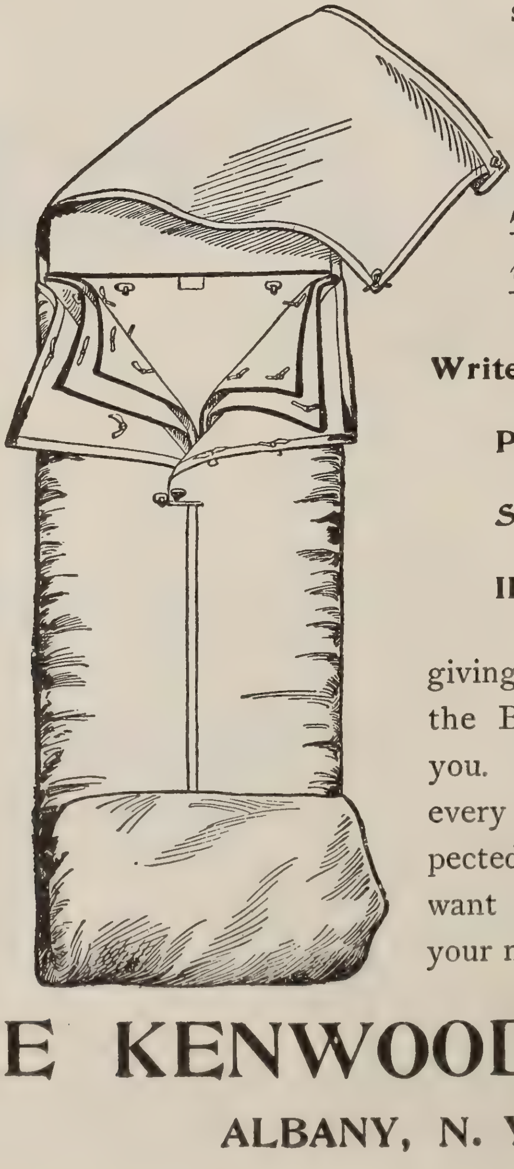

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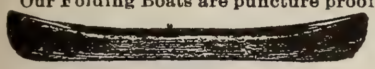

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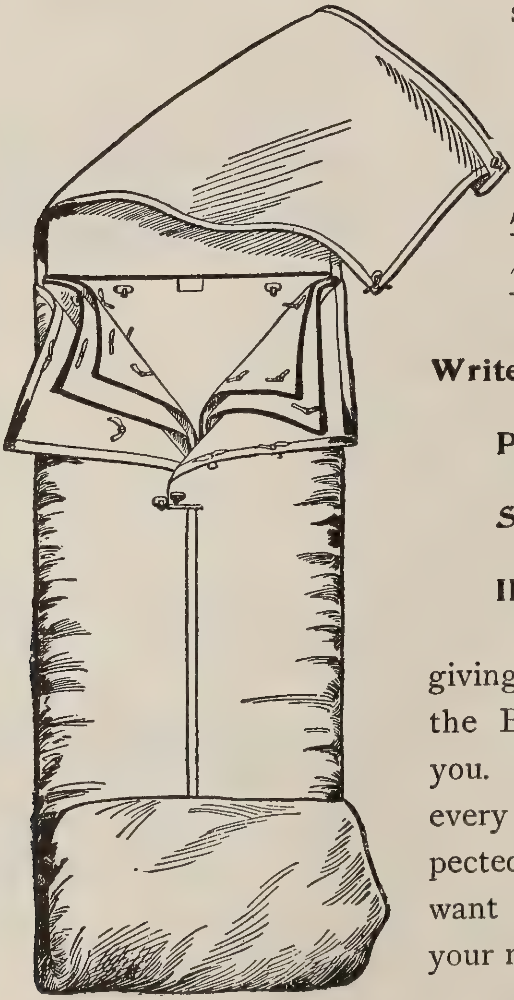

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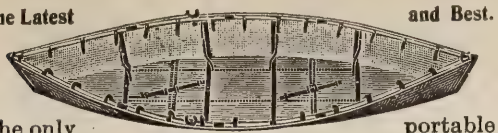

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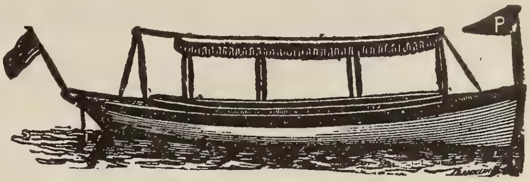

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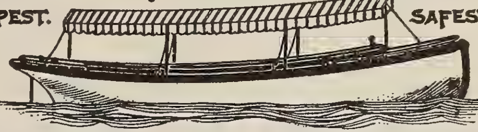

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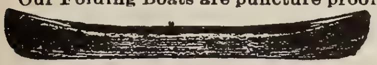

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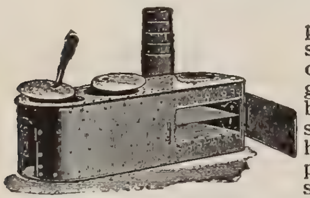

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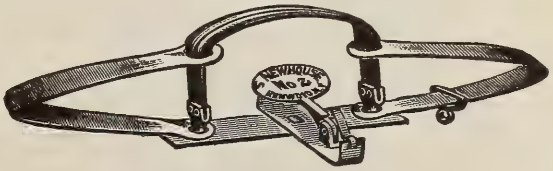

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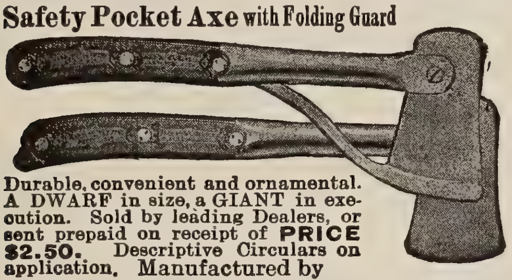

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WHAT THEY SAY OF THE PREMIUMS.

THE BRISTOL ROD.

I beg to acknowledge receipt of, and thank you for the Bristol steel rod you sent me as a premium for 10 subscribers for RECREATION. It is a beauty and I am sure it will prove as good as it looks. I expect to give it a thorough test when, 2 weeks hence, I take my vacation. I had no trouble in getting subscribers for RECREATION. They all want it.

W. F. Packard.

I am more than willing to subscribe for RECREATION because I get my money's worth. I cannot go into the woods 12 times a year for so little money as I can by reading RECREATION. Every issue is just like taking a hunting or fishing trip, as far as printers' ink can possibly make it such.

H. M. Cheney, Lebanon, N. H.

I received the Syracuse hammerless gun for the club of 35 subscribers, and am delighted beyond all expectation. It is a beauty. I had no trouble in getting subscribers. RECREATION is the best magazine of its class.

W. J. Butler, Appleton, Wis.

Enclosed find $1 as one year's subscription to the best sportsman's periodical published. I wish all sportsmen's magazines and papers would handle the game and fish hog with the same fearless vigor that RECREATION does.

L. C. Damm, Wormleysburg, Pa.

The camera you give for 15 subscribers to RECREATION arrived all right and I am more than pleased with it. It took me only about 2 hours' actual work to get the subscribers. I find the camera perfect in every respect.

J. H. Kilner, Haverhill, Mass.

I received the camera as a premium and am delighted with it. RECREATION is the best magazine received at our home; we would not do without it.

Ray E. Rottsted, Catatonk, N. Y.

Received the Bo-Peep camera you sent me for getting 12 subscriptions. Please accept my thanks. I like it and all my friends say it is a beauty.

Carl F. Steinhauser, Elmira, N. Y.

I received the rifle you sent me the other day, and it is simply beautiful.

J. G. Randall, Ishpeming, Mich.

I received the Ingersoll $ watch you sent me for 2 subscriptions for RECREATION, and am well pleased with it. It has kept correct time since I set it, 3 weeks ago.

E. L. Lyon, Waco, Tex.

I am well pleased with the Ithaca gun you sent me as premium. It not only looks well, but is nicely finished and a good, strong shooter.

J. H. Hale, Audubon, Iowa.

The Syracuse gun is a good shooter and well balanced. Many thanks to you for the valuable premium you give for so little work.

A. Van Tassel, Mechanicsville, N. Y.

I received the Steven's rifle you sent me as premium and am more than pleased with it. It is a dandy. It shoots right where I point it.

R. J. Miller, Stanstead, Mich.

Enclosed find money order for RECREATION for 1899. I can afford to miss my meals quite often, but RECREATION never.

W. R. Cline, Joliet, Ill.

The No. 2 Bullet camera was received and I am much pleased with it. All who have taken RECREATION also speak highly of it. W. C. Ingraham, Sedalia, Mo.

The rifle you sent me for a club came all right and is a beauty. It is the finest rifle I ever put to my shoulder.

E. J. Wilkins, Decatur, Ill.

I received the rifle in perfect condition. It is much better than I expected, and fits me all right.

E. W. Raino, Manchester, N. H.

I received my Forehand double gun as premium given by you. I have had several guns, but this one is the best of all.

E. E. King, Binghamton, N. Y.

Accept my thanks for the revolver which I received from the Forehand Arms Co. It is a beauty.

F. L. Miller, Boston, Mass.

The Bristol steel rod has just come and is the prettiest rod I have ever seen. I thank you very much for your kind treatment. Alvin Barton, Knoxville, Tenn.

I received the Photake camera you sent me, and am much pleased with it.

L. P. Evans, Elizabethtown, N. Y.

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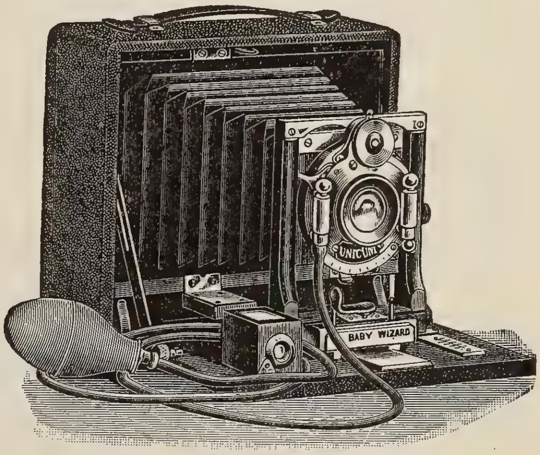

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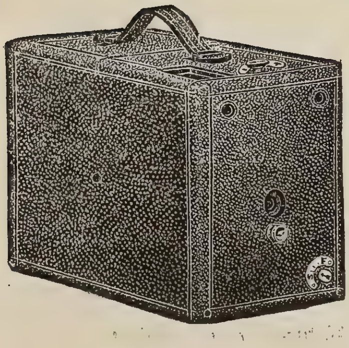

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CRESSKILL, N. J.

SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following is a list of names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

CALIFORNIA.

S. L. N. Ellis, Visalia, trout, deer, bear, grouse, and quails.

COLORADO.

F. W. Allen, Dotsero, Eagle Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, trout, and grouse.
W. H. Hubbard, Glenwood Springs, ditto
Charles Allen, Gypsum, “
J. M. Campbell, Buford, “
R. W. McGhee, De Beque, “
W. L. Pattison, Buford, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.

GEORGIA.

Sam T. Denning, Augusta, turkeys, quails and rabbits.

IDAHO.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
Geo. Winegar, St. Anthony, Fremont Co., ditto
John Ching, Kilgore, Fremont Co., “
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., “
Ed. Staley, Lake, Fremont Co., “
Ed. Blair, Victor, Fremont Co., “
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., “

MAINE.

E. J. Page, Burlington, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
I. O. Hunt, Norcross, ditto
P. E. Young, Sherman Mills, “
Henry Gauthier, Benedicta, “
George Gauthier, Benedicta, “
James, A. Duff, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, “
Henry D. Lowell, West Ripley, “

MINNESOTA.

E. L. Brown, Warren, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and black bass.
W. B. Croff, Young America, moose, bear, deer, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, etc.

MONTANA.

E. E. Van Dyke, Red Lodge, elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
W. H. Ryther, Columbia Falls, ditto
Quincy Myers, Columbia Falls, “
Theodore Christiansen, Columbia Falls, “
W. A. Hague, Fridley, “
Vic. Smith, Anaconda, “
M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, “
William Jackson, Browning, “
James Blair, Lakeview, “
George Whitaker, Gardiner, “
George M. Ferrell, “ “
Edward Olcott, Red Lodge, “
W. Jackson, Browning, “
A. H. McManus, Superior, “
Chas. Marble, Chestnut, “

NEW YORK.

E. W. Kinne, Mongaup Valley, White Lake, Sullivan Co., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
Eugene M. House, Glendale, ditto
Buel Girard, Moriches, ducks, geese, grouse, quails, snipe and salt-water fishing.
Willie E. Ross, Moriches, ditto

NORTH CAROLINA.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, deer, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto
W. B. Tooley, Haslin, “
F. P. Latham, Haslin, “

OREGON.

W. H. Bowen, Camas Valley, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.
Henry Bowen, Camas Valley, ditto
E. L. Howe, Creswell, “

OHIO.

Ugh F. Catanach, Kelley's Island, ducks, geese grouse, quail, black bass, and muskalonge.

PENNSYLVANIA.

W. W. Wikoff, Sinnamahoning, Cameron Co., deer, grouse and trout.
Len Champion, Carney, Wyoming Co., grouse, quail, black bass, pike and pickerel.

WYOMING.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep antelope, grouse and trout.
Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, ditto
James L. Simpson, Jackson, “
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, “
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, “
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, “
H. M. Coulter, Lander, “
H. D. DeKalb, Big Piney, “
Ira Dodge, Cora, “
Wm. Wells, Cora, “
A. S. Marshall, Cora, “
F. Allston, Basin, “
N. M. Brown, Ishawood, “
George N. Madison, Jackson, “
J. L. Simpson, Jackson. “
John Tate, Wise P. O., “

CANADA.

Dell Thomas, Lumby P. O., B. C., deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
Henry McDougal, Kelowna P. O., B. C., ditto
Geo. Gillard, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, caribou, trout and salmon.
Abraham Stevenson, Hall's Bay, ditto
Geo E. Armstrong. Perth Centre, N. B., moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.

The Common Sense of Dog Doctoring.

A new and revised edition just from the press. This little work contains all information necessary for the treatment of canine diseases, is written in a popular and intelligent style and yet thoroughly covers the ground. Price, 25 cents by mail, post free.

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You Can't Gain Strength on Medicine

Because **STRENGTH IS VITALITY,** and medicines are merely drugs which clog the system after their stimulating effects are gone. Nature intended that every man should enjoy perfect health and vigor — but some of us (no matter why or how) waste the strength that nature gave us, year after year, until there comes a time when we awake to the fact that our manhood is gone — that we are no longer in fit condition to compete with our stronger brothers in business, in the sporting field or in social life, where approval from the fair sex means more than we like to admit.

This Lost Manhood Can Be Restored

In spite of what old-school physicians may say to the contrary, by the proper use of galvanic electricity which more closely approaches the very essence of life itself than anything yet discovered. For upwards of thirty years I have been restoring weak and debilitated men to superabundant health and strength by the use of the galvanic current applied through my

DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT

Which is worn under the clothing, and which cures, unconsciously, while the wearer is pursuing his daily occupations, or during his sleep at night.

The pages of a magazine are not the proper place in which to go into details of treatment which must be obviously confidential — but my book, "THREE CLASSES OF MEN," which I will gladly mail to you in plain envelope, upon application — **without charge** — will explain fully everything you may wish to know.

For the accommodation of those who have the time to call upon me, I remain in my office for **Free Consultation** every week-day between the hours of 9 A.M. and 9 P.M.; and on Sundays from 9 A.M. to 12 M.

Dr. G. B. SANDEN,

826 Broadway, NEW YORK, N. Y.

GRIZZLY PETE PROTESTS.

Mr. Forker Man:

I was visiting my neighbor, Sleek, the other day and he showed me a picture of a Rino Pig—hung up by its hinders over a hot old fire. He said: "*it was me*, Grizzly Pete, and if I didn't want to get burned and sizzled, I'd have to quit my hogging, and go to living decent." He said: "There was a new-fangled hunter just lately growed up, that had no use for such hunters as I be."

I told him: I was of the old stock, that came there first, and when there was a whole lot more game than there is now; when I could stand in the door and pop over a fat doe and have the old woman hist its jinders home on her back and I didn't thank the old duffer in the East to skin me alive, and then roast me. I says: "I ain't the only old sheep-eater on this range of mountains." "Does that old forker man that's sizzlin' them porkers want me to jine them left-arm sportsmen clubs, them fellers that prays by his old RECREATION Bible every day? They ain't close to a covey of quail, a pot shot at mallards, or a bunch of deer or elk, and when they are I do likewise myself? I tell you what, these elk and deer ain't goin' to last and old Grizzly Pete's goin' to get his share, if the old 45-70 holds out and the long range dudes don't get too blamed thick." He says: "Yes; but, what's your kids going to do? They won't get a smell at big game when they grow up if you and your kind kill them all off. Now, you have had your share. Why don't you leave a few for future prosperity?" or somethin' like that. And then he said to me, on the quiet, see: "Jine the L. A. S., git rejuvenated, or dedicated and learn by rules in addition and subtraction the limit to kill per day;" and he says, "All you can count now is by the multiplication table," and then he insulted me further by sayin', "that he didn't think God Almighty had any room for such hunters as I be, and that as soon as I was roasted brown I should be fed to the other porkers. Them kind, I guess, that ain't quite killed yet."

Course I was hot and went home and says to the old woman: "That old duffer, Sleek, thinks he's devilish smart, since he's got rejuvenated and dedicated as he calls it, and the next time I cotch him trappin' beaver, I'll tell the old Forker, that's editor of a new Bible book in New York, and I'll get him sizzled. Just let me catch him dynamitin' trout. Oh, no! Guess I won't count the spots and send them in," and I said some more.

And that old woman of mine, in her cheery, good-natured way says, says she: "Pete, you jus got to find a new way, that's all. You must quit or you're a goner. That new-fangled sportsman is like the tariff, it's come to stay. Your days are over. Just as well give up your old 45-70, and your dynamite fuse, or quit talkin'. If you hadn't got to tellin' all you knew, and a blame sight more, you wouldn't a got such a roastin'. It serves you right."

Knowin' the old woman's set ways, I kept on sayin' nothin'. But I got somethin' now to say, cause I ain't convicted.

Grizzley Pete.
Of the Buffalo river.

P. S.: Say, what is this new-fangled sportsmen organization, and if I be pretty good, do you suppose I could jine em?

"WATER SQUIRREL" SHOOTING ON THE HACKENSACK MEADOWS.

Probably you will ask what water squirrels are.

They are a most cleanly animal which is sorely misrepresented by the "nom de plume" of muskrat, which they do not deserve, for they are edible and as clean fed as a rabbit, always washing their meadow roots before they nibble them.

The other night Mr. B., for short we call him "Kits," and I started out for 2 hours' sport with them. We waded through mud and water to a place called "Horseshoe Bend," and then stationed ourselves about 75 yards apart. I had no sooner got comfortably fixed when bang went "Kit's" gun and the next thing I heard was: "Jay, fetch me the pole." I hurried over as fast as I could and handed it to him; he then waded out in the water trying to reach the squirrel. The tide was running out swiftly and when he reached out to draw the squirrel in the pole did not come within a foot of him, and Mr. Squirrel was drifting away. Kit reached out again but did not come within a yard of him this time. Then he said, "I'll have you any way," and in the icewater he went till it was running over his boot tops, getting his feet and overcoat soaking wet.

We shot 2 more, one of which had fur as black as coal.

In this peculiar "still hunt" the capture of the animals is only an incentive that lures one to some remote spot of nature's, where she charms you with a beautiful unobstructed zenith, and sings to you with the gentle gratings of floating broken ice and the soft, sweet murmur of the rustling meadow reeds.

Jason Cameron, Rutherford, N. J.

THE BEAR WAS SAFE.

O. F. LAMBERTSON.

As I listened for a sound in the perfect stillness around me I became aware of a feeling of nervousness, trifling at first, but which later developed into a genuine chill.

Before proceeding, let me set the scene, that you may understand my position. Behold me up a tree, at 11 p. m., with no habitation within 50 miles and my 2 companions 3 or 4 miles distant.

We were a party of young fellows canoeing through the waterways between Vermilion lake and the Rainy lake country, with too much confidence in our own ability and too little money in our pockets to hire a guide. One afternoon, while paddling up a small stream that emptied into a lake near our camp, we saw numerous signs of moose and bear. It is natural for every one with sporting proclivities to want to kill a bear, and we were not exceptions to the rule. We began our arrangements for the slaughter of Bruin by killing a bull moose for bait; and that is how I happened to be in the tree. Of course I was not afraid to stay on the ground. I climbed the tree merely to be able to see over the underbrush and obtain a good view of the carcass. The increased gravity of my nervous symptoms was caused by the crackling of sticks, followed by the appearance of a bear. My sudden start—of surprise, shall I say?—dislodged my rifle which I had laid across 2 limbs. Of course it went to the ground. The bear stopped for a moment, listened, and then went directly to the carcass of the moose. Giving a grunt of satisfaction over his discovery, he immediately began to invite an acute attack of dyspepsia by overloading his stomach.

A few minutes passed, and an old she bear with 2 cubs joined in the feast. More guests were likely to appear, and there I was separated from my old partner, the Winchester, by many feet of altitude. I must have that gun, I mused; but how to get it? Go down and get it, of course! To be candid I was afraid to go down after it, and afraid to stay in the tree without it. Yet it would never do to let the bears go without having a shot fired at them. What would my partners say when they found the moose torn to pieces and no dead bear? I finally concluded, like Johnny, to get my gun. I descended quietly and slowly, grabbed my rifle and scrambled up the tree again faster than any squirrel ever did, urged as I was by the fancy that all 4 of the bears were nipping at my legs. I had just regained my position, when I caught a glimpse of the last cub disappearing in the underbrush. I risked a hasty shot; the limb I was sitting on broke, and I knew nothing more until I was restored to consciousness by about 6 fingers of old rye, poured down my throat by one of my companions.

From early boyhood I had been a great bear hunter—in my mind—but my short vigil that night, in a Minnesota pine tree, taught me the difference between imagination and reality.

WHITE LABEL QUEEN OLIVES
ARE THE VERY BEST AND FINEST FRUIT, CAREFULLY PACKED.
FORK GIVEN WITH EACH BOTTLE.
NICELLE OLIVE OIL
IS MADE OF SELECTED "SOUND" OLIVES, IS ABSOLUTELY PURE, HAS A DELICIOUS FLAVOR.
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EXCLUSIVISTS IN OLIVES AND OLIVE PRODUCTS.
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"ANTIPOTON"
THE GREAT DRINK CURE.

ANTIPOTON is a cure for alcoholism that actually cures. It is not a "cure" the success of which depends upon the will-power of the patient.

ANTIPOTON is sufficient in itself to destroy the craving for liquor. It is not a **"CURE"** which depends upon the use of a substitute for alcohol.

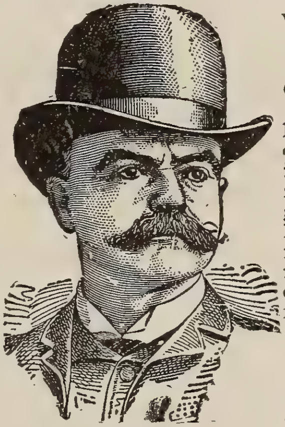
It is a cure that does its work promptly. The treatment does not drag along for an indefinite period.

It does not require the patient to lose a day from work.

ANTIPOTON cures the most desperate cases of Alcoholism.

It is a remedy of purely vegetable origin. Its use leaves no disagreeable after effects.

IT MAY BE TAKEN AT HOME just like ordinary medicine. It is not a "HYPODERMIC" treatment.


F. J. Berry.

What a Prominent Horseman Says About Antipoton:

Chicago, April 18, 1899.

CELSO CHEMICAL CO.:

Gentlemen:—Having seen and known of the merit of your wonderful remedy **Antipoton** effecting cures of the **Drink Habit**, redeeming inebriates from the greatest of evils, Intemperance, having fully investigated your remedy I unhesitatingly recommend **Antipoton** to those who desire to reform and abstain from intemperance.

Very truly yours
F. J. BERRY.

Book on Alcoholism sent free in plain sealed envelope to those who write.

CELSO CHEMICAL CO., 221 Wabash Ave., Chicago.
BRANCHES: Boston, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

G. Gurley recently caught on Big brook 15 pounds speckled trout in one day and on the day following 4 speckled trout on Big brook, weighing 4 pounds.

John Carley took 51 speckled trout from Big brook, weight about 9 pounds; Frank Ackerman, 16 speckled trout from the Nemakaquon river, weight 5 pounds; and Reuben Morey 18 trout, weight 3 pounds.

K. W., Cable, Wis.

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HUNTERS AND GUIDES
For S. E. Alaska, Cook's Inlet and the Alaska Peninsula
Moose, Caribou, Mountain Sheep, Mountain Goats, Bear, Deer, Shore Birds and Waterfowl
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Information furnished as to Mill Sites, Timber, Locations for Salmon Canning and Trapping
Address, JUNEAU, ALASKA
References: Lieut. G. T. Emmons, U. S. Navy, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.; Hon. Will D. Jenkins, Sec. of State, Olympia, Wash.; G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

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Ancient Pueblos, Cliff-dwelling Ruins, Mummies and Pottery of the Ancients, Cacti, etc.
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A HIGH-GRADE BICYCLE
FOR 50 SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
RECREATION
For particulars address this office

Special Game Protector Dewitt Staring, of Horseheads, N. Y., recently arrested Peter Goers and James Leonard for snaring trout and other fish. Goers was sentenced to 10 days' imprisonment. He was convicted of a similar charge about a year ago. Leonard was let out on suspended sentence.

Protector Staring also had 2 other men arrested a few days later, for seining fish, and he has made complaints against others who are to be arrested at once.

Evidently Mr. Staring is the right man for his position and every true sportsman will appreciate the work he is doing.

Harry Moore caught 8 pounds of trout in River Nemakaqon to-day. One trout weighed 3 pounds.

W. K., Cable, Wis.

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GRAPHOPHONE
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Simple Clockwork Motor, Mechanism Visible, Durable Construction.
NO BOTHER, MUCH FUN
All the Wonders and Pleasures of a High-Priced Talking Machine.
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Paris, 34 Boulevard des Italiens.
St. Louis, 720-722 Olive St.
Chicago, 211 State St.
Washington, 919 Penn. Ave.
Buffalo, 313 Main St.
Berlin, 55 Kronenstrasse

The following are some of the recent catches here:

B. Dial, 37 brook trout; W. Daly, 3 brook trout; F. Dixon, 33 brook trout; J. Westman, 27 brook trout; C. Solberg, 25 brook trout; W. Phillips, 25 brook trout; W. Davis, 65 brook trout; Alex. Campbell, 60 brook trout; C. Havens, 17 brook trout; J. Skog, 20 brook trout.

W., Metropolitan, Mich.

The following trout catches have recently been made here in Iron river: Ralph Herbert, 36 one day and 30 two other days; H. Davidson, 40; Robt. Barnum, 25; Chas. Miller, 15; C. Windsor, 25; Rev. Mr. Cash, 21.

W. B. K., Iron River, Mich.

C. Talge, of this city spent the latter part of last week at Pelica Lake and caught several muscallonge. P. Donohue, in a few hours yesterday caught 20 brook trout in Evergreen brook, a few miles East of here.

G. T. A., Antigo, Wis.

In a few hours' fishing A. L. Billings, Sheriff of Langlade county, Wis., caught 40 brook trout, ranging in length from 8 to 12 inches, in the Eau Claire river, 4 miles West of Antigo.

MORE WILD CAT LORE.

Editor RECREATION:

Seeing H. Parrish's article, "A Wild Cat's Visit" tempts me to write of some of our experiences with them while living in Arkansas. Being troubled with mice we got two half-grown kittens. One was white and yellow, very regularly marked and we called him Buff. The other was white and gray, so we called him Tabby. Buff was a great hunter and soon cleaned out the mice, but Tabby was a lazy coward and wanted to stay in the house all the time. Finally, when they were grown some other cat came that way one night. There was a fight and Tabby rushed into the house scared out of his senses. I went out to help Buff but the other cat disappeared. In a few nights the cat returned, raised a big "row" and went off through a thicket, taking Tabby squalling with it. Presently, however, he returned badly scratched. We thought this strange for on all such occasions Tabby got in the house, if possible. I resolved to kill the cat, but it was always too sharp for me. I saw it once. It was a wild cat. Buff would always stand his ground and chase it away, but it carried Tabby away several times, and once he did not get back for 3 days. Sometimes Tabby got back so weak he could scarcely walk. Once he was so badly bitten through one leg and foot it was several days before he could use it. At another time we found him the next day, hidden under a log, almost scared to death. He looked as if he had been wallowing in dirty water.

One day I caught a wild cat in a steel trap and brought it home dead. Tabby quickly disappeared under the house. Next day we mounted it and as the cats came in the house I set it down on the floor and moved it toward them. Tabby left in terror, but Buff bristled up and I removed it. I set it on the cupboard to dry and every time Tabby saw it he vanished and Buff looked as if he had been insulted.

One night, about bedtime, Buff came in acting rather queerly. Great tears rolled down his face and he was slobbering at the mouth and trying to rub something off his face. We were not long in learning what the matter was. A very distinct odor soon filled the room to overflowing. When the cat licked his paw to wash his face that would gag him. He was the sickest cat I ever saw. We could not shut him out of that room and there were only curtains to our bedroom. That "rabbit" was a skunk.

C. E. Pleas.

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Issues Life and ENDOWMENT POLICIES, all forms, low rates, non-forfeitable.

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The liability of Manufacturers and other Employers to strangers who may be injured upon their premises. The liability of Contractors to Employees and to strangers for injuries sustained upon buildings or other works under contract. The contingent liability of Owners having buildings or other works under contract. The liability of Owners of buildings for accidents (including Elevator). The liability of Owners of Horses and Vehicles for driving accidents.

Assets, . .	**$25,315,442.46**
Liabilities, .	**21,209,625.36**
Surplus, . .	**4,105,817.10**

JAS. G. BATTERSON, President.

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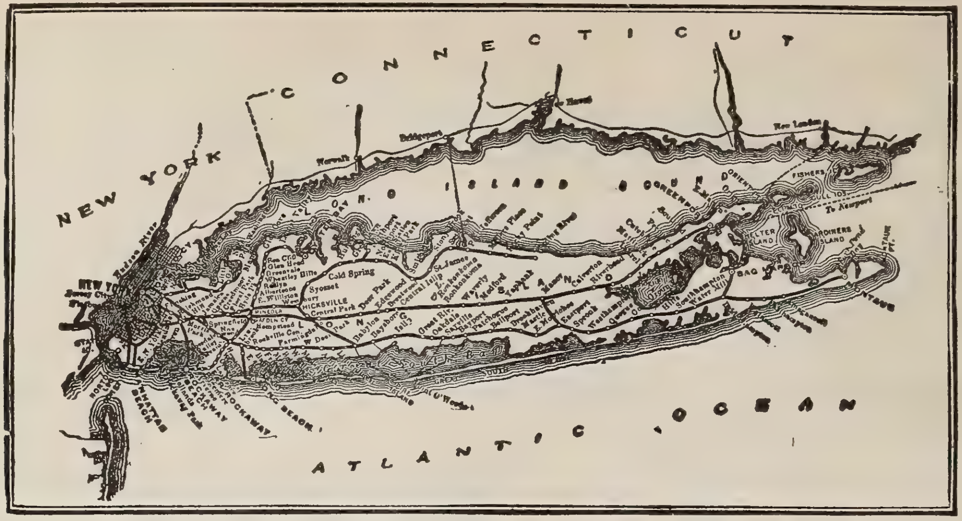

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I will esteem it a personal favor if you will send me the names and addresses of all the sportsmen you know, who are not yet readers of RECREATION.

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THE
LAKE
SHORE
& MICHIGAN
SOUTHERN
RAILWAY

Pleasant Traveling.

Not all the pleasures of travel consist in what may be seen out of the car window. And yet, the country traversed by the great through trains of the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway is most pleasant to look upon, being the richest and fairest portion of the Middle States, with interesting views of its cities and villages and of the Great Lakes.

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give comfort to a journey via the New York Central Lines between Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, and New York and Boston. No other line approaches the New York Central in the number, character and speed of its trains.

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MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.

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The Pier at St. George's Bay is situated at Seal Rock.

Intending visitors should ensure accommodation by applying for rooms at an early date.

Escape the heat! Go to Newfoundland, America's new hunting country—the Scotland of America

Open to guests July 1, 1899. Apply to

Chas. Dodd "The Log Cabin"
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ST. GEORGE'S POND, NEWFOUNDLAND

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UNEQUALED ATTRACTIONS

ON THE LINE OF THE

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FOR TOURISTS

It traverses the Grandest Scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and reaches all the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the Mid-Continent.

Sportsmen will find in scores of localities along this line game worthy of their skill, such as **Bear, Mountain Lion, Coyotes, Elk, Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Feathered Game of all kinds.** And everywhere are **Beautiful Streams** well stocked with **Trout.**

For Gun Club Rules, Game Laws, and any information relative to localities for Hunting, or for information in regard to the UNION PACIFIC R. R., call on or address any General or Traveling Agent of this Company.

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That Dog will never bark again! Why? Because

The Gun is a Forehand.

That Settles it.

If you want to be well armed against dogs, foot-pads, burglars and book agents, buy a ***Forehand.***

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Is one of the most beautiful cities on the Pacific Coast, and is the principal seaport of Oregon.

The trip up or down the Columbia River from Portland is a delightful one, and the country is rich in grains, fruit and timber.

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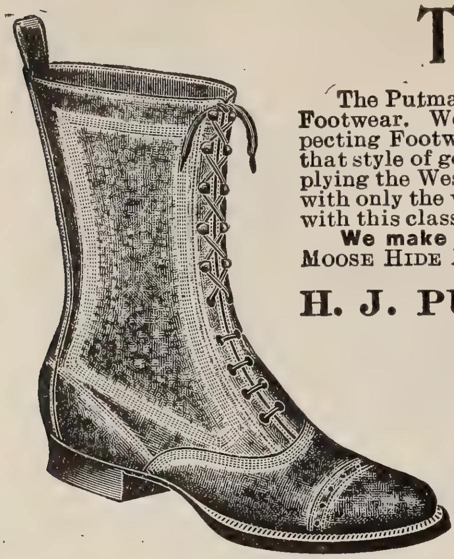

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The Putman goods embody everything that is practical in Sportsmen's Footwear. We have for **TWENTY-TWO YEARS** supplied Hunting and Prospecting Footwear to a class of men in the West and Northwest who wear that style of goods all the time. Minneapolis is the headquarters for supplying the Western Hunters, Prospectors and Ranchmen, (who are satisfied with only the very best), and we have learned, through our personal contact with this class of men, to make a perfect Hunting and Prospecting Boot.
We make 20 different styles of Hunting Boots, also INDIAN TANNED MOOSE HIDE MOCCASINS. Send for catalogue.

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This cut shows our **No. 635, $6.00** Short Boot, (11 inches high), made on the Pug Toe. We make it on any style toe desired. Uppers are Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on, making the leather water proof. Furnished in Black, Brown or Straw Color. The sole is genuine Hand Sewed, made of Chrome Tanned Moose Hide, it will not slip, wears like iron and is impregnable to water.

Made to your measure for.................................$6.00
Send for order blank showing how to measure your foot.

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ARCH. WIHSNANT.

I ain't got what you city chaps
Might call en edjecation,—
I only knows enough o' books
To love ole RECREATION.

I love her pictures, love her yarns,
Adore her yaller cover;
But all the grammar that I larned
Won't tell how much I love her!

I love those letters from the North
Which breathe of ice an' snow;
An' them soft zephyrs from the South
Waft sweetness to an' fro.

I love them tales of mountain bold;
I love them yarns from Maine;
They takes me back to bygone days
And makes me young again.

I loves the woods, an' streams, an' hills,
But I am not so young
A' I was once; an' soon I'll hear
The hymns of angels sung

But when I'm called acrost the stream
With all that new creation,
I hope to meet this friend of mine,—
My good ole RECREATION.

An' then I'll sit an' read about
The fish-hogs down on earth;
An' dancin' over thar to hell
I'll see one in his berth.

The devil stirrin' up the coals
Beneath a red-hot griddle,
An' fryin' what he loves the most—
A fish hog, in the middle.

An' as he smacks his bloodless lips,
He turns him round about,
So he will brown upon both sides,
An' sizzle like a trout.

An' when he's done, clean through and through,
He serves him up on toast,
An' sends him down his red-hot throat
Forever more to roast!

But Betsy Jane, my faithful wife
So gentle an' so good,
Is yelling from the kitchen door
"Say, Jim, bring in that wood!"

An' as I've lived with Betsy
Nigh on to forty year
I've larned that it is policy
To answer when I hear.

So I will go an' fetch that wood
In spite of rheumatiz,
But you will hear from me agin
When I'm not pressed with biz.

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IN ANSWERING ADS, IF YOU WILL KINDLY MENTION RECREATION YOU WILL GREATLY OBLIGE THE EDITOR

I want the names of all the gun clubs in the U. S. and Canada, and the names and addresses of the Secretaries thereof. Readers of RECREATION, will do me a valuable service by kindly giving me such information.

Is Your Gun Worth Saving?
Is Your Time Worth Anything?

The Gun Bore Treatment

WILL SAVE BOTH

It is an absolutely effective and permanent protection against the **Rusting, Pitting** and **Leading** of the bore of Firearms.

Stop Cleaning Your Gun!

If this interests you, write to the

GUN BORE TREATMENT CO.

7 and 9 Warren St., NEW YORK

Editor RECREATION:

Mr. G. H. Webber has permitted his annoyance to obscure judgment and good sense. Under such circumstances allowance should be made and his character not accepted altogether as he depicts it. The lapses in grammar and inaccuracies in spelling probably result from haste, rather than from ignorance. Severe handling must inevitably ensue, and I can not but feel compassion for him; for in spite of his brusqueness, there is a rude honesty in his self-condemnation. That he really believes no good results from your efforts to protect game, I can not accept, if he reads carefully each issue. For instance, the beautiful and practical letter by ex-State Warden Bortree, is an education in itself, to say nothing of the many spontaneous expressions of approval constantly appearing in RECREATION. The informer's path is always difficult, and his journey usually slow and painful. "The spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes" but the consciousness of right and good intentions, is a source of patience and happiness, and he will not permit rude and unjust imputations and attacks (as contained, for instance, in E. P. Eldredge's letter) to unduly vex his spirit or cloud his judgment.

Public opinion is formed slowly; but when based on sound principles of economy and philanthropy eventually becomes fixed and permanent. Go right on, dear sir, fearlessly with your good work and I feel sure good and humane men, sportsmen and others, will not be backward in practical and friendly support.

N. Z., Vancouver, B. C.

Fishing has been excellent lately in Paint, Brush and Ontonagon rivers.

B., Elmwood, Mich.

Fishing here is good, black bass, pickerel and silver bass being plentiful.

K. B., McHenry, Ill.

Honest Merit

alone has "BOOMED" Peters' "NEW VICTOR" Shells, loaded with KING'S SMOKELESS

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THE QUICKEST ON EARTH
NEW VICTORS
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Their popularity increases each year.
They give highest velocity, lowest pressure, fine pattern and cleanliness.
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F. B. CHAMBERLAIN COM. CO.,
St. Louis Mo.

In commenting on a recent meeting of Santa Clara sportsmen the San José Herald calls attention to the necessity of doing in that county what the Fresno supervisors have done. It says:

"Another potent cause of the decrease in fish and game, as was noted at last night's meeting, lies in the ambition of sportsmen to show the biggest bag of game or creel of trout. We have heard men who call themselves sportsmen boast of catching 200 or 300 trout in a day. If they told the truth they should be ashamed of the exploit. The same is true of the man who counts his quail by the hundreds. The way to replenish our game is to keep out the market hunter; limit the catch or kill of the sportsman, which he should do on honor and in behalf of good sport; shorten the open season, at least for the present; enforce the laws against violators, and restock the ranges and streams. All this can be done through the influence of the association, and affords it an ample sphere of usefulness."

Mighty good advice. Why don't all editors give such, instead of praising the fish and game hogs as many of them do?

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

IT IS NOW TIME

to complete your outfit
for your Fall shooting.

Is it to be birds or big game? In either event write us for prices.

We sell guns, rifles, all kinds of ammunition, hunter's clothing, tents and camp outfits, at prices such as you never heard of before.

We can also fit you out with camera and photo supplies. Send for Catalog NOW, before you forget it.

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Fine : Guns

All the Prominent
ENGLISH and AMERICAN
MAKES

OTHER GUNS
TAKEN
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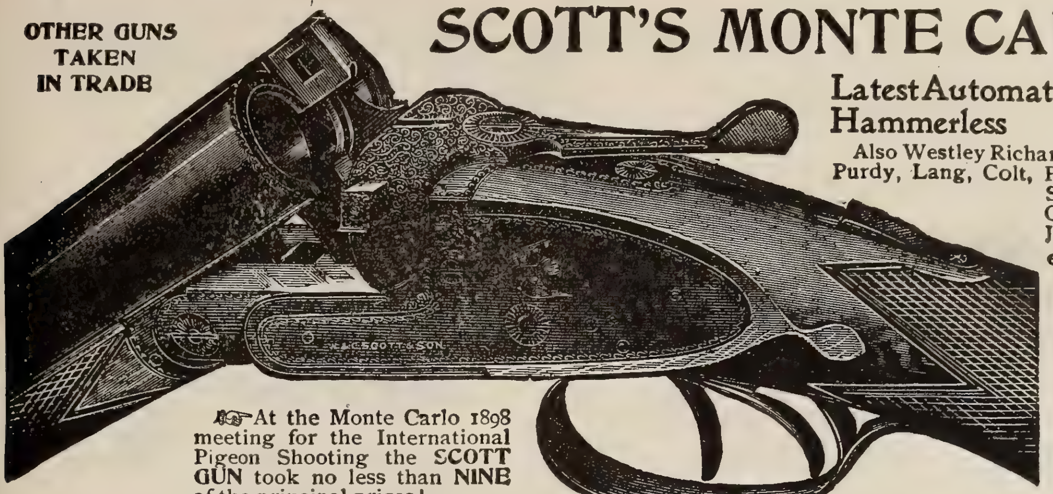
SCOTT'S MONTE CARLO



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Hammerless

Also Westley Richards, Greener, Purdy, Lang, Colt, Parker, L. C. Smith, J. P. Clabrough & Johnstone, etc.

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☞At the Monte Carlo 1898 meeting for the International Pigeon Shooting the SCOTT GUN took no less than NINE of the principal prizes!

Also send 10 cents in stamps for our new and beautifully illustrated ART CATALOGUE of fine

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tan color, impervious to cold and wet, finest garment made for any one exposed to weather.

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It takes time to tie good flies—and practiced experience. Good flies cannot be cheaply made or cheaply sold.

All that's good in fly-tying is embodied in CHATFIELD BASS FLIES at $2.00 a dozen.

Same can be said of TROUT FLIES at $1.00 a dozen.

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15c. for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, **24** cents Quality A Flies
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Split Bamboo RODS

Fly Rods, 10 feet, 6 ounces,
Bait Rods, 9 feet, 8 ounces,
With Cork Grip
60c.

TRY OUR NEW
Braided Silk, Enameled, Waterproof
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Size No. 5, 4½c. per yd.
Size No. 4, 5½c. per yd.
Put up in 10-yard lengths, connected

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TACKLE catalog free on application.

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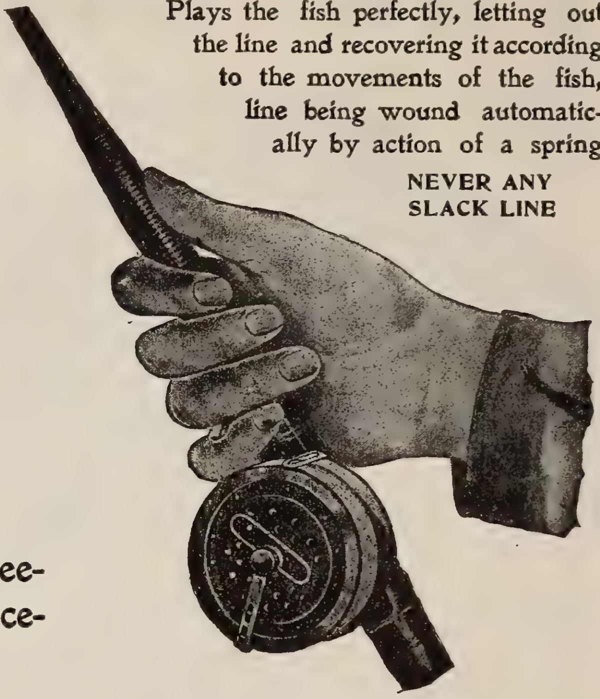

Plays the fish perfectly, letting out the line and recovering it according to the movements of the fish, line being wound automatically by action of a spring

NEVER ANY SLACK LINE

THE
AUTOMATIC
COMBINATION
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Can be instantly changed from Automatic to Free-Running and vice-versa.

YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO., Rochester, N.Y.

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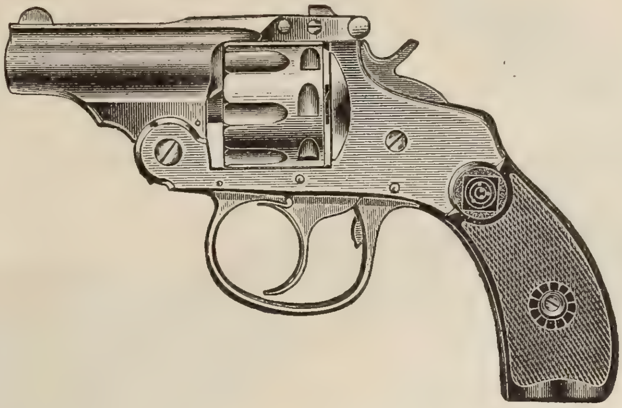
"JUST FITS THE POCKET."



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a reliable companion and an effective weapon of defense.

.22 and .32 caliber, with short (2-inch) barrel. Weight only 12 ounces.

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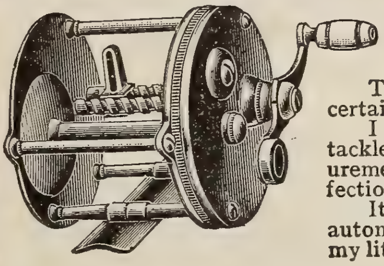
Send for Descriptive Catalogue "R."



Ye Shakespeare Reel.

The Shakespeare Quadruple Multiplying Reel only appeals to a certain class of Anglers.

I refer to such fishermen as habitually use nothing but the finest tackle obtainable. 'Tis built entirely by hand to micrometer measurements, and is in point of fact a work of art in its exquisite perfection.

It is a wonderful Bait-caster, distributes your line on the spool automatically, and you could not do a wiser thing than to send for my little circular—giving its "true inwardness."

Trade Agents:
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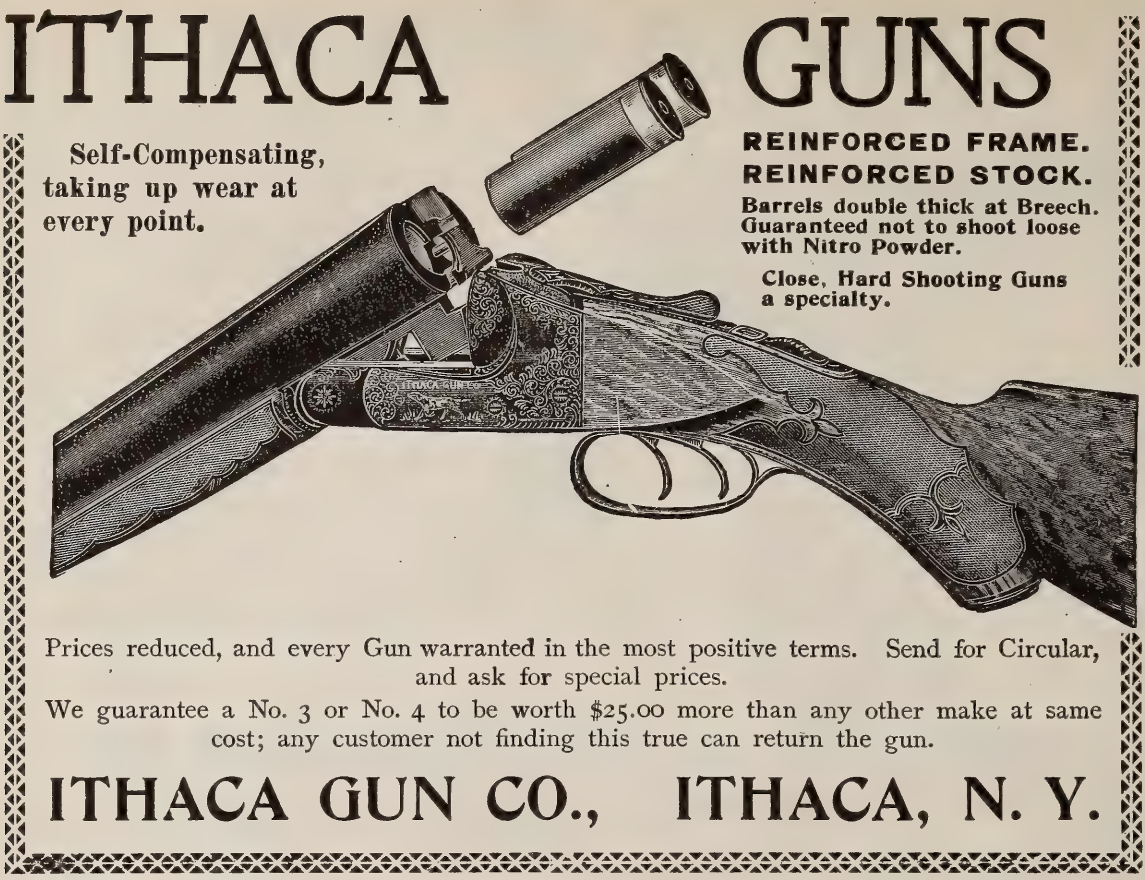
Address, RECREATION,
19 W. 24TH ST., NEW YORK.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to Recreation and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to Recreation.



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REINFORCED FRAME.
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Barrels double thick at Breech. Guaranteed not to shoot loose with Nitro Powder.

Close, Hard Shooting Guns a specialty.

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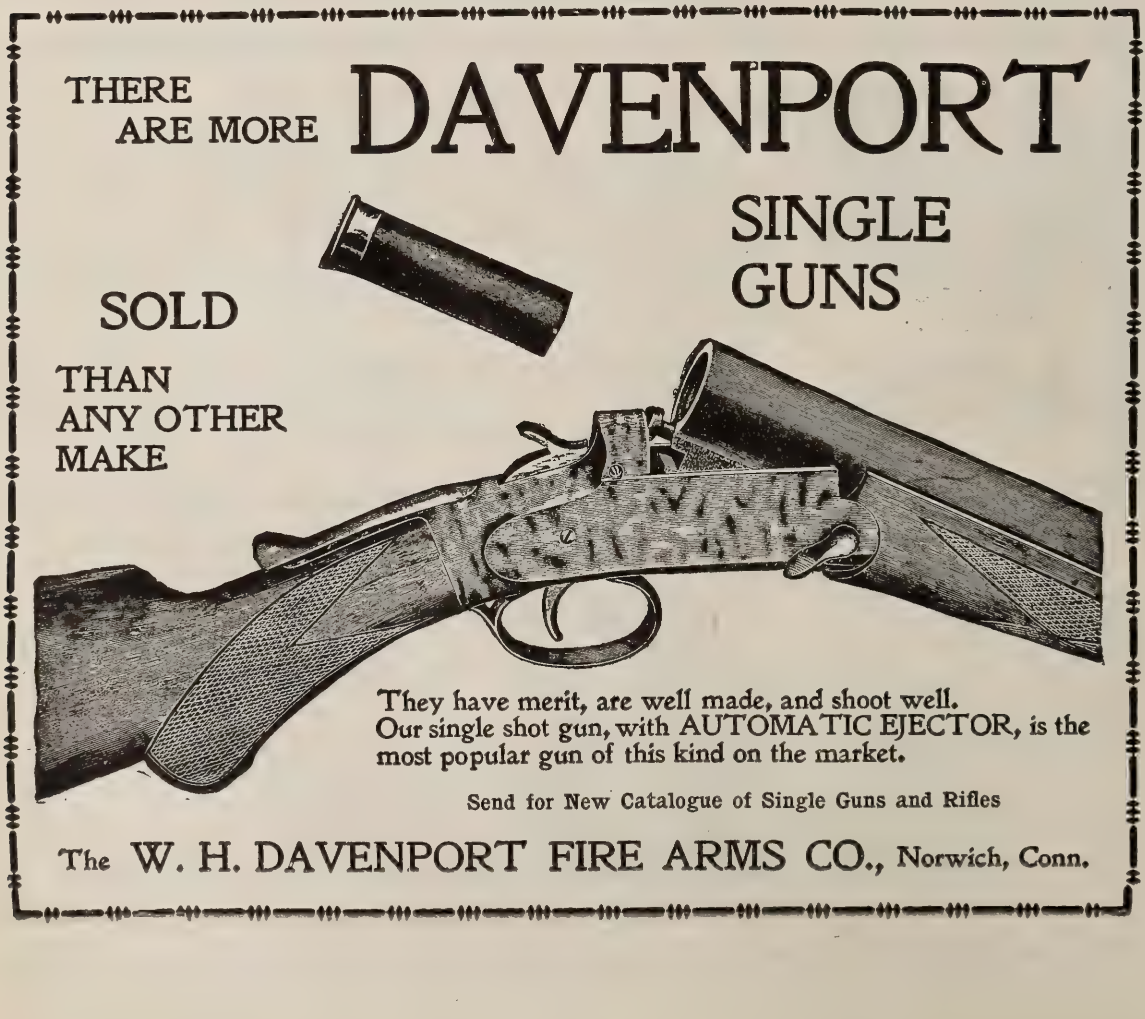

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They have merit, are well made, and shoot well.
Our single shot gun, with AUTOMATIC EJECTOR, is the most popular gun of this kind on the market.

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WON WITH ...A **Baker Hammerless**

...BY...
W. R. CROSBY
MAY 20, 1899
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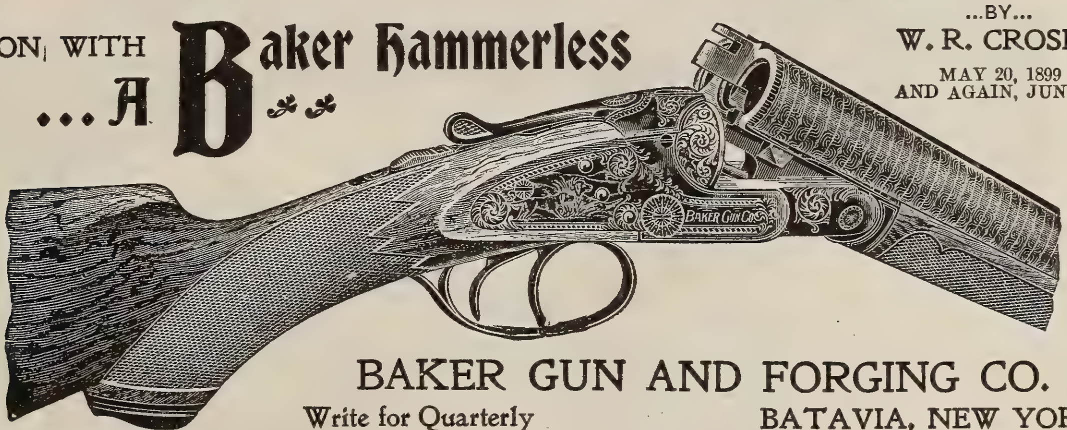
BAKER GUN CO.

BAKER GUN AND FORGING CO.
Write for Quarterly
BATAVIA, NEW YORK

IN ANSWERING ADS, IF YOU WILL KINDLY MENTION RECREATION YOU WILL GREATLY OBLIGE THE EDITOR

I want the names of all the gun clubs in the U. S. and Canada, and the names and addresses of the Secretaries thereof. Readers of RECREATION will do me a valuable service by kindly giving me such information.

A HIGH-GRADE BICYCLE
FOR 50 SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
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For particulars address this office

For Sale. Winchester Model 1897 12 gauge shot gun, 6 shot, new. Price, $15.
J. A. Bunker, New Sharon, Ia.

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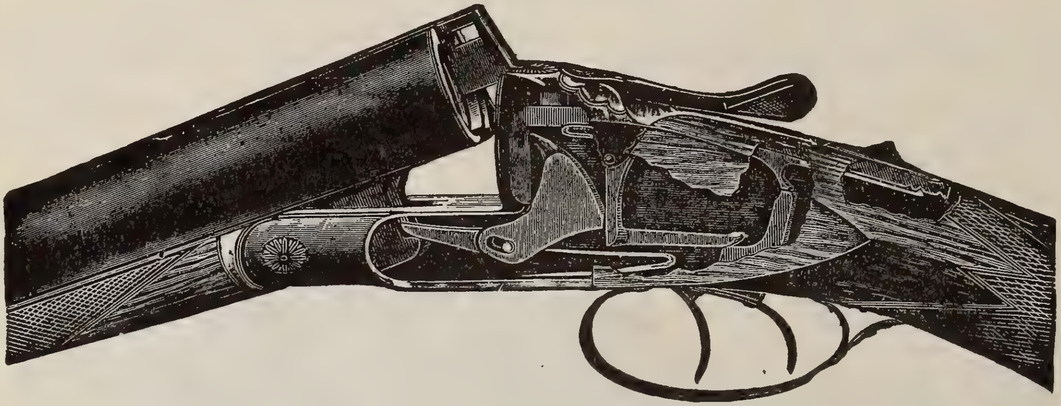

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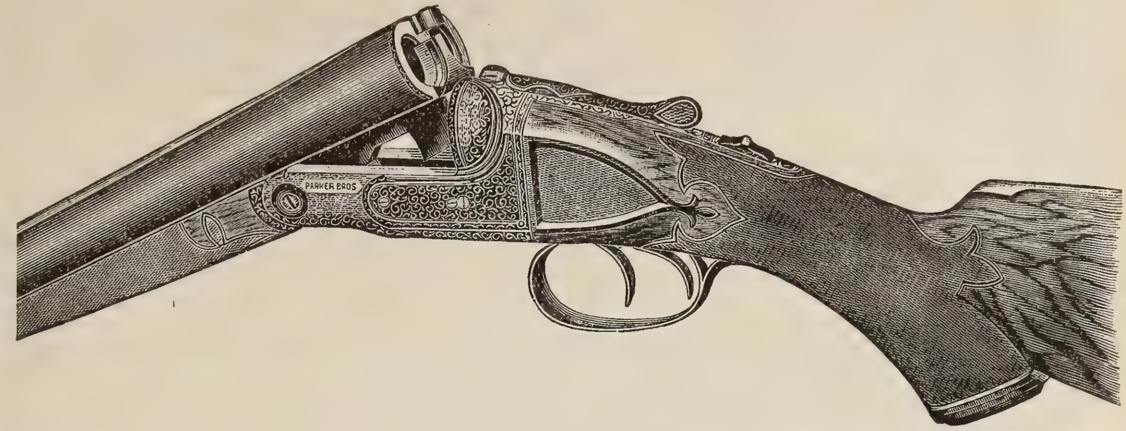

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Records prove the **Parker Gun** reliable in every way.

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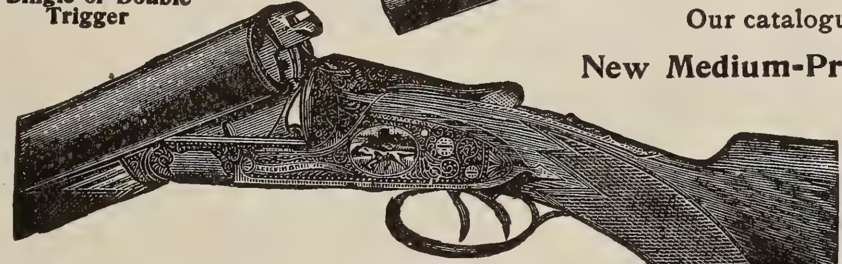

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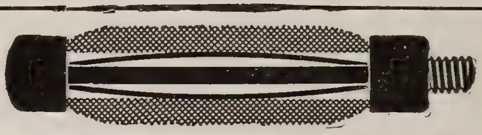

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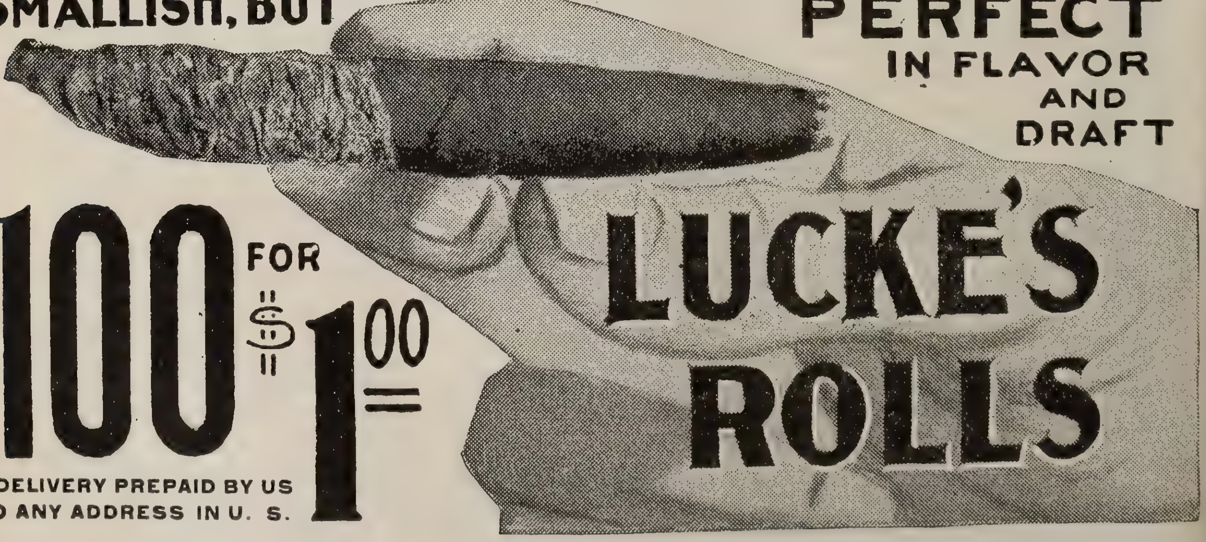

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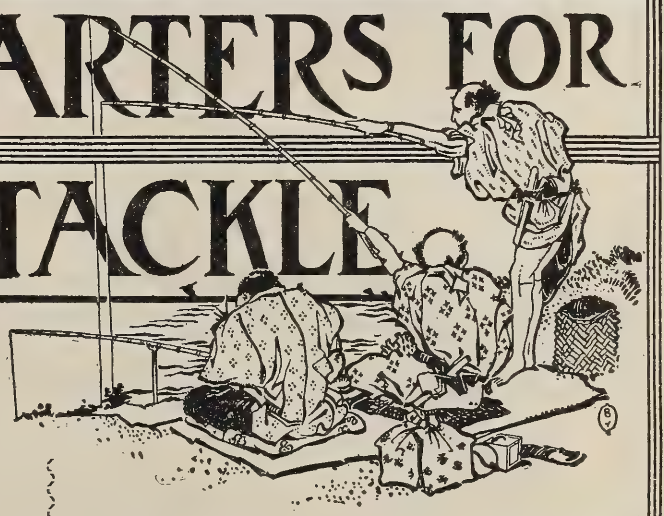

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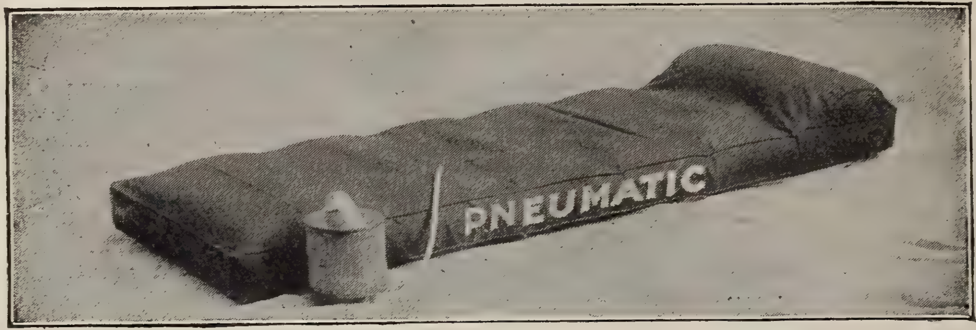

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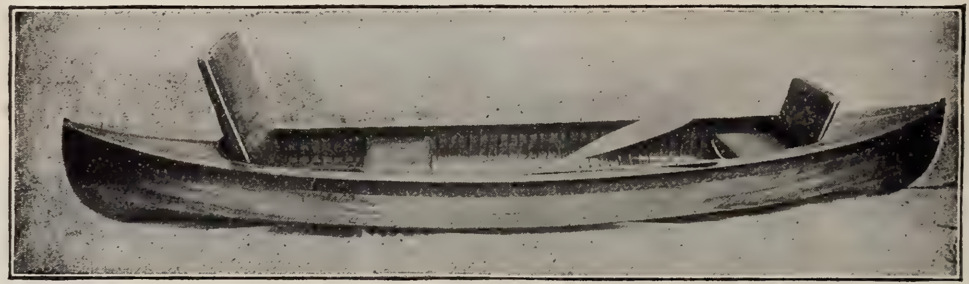

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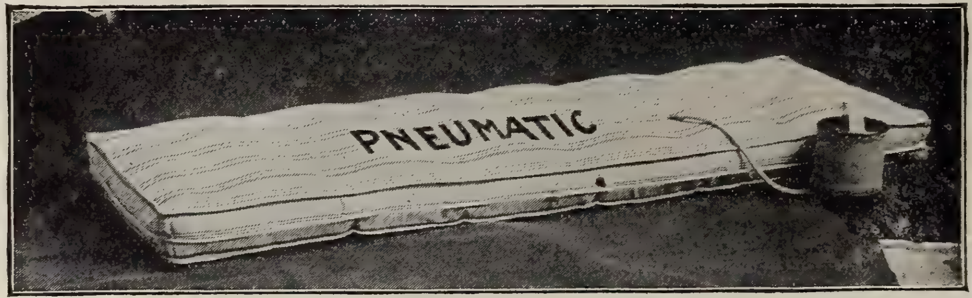

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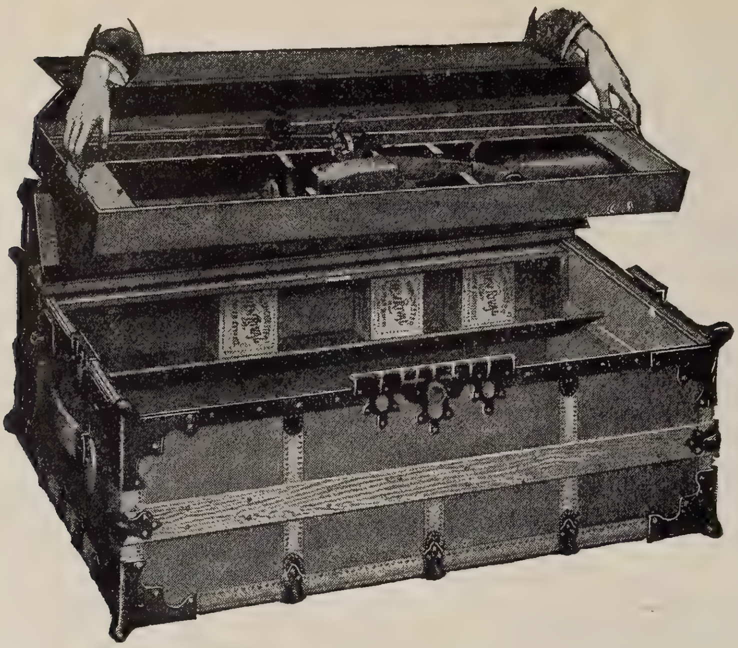

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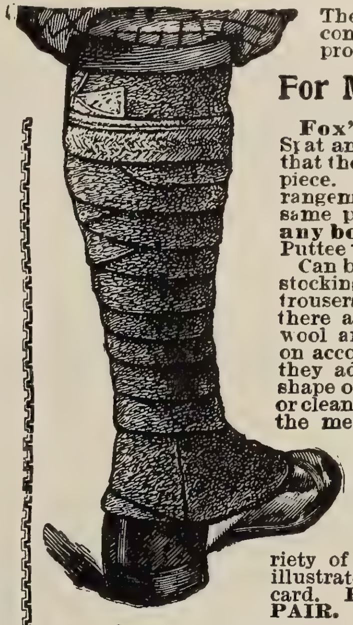

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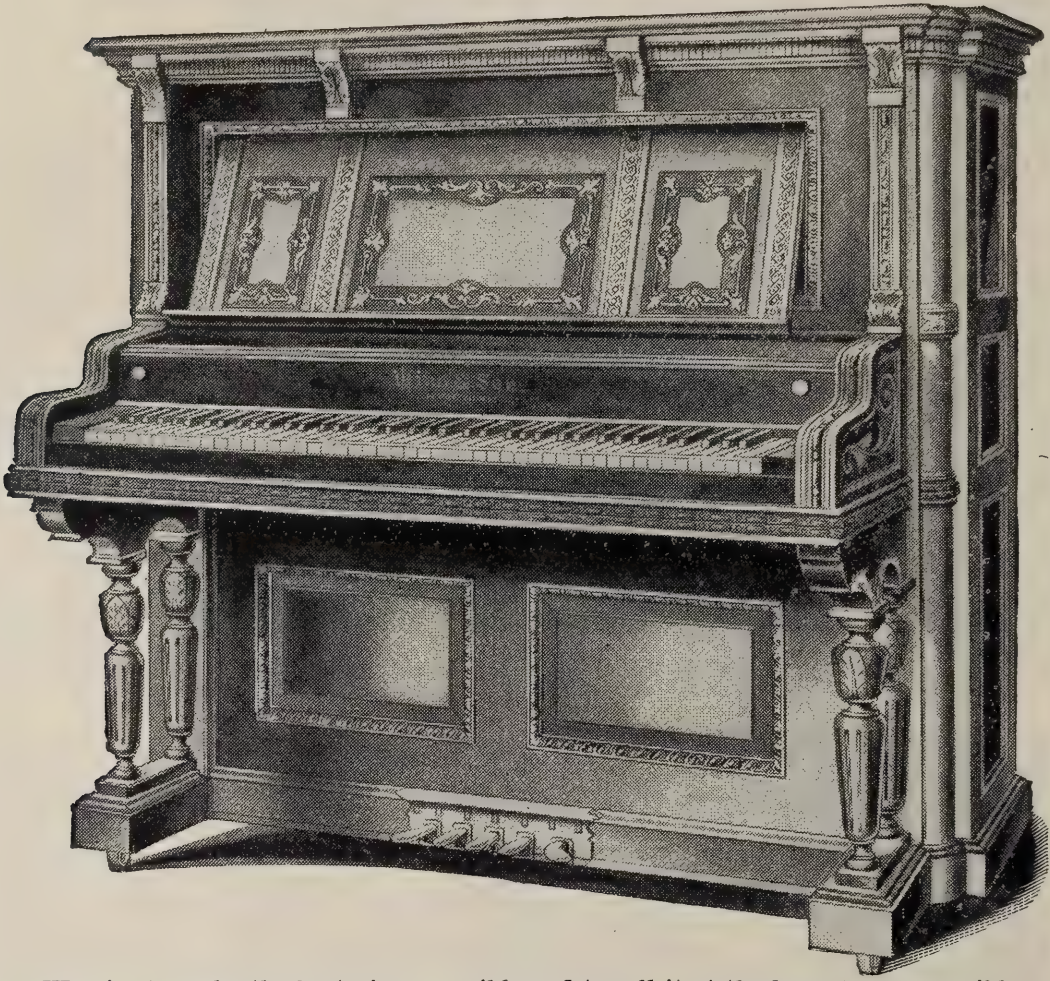

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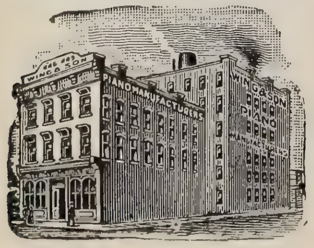

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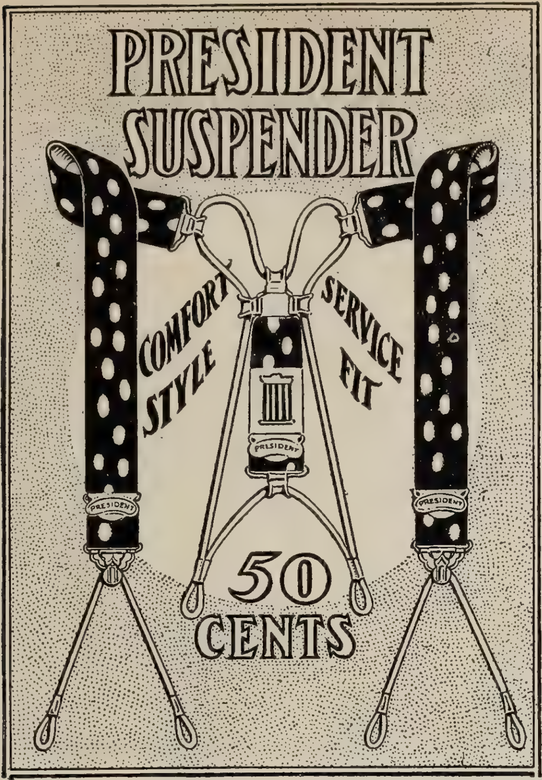

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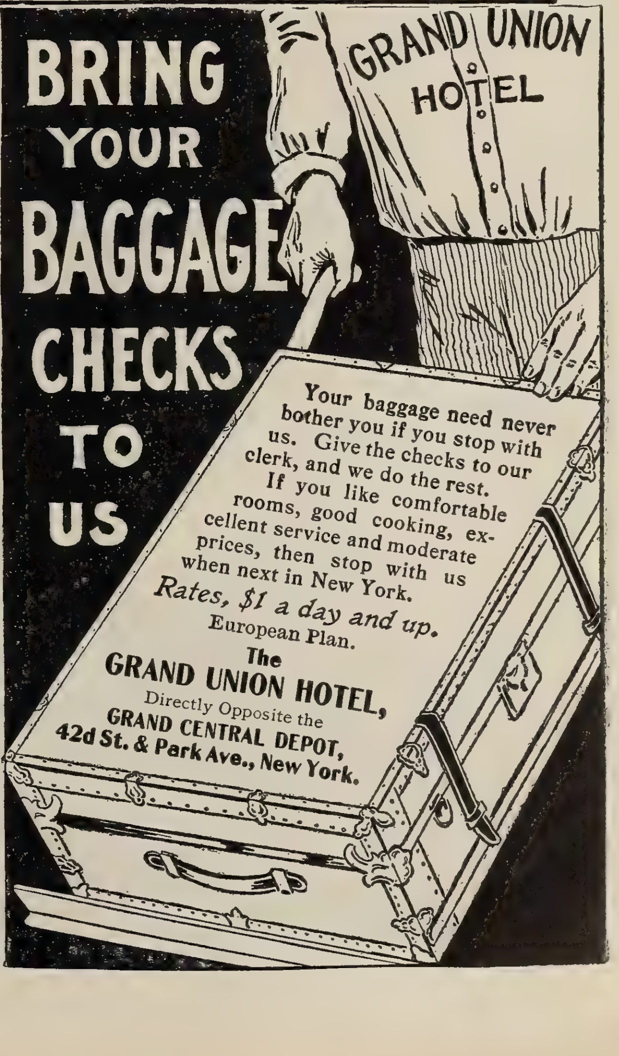
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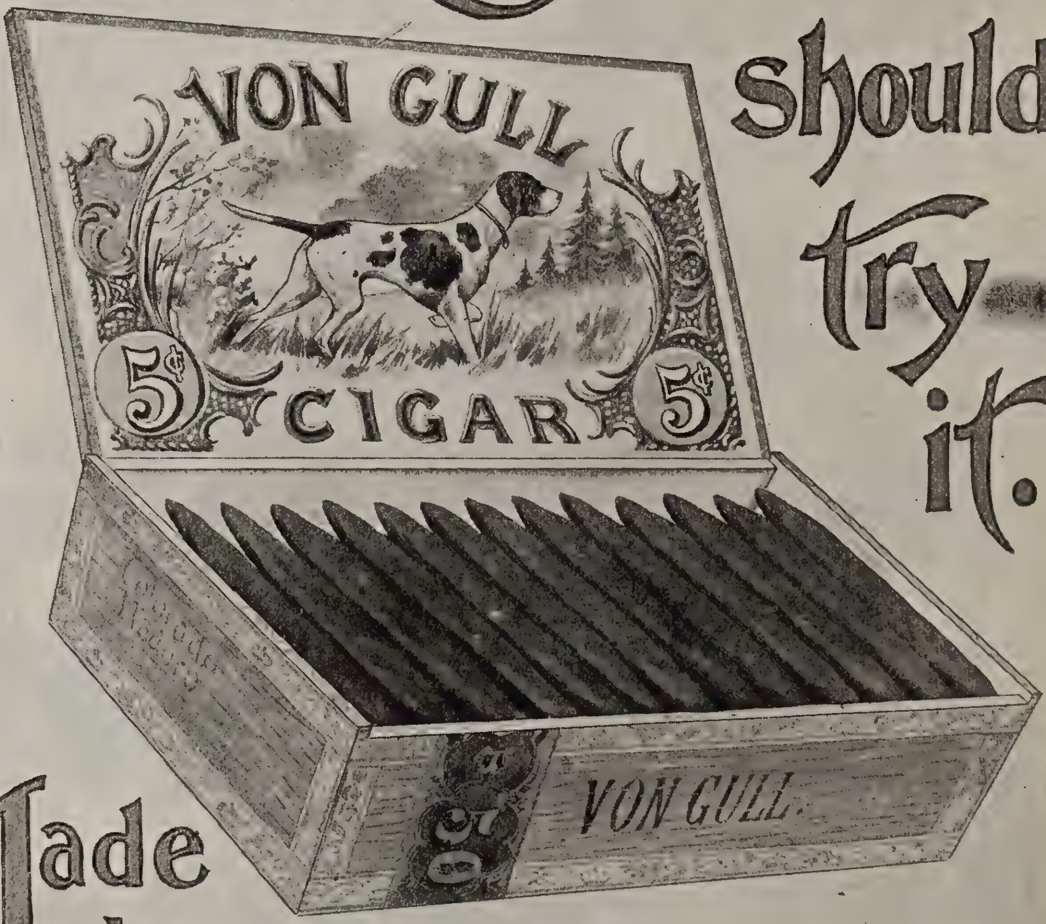
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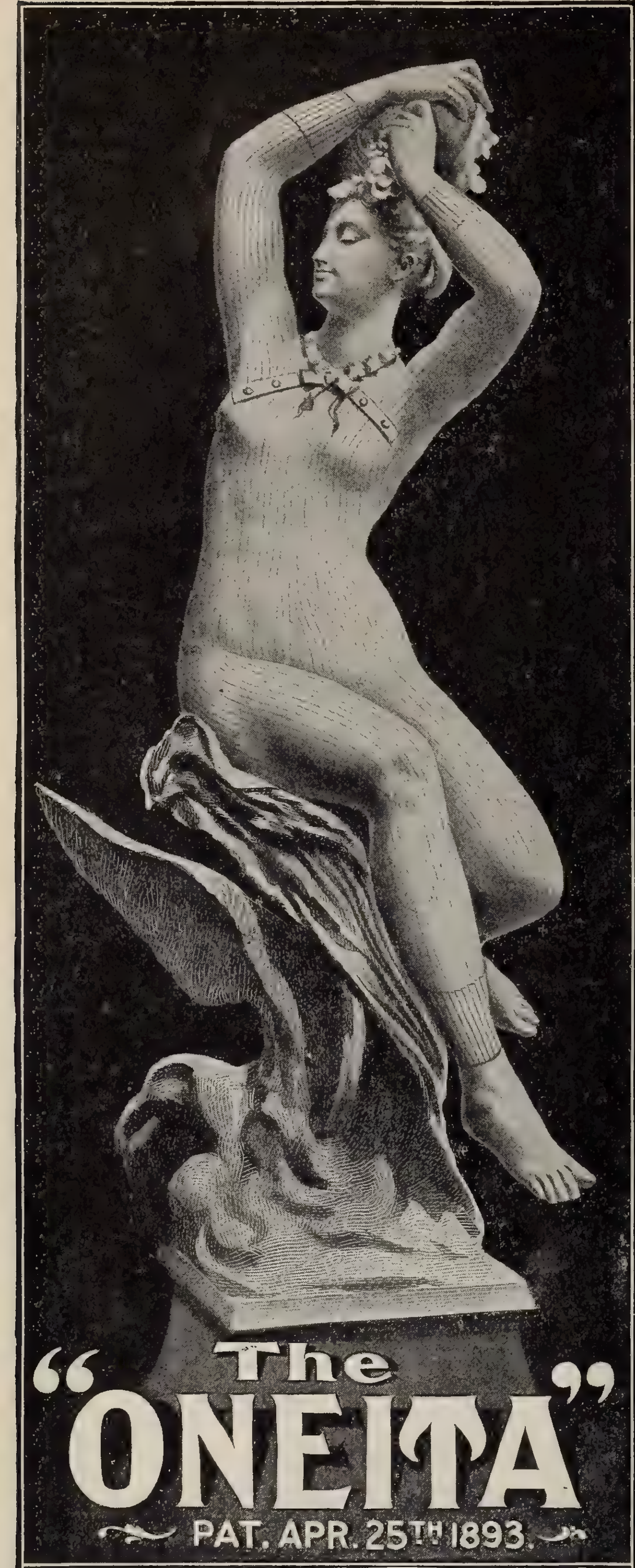

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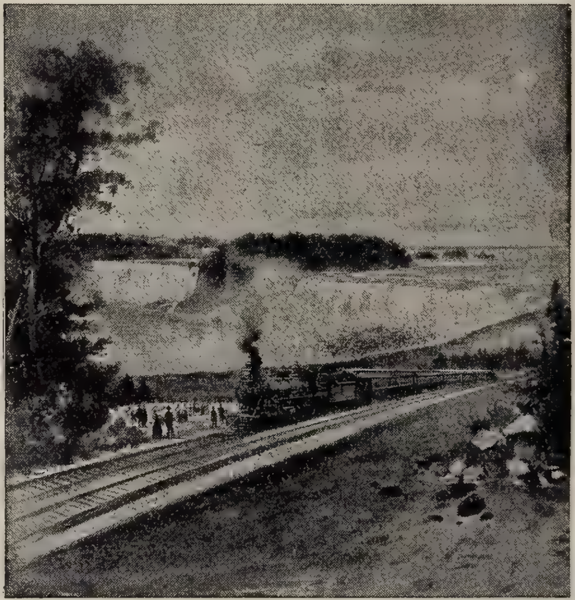

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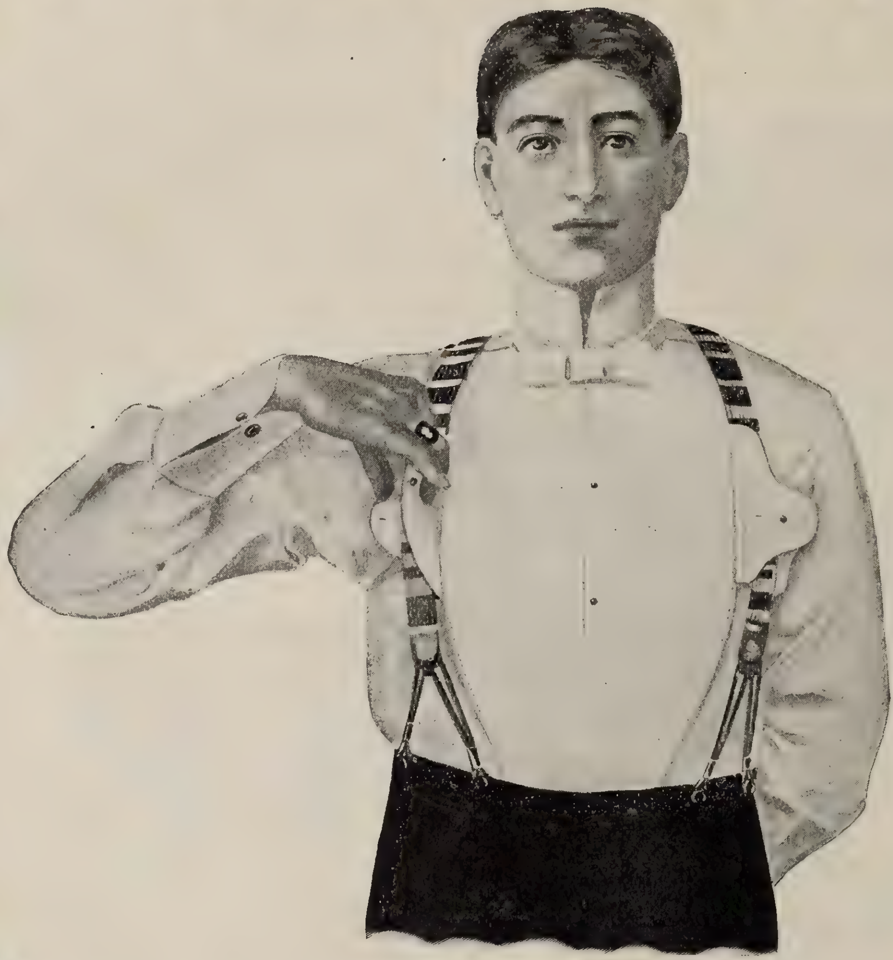

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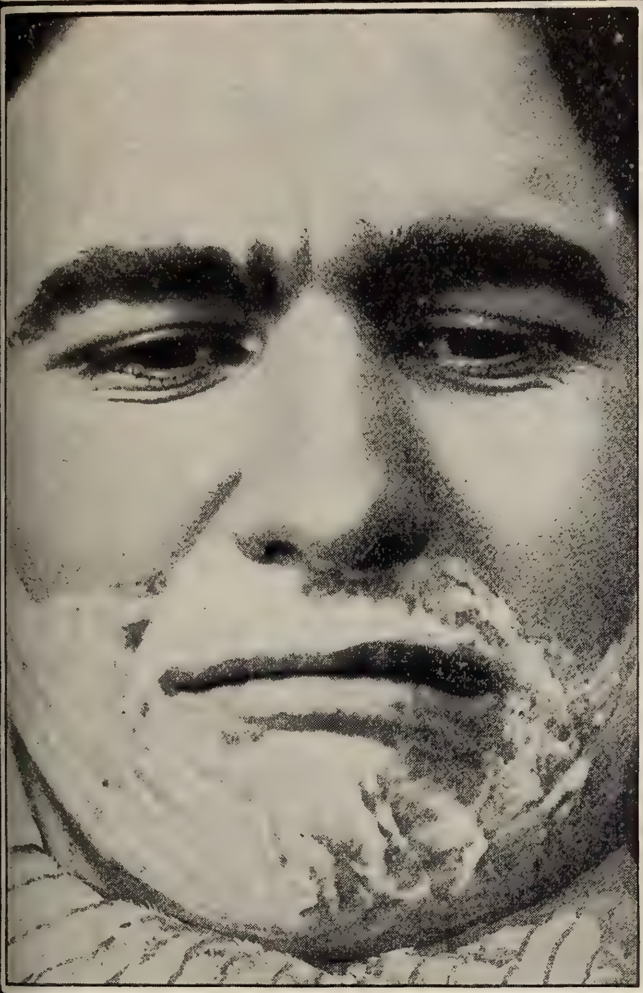

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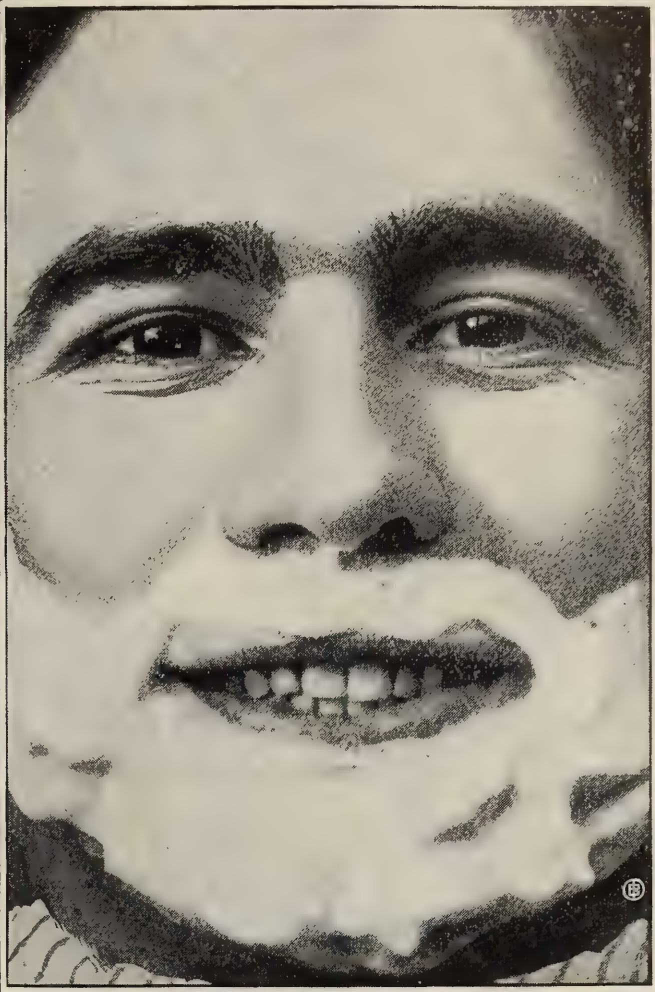

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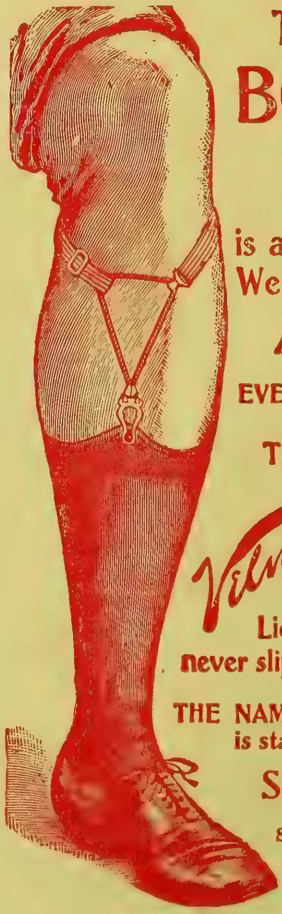

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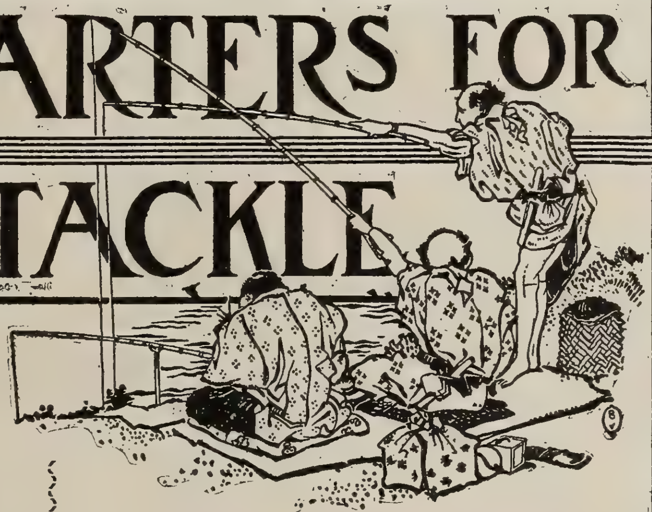

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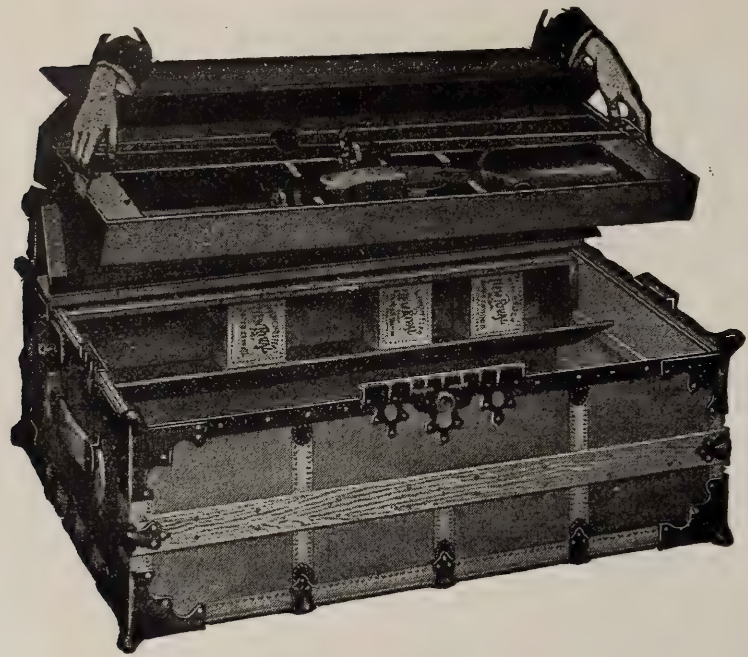

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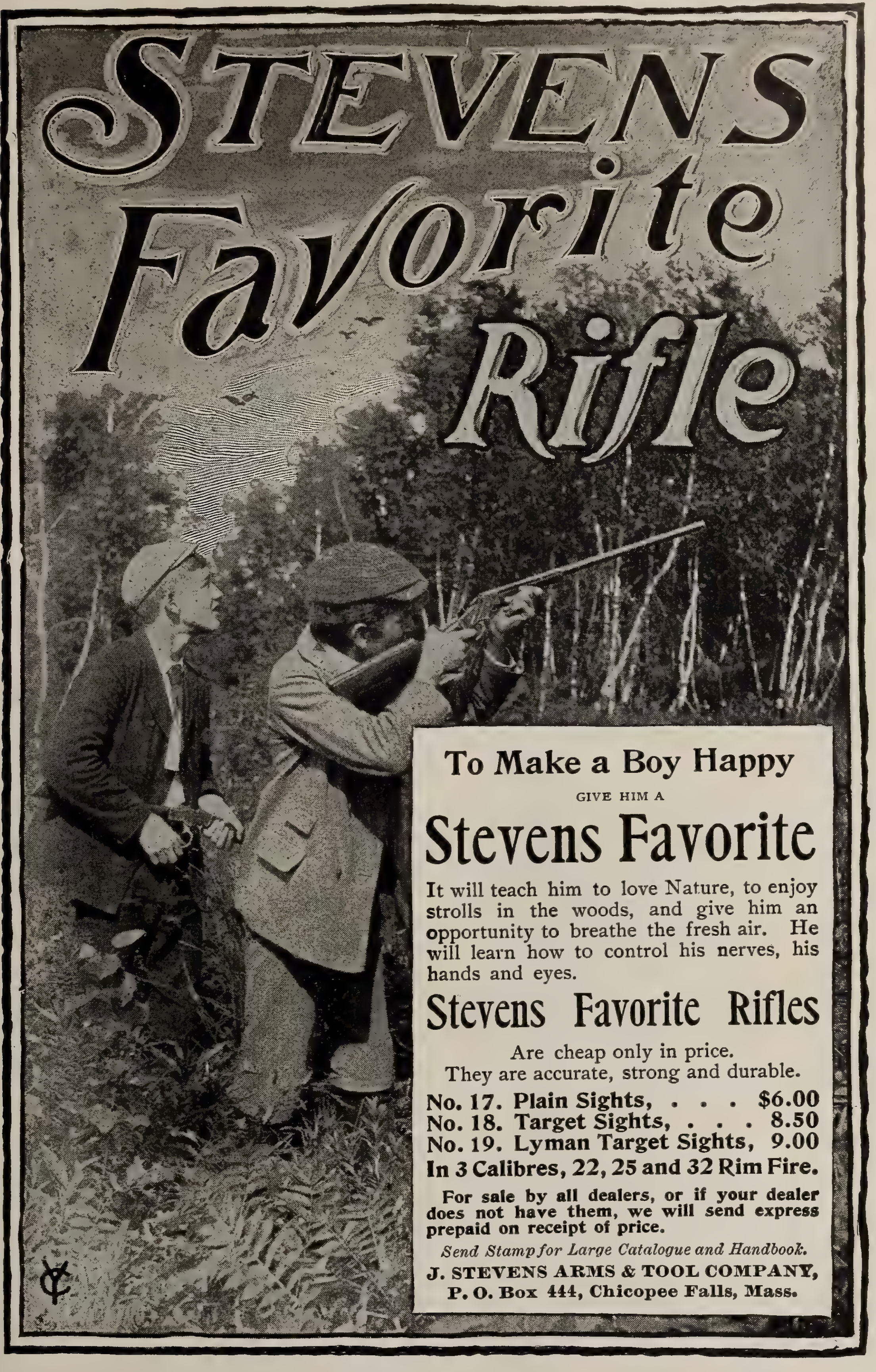

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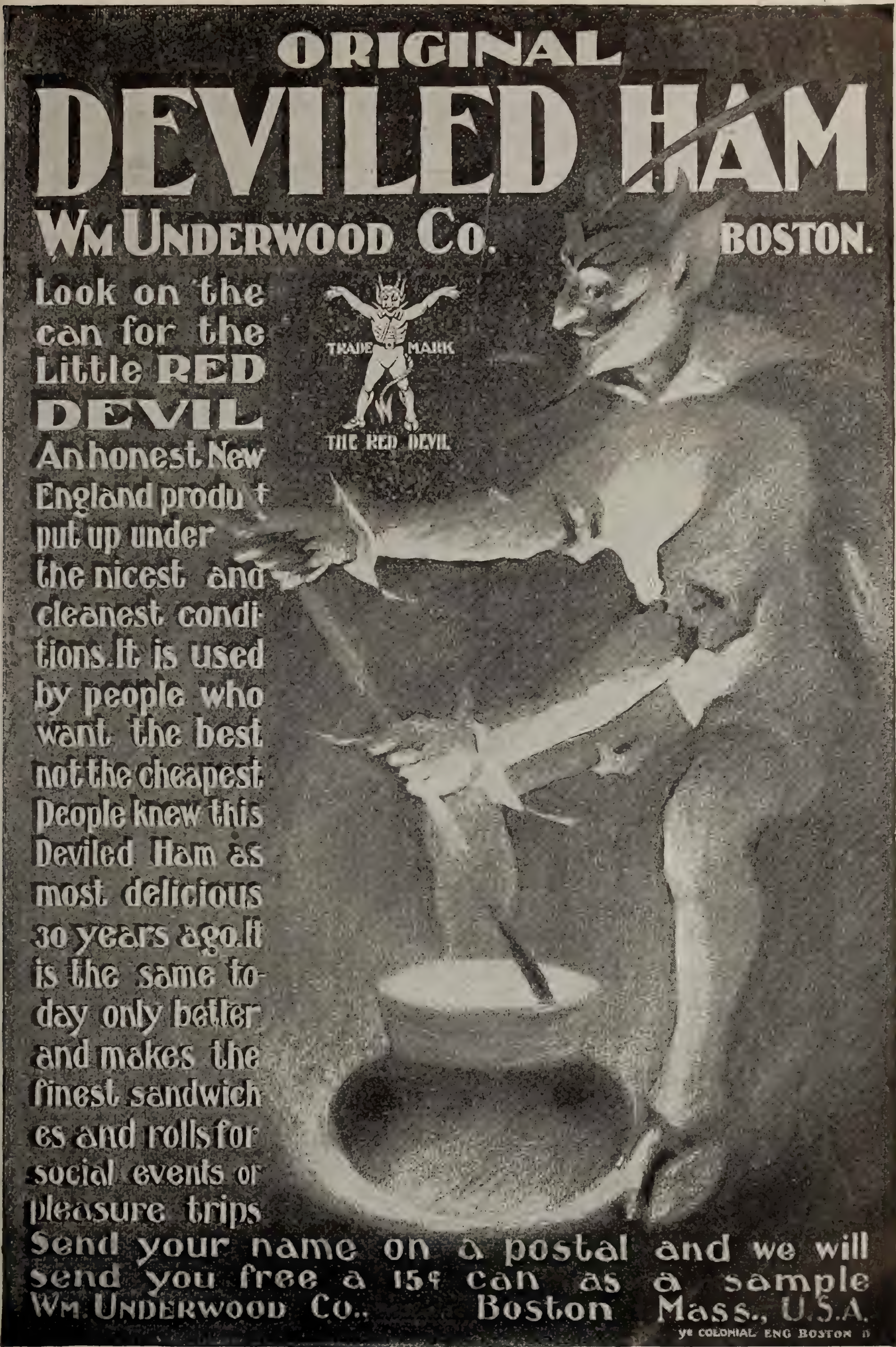

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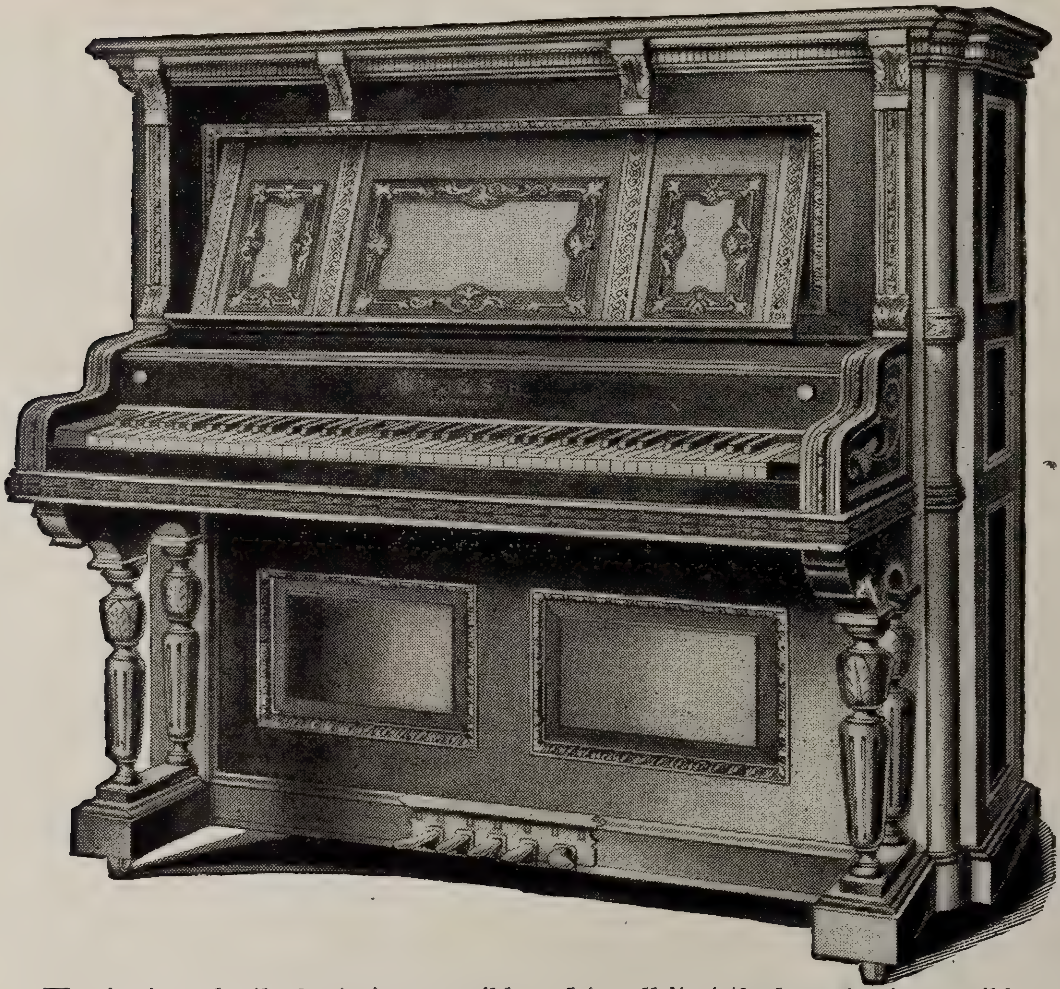

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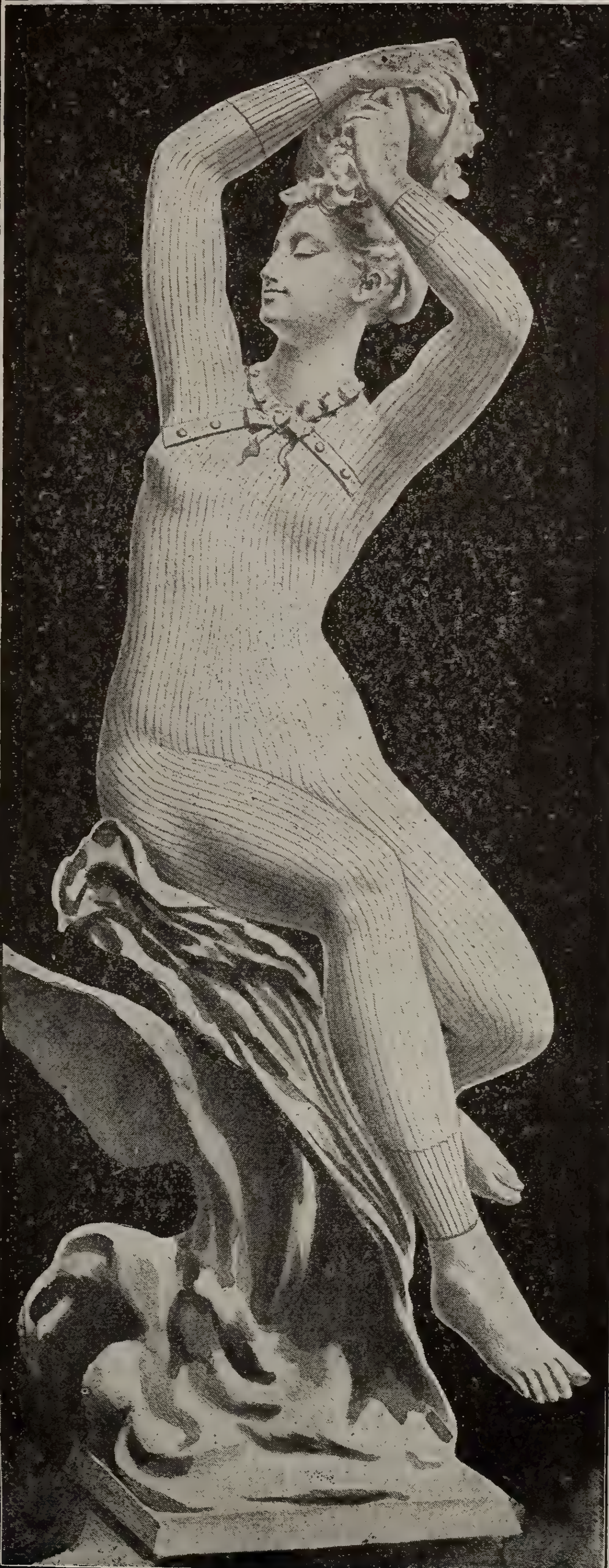

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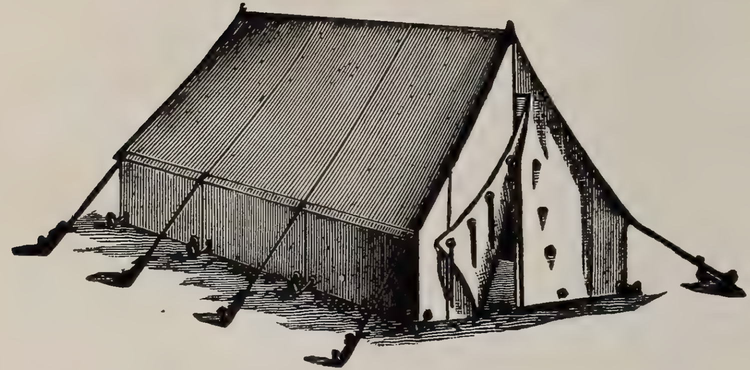

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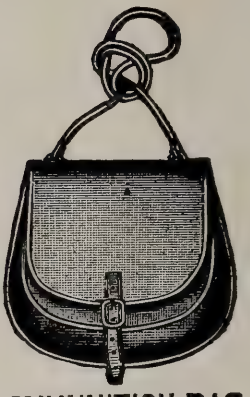

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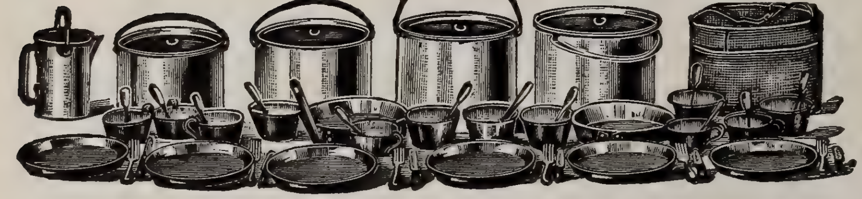
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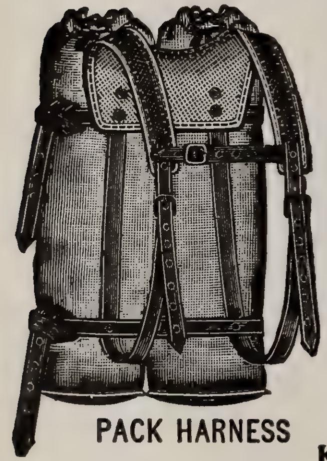
WASH BASIN

Aluminum Cooking Outfits

CANVAS BUCKET



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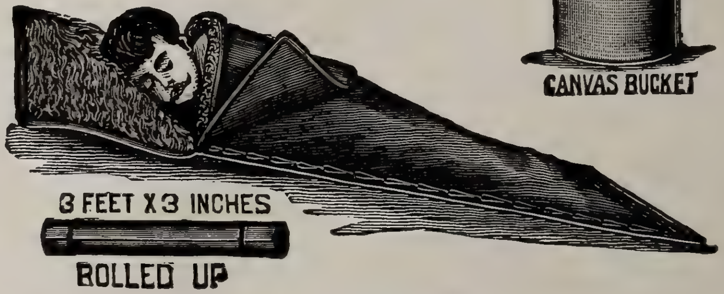

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Yours truly,
(Signed) M. SIEGEL."

The above letter referred to Mr. Mock's record ride in the recent 200 mile New York Road Race, in which 161 riders started and but four finished. Mr. Mock rode the 200 miles in 13 hours 11 minutes flat. His nearest competitor was Gus Egloff of the Century Wheelmen, who was defeated in the final spurt. Mr. Mock has clearly demonstrated the fact that he CAN ride in record time on a Clipper Bevel Gear. He has also convinced himself that he can finish with a spurt. Some say you can't spurt with a Chainless. That's not true; there's nothing in the gears to prevent spurting ALL the time if you "have it up your sleeve."

CLIPPER PEOPLE,
Grand Rapids Cycle Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

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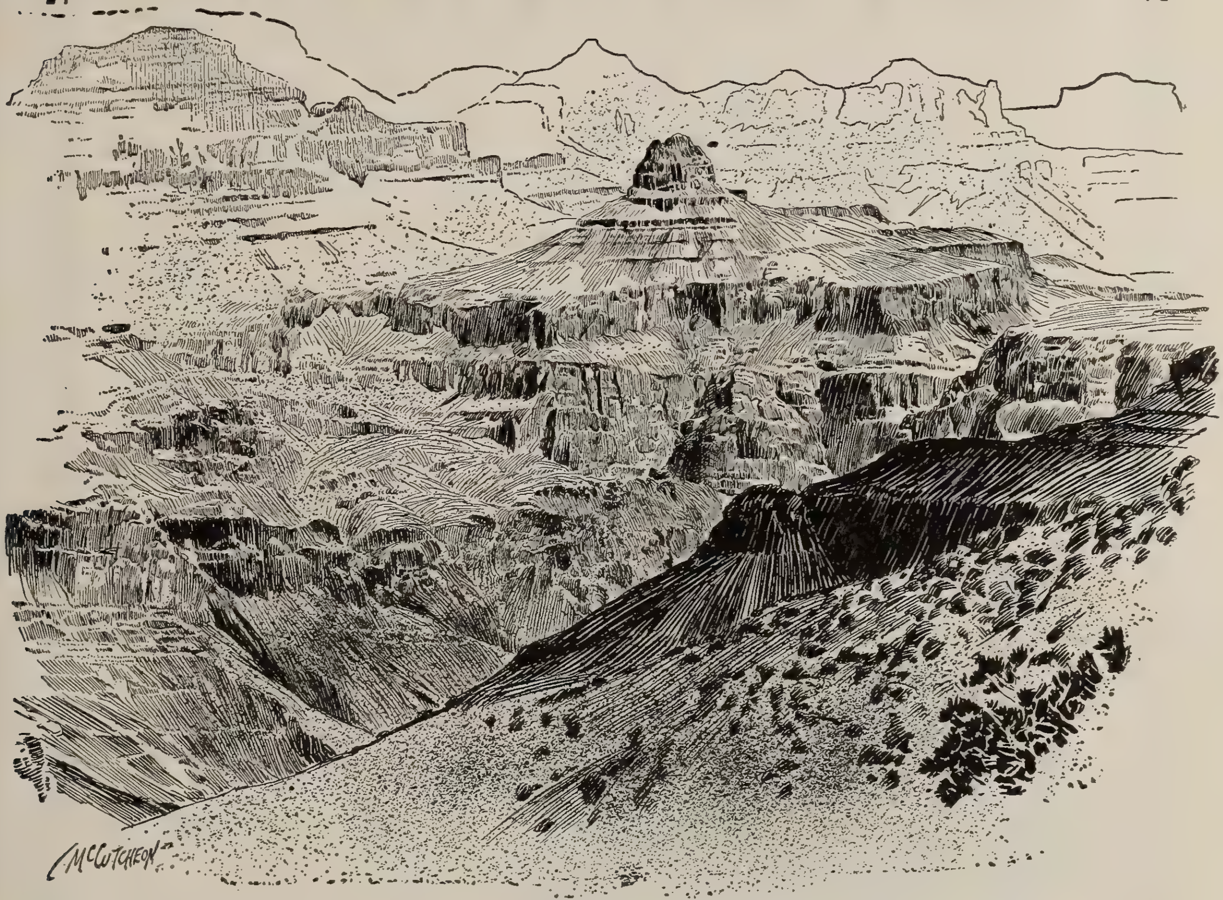

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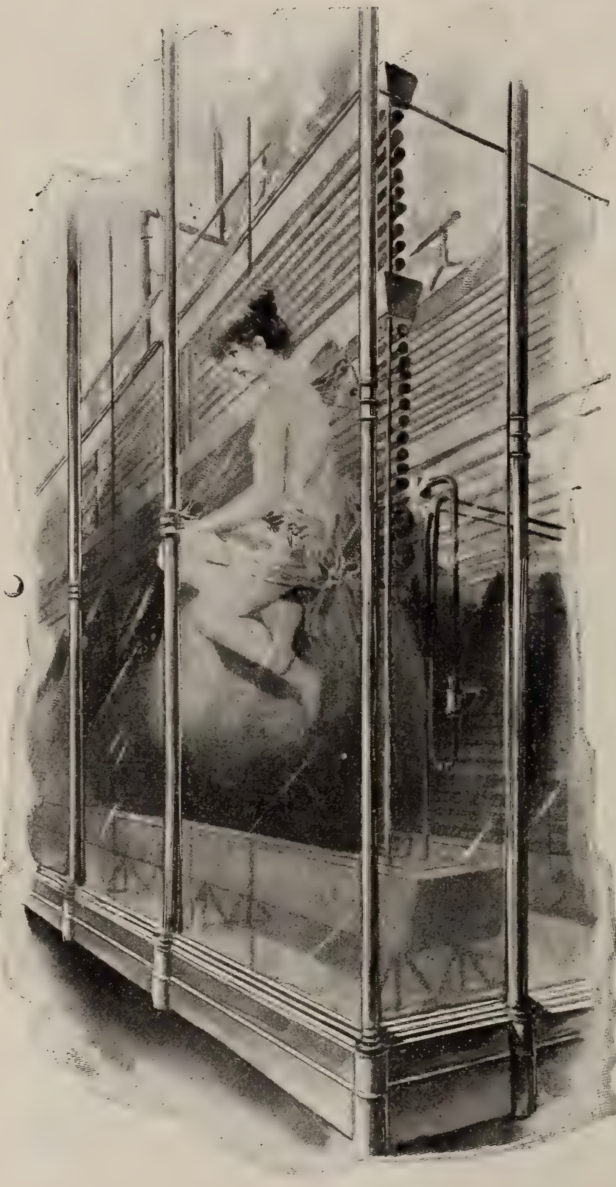

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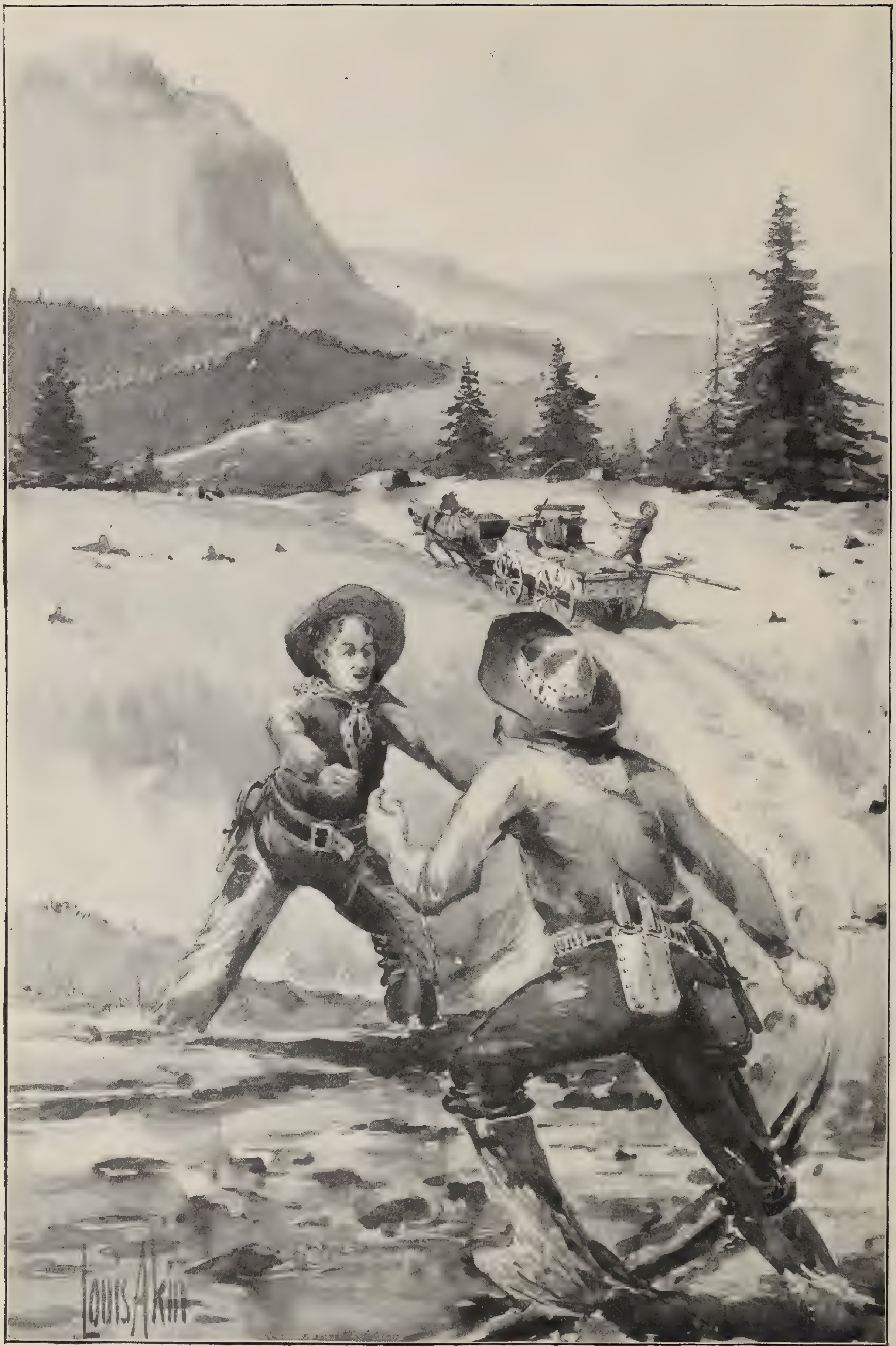


I SAW MACK REACHING FOR THE OTHER MAN, AND THOUGHT THERE WAS GOING TO BE A FIGHT.

RECREATION

Volume XI. SEPTEMBER, 1899. Number 3.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

THREE GRIZZLIES IN ONE DEN.

P. A. HARDWICK.

We started near the end of June for the Roaring fork of Bear river, Routt County, Colo. Nothing of interest occurred until we reached Middle park, when we got stuck in a mud-hole. We were working to get out, when a stranger rode up and said:

"Well, boys, stuck in the mud, are you?"

"Yes, I think we are."

"I will give you a lift. I never leave any man in trouble when I can help him out."

So Mack and the stranger took hold of the wheels and gave them a lift. I made the team pull at the same time, and out we went. That left Mack and the other man standing in the mud about half way to their knees and about 8 feet apart. As I struck solid ground I heard Mack rip out an oath. I looked around to see what was the matter, when I saw Mack reaching for the other man, and thought there was going to be a fight. I dropped my lines and started back, when I saw their hands come together and they shook as though they wanted to shake the mud off. I heaved a sigh of relief and turned round to see if my team was running away. Mack called me back, and introduced me to John Coine, an old friend of his, whom he had not seen for years. We had a good laugh at their meeting in a mud-hole. Mr. Coine invited us to come down and dine with him and his wife. We accepted, and before we left made a contract with him to haul out our game to Georgetown. It would be 3 months before the hunting season would come in. Having lots of time, we concluded to stay there and see where we would hunt that fall. We found plenty of sage hens and trout at hand. There was a bounty on hawks' heads, so we found we could make something and have good rifle practice. We took in so many that the county did not have money enough in the treasury to take them up without borrowing. We wanted to see who could make the best score in one day; but Mack beat me by taking 16 before breakfast.

The same day I had some fun with a beaver. I had set several traps. At one of the dams I found that my trap was gone, and, in hunting round to see if I could find where the beaver had gone, I saw where the chain dragged at the bottom of the dam; so I followed the trail from one beaver dam to another. As I was going through some high grass, the beaver jumped off the bank into a pond about 6 feet deep. I grabbed at the chain and just got his end of it, when there was a big splash; but it was me this time. The beaver had pulled me head first into the ice-cold water, and it was over my depth. I could not hold on to the chain and swim; so I had to run along on the bottom and try to get hold of a bunch of willows that was hanging over the bank. I jumped up to catch my breath when I could not hold it any longer. The beaver had to come up once in a while, and I had to come up twice in a while. In about 5 minutes I got hold of the willows, and after another desperate struggle succeeded in going ashore. No man who has never had a scrap with a beaver can realize how strong they are.

After I returned to camp and got myself evaporated I told Mack, when he came in, of my fight with the beaver. He said it was a pity he didn't drown me for being such a fool.

Soon after this we went over the Gore range to Egeria park. After hunting a few days with my old friend Tom Michels, and seeing the sights on the flat tops, Mack and I started out to see how many deer we would find in one day. We saw 64, and late in the day, as we were walking up an aspen ridge, I saw something that startled me, and said:

"I say, Mack, look at that band of old bucks."

"Well, I'll be hanged," said he; "they aren't deer; they're elk."

But they were deer, and as we looked they began to get up. There were 14 of them, and all had large antlers. If I could get a photo of such a herd I would not take $100 for it.

After that we moved down to Trout creek, where we had no neighbors within 20 miles of us, and any time in the morning or evening we could see from 2 to a dozen deer.

We started early one morning to climb a large mountain that lay southeast of our camp. We had traveled several miles, and it was getting warm. We sat down in the shade of a tree and ate our lunch. The vegetation grows rank there, so that about all you can see of a deer is its head. As we sat there talking I looked across the gulch to the opposite mountain and saw a lot of black stumps, about a half mile away. I looked again and thought they had moved. I took a steady look at them then, and saw they were elk—about 75 or 100 of them. I said:

"Look over there at those elk, Mack." He said:

"Where?"

"Over there on that mountain. Don't you see them?"

"I don't see anything but some black stumps."

"Well, those stumps are elk. Look again and you will see them move."

"Well, I'll be hanged if there isn't something moving."

We started over for a closer inspection, but before we arrived they got scent of us and lit out. As they started Mack said:

"Hear those camp birds whistling?"

"Camp birds! Those aren't camp birds. That's a calf elk whistling."

"What do you take me for? Do you think you can make me believe a calf can whistle like that?"

He found out later that a calf elk could whistle, for a big bunch of cows and calves came down the trail within 50 yards of us, and 2 of the calves were whistling at a lively rate. We didn't need meat then, and so did not disturb them.

One day I went down to look after some beaver traps on a branch of Trout creek, where there was a wide portion covered with short willows. As I was walking along on the bank, looking down into the willows, a big doe jumped out right at my feet, and startled me. She started off across the bottom, and as she ran I brought my gun to my shoulder, fired, and down she went. I went to her and found I had hit her in the back of the head. I felt very sorry I had killed her, for I had no use for the meat, having a buck in camp; but I took the skin. I had a lump in my throat for a week after whenever I thought of it.

One morning in October I got up early to go and watch a runway about 1½ miles from camp. At about 9 o'clock I started back to camp, when, on looking up the mountain, I saw about 20 deer coming down the runway. I killed one, and the rest ran back over the Horseshoe gulch. About that time Mack came up and I told him I thought we could go into the gulch and make a drive. I decided to stand at the upper end of the gulch and Mack was to go to the lower end and drive the deer back my way. After he had been gone about half an hour I heard several shots, but no deer came. Then I heard a snort behind me, and there, about 150 yards from me, stood a big buck antelope. I turned around, took a knee rest, and fired. He ran about 60 yards; then he reversed and ran backward until he struck a tree. Then he sat down, took a last look all around, and then lay down. I thought, "Well, you are the most accommodating antelope, to run to the only tree where I could hang you."

I stayed and waited for Mack and the deer. Pretty soon I heard the brush creaking, and my heart began to thump. Then Mack made his appearance, and I asked:

"What in thunder are you making so much noise about, and where did the deer go?"

"How do I know where they went?"

"What's the matter with you?"

"Matter enough; there's a bear in this brush, and I want to get him out."

"You can see a bear track where nobody else can."

"Well, I know one when I see it in the snow. He has been eating rose berries. If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself."

"Come up and help me hang this antelope; then we'll look after the bear. If the bear has been eating berries, he is not far away."

After we got the antelope hung up we went down after the bear and found it was a cub. After looking at the tracks, and seeing they were fresh, I said:

"That cub is not far away from here. He is denned up somewhere among these rocks."

"Well," said Mack, "I am going to camp. You can go and hunt bear if you want to. I am not going in among those rocks after him."

"It is only a little cub," I said.

"Yes, but there may be a dozen big ones in there."

"I hope there are," said I.

The tracks led toward a big flat rock, about 60 feet square. I walked toward it, and when I got within 20 yards could see where the bear had gone in.

"Mack," said I, "here is his den; come and we will get him out." Mack came and stopped up one hole, while I watched that the cub did not get away. Then Mack put some logs in the other holes. I told him to walk around the rock and see if there were any more holes.

"Go around yourself if you want to," said he.

"All right, you watch these holes and I will."

"Not if I know it," said he.

"If I was as much afraid of a little cub as that I would give up hunting all together." So Mack started around the rock, but found no more holes.

"How are you going to get the cub out?"

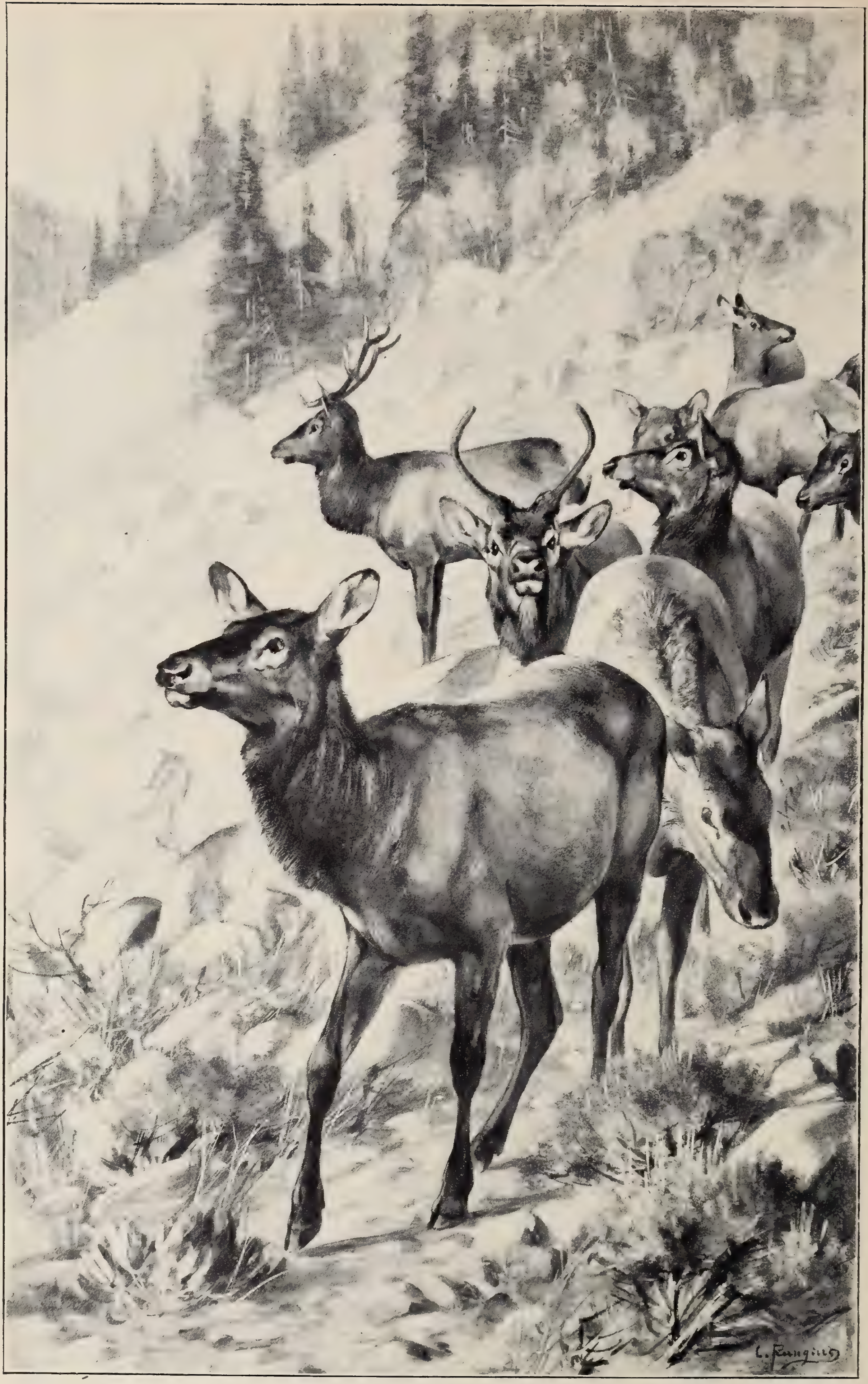
"Smoke him out, I guess." But we could not do that, as both of us had left our matches at camp. I think Mack was pleased, for he thought we would have to give it up; but I am not built that way, so I said:

"There is only one way to do it, and that is for one of us to go into the hole and drive him out. We will draw lots to see who goes in."

"I'll see you blanked first."

"Well," I said, "I will go in if you will stand outside and shoot him as he comes out." Mack finally consented, and I crawled in.

I had to go down about 3 feet before I struck a level. Then I found the middle hole and the right-hand one ran together. I had to go in



A BIG BUNCH OF COWS AND CALVES CAME DOWN THE TRAIL WITHIN FIFTY YARDS OF US.

slowly to get used to the light. After going about 10 feet Mack shouted:

"Come out, you blanked fool; I ain't going to stay here."

"Oh," I said, scornfully, "a man weighing 190 pounds and being afraid of a little cub! That's rich." I could hear him muttering and swearing, but went on. The hole was only about 18 inches high and did not give me much room to jump around. When I got to the forks of the hole I called to Mack:

"Shoot in the hole and stir him up."

No sooner said than done, and, Great Scott! I thought the rock had fallen on me. The concussion was terrible. After the smoke had cleared I swore at Mack for shooting, and started ahead. The bear stuck his head around the rock close to the muzzle of my gun, looked at me, snorted, and then backed out. I shouted, "Look out, Mack, he's coming!" Then I heard Mack run. I yelled to him:

"Come back, you fool!" And after a while he did come back.

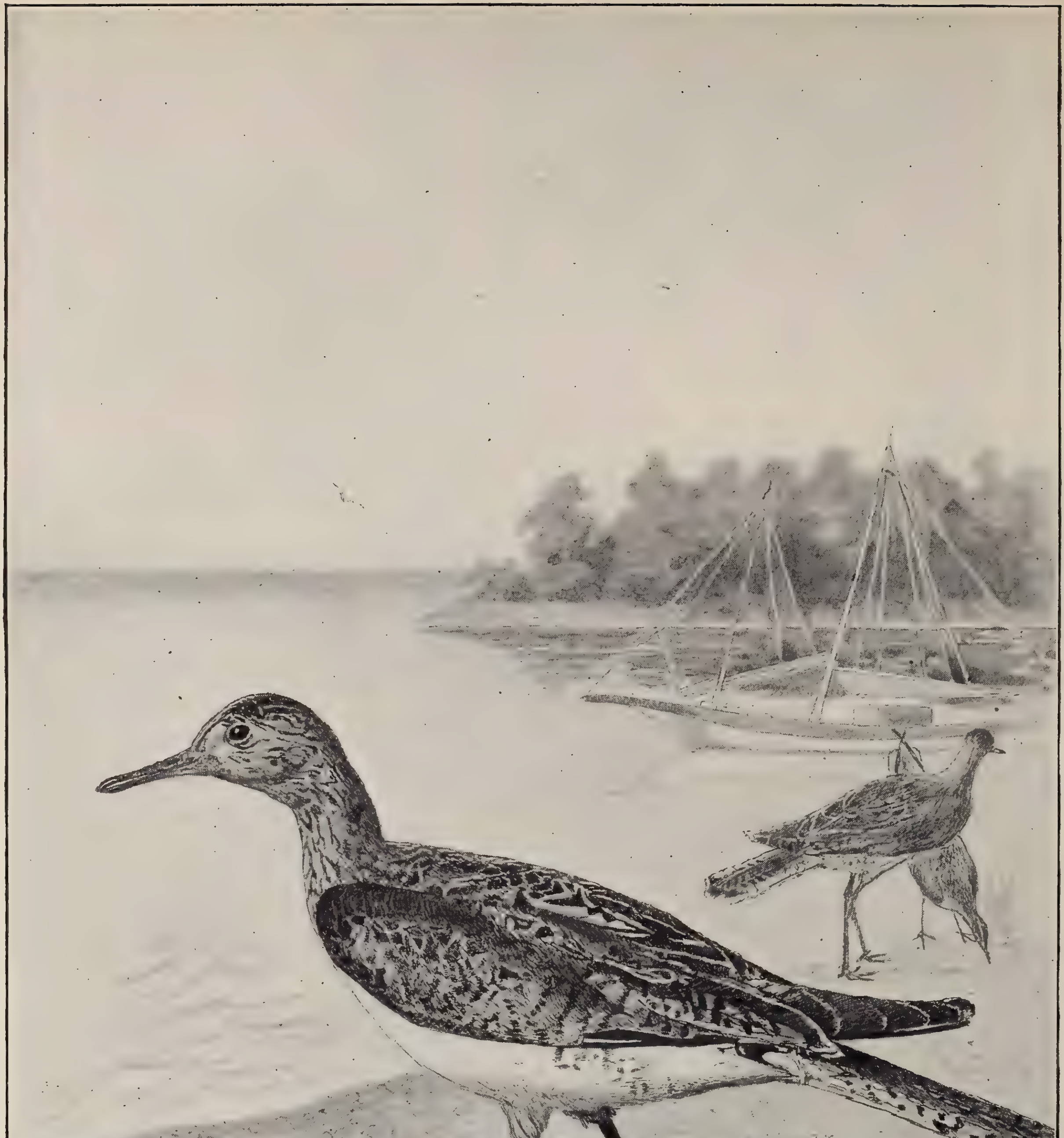
I crawled a little farther, where I could see over the top of a flat rock into what seemed the main den. As I shoved my gun over the rock I saw a pair of green eyes looking at me. As they turned toward the hole I got a bead on him and pulled. Great Cæsar! I thought I was dead, if the bear wasn't. By the time I got myself together again I could see pretty well. Mack wanted to know if I had killed the bear. I told him I would see; so I got up and looked, and there was another pair of green eyes glaring at me. I drew a bead between them, shut my eyes and let her go. When the smoke cleared I could hear the bear snuffing. I began to think I had gotten into a den of them. When I could see again I raised up and there was still another pair of green eyes looking at me. They seemed about 100 yards away, but in reality were only about 30 feet. I sent another 40-65 after them, and told Mack I thought the hillside was full of bears. He said he hadn't seen any. I said:

"Crawl down the other hole and you'll see some."

"I'll see you in the hot place first. If you don't come out pretty soon I'll skip and leave the bears to eat you."

By this time the smoke had cleared again, and the sun had gotten round in the West, so it shone into the den. As I got farther up I looked where I shot first and there lay a big grizzly. I looked over where I had sent my second shot and there was another. A third lay where I had sent the last shot; but the first bear was not dead. It kept moving its head, and I could not bring my gun round to shoot it. I said to Mack:

"Look out; the big bear is coming out." I heard Mack run again, but could not help having a little fun at his expense, for I knew he was scared half to death. I knew the bear had her back broken, but did not want to take any chances on getting in there until I knew they were all dead; so I called Mack. After coaxing him a while I got him to come back and get down so he could see the bear and shoot her in the head. After that we had to pull them out. We had no rope, so I backed out of the hole until Mack could get hold of my feet. I then got hold of a bear and pulled, and Mack pulled, till we got the large bear out. The cubs were easy. I had hit them between the eyes, and their heads were total wrecks.



BARTRAMIAN SANDPIPER, *BARTRAMIAN LONGICANDA.*

THE GOVERNOR'S WAGER.

LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE.

Gypsum was a Western mining camp, with the usual trimmings—namely, a wide-open dance hall, a "good" gambling house, the Gaiety theater, the always-present Easy Street and all that army of thieves, thugs, wild women and adventurers who are usually attracted to such places. Gypsum was proud, not only of her name, but of her promising gold mines as well. She took her name from the eternal mountains which surround her, their formation being of gypsum, and as the town was in Eagle Canyon, it was known to the postal department, if not to the world, as Gypsum, Eagle County, Col.

The mail came there by stage in summer, and on snow shoes in winter. Gypsum was a busy place, and her citizens were, as a rule, industrious—at least the gambler was as busy as the miner, the dance-hall girl had no more time to waste than the merchant. Even the rounders seemed to keep themselves employed. Each morning the stage came down the pass and unloaded its freight of fortune-hunters at Banty's Hotel. Some were capitalists, others mining engineers or experts, and there was the usual crowd of adventurers having no particular calling. They were all called by the good people of Gypsum "tenderfeet," and as they were considered "fruit" by the residents, from the Mayor down to the faro dealer, Gypsum was glad to have them come.

It so happened one beautiful day some 3 hours after the stage had arrived and turned its passengers over to the tender mercies of the Gypsumites, that there rode to the hotel at a rattling pace, on a smart-looking cow-pony, a stranger at Gypsum. He slid from the horse with the grace of an old-time "cow-puncher," and, throwing the bridle over a stake, sauntered into the hotel. He announced to the hotel man, who was also the barkeeper and "lookout" for the faro games, that he was Joseph Prince Lord, of New York. With a great flourish he drew a cardcase from his pocket and handed the landlord a card inscribed:

Lord, Maguffy & Lord,
Stock and Bond Brokers,
No. 99 Wall Street,
New York.

It was evident that Mr. Lord desired to make his presence known to the community. In a loud voice he announced that he had money to burn, but had not come to Gypsum to burn it. On the contrary, he was in Gypsum to gather up a few shekels while resting from the cares of business in Wall Street. With a sweep of his hand Mr. Lord announced that he was ready to do business with any of them, from the buying of a mine to the opening of a jackpot.

This breezy introduction, however, failed to attract the attention expected. The dealers looked up casually, while the absorbed players did not look up at all.

After putting 2 or 3 drinks under his belt, being joined in this by the entire house, Lord entered into conversation with some of the loungers. It soon became evident that the community had sized up the stranger for a rank tenderfoot well worth plucking, and they hoped he had money to burn. These were the kind of people Gypsum liked.

"Tain't often we ketch such suckers as this yere chap," Chicken Bill was heard to remark confidentially to Lefty Gibbons. "He's a Wall Street plutocrat, and Gypsum's got to teach these gold bugs a lesson."

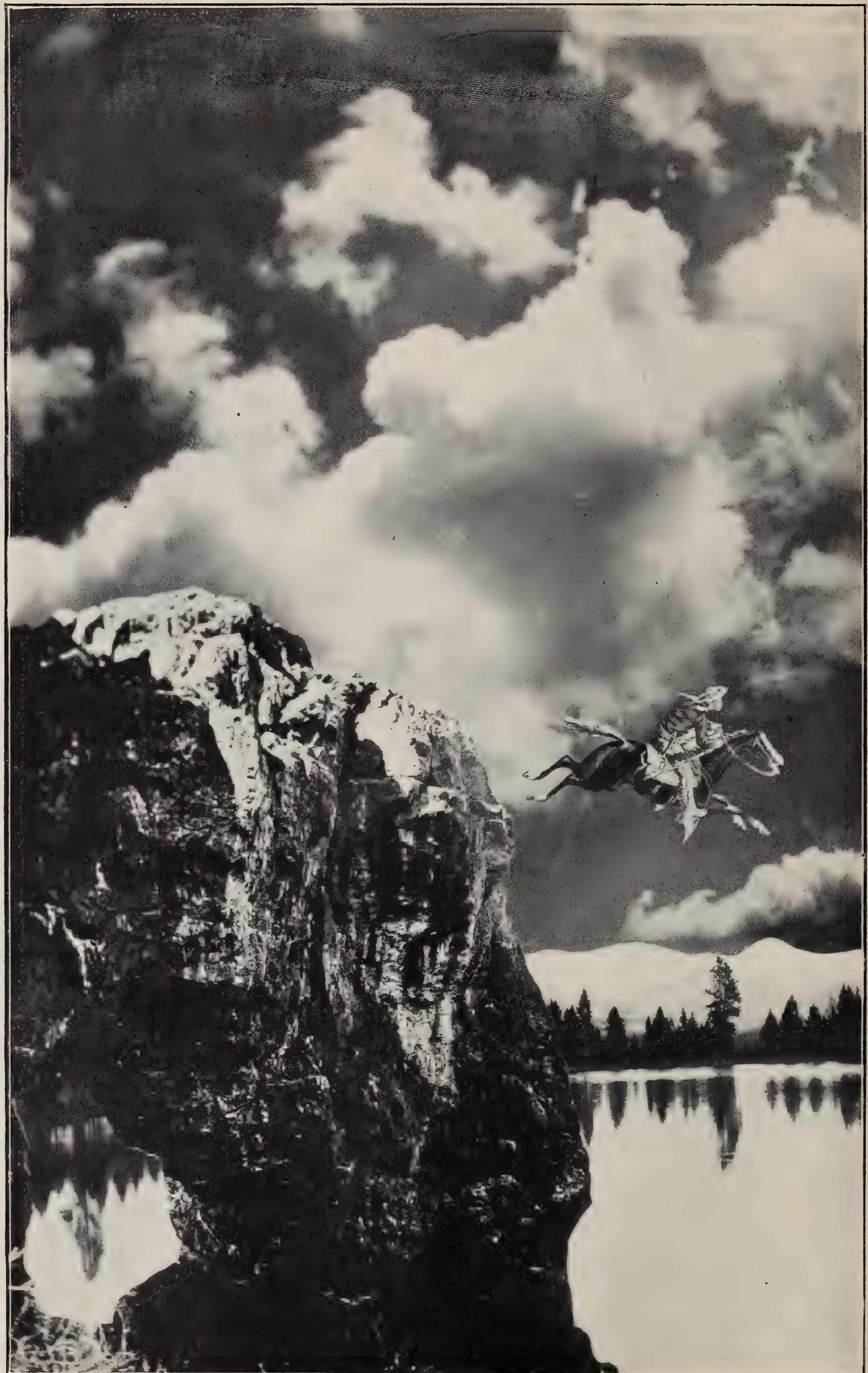
The Wall Street man seemed to feel at home in Gypsum. He had not that shy way about him which most men displayed on arriving there. He evidently had confidence in himself, and if he did not have it in others, at least he pretended to. He would listen to the meanest "tin horn" in town, when he knew the man was trying to fleece him. The "sure thing" men, of course, took a kindly interest in the Wall Street man, but after they had their go at him they shook their heads, winked the other eye, and said he was "too foxy."

"Mebbe he's a sucker," was Lefty's comment, "but he got onto my lay blanked easy;" and Lefty was supposed to be able to keep more aces up his sleeve than any man in Eagle County.

So Gypsum got used to Mr. Lord, and he was soon looked on as a fixture.

One evening while he was deep in the mysteries of a good poker game Banty interrupted the play to introduce his friend Jake Larrow, who had just come in from Trapper's Lake. Jake was a hunter's guide, and as he had guided many New Yorkers into the mountains after elk, Lord had heard of him before. The Wall Street man promptly cashed in, and, inviting Jake to have something, they entered on an animated discussion as to horses, cow ponies, etc. As horseflesh was the Wall Street man's hobby, they were soon telling their experiences and swapping yarns.

"Have you ever met the Bishop?" Jake finally inquired. "He's the best horseman in this neck o' woods."



D——N ME IF THE BISHOP DIDN'T RIDE HIM SQUARE OVER THE CLIFF, INTO THE LAKE.

"No," responded Lord, "never had the pleasure, but I'm anxious to meet him, for whenever I speak of horses around here some one remarks, 'You should see the Bishop. What he can't do with a cow horse ain't worth doin'.' "

"Well," said Jake, "the Bishop is generally here about this time of the week, and if he comes in I'll introduce him. But speaking of the Bishop reminds me of a trick I saw him do once with a cow pony. It was last summer. The Bishop came in one afternoon, and after finishing his business and getting a drop of Banty's best, he mounted his pony and started home. He had hardly started before the broncho doubled up like a jackknife, and tossed the Bishop over his head. He had caught the old man napping, and landed him right in front of the crowd. We all stood there grinning, but the Bishop just picked up his hat, looked at us a second, then jumped in the saddle, pulled his hat down over his eyes, and socked his spurs into the pony's sides, so hard we could see the blood fly. Well, sir, the pony bucked at first, then started, and the Bishop headed him straight for the ridge yonder, called Hole-in-the-Rock. This struck me as strange, so I walked out across the gulch to see what he was going to do. When I got there I saw him coming, tearing down like the wind, and straight for Sweetwater lake. That broncho tried to shy the ridge, but the Bishop held him at it, and down they came—slap! bang! D—n me if the Bishop didn't ride him square over the cliff into the lake, a clean drop of at least 60 feet. The pony was bucking, when he went off the edge, but the Bishop sat in the saddle as if it was a rocking chair, except that his hat blew off. 'That ends the Bishop,' said I to myself when they went down. But just then they struck the water with a terrific splash. The next thing I saw was the horse swimming, the Bishop on his back, headed across the lake for the old man's cabin. I couldn't believe my eyes, but finally went down and fished out the Bishop's hat.

"Next week when he came to town I handed it to him, remarking that he was rather a high jumper for a man of his years. He just looked at me, kind o' bashful like, took the hat with a smile and walked off. He's a quiet, backward chap, and I never could get anything out of him concerning his wonderful leap.

"I was the only man who saw it, I guess, but all Gypsum knows it, and they do say he has done the same fool trick several times since."

"Well," drawled the man from Wall Street, with an affected yawn, I've heard this story about the bishop before, but you are the first man I've run across who claims to have seen it. I've taken the trouble to go and look at the cliff, and the man doesn't live who can jump off it and survive, let alone doing it twice. Banty must have been dispensing a poor grade of whiskey about that time, and perhaps you had a few too many."

The Wall Street man's sneer nettled Larrow.

"You doubt my word?" he asked angrily.

"The story is a little fishy, you'll have to confess," was Lord's reply.

"Look here, pardner," said Jake, pushing his chair back and leaping to his feet. "I suppose that's the Eastern style of calling a man a liar, and no man calls me that unless he expects a fight;" and Jake fingered his 6-shooter significantly.

By this time a crowd had gathered, and were eagerly watching developments. The New Yorker had also risen, and looked a trifle nervous, but he put on a bold front as he replied:

"Put up your gun, Jake, I'm not armed, and it's not worth a fuss between friends; but I can't help thinking there's a mistake. I'd bet $1,000, yes, $5,000, that no such trick was ever done; but what's the use? How could it be proved?"

"By the Bishop himself," said a man just coming in.

Every one turned around to see who the new comer was.

"Why Jake," said the new comer, "what's the trouble here? you look as though you were ready for a fight."

"Glad to see you Mr. Barton," said Larrow, as he cordially shook the latter's hand. "I'm glad you happened in just now, for I might have had to pound this Wall Street man's head for trying to make me out a liar, when I told him about seeing the Bishop make his famous leap."

"I must insist," said the New Yorker, "that is one of the most improbable tales I ever heard."

Jake was about to make an angry reply when Mr. Barton interrupted.

"Come, come, boys, the thing can't be settled in this way. We don't want any quarreling over trifles. Banty, get a move on you. Call in all the boys and let each name his poison."

When the men were disposing of their liquor Banty proceeded to call in the drinkers, which meant practically the entire camp, and they all drank to the health of John Barton, the Sun Dog millionaire, owner of the Jimmie mine, and who was to be the next Governor of Colorado if friends and popularity were to count for anything.

As the crowd surrounded a few glasses of Banty's best and were pulling at the cigars generously furnished by the proprietor, the war cloud that had been rising

THERE, POISED GRACEFULLY ON THE ROCK, STOOD A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

ominously before Barton's arrival rapidly disappeared, much to the disgust of Chicken Bill, who confidentially informed Lefty that questions of veracity between "gents" should be settled on the spot, with 45's.

"Yes," said Barton, as he pulled up a chair, and addressed Jake and the New Yorker, "that's just about what the Bishop would do if he took a notion. If the old man said he jumped, and Jake saw him jump, why I'll bet he did."

"But we can't take the Bishop's word," urged Lord.

"That's because you don't know him," replied the Governor, annoyed at the New Yorker's persistent reflections on his friend's veracity.

"If the Bishop did it once he can do it again, and that ought to settle it."

"I'll bet he never made that jump, and never will," said Lord, his gambling blood apparently roused.

Barton eyed the Wall Street man keenly for a second.

"Jake," said he, "you saw the performance of the Bishop?"

"Indeed I did. Lord tried to make me out a liar, but you know me."

"Very good," replied Barton, "We'll settle this right here. How much would you like to bet, Mr. Lord?"

"I told Jake I'd bet $5,000."

"A pretty stiff ante, but I'll see it if you put up the money at once."

It was evident the prompt acceptance of the bet was unexpected, for Mr. Lord turned pale.

"I rarely carry that amount with me," he said, "but if you are in earnest I'll telegraph to Denver and have double the amount in the morning."

"Indeed," said the Governor, who concluded he had the Wall Street man where he wanted him, "I was never more serious in my life. But it isn't worth while to send for double the amount unless you wish to bet it. In that case you had better send for $10,000 and I will have that sum here also. I'm going to attend to some business now, so if you don't care to take water come down to the telegraph office and we'll wire for the dust."

"Never took water in my life, Governor," was Lord's response.

There was some friendly chaffing between the 2 men as they walked to the telegraph office, where Barton wired his head man in Sun Dog as follows:

"Come to Gypsum by first stage and bring $10,000 in gold. Get the boys and the ladies, if they want some fun. Have Stockdorf, the photographer, with his photo. traps. Bring the whole push, it's my treat."

After the messages had been sent Lord returned to the hotel to tell the gang what a joke they'd have on the Governor if he took a bluff at this stage of the game.

Barton at once started for the Bishop's ranch, which nestled at the foot of a beautiful mountain, across the lake. As he rode along the trail his mind naturally turned toward a contemplation of the somewhat eccentric character he was about to see. For many years this old man had lived by the lake, his melancholy, clerical visage, his austere manner and retiring ways, as well as his universally recognized scholarship, securing for him the sobriquet by which he was altogether known.

He was a mixture of cow-boy, miner and rancher, and the Governor had known him for years as a man of his word.

On reaching the cabin the Bishop welcomed Barton cordially.

"It's many years since I've seen you, John. Not since we mined together in Stray Horse gulch. What brings you here? Politics, I suppose. I see by the papers you are in line for Governor, and I'm glad of it."

"Yes, I'm here to look up old friends, to make new ones, and fix things generally to carry the county. But as a matter of fact, Bishop, my visit to you is for another purpose," and he briefly related the story of the bet.

"The chap is game?" he remarked in conclusion, "and I'm in for it. It's a fool business to be sure, but it would be a tough joke on the next Governor of Colorado to be bluffed by a gold bug from Wall Street.

"Now, Bishop, I want to know if you have ever made this jump, and if you will do it again?"

"Yes," said the Bishop with a shake of his head, "I've gone over the cliff several times and could do it again; but I don't want to make a circus of myself just to decide a trifling bet."

"Trifling, did you say," roared the Governor, "Good God, man, is $10,000 a trifle?"

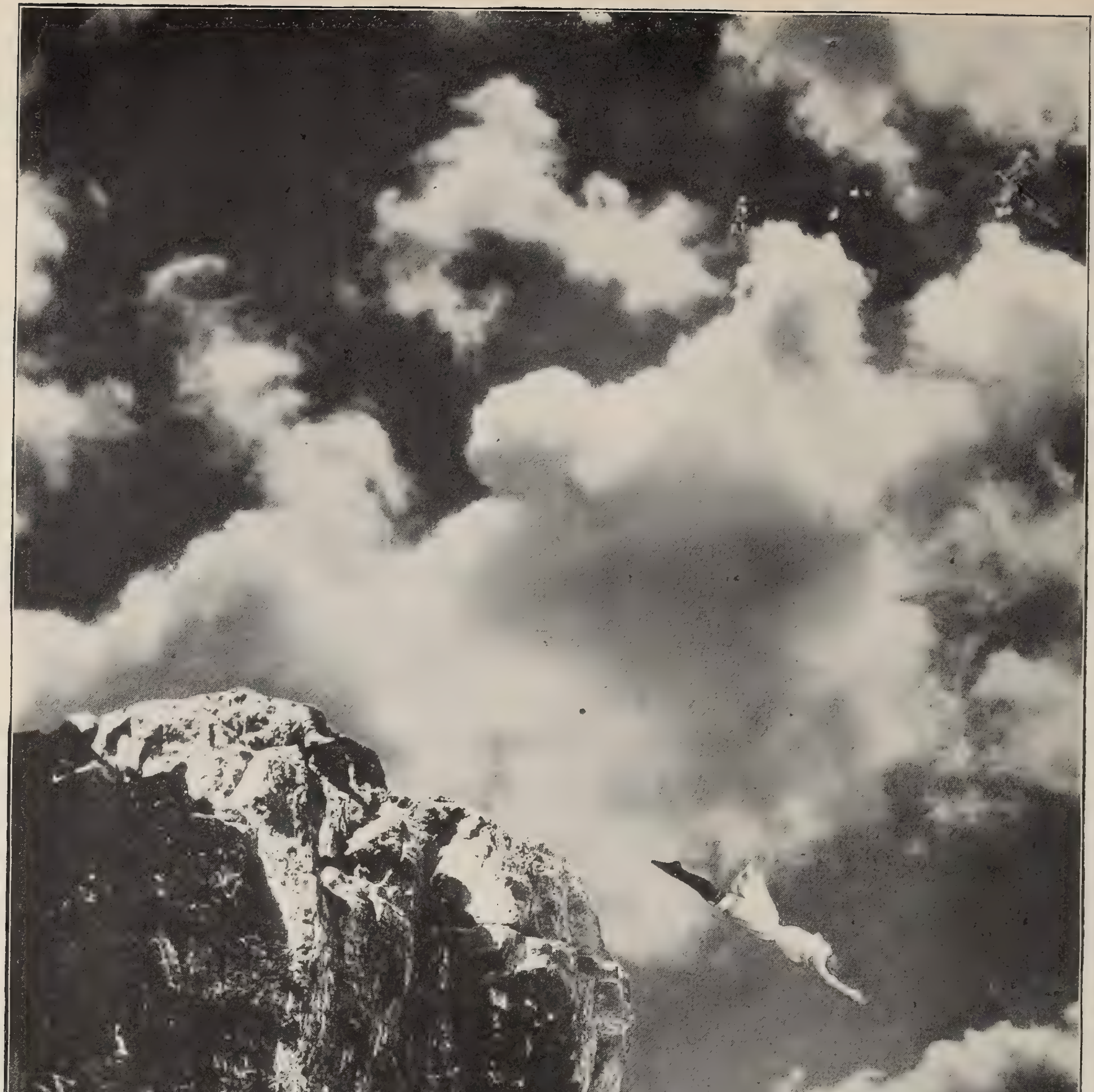
The Bishop gave a long, low whistle.

"No," he laughed, "that's no slouch of a bet, even for an owner in the Jimmie."

"Well, Bishop, what do you say? Are you willing to see me through and turn the tables on that Wall Street dude? You are patriotic enough to want to keep some of his Eastern gold out West, aren't you? I'm up to my neck in this mess; the money is as good as up, and I certainly can rely on my old partner to see me through."

The Bishop studied a few moments.

"John," he said, "you know I don't approve of betting, but you go to town and if Mr. Lord will wager $20,000 take him up. I give you my word of honor I will remain in Gypsum unless I drop dead be-



AT THAT INSTANT DAISY RAISED HER HANDS ABOVE HER HEAD AND SPRANG OFF.

fore the time comes. But even in that case you'd be dead safe, because I can arrange it so Daisy could ride him over."

By this time the Bishop was thoroughly aroused and his eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Why, look here, John," said he, "my horse Pete made that jump several times, and he's got so now he'd rather make it than go around the lake, which is the longest way by a mile. But that's nothing. You'll be surprised when I tell you my little girl, Daisy, has made that jump, not on a horse, but a clean, straight dive, head first right off the top rock. I saw her do it, and I swear it nearly took my breath away. She was about to do it again when I got there and stopped her. There are some hot springs in the lake, just under the cliff, and by diving from the rock it saves her the trouble of swimming across the lake to reach them."

"This jumping business must run in the family," said the Governor, "and that reminds me, I want to see this famous jumping jack of a cow pony."

"Tom Chipman has him on the range, and he will likely go to Glenwood Springs, to get Daisy one of those new fangled bathing suits. Since she was at the Springs and saw the ladies in the pool with their suits I've had no peace."

"As we can't see the horse, then," said the Governor, with a smile, "let us see your Daisy. But, Bishop, I didn't know you were married." "Yes," and the Bishop sighed, "but she died when Daisy came, and Daisy is all I have left now. She should be here by this time," said he as he drew his sleeve across his eyes to brush away the mist.

Just then a young girl came bounding toward them, but as she saw the strange gentleman she slackened her pace and approached in a more dignified manner.

"You are a Daisy, sure" said the Governor, as he shook hands with the girl. "I supposed from your father's talk you were a little girl, but here I find a full grown young lady."

"But I'll never be anything more to Pop than just plain little Daisy, even though I grow as tall as that pine."

Then the 2 men parted, in the true Western style, without shaking hands.

It was evident Gypsum was stirred to its depths and something unusual on the tapis. The Governor was outwardly calm, but the gleam of his eye indicated that something was in the wind. The Wall Street man displayed his usual *sang froid*. He was playing hearts at a dollar a throw, while there was heard in the room that busy industrious hum, noticed in gambling places. Mingled with the click of the chips, the rattle of the roulette wheel could be heard, and the monotone of the dealer as he called: "Five in the black, 16 in the red, double 0, and nobody there."

As the sun peeped over the pass next morning and smiled down on Gypsum, nestled in the embrace of the mountains, the little camp awoke and realized that portentous events were brewing. Every man made it a point to attend to business early, so that no worldly cares would interfere with the enjoyment of the occasion.

The first event of importance was the arrival of the stage from Sun Dog. Presently the distant echo of a horn was heard, and soon with a rattle and a shout the Governor's tally-ho, drawn by 6 horses, dashed up, bearing Cornwall and a jolly party of Sun Dog rooters, all friends of Mr. Barton.

"We've got the whole push here," said Cornwall, "money and all. The ladies are in another tally-ho behind, and fully a hundred rigs are hot footing it down the canyon. Everything on wheels left Sun Dog this morning. Mrs. Barton could not be induced to come, but her sister and Miss Sherman, with the whole crowd, are coming. Mrs. Barton requested me to say to you she hoped you would be home in time for dinner this evening, if you got through with your foolishness."

Having received a certified check for $10,000, Lord now informed the Governor that he was at his service to arrange the details of the bet, and deposit the money at the stage company's office. Accompanied by John Atwell, the attorney, the Governor went to the stage office, where the papers were drawn up, and the money deposited in the big safe, about which 2 stalwart guards, with 6-shooters, were placed.

One o'clock was the time set for the leap, and that hour found the entire population of Gypsum and vicinity gathered at the foot of the cliff, awaiting the event with breathless anxiety.

Lord joined the Sun Dog contingent, more and more puzzled, for he couldn't imagine what the Governor meant.

"He must be anxious to get rid of the Jimmie dividends," was his mental comment.

"Jake," said the Governor, "will you ride over and notify the Bishop that we are ready?"

"Yes, do," said Lord with a sneer, "I would like to shake hands with the Bishop before he takes his ride over the cliff—and over the range."

"It isn't necessary," said Jake, ignoring Lord's remark. "The Bishop told me he would start from his cabin when he heard me give 3 barks with my 6-shooter."

"Turn your howitzer loose then," said the Governor, "and let's have the fun over with."

THEN SHE TURNED AS GRACEFULLY AS A TROUT JUMPING FOR A FLY AND SHOT DOWN INTO THE LAKE.

The big gun roared, and echoed back from cliff and crag.

In a few minutes the Bishop and Daisy were seen coming along the ridge toward town. Both were mounted, and when they reached the point where the trail forked, Daisy dismounted, and gave her pony a sharp cut with the quirt. The animal turned, and took the back trail for home. She walked slowly along the ridge and was soon out of sight.

The Bishop watched her a moment, and then leisurely proceeded toward town. He had hardly gone 500 yards, however, when with a jerk he wheeled his horse, gave a yell like a Comanche, and dug his spurs in to the animal's flanks. Old Pete knew what this meant and bounded forward like a shot.

When he came to the fork of the trail, he was seen to take the one to the right. The crowd below was breathless with suspense, and hundreds of eyes were riveted on the flying figure, dashing it would seem, to instant destruction over the cliff. Women paled and almost swooned, and strong men groaned and clenched their fists, their cheeks blanching with horror.

Except for an occasional gasp, and the rattle of the broncho's hoofs over the loose rocks not a sound could be heard.

But see. The Bishop is now nearing the ledge, the horse straining every muscle to gain more speed. There is no hesitancy, no turning back. The horse and his wild rider must inevitably plunge over that cliff. Will it be to destruction? The breathless crowd shuddered.

As the broncho struck the broad platform of rock at the very edge of the cliff he did not change his gait but shot right on over it into the air.

As the crowd saw horse and man go like a flying Pegasus into empty nothing a cry of horror went up.

"My God," cried the Governor, "what a leap!"

Jake, in his excitement had waded into the lake almost to his waist while others rushed to the water's edge to see the result of the fearful plunge.

In about a second, with a tremendous splash the horse struck the water, and with his rider disappeared, but in a moment they had risen, and the gallant pony, snorting like a walrus, was seen swimming for home across the lake. Soon he was clambering up the bank on the other side. The Bishop, however, made no sign to the crowd. He did not look back, although the shouts and cheers of the crowd, added to the roar of innumerable 6-shooters, were deafening.

While the noise was at its height. Chicken Bill was seen gesticulating wildly, and pointing upward to the ledge from which old Pete and his rider had made their daring leap.

Instantly there was silence, for there, poised gracefully on the very edge of the rock, more like a fairy sprite than a human being, stood a beautiful young woman. She was clad in a natty bathing costume, and the wind blew her wealth of hair into tossing ringlets.

The fair apparition was kissing her hand to the crowd below, and the latter, supposing there was a little theatrical performance in store for their benefit, cheered wildly, never dreaming of her intentions.

But the Governor knew, and his face blanched. He made a gesture as though to stop her, but at that instant Daisy, for it was the Bishop's daughter, raised her hands above her head, and sprung off the ledge. For a moment it looked as though the girl would strike the water flat, and break every bone in her body. Just an instant the little figure quivered in the air, then turned as gracefully as a trout, jumping for a fly, and shot straight down into the lake, as swift as an arrow from the bow o a Ute. She punctured the shimmering surface and slipped out of sight like a steel bullet from a Winchester, leaving only a widening ripple circling from the spot where she had disappeared.

Blank horror froze the crowd. Men looked at each other paralyzed.

But Daisy soon arose like a Venus from the water, and shaking the liquid diamonds from her pretty curls, struck out for the farther shore with swift and graceful movements.

By this time the crowd had regained its senses, and the cheering was renewed with even more vociferation than before. In a short time the plucky girl reached the opposite shore. As she started up the bank she turned to wave her hand to the crowd. The bathing suit clung close to her form and she looked like a polished statue in ebony and white, glistening in the sun. Then she dashed up the bank and into the pines with the speed of a frightened deer.

The Governor wiped away the beads of perspiration that bedewed his brow, and drew a long breath of relief.

"Boys," he said, "I've won, but if I'm forgiven I'll never make another bet, no not even on the next election."

He promptly dispatched Jake to the Bishop's cabin to see if all were well, and to escort him in triumph to town.

"But where is Lord?" he asked looking around.

"A little disfigured but still in the ring," and Lord was seen pushing his way toward the Governor.

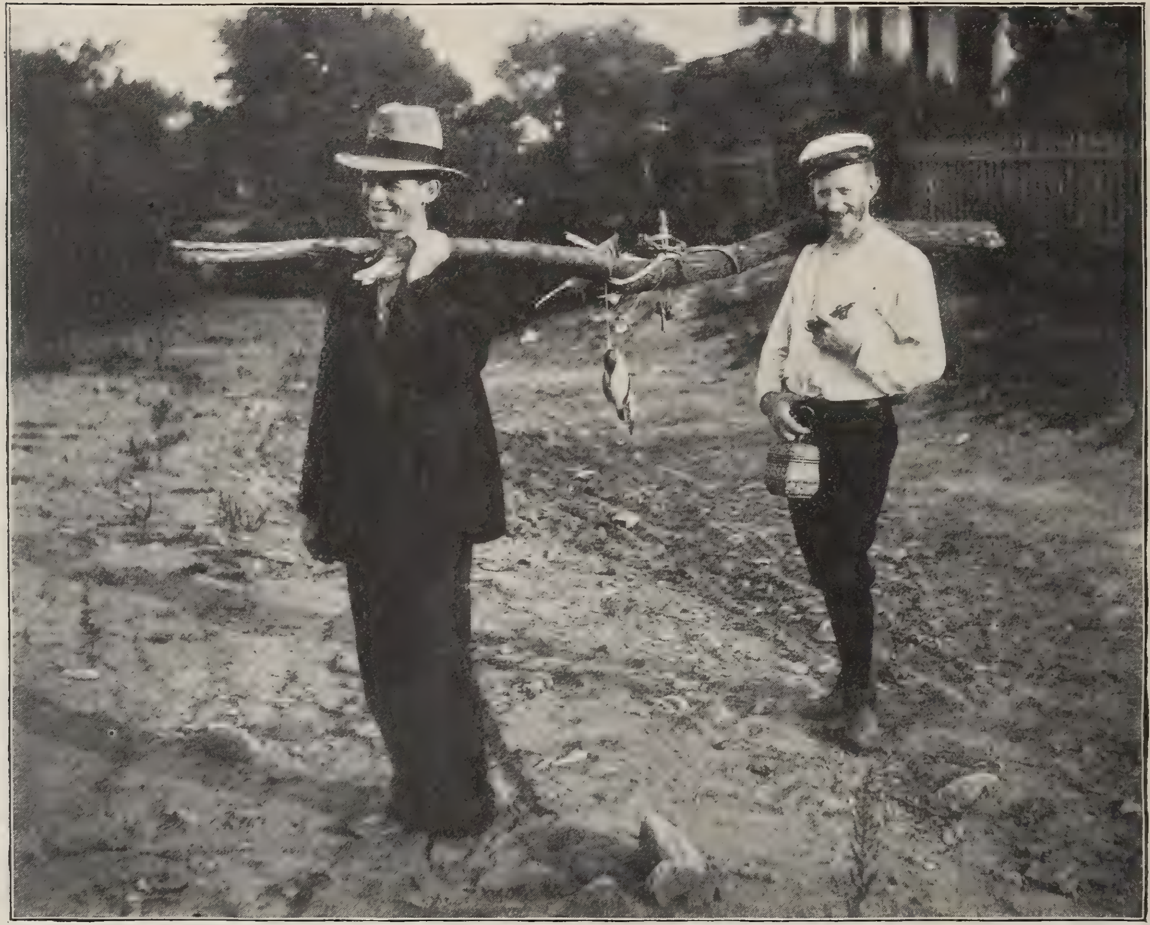
During the progress of the events just related Lord had outwardly preserved his calmness though his nerves, hardened by

Wall Street, were scarcely proof against the shock.

"Governor," said he, extending his hand, "I hope I know how to lose like a gentleman, and it is worth $10,000 to learn that a real Western man's word is as good as his bond."

"My friends," said the Governor, "we are about to leave you, but I have arranged for the young men to remain and see this event properly celebrated, though I hope they won't overdo it. Sufficient funds are left to buy the camp for a few hours at least, and I trust you will spend every cent, even if you have to burn it.

"Monday morning, when the Sylvanite Bank of Sun Dog opens its doors there will be placed to the credit of my friend, the Bishop, $5,000—$3,000 for him and $2,000 for Daisy. If any man doubts it let the Bishop draw his check for that amount, and he'll get the money so quick it will make his head swim."



FISHERMEN'S LUCK.

The above is a photo of 2 chaps who spent the Fourth of July fishing in New York bay and who caught only 2 little porgies. In order to get their money's worth they carried their abundance of fish home, strung to the largest and heaviest branch of a tree they could carry. The weight of the fish was estimated at 10 ounces. They paraded through the streets to their homes, feeling as happy as though they had caught a whale, or a cod.

HOOKED.

DEE V. BEAN, JR.

I make a cast, I feel a strike,
A flash, a moment's lag,
Another of suspense and then
I find, I've got a snag.

Why don't **you** join the L. A. S? Are you not willing to contribute $1 a year to increase the supply of game and game fishes, of song and insectivorous birds? Please answer.

AN EVENING IN CAMP.

F. J. SHERMAN.

We were camping on the headwaters of Pine creek, among the Alleghany mountains.

The evening was cool, our camp-fire sending its tongues of flame far up among the hemlock boughs, its ruddy glow falling on a circle of faces bronzed by exposure to the weather.

There were 10 of us around the campfire, and Judge Dean proposed that the evening be spent in relating personal reminiscences, each man in turn telling a fishing story.

Instantly Ned Howard was on his feet. "If it's to be an evening of fish stories," he said, "by the sacred shade of Izaak Walton, let us bar out the old-fashioned 'fish story,' which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and the country circus, changeth not. Let us have something different. We have all heard over and over again the old, old story: The deep, still pool, the sunset glow, the trout breaking the surface, the long cast, the sudden flash of light, the strike, the rush, the whirl, the whiz, the buzz of the reel, the wild flights, and final landing of a trout—weight, ¼ pound. All this we have lied about time and again, and I call upon Judge Dean, as the proposer of the evening's entertainment, to give us something new.

THE JUDGE'S STORY.

I was spending the summer on the Rangely lakes, where, as you all know, the trout grow very large. I was prepared for big fish, and long runs, and was carrying 150 yards on my reel.

Till the 15th of June the weather was cool, and the sport tame; but the evening of the 15th was ideal. Clouds covered the sky, ripples broke the surface of the lake. The air was warm and balmy, promising rain. The conditions seemed to endow everything finny with an appetite.

I was using a Coachman, a Brown hackle and a Professor, and all 3 flies were taking fish. And such fish! Not little 10-inchers, but 2, 3, 5-pound fellows, and occasionally one larger.

Five times that evening I took pairs, and once triplets. Think of it! Three fish, weighing 3, 4 and 6 pounds, respectively, combining to make your reel sing. What a strain that was on the rig—and my nerves.

Darkness settled down over us, which clouds rendered intense. I could no longer see line or flies, yet I could hear the splashing of large fish out in the darkness.

When night set in the trout refused my flies, yet I knew they were still feeding.

"John," I said, "we have only been catching the small boys. Judging from the splashing we hear, the old ones must be out now. I'm going to try them with a white fly."

I removed the tail-fly and replaced it with a white miller, bass size. I lengthened my line and cast over the bow. Before the flies had time to reach the water there came a tremendous tug. The reel began to whiz—z—. Yards and yards of line were run out before I could collect my thoughts. I attempted to check the run. The strain was tremendous. It fortunately lasted but an instant, then relaxed. I began taking in line. Before I had 10 yards reeled, again came that fierce tug; again the reel whirled and 25 yards ran out. I advanced the butt—again came that strain—again relaxed. I gathered in line fast. Suddenly the rush came again—this time from the left of the boat—and yards of line were again lost.

"John," I said, "I never hooked a trout like this one. He's gone clear around the boat. I think we've got the grandfather of all Rangely lake trout."

"We haven't got him yet," answered John, "and it's my opinion we never will. Look out for him or he'll part your line."

There was an instant of slack, and I had just begun taking in line when—away he went again. I put all the pressure I dared upon him, but yard after yard left the reel. Slowly but surely my line was going. There! The last foot was off. There was but one thing left. I advanced the butt.

Never shall I forget that moment, when lance-wood and silk contended with Rangely lake muscle. The tip rattled against the fingers that held the rod, and the silk responded like the tense string of a violin.

It may have been only seconds, but it seemed many, many minutes that strain continued. Could ordinary silk and wood stand such pressure? Zip—zip—zip! I could hear the line cutting on the rings.

I had given up hope, when suddenly the strain ceased. The rod straightened. For an instant I thought the line had parted; then, far out in the darkness—"splash." It was the first break on the water.

I gathered in my line. I drew it taut. The weight was heavy, but there was no attempt to run.

"He has given up the fight, John. Be ready with the landing-net."

Slowly the line was gathered in. The

fish had fought to the last, and now allowed himself to be dragged along, a dead weight.

After several minutes of reeling, I saw the dark object coming slowly through the water.

"Ready now, John, with your net. He may make an ugly run when he sees the boat."

John reached far out into the darkness. I saw the net raised, and—I sank down, exhausted. John lifted his prize into the boat and together we gazed at it in amazement.

All the rapid flights, all the sudden rushes, were explained.

My white fly had captured a huge—*night-hawk!*

* * * * * * *

"You must have thrown a very graceful fly, Judge, to fool a night-hawk," said Dr. Bolton; "but, Judge, do night-hawks feed on white millers?"

"I have given my experience," said the Judge, "and will answer no questions. I resign my place to you, Doctor, as you are next in the circle."

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

I am only a country practitioner, and my experience does not range so far as my friend's. But I met with a little adventure in the Pennsylvania woods last summer that struck me as somewhat out of the common.

I was spending the day on Laurel Run, unsuccessfully. At noon the net result showed 5 small trout, and 3 leaders left on the bushes.

About mid-afternoon I was standing in a long, deep pool, trying in vain to raise a trout, when a voice from the bank remarked:

"Wal, stranger, what kind o' luck yew hav'n'?"

Looking up, I saw a gaunt mountaineer leaning against a hemlock, whittling. His face was freckled and tanned into a reddish straw color. His hair and the tuft of whiskers on his chin were a lighter red. His brown hat and suit had faded into a slightly darker straw, and his watery eyes glistened like blue marbles set in a pumpkin.

"I'm not having any luck," I answered. "There don't seem to be many trout in this stream."

"Wal, thar yew hit it, stranger," he answered, in his slow drawl. "Thar hain't no trout left in this stream. What would yew gimme to show yew a place yew could ketch trout, and great big ones, too?"

"How much do you want, and how far is it to the place?" I asked, smiling.

"Tain't more'n a mile from here. Could yew stand $2, provided you didn't have to pay nothink till yew caught 2 good trout?"

I agreed to his terms, and trudged after him along a blind path through the laurel.

Following this path for about a mile, we came out on a swift mountain stream that ran over shelving rocks. Below us lay a deep, green pool of water. "What do yew think o' that for a hole? Thar's trout in it, and mighty big ones. Jist slip down along that flat rock and throw in."

I cautiously approached the top of the pool and made a cast far out, trailing my flies over as pretty a bit of trout water as I ever saw. No trout appeared.

I cast again and again, and covered every part of the pool, without the sign of a trout.

I changed my flies, and changed them again and again, with no better results.

"I guess there are no trout in this stream, either, my friend," I said.

"Wal, now, I'm thinkin' it's yewr flies ain't right," he replied, at the same time feeling around in his vest-pocket with his thumb and forefinger. "Thar, try that fly," taking from his pocket a large hook with 2 pieces of red flannel attached.

"That's not a fly," I said. "Jist you try it and see." To please him I removed my tail-fly and put on his hook.

"Now, throw it down thar near that rock."

I cast where he indicated, and the flies had scarcely touched the water when up jumped a fine trout and took the red flannel. He was 16 inches long, and I think as gamey a trout as I ever landed.

"When I fish here I always puts my fish in this hole," said my companion, pointing to a round hole in the rock on which we were standing, which hole was about 2 feet in diameter, and almost full of water, being nearly on a level with the big pool below. "It keeps my fish liven 'til I go home," he added.

As suggested, I dropped the fish into this hole. My companion then pulled a large, flat stone over the top of the hole, leaving an opening of about 4 inches on one side.

"Thar," he said, "that'll keep yewr fish from jumpin' out, and yew ken put the others you ketch in this openin."

I cast again down by the rock, but got nothing.

"Try under that beech limb," said my companion, "Thar outer be a trout under thar."

I cast as he suggested, and another fine fellow jumped on the red flannel. Again followed a gamey fight until the trout was landed. I slipped him into the hole with the other, remarking:

"Well, my friend, you have fulfilled your part of the bargain, and I'm ready to settle."

I paid him his $2, and was preparing to cast again, when he remarked: "Will yew be wantin' to buy that fly, too?"

I had forgotten about the fly, as he called it.

"How much do you want for it?" I asked.

"Wal, seein' yew'r goen to ketch a good many trout with it, yew outer gimme a dollar fer it."

I paid the dollar, which the fellow pocketed, remarking:

"Now I'll be goen; it'll be late when I git home. Hope yew'll have luck. Good-by to yew, stranger." He disappeared into the laurel bushes, and that was the last I saw of him.

I arranged my flies and made another cast; again a large trout raised and took the red fly.

I put him in with the others, and made several casts without any success. Then I raised another away at the lower end of the pool, still on the red fly.

For 2 hours I had the best sport I have ever enjoyed. The fish were all large, and the very gamest trout I ever caught. They fought hard from the time their jaws closed on the fly until they were lifted from the water.

They all took the red fly, and, most singular, that hook never missed a trout; every fish that raised was caught. They were all about the same size, about 15 to 16 inches long. Evidently they were all from one year's spawn.

But time flies fast when fish are rising, and approaching twilight warned me I must stop if I wished to have any daylight to find my way back over the strange mountain path.

Reluctantly I laid down my rod, and, with a last look at the pool that had given me such a rare evening's sport, I turned and prepared to string my trout.

I had 16 to 18 fish, and I cut a branch long enough to hold them all. I then pushed away the flat stone from the top of the pool.

The little pool was empty! It was only 2 feet deep, and the bottom a white sandstone. Every nook and corner was in plain view, but not a fish. What had become of them?

I was perfectly dumbfounded. I got down on my knees and examined the sides of the hole. Probing about with my rod, I discovered a large opening on the side next the big pool.

I ran my fishing-rod into it full length. The mystery was explained—the fish had escaped into the deep water.

As I wandered back to the village that evening the atmosphere around me was blue with a black border. At the hotel I found the proprietor in the office and told him my experience. He burst into a hearty laugh, and called to his clerk in the next room, "Say, Charley, here's another man's been taken in by old Si Haskins." Then, turning to me, he said:

"The man you met had a little bit of whiskers on his chin?"

"Yes."

"He took you along a path through the laurel?"

"Yes."

"Brought you to a big pool?"

"Sold you a red fly?"

"Yes."

"Told you to put your trout in a hole in the rock?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was old Si Haskins. You're not the first one old Si's beat. You were catching the same trout all the time. Si's got that trout trained. He makes lots of money out of him. When you put him in the hole he runs right out, and—*bites again.*"

IN GOOD FORM.

IN A FLORIDA JUNGLE.

W. T. HORNADAY.

On the East coast of Florida, half way down the long ribbon of green jungle that separates the ocean from Indian river, there is a real haven of rest. On a certain square mile of land and water, just 40 miles below Cape Canaveral as the fishcrow flies, nature has poured out a wealth of botanical and zoological treasures almost beyond belief. If I should place before you a list of the different kinds of beasts, birds, reptiles and fishes that have been taken within one mile of Oak Lodge, I could scarce expect to be believed without the added testimony of the score of well known naturalists and artists who have been attracted to that wonderland.

Two hundred miles below Jacksonville you alight from the train at Grant, a flag-station in the pine woods on the West bank of Indian river. There are but 5 houses to be seen. If you have announced your coming, Captain Latham is at the little yellow station, to greet you, and to trundle you and your baggage on a tiny tram-car down to the end of the little dock, where lies the safe and comfortable *Lida*, in which you sail across the river to Oak Lodge. Old timers leave all their cares and worries on the Western shore, and begin to rest the moment the Lida's lines are cast off. Do thou likewise; and may you have a North breeze and a moon, so that you can sail straight across into the North end of Mullet creek, and glide smoothly Southward with scores of silvery mullet jumping out of the water for your diversion, and the herons squawking a droll welcome from their snug retreats in "Jenk's Park" and "Queensland." If you carry a gun and ammunition, the herons will be silent; but if you have none, and would not kill a heron for a $5 bill, they will greet you joyously.

The "big freeze" of 1895 killed most of the mangroves on the 4 big islands in front of Oak Lodge, and their bare stems now point to heaven a forest of gray fingers in silent protest against their fate. It will be some years before nature repairs this damage, and until then the islands will lack the dense green fringes which once made them so beautiful.

But the jungle surrounding Oak Lodge is unharmed, and never was more beautiful than it is to-day. The frosts of '95 and '96 killed the growing crops of vegetables, but it brought no harm to Nature's botanical gardens. I am thankful that it did not. In the West Indies, in South America, the Malay Peninsula and Borneo I have seen some of the beauties of tropical vegetation, but never elsewhere in one spot have I seen such a glorious tropical tangle of palms, orchids, epiphites, ferns and mosses as are found about Oak Lodge. There are live oaks in plenty, but I do not give them special prominence because I have seen larger and finer ones elsewhere.

For nearly half a mile back from the bank of Mullet creek, nature simply runs riot. The cabbage palms are more luxuriant than on the mainland—and in such rich leaf-mould they should be. The land is a fine, dry ridge, and there is not a square foot of swamp until you reach the big savanna toward the North, where the round-tailed muskrats live. The live oaks strive with the cabbage palms for possession, with varying results: and it is where the oaks are that we find hundreds of splendid tillandsias of 2 species, one with crimson bracts and one with white. They grow on the live oaks, like pineapple plants, and are called "orchids," "wild pines," or "air plants," as the caller prefers. Whatever they are called, they are far more decorative to a tropical jungle than any real orchids I have ever seen. They do not draw their life from the trees, and in the hot-house or the home all they ask is a semi-weekly cup of water, poured in at the top. On the East coast, neither of the tillandsias grow more than 15 miles North of Oak Lodge, and at present their beauty and their decorative value are not in the least appreciated in the North.

Where you find the live oaks and the tillandsias, there will you also find tons of pendent Spanish moss, and great tree-trunks literally smothered by the wonderful resurrection fern. Every large stem of live oak that lies nearly horizontal is loaded with them. In dry weather they lose their color, turn gray, shrivel up as if fire had burned them, and seem dead past all hope. But go into the jungle after a soaking rain has fallen, and lo, a miracle! Every horizontal trunk is a fern bed of brilliant green, luxuriant and fresh almost beyond belief.

On the night of February 16th, nearly 4 inches of rain poured down at Oak Lodge, and we shall never forget the sight of ferns that greeted our eyes the next day.

Butterfly orchids are also abundant on the live oaks, and although they should have their share of attention, they are so eclipsed by other and more showy forms they are hardly noticed. The saw palmetto grows rankly everywhere, and in places we find the smooth-stemmed dwarf palmetto. Fringing the ocean beach is an eighth-of-a-mile strip wholly given up to a rank and almost impenetrable growth of saw palmettos, everything else, save an occasional cabbage tree, being jealously crowded out.

And then the sea!

It is deep close in shore, but the beach is all right for bathing, and the birds think it is all right for fishing. At evening hundreds of brown pelicans fly low over the foaming breakers, or along the crest of the beach, on their way to their famous rookery on Pelican Island, 10 miles below. Dainty little sanderlings run with twinkling legs along the sand at the edge of the creeping surf; royal terns gleam over the dark waves like flakes of burnished silver, and at long intervals a somber man-of-war bird sweeps by. The pelicans frequently dive for fish out beyond the breakers, and sometimes a school of porpoises will swim in the surf up and down the coast, for hours. Usually there are a goodly number of desirable shells on the beach, but in February, 1899, not one could be found.

The night of our last arrival at Oak Lodge, a dog barked close by in the jungle. It was Jack, with another opossum up a tree. Captain Latham patiently reached for his gun, and remarked, " If Jack has treed one 'possum, he has treed 300! "

" But why do you kill them? "

" Unless we kill them, they eat our young chickens, and make it impossible to raise any." Justifiable didelphycide, surely; and we went out to see what would happen.

A hundred yards from the house, in a picturesque grove of cabbage-palms, a sturdy little brindle dog growled and tore with his teeth at the trunk of a tree he could not climb. But our bicycle searchlight thrown aloft failed to locate the opossum. At last we picked up huge dry leaves of the palmetto — here called " fans " — lighted them and held them aloft. They made the lower half of the grove as light as day. At last we espied a pair of beady eyes and a pink nose peering down through a thick branch of live oak—and in another moment the tragedy was complete.

Three nights in succession, this incident was repeated. On the fifth day, three half-grown raccoons were discovered at play on the dock, and promptly engaged by Jack. One was taken, and the other 2 left, because Jack could hold but one coon at a time. The little procyon was taken alive and unhurt, and duly installed in comfortable captivity, preparatory to a journey Northward to the New York Zoological Park.

Around Oak Lodge all shooting is prohibited, and in consequence the birds are very tame. On the little dock, which is quite a resort for otters, I have sat for hours, field glass in hand, and watched wood ibises, great blue herons, little blue herons, Louisiana herons, ospreys and raft ducks, feeding in the creek. At times all these species were in sight at once. A wood ibis and a great blue heron came nearly every morning and fed along the shore of the creek, opposite the dock, and not more than 200 feet away. Farther up the creek, Mr. Newton Dexter saw, on 2 occasions, hundreds of wood ibises. This was up at " the pocket "—where he always caught such fine mullet and bass, and shot a bunch of black-breasted plover, besides sundry raft ducks, for the table.

There are game birds in the neighborhood which may properly be killed, but the sportsmen must work for every bird he gets. Usually fish are reasonably plentiful, and I have seen some very large sea bass and sea trout caught by Mr. Dexter. Last February, however, fish seemed scarce, and Captain Latham's story of how his companion " Chris." was twice " yanked " off the bow of the *Princess* by an enormous catch of mullet in a cast net—(35 fish the first time, and 24 the next)—made us sigh for " old times." As it was, there was just enough fish on the table that we were never tired of it—and never before did Oak Lodge fish and Indian river oysters taste quite so good. A mullet fresh from Mullet creek, and fried crisp and brown, surely is delicious.

Ten miles below Oak Lodge lies Pelican island, where about 3,000 brown pelicans breed from December to April, and where no gun may be fired. It is the greatest sight in bird life I ever saw; but that is another story.

Directly opposite the island, on the main shore, is Barker's bluff, a great hill 25 feet high composed of the shells of oysters and other molluscs that have been devoured by prehistoric man. All we know about the former inhabitants of Barker's Bluff is that they ate oysters, and threw away the shells. We presume, also, they died; but there is no evidence to that effect. Perhaps they moved away. The shell hill is several acres in area, and upon its edge stands in solitary grandeur the most magnificent live oak on the East coast.

There are many things which combine to make Oak Lodge an ideal resting place for a naturalist, or for any lover of nature. It is (thank Heaven!) " far from the madding crowd " of well-dressed, hotel-haunting tourists, who " dress for dinner," even in the woods, and who would rather wear silks and diamonds 365 days in the year than to taste real freedom in the jungle. One of the unwritten laws of Oak Lodge is that " no gentleman shall wear a coat save on 2 days—the day he arrives and the day he leaves." In this grateful and comforting Liberty Hall, bicycle suits are *de rigueur* and the limit of formality.

Mr. and Mrs. Latham. and their daughter Queenie, are naturalists and worshipers of nature, and have contributed scores of valuable observations to the " published writings " of their scientific visitors. Whatever your scheme for legitimate collecting, or nature study, or painting, or shooting, or fishing, they enter into it with lively sympathy, and aid and abet you to the end of your chapter. The big, roomy house is no Flaglerian palace, but it is full of comfort and freedom, and in the attic story is the most gorgeous room for taxidermic work and box-packing that could possibly be desired. At the long table athwart the North window have worked during the last 7 years Professor J. W. P. Jenks (author of Steele's Popular Zoology), Mr. Newton Dexter (annually), Jenness Richardson, Frank Chapman, Outram Bangs, J. Alden Loring, Frederic S. Webster (for the Carnegie Museum), and many others whose names I have forgotten. In 11 days "Jack" Loring collected for Dr. Merriam, 117 small mammals around Oak Lodge. Chapman and Webster collected and " skun " pelicans of all ages for big groups in their respective museums. Professor Henry F. Osborn has recently ordered a lot of live brown pelicans, and a car load of palms, epiphites, orchids and ferns for the New York Zoological Park, and I secured the most perfect rest for the wheels in my head that I could have found anywhere on the accessible earth.

This sketch may read like an advertisement; but it is not so intended. The Lathams will tell you we pay full price, in the coin of the greatest nation on the earth. I have taken the trouble to write this in order that whenever your head strikes work, from sheer exhaustion, when your nerves are frayed into raw and ragged edges, when you cannot sleep, and when you feel as if it would kill you to write another letter or to sign another promissory note, you will know where to find "a lodge in a vast wilderness" that will give you rest from the whole world, and recreation that will make you as good as new.

A REMINISCENCE.

G. E. VAN BUREN.

Missoula, Mont.

Along in '73 I went out with a party consisting of Charles Scott of Maine and 5 other Eastern men whose names I do not now recall. We pulled for the head of the Prairie Dog, aiming to hunt along it and other streams in Kansas. I rode a horse, named Ned, possessed of all the honesty and good sense that ever entered into the head and heart of any dumb animal. I could call him by word or motion as far as he could see or hear me. One day with a party of 3 friends I struck a herd of buffaloes and turned loose. We soon were badly scattered about and when I chanced to look back and to the right I was horrified to see a bull charge down on Mr. Scott and catch his horse near the flank, ripping it open and hurling horse and rider to the ground.

Whirling Ned short around I went to his assistance. Ned was going his best licks and we were soon near the wounded bull who was in a frenzy of rage. As I raised my gun to put in a shot as we passed by, Ned planted both fore feet in a prairie dog hole and I flew over his head as though shot from a catapult and landed almost under the nose of the furious animal, my gun flying 20 feet beyond. The buffalo with a snort charged me, and I with the agility that only fear begets rolled to one side. Springing up I called Ned, who instantly ran toward me. I glanced back and saw the bull turn and start for me. I grasped the saddle horn and leaped on. As I did so I heard the swish of Ned's tail as it was tossed by the buffalo's horns.

Drawing a .45 6 shooter from the saddle holster I planted a ball square between the eyes of the buffalo and gave a chuckle of delight as I saw him fall. Riding over to where my gun was I dismounted, picked it up, and turned my attention to Mr. Scott, who had been stunned by the fall, but revived as I came up.

"Well, Scott, how are you feeling?" I asked.

" All right, I guess, but where is the buffalo."

" He is lying over yonder, and when anyone says you cannot kill a buffalo by shooting in the——"

" Look out, Van, he's coming," Scott suddenly exclaimed.

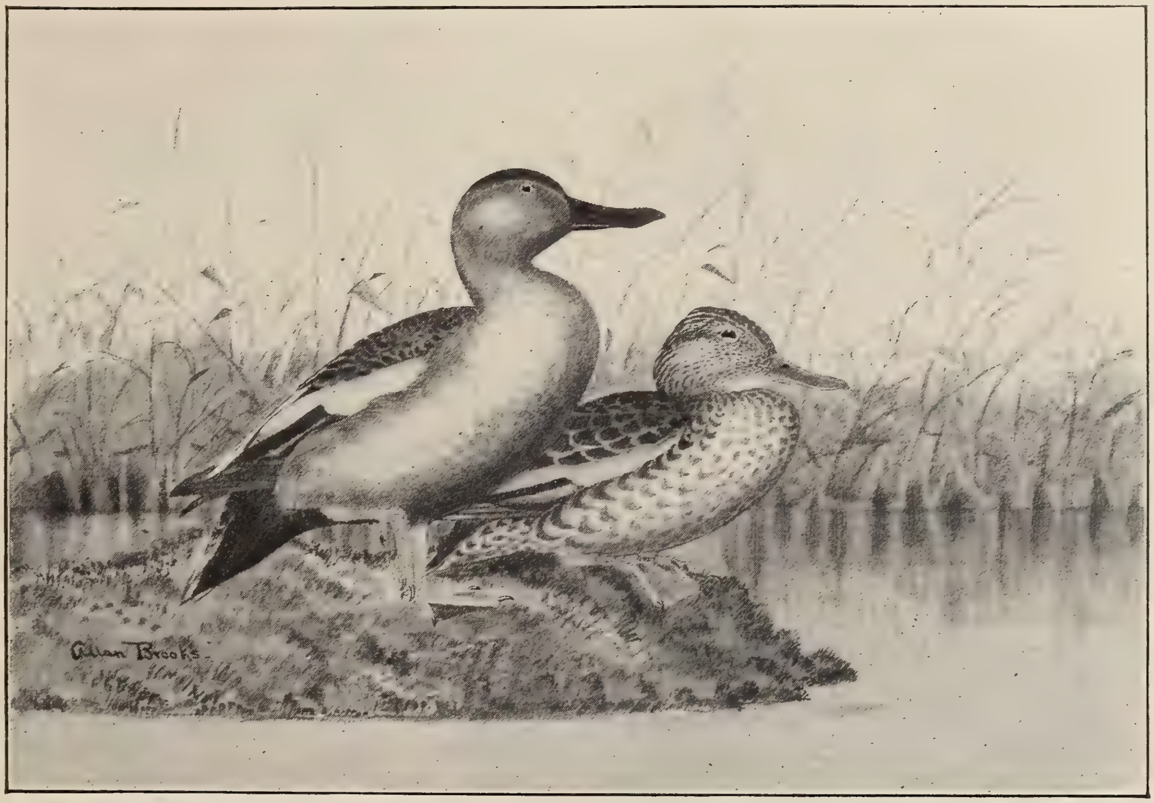
I looked and sure enough there came the bull, still on the warpath. I raised my gun and fired. He made 2 or 3 spasmodic jumps and rolled over.

We examined his head and found my first bullet imbedded in the dirt and hair against the skull. It had knocked him down and dazed him and made him madder than before.

THE CINNAMON TEAL, *ANAS CYANOPTEKA.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

This is one of the few ducks that is confined to the Western portion of North America. In fact, it is the only fluviatile, or non-maritime duck which is so restricted. Its Easternmost range overlaps the Western extension of that of the black duck; but unlike the black duck it does not range far North. In British Columbia it is not found North of the 54th parallel. Although the male is such a conspicuous duck, the female can hardly be told, even by an expert, from the female of the blue wing teal.



THE CINNAMON TEAL.

The male in Winter or Spring plumage is a very handsome bird and the affinity to the shoveller is strongly apparent, especially when handled in the flesh. It has the same yellow iris, steel blue wing coverts, lanceolate tertials, and to a considerable extent the coloring of the body. The bill too, is long and heavy, though not excessively spatulate.

In habits the cinnamon teal resembles the blue wing, frequenting grassy and weedy ponds as a rule, in preference to muddy ones. When sitting among the red tinted leaves of the water smartweed, the male exhibits a singular instance of color protection, being more inconspicuous than his mate.

Ten years ago the cinnamon teal was much more numerous in Southern British Columbia than at present, the Summer floods so common of late years having almost exterminated it in the Fraser valley. Their habit of nesting on low ground, as well as the late date at which they lay their eggs, insures the destruction of many nests by the June floods.

In Southern British Columbia the cinnamon generally arrives before the blue-wing, and I have noted it as early as the latter part of March. It is the first duck to leave in the fall, moving South as soon as the young are strong on the wing.

In the male the iris is orange yellow, changing to crimson an hour after death. The bill is black, feet ochre yellow, with membranes, and claws dusky. In the female and young the iris is yellowish hazel, or brown, upper surface of bill dusky, lower surface and feet varying from flesh color, to ochraceous yellow. It averages rather larger than the blue-wing teal, the bill being conspicuously longer, but this last character is not so marked in females and young birds which can generally be told by their more fulvous coloration, especially on the jujulum.

OUR WOODCHUCK.

STOVER.

After 3 years of diplomacy I at last succeeded in getting my wife to say she might like hunting a little bit. So when it was arranged that she should spend the summer and part of the fall in Sullivan County, great was my exultation, and I immediately began a series of mental hunts, that were to be put into actual execution in November. Alas, "the best laid schemes of woodchucks and men," etc. Business took an unexpected turn, my time became limited, and 6 weeks earlier than I had anticipated I started for the country, with only one week to arouse the madam's enthusiasm to such a pitch that she would share the sport with me.

The first day I shot one woodchuck, and she a blue jay, which she insisted was a hawk until she shot it. The second day brought forth only the feeling, that the advertisements say medicine will cure. The third day we discovered a woodchuck hole, and I dilated on the animal's characteristics until she doubted whether she would prefer a small bear or a large woodchuck. The fourth day we started out to look for the woodchuck. Arriving at the top of a small knoll, we carefully scanned the fields, when my wife excitedly grasped my arm, exclaiming,

"I see him! Look! Over there near that stone wall."

I looked and there he was. Glancing around I saw a neighboring farmer's daughter and a city boarder coming down the road. Telling my wife not to let them get in sight, I made a detour and at last found myself back of the woodchuck. Then I slowly crawled down the field behind the wall, a rather laborious operation with my gun, while my wife, after warning her companions, secreted herself behind a big bowlder and tried to control her excitement. After crawling about 75 yards, I saw indistinctly what I supposed was the woodchuck in the same field with me, and made a retreat worthy of a Cheyenne Indian to my starting point, almost plowing a furrow to keep out of sight. Then I found I had been right at first. Meantime my wife wondered what had become of me. Again I started and crawled to the spot where I had located the game. Then I raised my head cautiously and peered over the wall. The woodchuck was not in sight, and my wife and her 2 companions immediately began to gesticulate so violently, that for an instant I did not know whether they meant danger to me or to the animal. I strained my eyes until they ached, but could see no woodchuck. Deciding to rise higher to have a better view, I slowly disappeared from view, removed my hat, and again rose. This seemed to have a magical effect on my wife, who immediately climbed on the bowlder and began a series of Delsartian movements, which, reproduced by the Biograph, would be the hit of the season. Then the trio shouted and gesticulated like mad, but all I could hear was,

"Right in front of you. Right in front of you."

Shades of Belshazzar, what did they mean? The summer boarder awoke and his hoarse though faint

"Right in front of you," joined with my wife's in a duet that was slowly putting me in queer street.

"Right in front of you." "Right in front of you."

My eyes ached from trying to see the animal "right in front of me." I grasped my gun more firmly, perhaps I might have to use it as a club when I did see him. No use. I could not see him. Disappearing, once more, I crawled about 15 feet farther down and again looked cautiously over the wall. But I could not see him, and becoming desperate I rose a little higher and placed my hand to my ear to signify that I could not hear what they said. The pantomime of the trio now became simply indescribable. I was afraid my wife in her excitement would either fall from the bowlder or be knocked off by her frenzied companions. I have since learned that their remarks were somewhat on this order:

"The woodchuck don't know him with those glasses on." "Wonders what he has the gun for," etc. I was pretty warm, but that did not help me see anything, and I now commenced to glare around me, as I every now and then heard "Right in front of you;" and then what was that other word?

"Wall, wall." Ah! I had it! he was right in front of me just over the wall, and so near to it that I could not see him from this side. So I decided to jump the wall and shoot him on the fly. I glanced down the wall to find a good place to get over. As I turned my head, a big gray object, 24 yards down the wall, turned and our eyes met. For the first 1-5 of a second he led me by a length, as he hastily started to slide off the wall. That, however, was his undoing. If, like "Crocket's coon," he had offered to come down, he very likely would now be alive; but "my thoughts" of what Mollie would say if I missed him, stimulated me and I fired. I had him. I held him up to view. Mollie scrambled off the bowlder as quick as the woodchuck could have done, ran down to the bars, clambered through them and came running, her face aglow as she said,

"My! what was the matter? I thought we should lose him! He must have been watching me and did not see you."

That *we* gave me my cue, and thenceforth it was "our" woodchuck. On our way home, she called out to a neighbor as we passed, "Mrs. M——, come out and see what we shot."

Mollie is now an enthusiast and wants a 16 gauge Parker for a Christmas present. In years to come, she may, when showing her friends the skins of the deer and bears she shot, point to the woodchuck and say, "That? Oh, yes; that is the skin of a little woodchuck Mr. S—— shot; we only keep it on account of a laughable incident connected with it." However, at present occupying the most prominent place in the dining-room is the big skin of our woodchuck.

FLAGGING ANTELOPE.

H. M. LEE.

Like R. V. R. Schuyler, in December Recreation, I, too, have had some experience in flagging antelope, and found that it was not all dime novel talk, either. It can be done, for the antelope is an animal that at times lets his curiosity get the better of his horse sense.

In the summer of 1882, while in Trinidad, Col., I concluded to join a government surveying party, managed by 2 well-known contractors, Mr. Ed. Bright, of Trinidad, and Gen. Sopris, son of ex-Mayor Sopris, of Denver, Col. Our outfit consisted of 2 wagons, 6 burros and 12 men, including 2 transit men. We had a big contract extending over a large part of the state and most of the work was in the high and wild parts of the mountains.

While going from one location to another everything was loaded into the 2 wagons and the burros were driven; but when an out-of-the-way place was to be surveyed we would go into camp, load enough provisions on our 6 burros to last us a week or 10 days, and strike out over the mountain trails.

I was "burro man" or packer on these side trips, and when getting ready to start and while toiling up the steep mountain sides I had my hands full; but as soon as we reached our work and struck camp, I had only to drop off the packs, hobble my burros, and enjoy myself with the rifle and rod, for I was also the hunter for the party.

One day while traveling from one location to another in the South Park, Colorado, I saw a single antelope grazing about ¼ of a mile away. I thought this a fine opportunity to find if an antelope would approach a waving flag.

Slipping down from the wagon I told the driver to drive steadily on and I would try to get an antelope for supper. There was a prairie dog hole close to the wagon trail with considerable dirt piled up around it. I lay down behind this, and tied a red bandanna handkerchief around the muzzle of my rifle, stood the gun upright on top of the dog hill and awaited developments.

By this time the antelope had moved away nearly ½ a mile but still in plain sight, and in a few minutes, as soon as the wagon had left, he turned his attention to that red thing fluttering in the wind. He looked hard for some time, but finally could stand it no longer, and determined to get a nearer view, started at full speed, in a circle, approaching me gradually. He suddenly pulled up short and again looked long, then started once more at top speed going back and forth many times, at each turn getting a little nearer.

He finally got to what I thought about 400 yards, and I concluded that was close enough.

While he was making one of his runs (he did not watch me while running) I quickly took the rifle down, slipped off the handkerchief, set the sight for 400 yards, got 2 extra cartridges into my left hand, and resting the muzzle across the dog hill, waited for him to stop. Then I took deliberate aim at his shoulder and let go. Bang! and he was 20 feet in the air, it seemed to me and then away! Slipping in another cartridge I plowed up the dirt right under his nose as he ran, which turned him in the opposite direction, and once more my .40-70 kicked up the dust near him—mighty near him—but that was all.

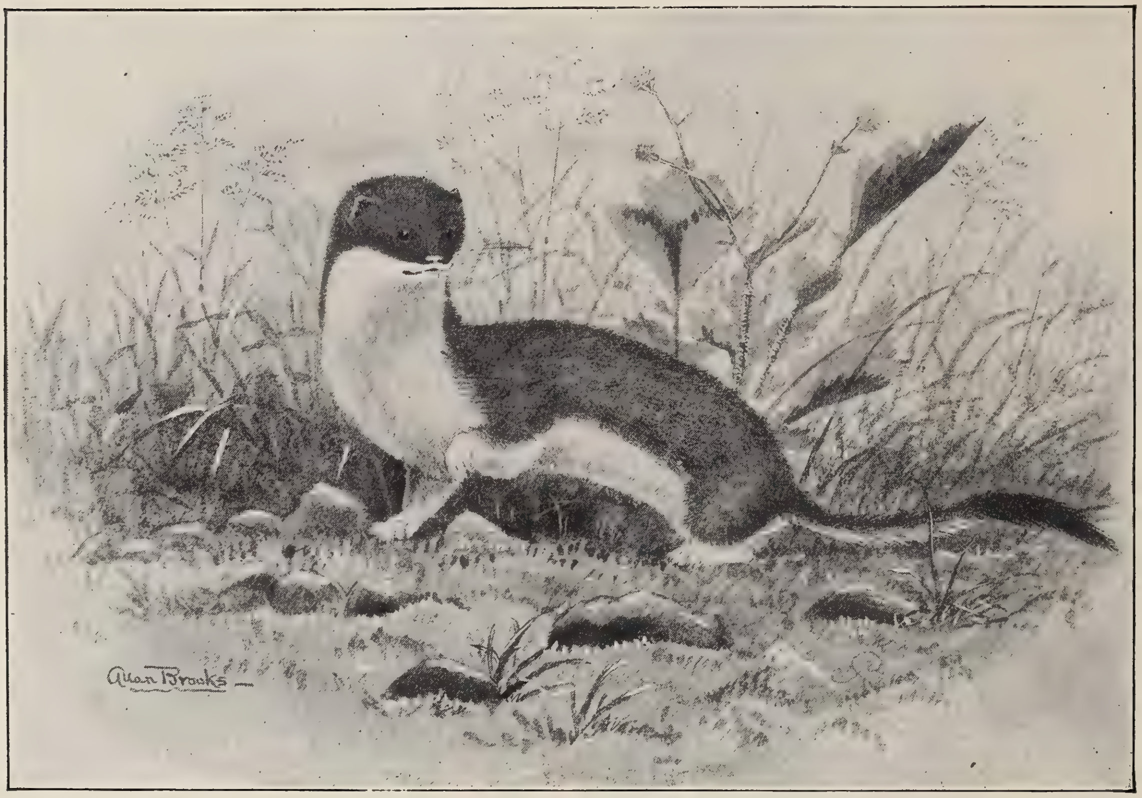
In an instant I was standing alone in the midst of that great plain with nothing but a long streak of yellowish antelope in the distance, and my own lurid thoughts and a few muttered words that would not look well in print.

I have never quite forgiven myself for having missed that first shot, for I had a fine Remington rifle, Hepburn model, single shot, 32 inch barrel, .40-70-330 patched bullet, with good sights. I should have been able to touch a vital spot, especially as I had a dead rest on the pile of dirt. However, I proved that an antelope can be successfully flagged, even if we did have only plain bacon and beans for supper that night.

COMMON AMERICAN WEASEL, *PUTORIUS MONGICAUDUS.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

This is the large weasel, which, with its sub-species, *spadix, saturatus, arizoniensis,* and *alleni,* ranges from Western Ontario and New England to the Pacific Coast; and from the most Southwestern states (in the higher mountains only), North to the Saskatchewan river, and Northern British Columbia.



COMMON AMERICAN WEASEL, *PUTORIUS MONGICAUDUS.*

It can always be told from Bonaparte's weasel by its much larger size, proportionately longer tail, and, in summer pelage, by the yellow or ochraceous under parts.

Large males are nearly as large as small female mink, and in general coloration resemble the pale colored marten to a considerable extent; especially the Pacific coast form, *saturatus,* which is very richly colored. There is not the same discrepancy in size between the sexes, so noticeable in the small weasels, (and in *Putorius noveboracensis,* the common weasel of New England); females of the *mongicaudus* type being nearly as lage as males.

This is a large and powerful animal, compared with the smaller species, and is much more destructive to game, being capable of killing a full grown rabbit or grouse. Still its principal food is the smaller rodents; on the prairies, gophers and ground squirrels; and in the mountains, squirrels, chipmunks, pikas, and mice of all sorts.

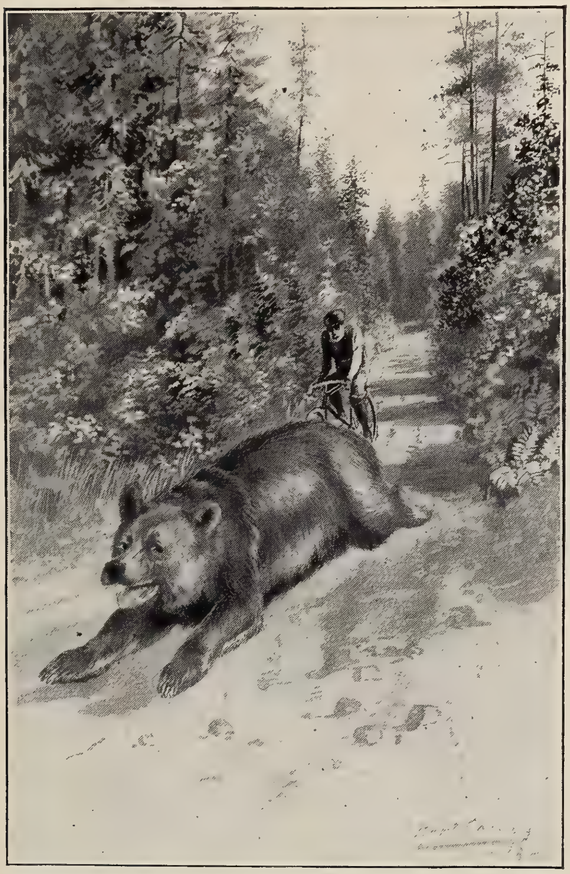
Throughout its range this weasel turns snow white in winter, only the under surface of the tail being suffused with yellowish, and of course the tip remains black.

For full information on the weasels the reader is referred to Dr. Merriam's "Synopsis of the Weasels of North America." (North American Fauna, No. 11.)

BRUIN VS. BIKE.

FROM THE "DAILY COLUMBIAN," WESTMINSTER, B. C.

J. F. Stainton, a blacksmith, recently of Ladner, had an exciting encounter with a bear, while on his way to this city. He took the road with his wheel, and all went well for half the journey. Then he noticed on the road ahead of him, a dark object, which, on closer inspection, proved to be a bear. Thinking to have some fun at Bruin's expense, the cyclist put on a spurt, with the idea of giving chase. The bear fell in with the idea and promptly took his place as the pace-maker, and gained rapidly. He was, however, out of training, and his bellows being punctured, as it were, he saw the necessity of gaining time, and slowed up. In the meantime, the cyclist, who had been put on his mettle, had got up full speed, and was close on the bear, when the latter majestically rose on his hind legs to receive the charge of the "silent steed."


THE BEAR FELL IN WITH THE IDEA AND PROMPTLY TOOK HIS PLACE AS PACEMAKER.

It was an exciting moment. Things had taken an unexpected turn, and there was scarcely a moment in which to decide what to do before a collision should occur. Concluding not to risk the latter, the cyclist crossed to the other side of the road, and endeavored to pass. Speed alone saved him. Just as he was passing, the glaring eyes of the bear made his hair stand on end, while a blow on the back, from the bear's paw, caused a cold shiver to run down the rider's spine, and almost unhorsed him, but not quite. He recovered his balance, and went full speed ahead, with the bear after him. The positions were now reversed, and the heavy roads made it again a question of wind. Finally, however, the cyclist forged ahead, and a good piece of road gave him a breathing spell. Mr. Bruin had left the track, and retired to the dressing-room, in an adjoining thicket, to have a rub-down, while Stainton proceeded on his way to this city, only too thankful that, though his coat was torn, a claw had not punctured his tire or caught in a spoke.

It was a narrow escape, and the experiment of making a terrified bear run himself out of breath and temper is not likely to be repeated by the doughty blacksmith of Delta.

THE FISH HOG'S PLAN.

H. N. DE LA NOY.

I'm going on a fishing trip—
  I dare not say it loud;
If RECREATION got a tip,
  He'd roast me—so he's vowed.

I'll take along a Gatling gun
  And do some hunting, too;
Nor will I stop my bloody fun
  While there is more to do.

I'll also take some dynamite,
  Some strychnine and some oil,
So naught but ash is left at night
  When I have done my toil.

I'll poison every living thing
  That comes within my reach;
The dynamite the fish will string
  In thousands on the beach.

I'll chloroform the rabbits, too,
  And drag them from their hole
By fastening a little hook
  Upon a lengthy pole.

I'll heap them up in one grand pile,
  And then I'll climb on top,
And stand in "See, I killed 'em" style,
  And let the camera pop.

AT ISTED'S CAMP.

F. D. H.

In a pine forest, 9 miles from a house, is the timber claim and log cabin of John Isted. I arrived at his place on November 6th to spend a few days in hunting deer. To my disappointment, I found Isted suffering from rheumatism. I regretted his condition as much as he did, for I had expected him to act as my hunting companion. Although his indisposition deprived me of his services as a guide, it did not prevent him from talking, and I greatly enjoyed my visit with him. He had spent over 30 years on the frontier, and had hunted bear, moose, caribou, and deer.

I hunted alone. My host gave me such information and assistance as he could. He told me where to find good runways, and how best to hunt the game I was after. He even cautioned me not to waste my time in following the track of a certain old buck that had made his home in that vicinity for several years. Said he: "I've seen him several times at close range, but never when I happened to have my rifle handy. He's a big fellow, his neck and hind quarters are unusually large and I call him 'the elk', he makes a peculiar track—the outside claw of his left hind foot being the longest. No use of following him, for he's a mighty knowin' critter."

Five days had passed, and during that time I had seen neither "the elk" nor any other deer. Signs and tracks were plentiful; deer were fairly numerous; but they all managed to evade my scrutiny. When I would return to camp at evening, and relate my ill success, Isted would laugh good-naturedly and offer some plausible excuse for my failures. After supper he would relate some thrilling adventure with a bear or bull moose, which would revive my enthusiasm for the chase, and the next morning I would again start out determined to kill a deer.

PHOTO BY DR. W. S. HURD.

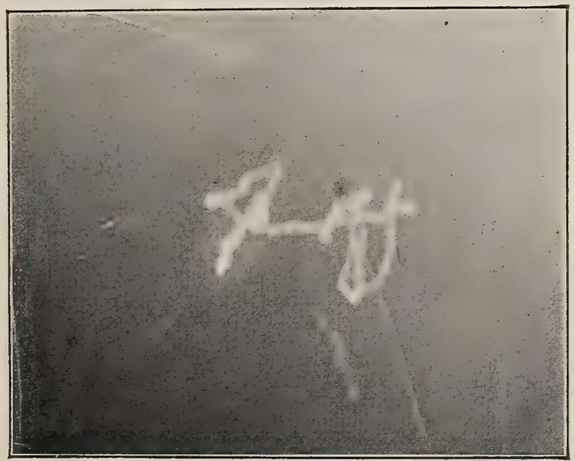
THE BIG BUCK OF PINE LAKE.

On the morning of the 6th day my luck changed, for within ½ mile of the cabin, I caught sight of a magnificent buck, walking leisurely along, apparently unconscious of my presence. This lordly creature had emerged from a thicket near a swamp, and was headed toward a high ridge, densely covered with towering pines. The wind was favorable, and if the buck did not change his course he would pass for a short distance through fairly open timber, and within a few rods of where I was standing. Through the openings between the trees I occasionally caught sight of the deer, but he was coming nearer, so I waited. The suspense, however, was becoming almost unendurable, and I felt I must shoot at my next glimpse of the game, or lose my head. I had not long to wait for the old fellow was now only 10 or 12 rods distant. The report of my .30-30 broke the stillness and the deer bounded out of sight. Eager to learn the effect of my shot I hastened forward and discovered fresh blood on the light snow that covered the ground. After following the trail about 200 yards, I saw a pair of legs extended upward and in motion. The buck had fallen from the effects of the bullet, and in his struggles had rolled into a small depression in the ground.

I paused a moment to study the situation, but his legs soon became motionless, and it was evident my quarry had received a finishing shot. The soft nosed bullet had entered rather high behind his shoulder; and "the outside claw of his left hind foot was the longest."

THE SHOOTING STAR.

I send you herewith a bonafide photo of 2 meteors photographed on November 15, 1898, at 1:40 a. m. The camera was set at 1 a. m. and at 1:40 the meteor hove in sight. A few smaller ones appeared earlier and imprinted themselves on the negative but were eaten off the print by the toning solution.



METEORIC PHOTOGRAPHY.

A hissing sound came from the direction of the constellation Orion, and the earth became as bright as day—so bright, in fact, that a newspaper could be read for at least 5 minutes. Two meteors met from opposite directions (East and West). A splitting sound could be plainly heard as they came together and formed a perfect arc in the sky. They remained this way for something like 10 seconds; then they took an irregular course across the sky, leaving streaks in the sky that took at least 10 minutes to disappear.

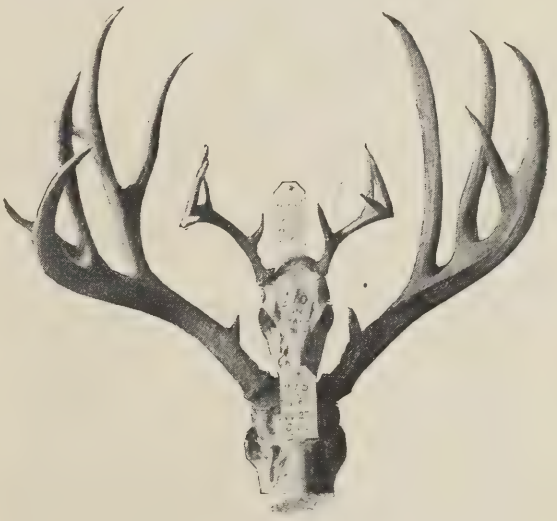
This photo was taken by Charles L. Huson, Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, N. Y.

This seems to be the second fortunate picture, ranking next to one made by an astronomer up the state, who I believe, is connected with Columbia University.

I send you herewith a photo of a mule deer and a fan tail deer head, showing the relative sizes of the antlers in each.

The fan tail deer is smaller than our white tail deer (*Virginianus*) while the tail seems longer. They are rare now in this section, but in 1871-2-3 I killed a good many on the flat top mountain North of Big Spring creek and Northeast of the Judith river, Montana; also in the Southern part of the Moccasin mountains and about 10 or 15 miles South of Black butte, on the headwaters of McDonald creek.

No. 210 shows the antlers of the fan tail deer. Beam length, measured from top of one antler along same to burr, then across to burr of other antler and along same to tip, 28½ inches; width or spread of antlers, 11 inches. Straight line measure from top of skull between antlers to top of antlers, 8½ inches.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY AUGUST GOTTSCHALCK.

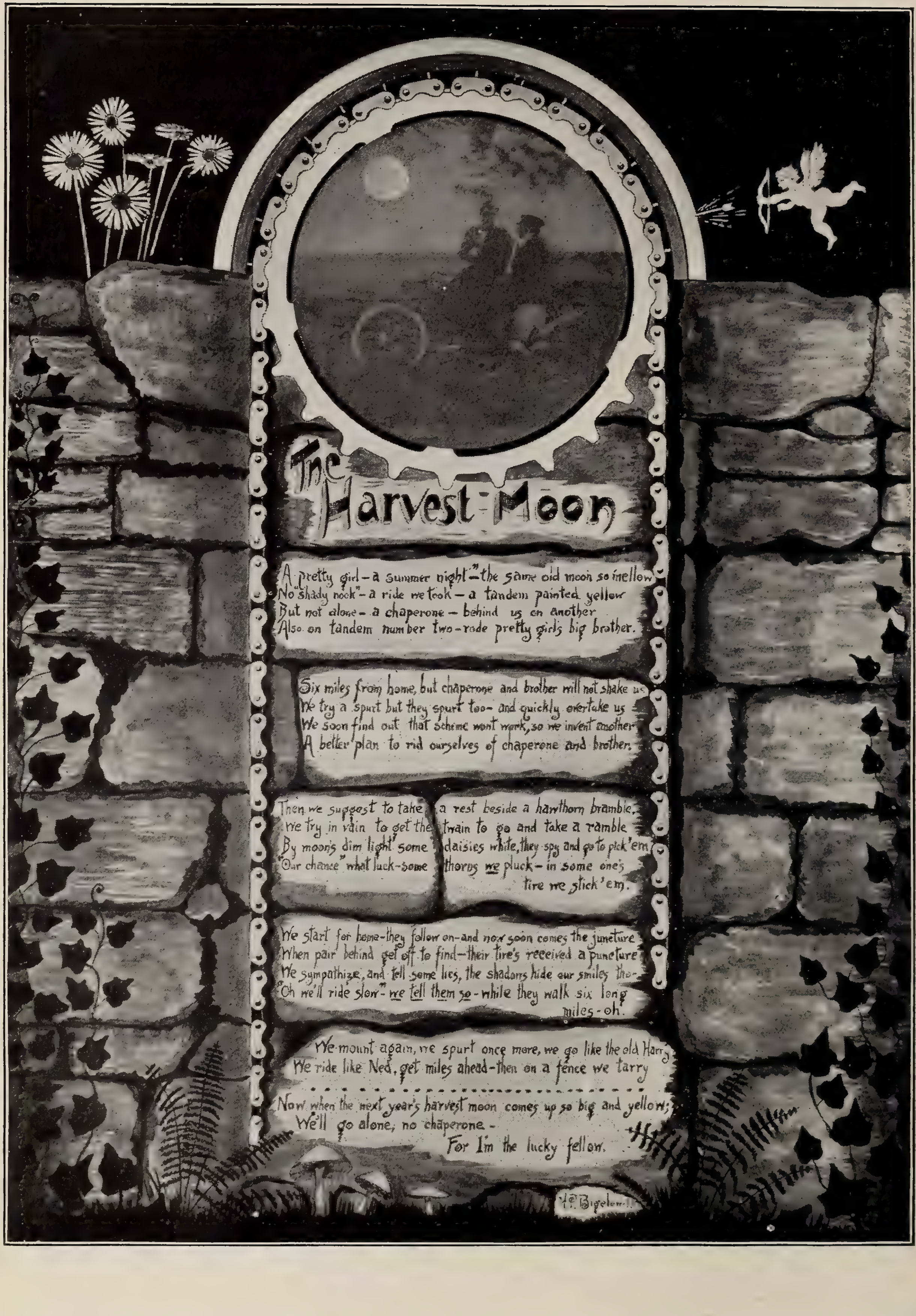
ANTLERS OF MULE DEER AND FAN TAIL DEER.

No. 215, mule deer head. Beam length, 63 inches; spread, 27¼ inches; straight line to top of antlers, 23 inches.

Game, especially deer, suffered considerably last winter from mountain lions. Snow is deep yet in the mountains and bear hunting has just commenced, several parties meeting with good success.

Aug. Gottschalck, Bozeman, Mont.

Why don't **you** join the L. A. S? Are you not willing to contribute $1 a year to increase the supply of game and game fishes, of song and insectivorous birds? Please answer.



The Harvest-Moon

A pretty girl—a summer night"—the same old moon so mellow
No "shady nook"—a ride we took—a tandem painted yellow
But not alone—a chaperone—behind us on another
Also on tandem number two—rode pretty girl's big brother.

Six miles from home, but chaperone and brother will not shake us
We try a spurt but they spurt too—and quickly overtake us
We soon find out that scheme wont work, so we invent another
A better plan to rid ourselves of chaperone and brother.

Then we suggest to take a rest beside a hawthorn bramble,
We try in vain to get the train to go and take a ramble
By moon's dim light some daisies white, they spy and go to pick 'em
"Our chance" what luck—some thorns we pluck—in some one's
tire we stick 'em.

We start for home—they follow on—and now soon comes the juncture
When pair behind get off to find—their tire's received a puncture
We sympathize, and tell some lies, the shadows hide our smiles tho—
"Oh we'll ride slow"—we tell them so—while they walk six long
miles—oh.

We mount again, we spurt once more, we go like the old Harry
We ride like Ned, get miles ahead—then on a fence we tarry

. . . .

Now when the next year's harvest moon comes up so big and yellow;
We'll go alone, no chaperone—
For I'm the lucky fellow.

H. P. Bigelow

WERE WE POACHING?

W. V. H.

On December 27, '97, L. H. and wife and J. C. and I, started for a one day's hunt on Cumberland mountains.

Our destination was S—— in Van Buren Co., but we stopped the first night at Q——, in an adjoining county.

While in Q—— we were informed that we would be arrested if we crossed into Van Buren county carrying guns, and that to kill turkey, quail, pheasant or deer, was punishable by law.

We were told also that the people living in the county could kill anything and at any time they so desired, but that the law prohibited any person or persons, living outside the county from killing any game in said county.

The fact that such an unjust law could be passed was a revelation to me. The utter unfairness of it so angered me that I remarked to my host, as I was retiring for the night, that I was going to "hunt tomorrow for turkeys, and I would like to see the color of the man's eyes who would follow to see if I killed anything."

Early on the morrow we started, and, after an hour's walk, arrived at the rendevouz on "Cane creek gulch," where we were to meet Dave and Geo. S——, brothers, and typical Tennessee mountaineers.

They were there awaiting us, and after a hearty handshake we began to discuss the most probable place we would flush a bunch of turkeys.

For answer, Dave and Geo. led the way down the precipitous side of the gulch to the first bench and told us to scatter and still-hunt abreast. We hunted up the gulch for a long distance without flushing any game, although we saw plenty of signs where the birds had been scratching for beech-mast. The leaders signalled us to stop, cross over and hunt down the creek. We did so but without success, until we met by common consent at the big poplar. No game save a few squirrels bagged by 2 of the boys who despaired of seeing anything larger.

After a short rest and a good cool drink of delicious freestone water Geo. and Dave decided to go to the flats on top. Dave and L. were to keep about 100 yards to the right of our party which consisted of Geo., J. C., the 2 boys and me.

After a long hard climb, we passed out into the flats and into the sunshine. I diverged slightly from the others and passed along the edge of the gulch. I had walked perhaps 50 yards, when bang! I heard Geo.'s single breech-loader roar out. Wheeling, I saw 10 or 12 turkeys, some running, some flying, scattering and going to the breaks. I caught a bead over my .38-40 Winchester on a fine gobbler about 90 paces from me and running like the wind.

He spread out his wings and dropped when I fired, and wheeling about I pumped another at one flying but missed him. I ran down to Geo. and asked what he had done.

"Knocked him down, but he got up and run," he replied.

"D'ye get yourn?"

"Yes," said I, "let's go and get him."

We trotted very expectantly up to where I saw him fall, but found nothing save a few feathers and some blood. We searched everywhere but he had vanished. The boys laughed and L—— killed one as they flew past him.

We scattered and began calling. I secreted myself behind some ivy on the top of a 50 feet bluff at the edge of the gulch. Occasionally I could hear a faint k-e-o-u-k from the breaks below, but could not locate it.

I had waited perhaps for 2 hours and had decided to give it up, when I saw a young gobbler step cautiously out from a clump of bushes about 200 yards below me.

He sent out a querulous, cautious yelp, as though ashamed for not remaining with the hens. I covered him with the open sights.

But wait, he's too far. Slowly the rifle goes down. He putters and grumbles and walks cautiously along sending forth an occasional k-e-o-u-r-r-r-k. He moves out into an open space and up goes my rifle. I measured the distance carefully, exactly. Too far—wait a minute. I'm almost quivering with excitement. It's my only chance for the day. Now he is going into another open spot, and again my gun covers him. Now is the time—at the butts of the wings, and you must shoot for blood. Steady, "boom," the .38 roars. He totters 2 or 3 steps forward and drops.

I stood up, swung my hat and shouted, "Boys, that's the finest shot I ever made." But not a man was in hearing of me. I carefully made my way down to him and on examination found the ball had entered exactly at the butt of the right wing and had passed out 4 inches below the left butt. Distance 160 yards. I carried him 75 miles through a snow storm to my dear old mother, and we had a feast on New Years, '98. Were we guilty of poaching?

ANSWER.

Yes, you were most emphatically poaching when hunting in the county where nonresidents were forbidden by law to hunt. You were, and still are, liable to prosecution for such offense. That you believe the law to be unjust is no reason why you should violate it. The highest court in the land has decided that a state or county may forbid non-residents to hunt within its limits; and it is not at all creditable to you to have willfully and intentionally violated any game law.—EDITOR.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

A CORRECTION.

Nashville, Tenn., May 10, 1899.

Mr. A. C. Webb:

Dear Sir: The attention of Gen. W. H. Jackson and me has been called to an article in May RECREATION, addressed by you to the editor in which you include this paragraph, from a Danville correspondent, that I had not seen until it was published by your request in RECREATION.

"Danville, Ala., Jan. 11, 1899."

"The holiday season of this neighborhood was enlivened by a visit of Gen. W. H. Jackson, Dr. J. W. Maddin and Mr. A. J. Carlton, expert bird hunters from Nashville, Tenn. They were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Hardwick. The party spent 2 mornings in shooting and killed 1544 birds.

You state that "undoubtedly a great part of these birds were song birds such as doves, meadow larks, robins, etc., whereupon, the editor, accepting your statement as true, denounces the slaughter as infamous. We write to inform you that only 154 birds were killed by our party, with 4 guns in 3 days, and not 1,544. They were all quail. Not a song bird was killed. An average of about 13 birds a day to each man. We request that you and the editor of RECREATION remove the "infamy" from the minds of the thousands of readers of RECREATION. You could have saved us this embarrassment by calling us on the telephone. We request that you send to RECREATION a written correction of these charges. Very respectfully,

J. W. Maddin, M. D.

Nashville, Tenn., May 13, 1899.

Editor RECREATION:

I have just been informed by Dr. J. W. Maddin that one of the clippings from the Nashville Banner, reprinted in May RECREATION was incorrect. The number killed was 154 birds, all quails.

This puts these gentlemen in a very different position from the one they would have occupied had the statements as published, and my inferences therefrom, been correct. Knowing that the finding of more than 1,500 game birds in a part of 2 days was an impossibility in any Southern state, and that the robins, which winter in the gulf states were slaughtered by hundreds and daily exposed for sale in our market houses during winter and early spring, and that only robins at that season could be found in such numbers, I naturally concluded the greater part of the birds killed must have been robins. It did not occur to me that there might have been a typographical error in regard to the number killed..

Your comments in regard to the killing of song birds are eminently appropriate, but they do not apply to the 3 gentlemen named above.

A. C. Webb.

I regret that I should have unjustly charged these men with killing robins. However, I do not feel I am to blame for so doing. It would seem the proper thing for them to have done would have been to publish in the Nashville Banner a contradiction of its report. Then Mr. Webb, who sent me the clipping, would doubtless have seen their disclaimer and would have advised me. It seems, however, they allowed the daily paper to accuse them falsely and made no protest. I reprinted the account in good faith and solely for the purpose of checking the custom, so prevalent in the South, of shooting robbins and calling them game birds.

I considered Mr. Webb thoroughly trustworthy and as he was on the ground and knew the men mentioned, I did not question his knowledge of the facts, and so did not write the other men. I trust that what I said on the subject of the killing of robins may have done some good. It is high time all Southern sportsmen should learn that their custom of killing robins and other song and insectivorous birds, under the name of sport, *is* infamous in the extreme.—EDITOR.

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.

When I landed in Texas from England, nothing so amused me as the enthusiasm with which people spoke of their own towns. They would tell you how many stores, blacksmith shops, etc., each contained, how many trains ran through each day, what fine water they had in their wells, etc., etc., until one got tired. They reminded me very much of one of the members of an angling association to which I belonged in the old country. He was a cockney, and at every opportunity would launch forth on the superiority of everything pertaining to his native town. It was the largest town in the world, had the largest population, the cleverest lawyers, the most scientific physicians, the cleverest professors, the finest actors, etc., etc. He was a nuisance. Finally one of the other members lost patience, and gave it out that he would silence him forever at the next meeting. Needless to say every member was there. When all business had been transacted, the meeting settled down to talk over their catches. Quite accidentally (?) the conversation turned on Thames trout. This was sufficient for the cockney, and for the last time, he treated us to the usual speech, finishing up with, "How difficult to fool a Londoner!"

"That's so," said the member who intended to silence the cockney, "you've heard me tell of the rich uncle whom I expected would leave me his money, but didn't? Well, I'll tell you the reason; it was because he thought I tried to fool him. My grandfather had a large store in London, and after his death my uncle took to the business, and there he stuck from Monday morn till Saturday night, never once taking a holiday, for fear the clerks would rob him or burn the store. He stuck to business till his health gave way; then wrote to father accepting his long-standing invitation and promising us a visit. He arrived one night about dusk, mother got him a nice supper and he went to bed, before which father told him he had to go off early in the morning to buy a lot of sheep, but would be back about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Meanwhile Tommy—that was I—would show him round. Next morning father took me on one side and gave me strict injunctions not to vex my uncle in any way because he might probably leave me his money, I being the only nephew and uncle a bachelor. After breakfast mother made up a bouquet for uncle's coat, and uncle and I started out. I took him round the garden, showed him the lettuce, cabbage, onions, radishes, etc., through the farm building, into the potato patch, telling him what it was. O, yes; he could see the little potatoes just forming on the tops of the vines. I was nearly telling him his mistake, but remembering what father said, held my tongue. We went into the wheat and I pulled some of the heads and rubbed the grains out in my hands; same with the oats and barley. Then we went to the meadow where the mowers had just began to cut the grass. I told him that was a hay field. Uncle bent down and began to examine the grass, after which he got up and shook his head and said: "No!"

"But, it is, uncle."

Again he bent down and examined the grass, shook his head, and said:

"You can't fool me."

"Indeed it is, uncle."

"It is, eh? Then where's the haycorns?"

In the hubbub that followed the cockney slipped away, and the place knew him no more. S. Howarth, Florisant, Colo.

THE RED DESERT COUNTRY.

I note an article by Dr. Dunham in October RECREATION suggesting a national winter game preserve in the Red Desert of Wyoming. I can give a few facts about that little-known region. In May, '83, while camped on Sweetwater river near St. Mary's, at the Northeastern boundary of the Red Desert I lost a 4-year-old race horse and as I was much attached to this horse I took great pains to recover him. I followed his trail to the desert and spent 2 weeks hunting for him. I found the region splendidly grassed, with water holes where least expected and a bunch of wild horses ranging there; but I never found my colt. The country was hilly and broken by coulees at the Northern end.

In May, '88, I went to Hoback basin and remained a year. At that time half the antelope that wintered on Red Desert summered in Hoback basin. This basin is located on Hoback river, 15 miles above its junction with Snake river, at the head of Grand canyon. It is about 6 miles long by 3 wide, beautifully grassed, and with pure, cold spring water in abundance. Its altitude is 6,500 feet. The Hoback runs through the center of the basin and, as there is no standing water, there are no flies or mosquitoes there; although in the mountains adjacent they are bad in June and July.

The Gros Ventre mountains bound the basin on the North, the Lander and the Hoback mountains on the West and the Beaver divide on the South. To the East is the high Green river divide. In May, antelope come to the basin from the Red desert country by the thousands, thin, poor and full of sage. By August they would be fat as Kentucky southdowns. I have shot antelope on every range in Wyoming but none so fat and fine flavored as in Hoback basin. They would feed morning and evening, drink and then lay down the rest of the day, contentedly chewing their cuds, or asleep. The winter I spent in the basin—'88-'89—probably 1,000 elk wintered there, but that was a short, light winter for that region. In the 7 years I lived at the Northeast end of Jackson lake I learned there is a great difference in the winters in these mountains.

The great herds of elk that range summers between my home and Yellowstone lake bunch in the fall on Big meadow, a mile above the head of the lake, and then pass my ranch, going South to the valley of the Buffalo fork of Snake river. If the winter is mild many of them winter on the great Buffalo fork ridges. But if a hard winter is coming they go on South to Jackson's hole.

This has been their wintering ground for ages and from there on down Snake river valley to below Swan valley they range by thousands when the snow becomes too deep for them in the Yellowstone park and adjacent mountains. The great herds of elk in Yellowstone park—at least all that range between Yellowstone lake and Jackson lake—go this route. The elk that go to Red Desert come from the Wind River mountains and the Eastern Gros Ventres, the Lander mountains and the headwaters of Horse, Piney and La Borge creeks—Western branches of Green river in Uinta county.

D. S., Jackson Lake; Wyo.

A PROTEST.

Here is a copy of a letter written by the **Hon. W. B. Mershon**, of Saginaw, Mich., to Governor Pingree, begging him to veto the spring shooting bill:

Hon. H. S. Pingree, Lansing, Mich.:

Dear Sir: I am gratified to learn that you are inclined to veto Senator Leidlein's bill permitting spring shooting, and I cannot urge too strongly, in behalf of all the true sportsmen of Saginaw that you disapprove this measure. To permit, at this time, spring shooting would be a long step backward in the cause of game protection. For years the energetic sportsmen and game protectionists have labored to have laws enacted preventing the shooting of these breeding birds in the spring, when on their annual flights to their Northern breeding grounds, when they were paired and mated and when the destruction of one bird means the destruction of an entire brood. By conference the legislatures of Illinois and Wisconsin agreed to abolish spring shooting, with the understanding that Michigan did likewise, and the promise was well kept 2 years ago. The claim has been made that if spring shooting was allowed in one State, the selfish greed of the neighboring States demanded the same privilege of slaughter. The 2 neighboring States have laws that prevent spring shooting and Michigan cannot afford to have her honorable reputation tarnished by going back on this agreement, or even without the agreement, by taking this barbarous step backward. In the State of Ohio, they are even more rigid than we are here. Not only do they prohibit spring shooting but in many localities the shooting of ducks is limited to 3 days each week during the open season in the fall.

All who are interested in the subject have agreed that too much cannot be done to protect game birds, fishes and song birds; for with the rapid diminishing of our forests, their natural covers and their natural places of breeding and feeding have become so scarce that the songsters and the game birds naturally decrease. With the aid of modern fire arms and especially the pump gun in the hands of those who have no sentiment for the songsters and who care only for the game birds on account of the dollars they will bring, and of those for whom a bird fills the pot for them no more acceptably than a chunk of pork does, the work of slaughter goes on.

I do not want to see our water fowl disappear as the buffalo and the wild pigeon have; hence I again implore you to veto the bill which attempts to reinstate the barbarous custom of killing nesting birds.

Yours respectfully,

W. W. Mershon.

It is strange that the Governor should have turned a deaf ear to the hundreds of such appeals sent to him by decent sportsmen, and that he should instead have yielded to the entreaties of the pot hunters and game dealers. But then, American politics are full of mysteries.—Editor.

WANTS THE OLD MEN TO STAY.

Editor Recreation:

I have the honor to request that you do all in your power to help the people living in the vicinity of Yellowstone park to hold the 4th Cavalry at their present station. I ask this on behalf of the law-abiding citizens who live near the boundary of the park. A short time ago, an order was issued from the war department relieving troops D and H 4th Cavalry from their station at Fort Yellowstone. Everyone knows that a change of troops will lead to the destruction of a lot of the game in the park. The buffalo and beaver will suffer more than any other game.

It takes a troop of cavalry at least a year to learn the habits and haunts of the game, and the boundaries of the park. In view of the fact that there is only one troop of cavalry here this summer no doubt that the poachers will have everything their own way. The troops that are in the park should stay at least 6 to 8 years. Troop M 1st Cavalry is coming here. They are entirely ignorant of the habits of game and the boundaries of the park. There are plenty of troops which can be sent to the Philippine islands without sending troops D and H, and I do not believe that we should let the game in the park be destroyed just because the war department wants to change the troops. Their attention should be called to this matter at once. The 4th Cavalry has done more for the protection of the park than any other troop that has ever been here. There are 3 scouts in the park, but it is impossible for them to stop poaching, if the war department keeps changing troops every 2 or 3 years.

The scouts are Morrison, Whittaker and Burgess. The former are discharged soldiers and the latter a government employee for 35 years. Morrison is a man who can not be relied on to do much. If he saw a poacher he would go home and leave him to do his poaching. This, I know from reliable men. In fact, old poachers themselves say they are safe if they see Morrison coming. If they see one of the other scouts they have to run. It is the poachers -ho seem to have it in for Whittaker. He is too strict to suit them. He will arrest a man on mere suspicion. Last November 2 men went hunting from Gardiner and Whittaker caught them shooting some antelope. It was a little after dark, so he could not see to shoot, but the 2 men told me, themselves, that he shot at them and that bullets were whistling mighty close to their heads. Whittaker is a personal enemy of mine, but I believe he is the best scout that has ever been in the park. I know he has arrested more men since he has been on the force than all the others. In fact, he arrested me once. I tried to bribe him with money and whiskey, but could not induce him to let me go.

Burgess is a good scout and no doubt will always do his duty. I understand Whittaker is going to leave the park. When he does go, the park will lose a good scout. There was but little poaching done in the park last winter, owing a great deal to the work of Whittaker and Burgess. Every morning at 5:30 I could see Whittaker patroling the North line of the park, and he kept at it all day long, with Sergeant M. J. Wall, of the 4th Cavalry, another man who puts fear in the hearts of the poachers.

C. D. J., Gardiner, Mont.

NO EXCUSE.

One Hurst, writing from Glendive, Mont., indirectly accuses me of using a hound when hunting deer in the Yellowstone valley, in 1896. This is both true and untrue. We had a half-bred hound at our camp and on one occasion I used him. One of our party had shot a deer through the intestines, inflicting a fatal wound. There was no snow; the wound stopped bleeding, as such wounds commonly do; we hunted for the deer a full half day and finally lost the trail. We then went to camp, got the hound and in about 10 minutes found and killed the deer.

No doubt this was technically a violation of the law; but I would sooner violate the strict letter of the law than have a wounded deer die a lingering death. I have never shot at a deer running before a dog, nor at bay in the water. I kill all my deer in the good, old-fashioned way—by still hunting; but I don't intend to leave a wounded deer to die by inches because some legislature enacts a law requiring it.

As to the charge of shipping venison out of the state of Montana: I did ship one saddle to my home, and I ate it. When a man has killed a deer it becomes venison. This is an article of commerce—and as such, its shipment from one state to another is a matter of inter-state commerce, and not subject to regulation by state legislatures. It comes within the exclusive power of congress. I have no doubt such laws are absolutely unconstitutional, and whether they are or not, I have no respect for a law which allows me to kill a deer, but refuses me permission to use it. If I kill a deer in Montana I can not camp by it, Indian fashion, and eat it up; so I take it home and eat it at my leisure. And, say, Coquina, it was good, and don't you forget it. If Hurst don't watch out I shall very likely do it again. If Hurst will watch some of his friends and neighbors who constantly hunt in the close season, and with hounds too, he won't have much time to watch

A. A. C., Minneapolis, Minn.

ANSWER.

The fact that you do not approve of a law is no reason why you should violate it. The horse thief does not approve of the law which prohibits the stealing of horses. The burglar does not approve of the law which prohibits him from breaking into his neighbor's house. The bank cashier does not approve of the law which prohibits him from helping himself to the money deposited in the bank. The man who likes to hunt and fish on Sunday does not approve of the law which says he shall not do so. The courts have decided repeatedly that the game in any state belongs to the people of that state and that they may legally prohibit the shipment of it out of the state. In a decision on a case of this kind the court held that:

"The state holds the ownership of game in trust for all the people of the state, but not in trust for all the people of the United States. This trust existed before the United States was formed and there is nothing in the constitution compelling one state to allow citizens of other states to enter its limits, kill its game and transport it."

True, such a law seems unjust from the standpoint of the man who is unfavorably affected by it; but not from the standpoint of the people who are favorably affected by it.

I trust my good friend, A. A. C., will never again ship game out of any state, in violation of the laws thereof, simply because he deems the law unjust to himself. EDITOR.

A CONVERTED GAME HOG OBJECTS.

I want to express my approval of your efforts to suppress the game hog, and at the same time to enter my protest against another sort of game hog. I do not remember being a game hog but once and my conscience has always troubled me for that. I think it was 30 years ago next month that I left camp one afternoon with an old Spencer carbine. Conditions favoring, I got ahead and kept ahead of a herd of buffalo and in less than 2 hours I had killed more old bulls than I ought to have done. I dare not confess how many. I could have killed more but I saw my fault in time. In subsequent years I have often supped on a cup of "pinole" and water when a buffalo or antelope steak would have been easy to get and very much relished, but I preferred the "pinole" rather than killing an antelope or buffalo, for a meal or 2 for one person, so I have parpartially atoned for my one fault.

What is sport to one man is not so to another. Personally, I never could see a particle of sport in shooting birds over a dog or from a trap. But I have always been willing to help protect the interests of those men who did enjoy that sort of shooting. To pit my intelligence and my knowledge of the prairie against that of an old wolf and follow it for a day or more as I have done is what I call sport.

I remember an army officer who rather prided himself on the skill and daring necessary to hamstring a buffalo with a bowie knife. To me it always seemed about as brave a feat as cutting the head from an old rooster. I love to protect quail because I love to see and hear them in the country. But there are some so-called sportsmen who want all the game laws so drawn as to provide for their particular form of sport. These are the selfish game hogs of the class I refer to. For instance, it is sport of the right kind for a farmer's boy to take a bit of cabbage or sweet apple, and a string and arrange a snare for a rabbit. The boy uses skill, judgment and a knowledge of the animal's habits. The sportsmen have secured a law in this state that prohibits the boy from exercising his knowledge of nature and having his early winter sport. The sportsmen who advocate such a law, to my thinking, are selfish game hogs. In one way it hits me personally. The only game I see around me is the fox. To go out with a pack of good hounds and a good horse is grand sport—better than bird shooting. And yet so-called sportsmen secure the passage of laws prohibiting my sport.

In February Recreation, page 122, is a communication from a man in Smyrna, N. Y. I hope he is a sportsman, but when he tells about blowing out or killing in their holes our most royal game I feel that he needs talking to. Contrast his letter with that of Mr. J. H. Montagu, Jr., Richmond, Va., on page 125 of the same number. He knows what true sport is.

This is a point I have never seen discussed by sportsmen. True sportsmen are never selfish. The game hogs are. True sportsmen recognize others' rights and do not try to oppress others.

Wm. M. Baird, Warrington, N. J.

EXPENSIVE RABBITS.

Wakefield, Mass.

Editor Recreation:

For 4 seasons I have been to New Hampshire rabbit hunting. In November last I went to my usual hunting grounds, where 3 of us own a comfortable camp, taking a pair of well-bred beagle hounds with me. Being alone and for a change I boarded at a nearby farm instead of occupying the camp. Every day for a week "Gladsome," "Hunter," and I went into the woods close by for the big white hares and most every day I brought some game to the bag, either hares or partridges. The hares had not gone into the swamps, so our hunting was done on the side hills.

Three inches of snow came while I was there but it turned to rain, formed a crust and froze on the trees making beautiful scenery, but making it impossible for the dogs to do good work though they did as well as hounds could do.

One Saturday a boy from the farm was allowed to go out with me. He was great on hedgehogs and found signs of 2 which we traced to where they were working in maple trees. To please the boy and to help the farmers I shot them.

On this trip I shot but 6 hares, 3 partridges and 2 hedgehogs, but the freedom of the woods, the pure air, the music of the hounds, with what game I got fully repaid me for car fare and time away from business, yet some of my friends said "they were costly rabbits." Under more favorable conditions I should have got more game, but such an outing is the best medicine I know of.

Why do not some of your readers tell us about their rabbit hunts? A large number of Recreation readers would be delighted to read accounts of such hunts. Hunting big game is all right, and I have done some of it outside of New England, but I enjoy hunting with dogs.

Recreation is "all right." It is not the sporting man's magazine, it is the sportsman's delight and that is better, for we all know the difference in those two kinds of humanity.

Arthur S. Aborn, Wakefield, Mass.

CUVIER HUNTING AND FISHING CLUB.

Cincinnati, O.

Editor RECREATION:

I am sure you will be pleased to learn that the efforts of RECREATION to secure fish and game protection and advance the interests of true sportsmanship generally, are ably seconded by the Cuvier Hunting and Fishing Club, of Covington, Ky. This club was organized a year ago last August, with 65 charter members. To-day it has 265 members, and applications enough to pass the 300 mark by the first of the year. While most of its members are business and professional men residing in Covington, many are residents of Newport and Cincinnati.

One of the principal objects of the club is the protection of game and fish, out of season, by a rigid enforcement of the game laws, and in season, by discouraging a wasteful destruction. The club issued a great number of large and attractive posters, which were scattered broadcast throughout the state, with the request that they be hung in conspicuous places. The posters quote the fish and game laws of Kentucky, and say that to anyone furnishing testimony which leads to a conviction of a violation of those laws the club will give $10 and ½ the fine imposed. These posters have had a good effect, and 7 claims have been filed for the rewards.

The club has leased a lake in Lagoon Park, near Ludlow, Ky. This is a beautiful body of water and easy of access to most of the members. It is well stocked with fish, but the club intends to put in it many small-mouth bass and other game fish.

What the Covington Cuviers have accomplished other clubs may do, if members will show in club matters the same energy they display in their business. The officers of the club, for the current year, are Dr. E. S. Stuard, President; H. A. Whitney, Vice-President; C. H. Hull, Secretary; B. Schweinefuss, Treasurer.

Cincinnatus.

Now if these men would all join the L. A. S. they would wield a powerful influence for game protection, not only in their immediate vicinity but throughout their entire state and the whole United States. —EDITOR.

A SHOOTING TRIP IN TEXAS.

There were 7 men who for many moons planned for a few days' shooting on the coast of Texas. On November 14th we went to the hunting ground. Soon after we left the railroad we found quails in abundance; and long before we were in sight of the bay we could see ducks, geese and cranes.

In a short time after making camp we had a trot line set across the river, only 3 rods away, and an hour later we began to take off red fish and trout. Some of the party went after deer but returned without any, though reporting they had seen plenty of signs. By supper time we had more fish than 15 men could eat. Some were prepared for the table and some were made fast on lines and put in the water for future reference.

Before daylight next morning every man was up and away for game. Some went to shoot geese and some to find a deer. By 10 o'clock we were in camp again, and one deer and 6 geese had been killed.

We spent the remainder of the day in camp, cooking and eating, but principally eating.

Two of our company had just been mustered out of the army and could eat double portions of everything.

On Saturday another large fat buck was killed and a few more geese. That day we sent for 2 barrels of oysters, to vary our bill of fare. We had them raw, stewed, fried. roasted and broiled; and every way seemed the best way. It was cold and we had no trouble in saving all of our meat.

On Monday we shot a few more geese and found a place where we could kill a few ducks to take home. It was where the salt water was separated from the fresh by a large dam. Three of the boys got behind the dam early in the morning, emptied their guns and picked up 15 ducks of different kinds. As we had plenty of game we prepared to break up camp and go home the next day. When we made our final count we had 2 deer, 19 geese, 31 ducks, 20 quails; had caught 200 pounds of fish and eaten 2 barrels of oysters. We could have done better, especially in the matter of oysters, but we had all that was good.

J. C. Burkett, Calvert, Tex.

A FLOATING TARGET.

Several years ago the Senator, Vic., Phil., Harry, the Russian and I went hunting in Michigan 30 miles North of Manistique. We had good hunting and a thoroughly enjoyable time. After we had been several days in the woods I got up an entertainment which the natives who witnessed it and even the victims themselves agreed was a great success.

We were camped about 200 feet from a small lake. One afternoon I nailed a doe's head on a board, wide and long enough to float the head easily. Then I weighted the board so it would sink level with the surface of the water, and with ½ mile of cord attached the deer was ready for a journey across the lake.

When the hunters came in, Abe, our

camp-keeper, was taken into the plot and instructed where to find the string on the shore. Lizzie, his wife, was to rush to the hunters' quarters and give the alarm. The Russian was to lead the charge, and endeavor to get the Senator started.

The hunters were cleaning their guns and getting ready for supper; Abe was not missed, and everything was favorable.

Lizzie ran to the camp crying, "Deer in the lake! Deer in the lake!" The expected charge followed; the Russian in the van, Harry, Vic, Phil, and the others after him, and in a moment all went into action. The Senator stood like a Major-General watching the wake of the deer, and the buckshot and rifle balls skipping over, under, ahead, and behind it. When the doe's head was two-thirds across the lake Abe stopped pulling the string, and then there was a scramble for the dugout. Phil got it, rowed madly after the deer, and when he found what he had caught had barely strength to lift it into the boat.

A week later 4 railroad men, who are well known in Southern Michigan, paid us a visit and took dinner, and the poor deer head was trotted out and worked to the same successful finish.

C. E. Murray, Traverse City, Mich.

WANTS A BOUNTY ON VERMIN.

I need not care personally whether game is preserved or not for I have burned my share of powder in my 65 years of life; yet I still love to be near nature and, in the evening of life, review my former experience by flood and field. One thing I have learned is that noxious animals and birds destroy more game than pot hunters, for they are constantly at it. I was once sole occupant of an island of several hundred acres connected with the mainland by a narrow sand-bar. When I went there the island had only one bunch of quail, 21 in number. I did not kill any and they did not mate and breed. The next season I shot among them and they raised 6 broods. Rabbits were plentiful enough; sometimes I would kill 6 between sundown and dark. One day I saw in the woods a large owl's nest and in it found 3 young owls and 3 dead rabbits. I did not molest the owls as there were rabbits enough for us all, but—I kept the foxes killed off. Then I went South and was gone 20 years. When I returned a few years ago there were no quail and but 3 rabbits, as my beagle repeatedly told me. My successor had forbidden shooting on the island, and owls and foxes breed there yet. Now to show the rapacity of one small animal: I once tracked a weasel on the island and picked up 6 dead rabbits from which he had sucked the blood in one night. A bounty of one dollar on each fox head and in proportion on all minor depredators such as owls, skunks, minks, weasels, crows, hawks, red squirrels and bluejays would encourage their destruction and redound to the glory of the L. A. S. In the Middle and Eastern states the fox is king of wild beasts and chief destroyer as all observers know.

L. Allen, New Bedford, Mass.

LOON AND DUCK SHOOTING WITH A STEVENS.

Loons are plentiful along the sound coast of Long Island. They are shy birds and not near-sighted. Several years ago I purchased a .25 caliber 22 inch Stevens' rifle with Lyman peep sights, etc.

My son and I strolled toward the sound cliff, hoping to see something upon which to test the little plaything. There, on the quiet, shimmering water sat a large loon, 300 yards away. He saw us instantly, but the distance was so great he showed no uneasiness. He simply watched us as if to say: "What are you going to do?"

I passed the rifle to my son, saying: "Try the fellow." He took the rifle, dropped to one knee, adjusted the sights, took a peep through them—lowered the rifle, adjusted again, took another peep and pulled the trigger. The loon's head fell forward with the crack of the rifle. Apparently he died without a quiver. Having secured a boat we picked up the bird and found that the bullet had passed through the neck one third way from breast to head.

A few days later I killed a coot quite 300 yards away, near the same spot, after missing him 4 shots. The fifth shot passed through his body. The coot instantly rolled on its back and stayed so till I picked it up.

I do not profess to be a judge of rifles, but I think the Stevens is fine.

Later I may tell "what I know about grebes."

D. T. Tuthill, Orient Point, N. Y.

THEY WASTED POWDER.

In October '69 I was living in Western Nebraska at a small station on the U. P. R. R. In those days small detachments of soldiers were quartered at all the Western stations to prevent incursions of hostile Indians. The detachment at our station consisted of a non-commissioned officer and several privates of company A, 9th U. S. Infantry. Among the privates were 2 new recruits, Hayes and Smith, who, having lately arrived from the East, were unacquainted with the big game of the frontier.

They were anxious to kill a buffalo. On the second morning after their arrival they saw a lone, old bull that had been run out of a herd by its younger rivals. Hayes suggested to Smith that they go and get him. Shouldering their .50 caliber Springfield rifles, and with belts filled with cartridges they started and I accompanied them without invitation, being then a small boy. We went up the track until we got on a line where the old bull would cross on his way to the river and there we took position in the ditch and kept well under cover. When the buffalo was within 100 yards Hayes opened fire and was quickly followed by his partner. The bull stopped, raised his head and seemed at a loss to understand what it all meant. I watched him intently expecting at each shot he would drop. He stood motionless, looking at the smoke which was now becoming pretty thick. When about a dozen shots had been fired he started and ran in a circle for a few minutes, switching his little whisk-broom of a tail violently. Presently he stopped and the fusilade continued until the men had used all their ammunition. A sergeant, who had been a spectator, and was disgusted by the exhibition, secured a horse and after a brief chase killed the bull. As we retraced our steps Hayes said something about the sights of his gun being too coarse, and Smith thought his gun barrel was too bright. But a similar experience on my own part a few years later makes me think it was a case of buck fever, pure and simple.

J. W. Costin, Laramie, Wyo.

THE WOLF PEST.

Inclosed you will find clipping taken from Omaha Daily Stockman which will give you an idea as to how numerous and destructive the gray wolves are in parts of Wyoming—the most mountainous district.

> Natrona County.—Mr. Peter Hansen passed here a few days ago and informed me that 50 gray wolves got into his herd of sheep and devoured 30 head before the herder could run them off, which he did at the peril of his life. These brutes are getting so bold and run in such large bands that the oldest settlers are alarmed for their own safety after nightfall. It is no uncommon thing to see a band of from 5 to 50 roaming over the country in broad daylight. The bounty is only $4 a head for grown wolves and nothing for pups. Consequently trappers and hunters will make no effort to trap them for such a small reward. The prevailing opinion is that unless the coming legislature enacts some law to eradicate gray wolves from the range, stockmen will either have to sell out and quit the industry, or turn their stock over to the wolves.

They are quite plentiful here, but do not destroy more than 5 per cent of stock. We keep them down by watching and hunting them very closely during April and May, their breeding season, here. We nearly always get their pups and quite frequently the old ones.

An experienced man can nearly always locate their dens and dig out the pups. The old one will sometimes stand and bark while we are at the den and a good shot can then down her. At other times our riders come on a gray wolf; then the chase begins. We consider a wolf worth more than a horse, and the ranchmen quite frequently run down and kill a wolf inside of 3 or 6 miles. They are more easily run down soon after they have killed a cow and are full.

F. L. Putney, Hutchinson, Neb.

THE BEST BIRD FOR CUBA.

I would like to learn through Recreation, whether squirrels and rabbits could, in a wild state, live and thrive in a tropical climate like Cuba? Would their flesh be fit to eat? Would the Mongolian pheasant and the ruffed grouse thrive here? We have wild peacocks and guinea fowls (not native birds) and I see no reason why pheasants and grouse could not live here also.

O. A. Fischer, Trinidad, Cuba.

ANSWER.

Rabbits and squirrels introduced from India, Ceylon, or the Malay Peninsula probably would thrive in Cuba, as they do in those countries. It is also probable that the gray squirrel and swamp hare, or cotton-tail rabbit, of our Gulf states could be successfully transplanted to Cuba. The flesh of both should be nearly as good as it is in Alabama,—which is not saying much. So far as I know, Americans are the only white people who eat squirrels.

The Mongolian pheasant and ruffed grouse are so distinctly Northern in their food habits and mode of life, I greatly doubt the possibility of successfully introducing them into Cuba. A much better bird to introduce would be the jungle cock of India and Ceylon (*Gallus bankiva*), a right jolly little bird,—pretty as a picture, savory on the plate, and as sociable as the safety of his neck will permit. His saucy crowing in the morning, when he makes the jungle ring with his absurd, bantam-like "cuck-cuck-cuck-koo-ah!" is alone worth the cost of his keep. In my opinion he is just the bird for Cuba and Porto Rico. W. T. H.

WISCONSIN GAME.

A party consisting of "Dad" Clark, Leon Lallier, Lieut. C. H. Tripp, C. W. Annas, E. C. Tilly, M. Burnett, M. Francken, C. E. Wright, and I were recently deer hunting in Marinette county, Wis. We lived comfortably in a deserted logging camp. The first few days we spent looking over the country and in shooting grouse which were plentiful.

Owing to the use of dynamite by loggers deer were much more scattered than last year, but we had lots of sport. We stayed up the entire season and killed 11 deer—7 bucks, 3 buck fawns, and one doe. The heaviest buck weighed 245 pounds and the lightest 148.

Hunters of this section are awaiting with interest the enactment of uniform fish and game laws for Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota and Illinois. We want the open season for deer from Nov. 10 to 30, for the reason that 4-5ths of the deer killed then would be bucks.

Near De Pere we have good sport hunting rabbits, squirrels and grouse. Ducks are plentiful in season in the rice along the shores of Fox river and Green bay. Along the Fox are some of the most delightful camping places in the state.

L. S. Wilcox, De Pere, Wis.

A SUCCESSFUL HUNT NEAR NEW YORK.

In 1896 I visited Mr. J. E. Kaiser, at North Wilton, Conn. I took with me a one year old pointer pup, who had never heard a gun fired. Arrived at the farm I took a stroll back of the barn with my pup and Mr. Kaiser's Gordon setter. We had just struck the woods when a woodcock got up, flushed by the wild antics of my pup. I killed him and the pup stood still, frightened by the report of the gun. We went on about 100 yards and the Gordon pointed; but my pup ran wild and flushed the birds. I killed a bird to the right while Mr. Kaiser killed to the left. On our way home we killed 2 gray squirrels.

The following day was cold and windy, yet we killed 5 rabbits, 4 woodcock, 3 quails and a squirrel. We flushed several grouse, but all rose out of range. That night I tied my dog in the barn. He got loose and went on a hunting expedition of his own. After killing 4 ducks and a number of chickens he stopped, probably for fear RECREATION would call him a game hog. Next day he was naturally a little timid but made a fine point on a woodcock which I flushed and killed. That day we shot 4 grouse, 7 quails, 5 rabbits, and 2 squirrels.

The next day it rained hard and we did not hunt. When the week ended we had 16 rabbits, 14 quails, 8 grouse, 8 woodcock and 6 squirrels. As all the game was given me I had quite a load to bring home.

F. J. Rauh, New York City.

GAME NOTES.

In March RECREATION Mr. Harris protests against the bounty on crows. A year ago I should have crossed swords with Mr. H. for defending so unmitigated a rascal.

Last season I had 60 acres of potatoes. The bugs were bad—very bad. They seemed to come from everywhere and all the time. After using $30 worth of Paris green and $115 worth of work, the plants began to blossom and we had to stop, as the mineral is fatal to the fertility of the blossoms. I was ugly—savage. The bugs soon got a new start and were cutting the young shoots as only the striped pests can do. One day I saw a flock of crows light between the rows and become very intent at something. Creeping up quietly I watched one huge black rascal and found he was eating potato bugs as fast as he could catch them.

The next day the flock was increased to 2 or 3 hundred, and the bug population began to decrease very rapidly. In a week it was practically disposed of and the crows scattered.

The barn yard duck was the only bird that I had ever known to eat potato bugs until this time, although there is a small brown bird about the size of the cat bird. I think it is one of the finch family—that destroys their larvae. The place for the bounty is on the scalp of the man that kills crows.

Meyer Jordan, Suttons Bay, Mich.

I note what A. H. Amsden says of game catching. He does not put the case strongly enough.

For every elk caught and brought to a market 5 are left dead on the range. Two or more men start on snow shoes after elk when the snow is 2 to 4 feet deep. Elk when started run either for the top of the mountains or for the river. If they start for the mountains they are turned back and as many of them caught as the catchers can overtake. The rest are chased into the river where they are run up and down until they take to the snow again. When they try the snow they are driven back to the river again and there they will stay until 99 out of 100 chill to death. I once counted 72 dead cow elk in the Madison river. Fifteen thousand elk used to pass Henry's lake, Idaho, every fall going to their winter range. In '85, the game catchers located there. The first fall they killed 65 elk in sight of the lake, and that winter they caught all they could find. The next spring there were dead elk all over the mountains. From that time to this elk have given the lake a wide berth. The game catchers are exterminating the big game of the West. Animals that they cannot sell alive to Eastern game preserves they kill for the Butte market.

M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, Mont.

I have just returned, with a friend, from the Saranac lake section. We traveled on small horses and found it a good mode of traversing the Adirondacks. The roads were good, but steep and long. We were in the saddle at one stretch for 12 hours and that at night, riding from 8 p. m. to 8 a. m.

We were several hours crossing Chapel Pond pass. We walked our horses the entire distance, as we traveled it during the darkest hours of the night and did not care to step over one of the many precipices nor have our horses lose their footing in a landslide.

We did not see nor hear any of the large animals which infest this region, such as lynx, bears and panthers, but saw dozens of rabbits in the roadway. Game is reported plentiful at all the points we passed, deer and ruffed grouse being seen in the fields, almost daily. Bear trappers are not having great success in Essex county this year.

Larger trout were caught in the Schroon river, above Schroon lake this year than for many years before.

Two weeks ago I killed a woodchuck by throwing my dirk at him, striking him in the head and bringing him down. Next day I tasted woodchuck stew and found it passable.

During the spring of last year a she-wolf was killed on Nigger lake. This was a great surprise, it being generally believed for years that wolves were extinct in this region.

I wish Recreation would interest itself in having that portion of the wilderness lying North and East of Chapel Pond pass included in the Adirondack park. It is wonderful, beautiful, picturesque, well forested and a natural game country.

Have been through Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, New England, and the Adirondacks this summer and found Recreation for sale everywhere.

The L. A. S. is doing well. I am proud to have been one of its members since the day it was organized.

H. V. Radford, North Hudson, N. Y.

It is true antelope may be flagged in the way described by R. V. Schuyler.

In '97 I was camped with a party of 4 at the bridge 40 miles North of Laramie, on the Laramie river. East of our camp and about 800 yards away was the mesa, sloping back to the Laramie range.

Taking a .45-75 Winchester I walked to the top of the mesa, and saw, about a mile away, a moving object apparently the size of a jack rabbit. At last I perceived it was an antelope and that, as I stood on the ridge between it and the setting sun I was flagging the animal without a flag. He would prance about, sometimes coming toward and sometimes going from me; but on the whole gradually drawing nearer. I moved back on the ridge so as to excite the buck's curiosity, and at the same time lure him toward a big rock behind which I would hide and get a close shot. My scheme was successful. The buck came within 40 yards of me and was easily killed.

A few days later I saw another buck and flagged him with a red handkerchief.

H. M. Coulter, Nevada, Mo.

A man recently met his death at Wickham, 2 miles from Drummondville, under circumstances which call for an investigation. It is the habit of certain men to set guns between 2 trees which deer are in the habit of passing. The gun is heavily loaded and a cord is attached to it and carried across the path used by the deer. This practice is against the law of Canada, but nevertheless is indulged in by those who feel secure of the indifference of officials. This man was going through the wood and came in contact with the cord, when found he was in line with the discharged gun. A charge of shot had entered his body. When found he was unconscious and died before medical assistance could be obtained. An investigation is to be made, and it will not be hard to identify the owner of the gun. A person who will set a gun in this way should be punished by being hitched to the end of about 10 feet of hemp.

M. P. Edy, Clarenceville, P. Q.

At Floodwood, in the heart of the Adirondacks, within 10 hours' ride by rail from New York is one of the wildest lake regions of our northern woods. It is midway between Tupper lake on the South and Saranac Inn to the North, and until a year ago belonged to the Upper Saranac Inn Association. Recently, however, it was bought by the state and is now open to all. The hunting at Floodwood is unexcelled in the Adirondacks and the fishing is good.

Three of us spent the first week in November at the camp of Alford Bros. at Long pond, and in 7 days of unalloyed pleasure and sport killed 3 fine bucks.

Rufe and George Alford are good guides and hunters, and sportsmen at their camp during the past season secured 25 or 30 deer, mostly bucks.

R. A. Briggs, Malone, N. Y.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 6th the people of this village were astonished to see, on a hill a quarter of a mile from town a magnificent buffalo bull. This is the first time since the last of the great Northern herd were killed, some 15 years ago, that a buffalo has been seen in this vicinity, and it is supposed the animal strayed from the Yellowstone park, where the government protects a small herd.

Some of our hunters were bent on killing the bull, but finally, acting on the advice of some real sportsmen allowed the old patriarch to go.

Unless he gets back to the park soon he will doubtless be killed by some rancher. H. E. Huffington, the telegraph operator, managed to get near enough to the buffalo with his kodak to secure 2 snap shots. If the pictures develop all right he will send you one.

C. W. Scott, Columbus, Mont.

In the early '70's, when the farmers of Ventura county, Cal., first began to bore for water, geese and ducks came around the wells by thousands. I have killed as many as 21 white geese at one shot, with a single barrel shotgun. I killed 16 ducks at one shot with the same gun, at over 40 yards. In the old days ducks were so plentiful there in the fall that when one walked through the stubble at dusk the air would seem alive with birds. The L. A. S. ought to be represented in the neighborhood of Giant's Pass, Ore., as they kill deer there all the year around. I worked there last year and saw numbers of deer shot in May and June. Deer are abundant now, but will soon be exterminated if the indiscriminate slaughter of does is not stopped.

A. W. Stratford, Los Angeles, Cal.

I am well pleased with RECREATION. It is what all true sportsmen want and what I have never seen before—a journal that calls a hog a hog, no matter how big his bank account. Idaho has plenty of game laws but no one to enforce them; at least not in the Bitter Root mountains. Last year a party of self-styled sportsmen were in these mountains and I saw in one place 5 elk and one moose—all bulls—which they had killed. Not a pound of the meat had been taken from either carcass. In another place where these hogs had camped I saw several hundred trout and salmon they had caught and left to rot. These are wealthy men and care nothing for a fine of $100. Imprisonment is the only thing that would stop them. I shall send you a few more subscriptions soon.

R. M. Palmer, Stuart, Idaho.

The annual banquet of the Schuyler Rod and Gun Club was held at the Hewitt house on December 3d. This club has adopted, with the assistance of the fish commissioners, a systematic stocking of brooks and other waters in its vicinity. The secretary begs information from other clubs regarding contemplated improvements deemed necessary for game increase and preservation.

Following is the roster of the club: P. S. Miller, president; L. N. Percy, vice-president; C. H. Kipp, W. Handy, W. L. Smith, W. G. Osgood, George B. Lawrence, A. Rancourt, H. A. Kipp, J. W. Whitbeck, W. W. Smith, F. E. Rancourt, Maj. H. D. Bradt, C. B. Bradt, M. E. Bradt, F. R. Ackart, H. Hewitt.

W. J. Barnes, Sec'y, Stillwater, N. Y.

During the past season 94 deer were killed in this vicinity; 49 of them by visiting sportsmen. Of 10 moose killed here, 9 were secured by resident hunters. The other was shot by R. W. Hill, of Elyria, O. It was the largest moose killed in this section for many years. Following are measurements: Spread of horns, 56½ inches. No. of points, 16. Height at shoulder, 6½ feet. Length from nose to hind hoofs, 13 feet. Weight dressed, 800 pounds. I acted as guide for Mr. Hill. We jumped the big moose within a mile of my camp but did not get a shot, as it was in a thick swamp. The next morning we followed him until noon. We got close to him and Mr. Hill opened fire with a .30-30 Winchester. Three shots were fired, though the first would have been sufficient. Mr. Hill also got 2 deer while in camp. There are more moose in Maine today than there have been for 20 years.

Geo. C. Jones, Guide, Carritunk, Me.

Last August and September I had a most successful trip in the Rocky mountains of Western Montana. Hitherto my experiences have been chiefly in the Shoshone and Wind river mountains of Wyoming. My head guide was Wm. H. Jackson, a first-class hunter, and formerly one of the favorite scouts of both Generals Custer and Miles. His knowledge of the country and the habits of game is unsurpassed and under his guidance I was able to kill 2 splendid specimens of mountain sheep. Out of about 18 days in the mountains I hunted only 3, owing to a succession of violent storms.

R. R. Converse, Rochester, N. Y.

Learning where 2 small flocks of grouse were located, I started out with my big St. Bernard dog, Rene, as side companion. Arriving near the woods we came to a small swail of low brush where the dog flushed the first bird. I wounded the bird and it flew across to the woods. The dog found it in a clump of hemlocks and brought it to me still alive. Within 100 yards 3 more flushed, and 2 of them went into my shooting jacket. Then began a tramp around the 50 acre woods, with varying success. The dog worked close, went in the thickest covers as directed and retrieved the game. How is that for a St. Bernard? Our score was 8 fine plump grouse.

J. M. Cooley, Beechtree, Pa.

An article in November RECREATION calls to my mind what seems a most remarkable opportunity for a game preserve not far from this city. It is a tract of land containing 15,000 acres from which all valuable timber has been cut. There are a number of cottages, barns, a blacksmith shop, sheds and a railroad station on it. Also a lake about 3 miles long, well stocked with fish, and several fine trout streams running to the lake. Deer, bear, grouse and rabbits live there now, and not a snake on the ranch. Cars run through several times each day. A spring near our camp stands at 42° in the hottest weather, with plenty of water. The entire outfit has been offered at $1 an acre.

Carlos L. Smith, Montpelier, Vt.

December RECREATION contains a good article entitled "A cocker spaniel as a retriever." But "Darby" is described as weighing about 50 pounds. The American and the English spaniel clubs say a cocker spaniel must not weigh over 28 pounds. I wonder if Mr. Hanks was "buncoed" on his purchase, "all the way from England," and where he would "get off" with Darby at the bench show. He may have an English water spaniel, but a cocker, never, at 50 pounds. I have a bright little cocker weighing 26 pounds. He is a clever fellow and does the best he can; but a teal duck on land and a mallard in the water are about the limit of his carrying capacity.

Twelve Gauge, Caldwell, Idaho.

I am an inhabitant of New England, and a native of the Nutmeg State, and must, therefore, be what Mr. Webber calls an Eastern dude and chippie hunter. I fancy there are lots of men in the East who can teach Mr. Webber how to suck eggs, hunt game, and to write like a gentleman, even if he can not be one. Even our hogs here are not of the wild, bristly variety Mr. Webber represents. If Uncle Sam was governed by the Eastern half of his conscience he would dump Mr. Webber out of office into the hog-pen he is so well calculated to adorn.

Chas. N. Murray, M. D., Ivorytown, Conn.

I recently had a queer experience with swans. There had been a fall of light, dry snow, to a depth of about 16 inches. While crossing a meadow near my ranch I came across 3 swans on the ground that were unable to rise on account of their wings striking the snow. I tied them together and left them for a few hours. When I went back I found a bald eagle which had swooped down on them and was in the same fix.

This is the heart of the big game country. Geese, ducks and swans winter here on the river, which does not freeze at this point.

R. A. Osborn, Arangee, Idaho.

New Jersey's game law might be greatly improved, and the state itself offers a good field for missionary work by the L. A. S. As our law now stands it permits squirrel shooting in September when many young squirrels are not half grown. I know men who last year brought in squirrels not 6 inches long. Our game warden, Mr. William Wise, is a good man, but he can not be everywhere at once. We have some confirmed hogs who need lots of watching. Rabbits and squirrels are fairly plentiful here. H. R. Severns, Burlington, N. J.

The Bowling Green (Ky.) Kennel Club returned from their annual hunt on the Yellow Bushy river, in Mississippi. hey had splendid luck. In camp 2 weeks and brought home 13 deer and 4 wild turkeys. The National Fox Hunters' Association held its annual meet at this place November 15th. The meet lasted 5 days. It was the most successful event they ever held. There were 2 chases each day. The dogs were in great shape and for speed and endurance they could not be beaten. Quails are plentiful in this county because of our short open season.

C. R., Bowling Green, Ky.

CARTHAGE, N. Y., Nov. 15.—Samuel McBroom, of Oswegatchie, was accidentally shot Sunday afternoon by Delbert Dye, receiving wounds from which he died Monday afternoon. The men were hunting deer; McBroom was in front; a deer passed and in his excitement Dye pulled the trigger of his gun, landing a heavy load of buckshot under his companion's right shoulder. In his wounded condition McBroom walked 2 miles to camp, where Drs. Wiltsie and Hulbert attended him. The wound and shock were too serious to overcome.

This is only one of 5 or 6 similar "accidents" that occurred in the Adirondacks last season. An accident policy will be as necessary a part of a sportsman's outfit as a gun, if this thing keeps up.

C. H. Cook, Boomville, N. Y.

A better way is not to hunt with such an idiot as Dye.

Yours of the 20th inst. to hand. You have been misinformed in reference to the number of quails killed at 5 shots. It was 48 instead of 40.

Sam Wade, Pocahontas, Ark.

Here is a brute who probably never entertained a decent sentiment on the subject of field sports, in his whole life. It is a great pity he could not be given a year in prison, for his butchery.

EDITOR.

We have here deer, antelope, wolves, coyotes, jack rabbits, sharp-tailed grouse, sage hens, cotton tails and a few bears. I have killed 2 deer and 3 antelope, besides lots of rabbits, grouse and sage hens. I use a .45-70 Sharp's rifle and it is a good gun. There are lots of game hogs out here. Three men went out in August, killed 3 deer and the meat all spoiled.

Paul Lewis, Flatwillow, Mont.

On a Saturday in November, my friend "Doc" and I left Baltimore for the Old Dominion. At Richmond we were met by Jeff Powell and Bill Rhodes, of the West End Hunting and Fishing Club, who accompanied us to the clubhouse, 1½ miles from Macon. We found quails and hares plentiful. No large bags were made, but all had fine sport.

Hornblower, Baltimore, Md.

Just returned from Henrietta, Tex. It is a paradise for quail hunters and we had sport galore while there. A party consisting of Prof. J. S. Holaday, Lewis Johnson, Capt. J. H. Smith and I, in a 2 hours' hunt killed 50. The birds frequent the brush along the small branches and can be found by the hundreds.

Frank G. Sands, Tolano, Ill.

Fifteen years ago the white hare disappeared from this section. About that time the gray, or cotton tail rabbit made its appearance. Since then hunters have observed the game laws and now white hares are again abundant. Last week 19 hares were taken in one piece of woods. They have spread over this section until they may be found in almost every wooded patch.

A. J. Wharton, Richmondville, N. Y.

A friend and I recently had a most enjoyable hunt in the hills of York county, Pa. We drove 35 miles to our hunting grounds in the Conewago hills, 11 miles west of the city of York. In the first day's shooting we got 22 rabbits. The second day we added 24 more to our score and 2 quails.

J. H. Sieling, M. D., Manheim, Pa.

RECREATION is the best sportsmen's magazine published, and your hog roasting bees are all right. Keep the good work going. We have few hogs here, but a number of men who shoot out of season. Our principal game is prairie chickens, quails, rabbits, squirrels, ducks, snipe, and a few geese. Enclosed $1 for membership in the L. A. S.

M. A. Stempel, Macedonia, Ia.

Iron River, Mich., July 10.—[Special.]—The first accident of this season occurred last night while Otto Westerberg and Erick Anderson were headlighting for deer on the Brule. Anderson mistook Westerberg's headlight for a deer and shot the latter in the forehead, killing him instantly.

Good. Any man who will jack deer in July when the does are suckling their fawns deserves to get it between the eyes.

EDITOR.

The Great Falls Rod and Gun Club has 60 members, good shooting grounds and a good trap. Almost all the members are subscribers to RECREATION.

Howard Criss, Great Falls, Mont.

Quail are abundant in Oakland county this fall. Have also seen several families of woodcock and ruffed grouse are quite numerous. D. B. Lake, Holly, Mich.

Mr. J. S. Seymour, publisher of the New York Commercial Advertiser tells me that while fishing at Long Pond, Me., last summer he saw 14 deer in 1½ hours.

RECREATION is the only thing; and your way of handling game hogs is meeting with much favor.

J. C. L., Ishpeming, Mich.

TO SARAH.

W. H. N.

Alone amidst these silent peaks
Scourged by the tempest's wing,
My heart is where the sunlight breaks;
I hear the robins sing.

Borne on the shrieking midnight blast
The wolf's fierce cry I hear;
But lo, it dies and in its stead
Thy soft voice soothes my ear.

Beyond the camp-fire's fitful glow
Blazes the puma's eye;
It fades and softly sweet shines forth
Thy love's light glad and shy.

And so, in dreams, beloved one,
The desert's wild alarms,
Give place to thoughts of home and peace,
And thee close in my arms.

Moffatt, Colo.

FISH AND FISHING.

ON MICHIGAN LAKES.

F. L. DECKER.

Michigan is called the Lake State, and well deserves the title. It borders for many hundred miles on 4 of the great lakes, and has 5,000 small lakes scattered over its peninsulas. These lakes are supposed to be well stocked with fish, consequently the inhabitants are, as might be expected, enthusiastic fishermen. When I came to Western Michigan, almost the first thing I heard about was the fishing. After hearing many thrilling tales I at length waxed enthusiastic, and decided to try my luck. It was late in the winter and the ice was 2 feet thick. One morning I sallied forth, armed with an axe, and well supplied with lines, hooks, and bait. As I tramped toward the lake I saw visions of 12-pound pickerel and expected to return at noon with as many fish as I could carry. Arriving at the lake, I hacked a hole through the ice, and put in my lines. Then followed a long weary wait. Instead of getting a bite that would "almost pull me in," I did not even get a nibble. After several hours of freezing, I began to think it would be well to make allowances for people who tell fish stories. At noon I went back to the house prepared to give my loose-tongued friends a piece of my mind. They smoothed matters over—said it was not just the right kind of a day for fishing any way. I made several further attempts, all of them attended with little success, and always had my poor luck explained by my friends. This, or that, or the other thing was not right. When I wanted some of them to go with me, they pretended they did not have time. Probably they knew they could not catch anything if they did go.

I do not see why people exaggerate so enormously when they tell fish stories. I once heard of a minister who said boys should be brought up to go fishing and tell the truth. The 2 are not compatible.

One evening a friend and I were entertained at the home of a farmer who lived near a lake. Many stories were told, mainly about fishing. Our host was a good story teller, and perfectly willing to talk, especially after lubricating his throat with something he kept in a demijohn. After several stories, each followed by a lubrication, he told how, one morning he went fishing and in ½ hour caught 6 bass that averaged 9 pounds apiece, and 7 pickerel, the shortest of which was 3 feet long. "Are you sure you did not catch a whale or a sea-serpent?" was asked. "Well, not that time, but once I was fishing with a heavy line and hooked something that towed the boat around, and several times almost swamped it by turning short. At last the line was pulled right out of my hands. Likely enough it was a small sea-serpent that did it."

A SURPRISE PARTY.

PALMER.

I had recently arrived in Canada from the old country and of course brought with me old-fashioned ideas of fishing. Finding my tackle unsuited to Canadian fishing, I bought a light ash and lancewood rod. With it I caught many pickerel along the rocky shore of the river. There was one reach in particular that rarely failed to furnish 2 or 3 fish. At the upper end of it was a large bay which usually had booms of saw logs in it. The current would sweep out from the bay and along the rocky shore with several eddies caused by the irregularity of the bank, until it lost itself in the next bay. I used a float, or bob, and, wading as far up as the logs, would cast well out into the stream and let the current take the bait in shore.

One evening I had arrived nearly at the end of the reach, when I found my bob arrested. At first I thought my hook had caught on the bottom, but saw the bob was slowly making up stream. I concluded I had a small pickerel and waited for him to swallow the bait. At length I gave a slight tilt to my rod to harpoon him, but found I had something heavier than usual to contend with. The fish did not seem in the least disturbed but still kept up stream. I gave a steady lift and was rewarded by a splash and a rush of the fish out into the deep water. I watched the line running out and gradually closed my hand on it, letting the fish feel he was not going to have it all his own way, but expected no more than to see my line part, as it was getting short on the reel.

It was kill or cure, so I gave him the butt. After a short fight I was amazed to find I could get my fish gradually in toward shore. When close in he began fighting his way up stream again. I gave him a reminder and once more brought him in. Just as he started for his third rush a boy appeared around the bend, in a boat, and without any palaver took me on board. We were getting near the logs, and once under these, my fish would be lost, but I followed him about, keeping a fairly tight line on him. Twice I got him alongside and tried to grab him. but each time he was off with a dash. The third time, however, sealed his fate. I got my hand over his head, a thumb in one eye and forefinger in the other, and did not let go until I was on shore. I have caught large muskalonge, but do not think I ever had such a fight with one before or since.

BLACK BASS CAPERS.

C. C. HASKINS.

No doubt there are those who assumed an expression of dubiety on reading Mr. Hunt's account of black bass capers, in April RECREATION. However, I can corroborate his statements and testify to another peculiarity of the same species.

My first bass fishing was done many years ago near the mouth of Buffalo creek—or, as it is now called, Buffalo river—in Lake Erie. In these days bass could be taken with a hand line in 20 or 25 feet of clear water, and I have often seen wall-eyed pike, bass, and occasionally a pickerel, take my hook, as I leaned over the gunwales of the skiff.

Crawfish were considered the best bait when bass were fastidious, but that boat seldom moved from shore without worms and minnows as well as "crabs."

In particularly quiet, clear weather and water we could often see the fish, and the coaxing which Mr. Hunt speaks of was not unfamiliar to me. When a crawfish bait was lowered, and made to act as nearly lifelike as possible, I have often seen a bass rush at it as if to frighten it off the string, but always stopping short 12 or 18 inches from the hook. If the bait was moved toward him he backed away. He would sometimes circle around and make a similar dash from the opposite direction. If now a live crawfish was dropped overboard the fish would approach it leisurely, and if it made no struggle he would open his mouth, and with the least possible effort take it in. If it attempted to get away he simply grabbed it.

In more than one instance I have seen a bass attempt to knock the bait off the hook with a blow of his tail, and I once saw one in that way hook himself just back of the anal fin.

In almost every case where a fish was taken others followed it nearly to the surface, as if from curiosity. It must not be forgotten that fishing then, and fishing now, in the same waters, are quite as different as the tackle used. Then a chalk line, 2 or 3 bullets and a flat-headed Kirby hook would land more fish, hand-over-hand, than a half dozen split bamboos with all modern appliances can do to-day; and the chorus will please sing, "all on account of the fish hog."

During the construction of the tunnel from the Niagara river, under the Black rock pier, in connection with the water works at Buffalo, I had frequent talks with the divers who did the work. One of them was quite a student of nature, and he told me that for some weeks, while at work, he had not been lonesome. The fish, after making up their minds he would not harm them, came daily, nearer and nearer, until he learned to know some of them, and particularly one sturgeon about 3 feet long, who punched his armor several times, as if to see what it was made of. During all the preliminary work—up to the time of the blasting—he had a fish party every day.

A LESSON IN WADING.

During the last trout season Dr. —— thought he needed a day's fishing, and as a Rochester friend, Mr. T., felt the same way, we 3 set a day to visit Anderson and Bear creeks. J. M. and the minister were a welcome addition to our party, when the day arrived, and started with plenty of tackle and great expectations.

At Anderson we found the water so high as to leave us small chance of making a good catch. But we were bound to put in the day, and I was chosen to pilot the Doctor and Mr. T. down stream, while J. M. and the minister fished up the creek. We found too much water to contend with and moved on to Bear run, which empties into Anderson.

There the Doctor's troubles began. We had to wade a swollen river with a swift current. Mr. T. and I knew we were in for it, but started to wade while the Doctor was telling us how to do it and advising the removal of the lower half of our clothing. When we reached the other side we saw him in the act of following his own advice—which is contrary to all medical precedent. Holding his trousers in one arm, shoes and socks under the other, and with fishing rod extended ahead of him, he slowly made his way to a rock in midstream. There he sat down, the better to unload on us more of his surplus knowledge of the art of wading. In doing so he let his baited hook fall in the water. On lifting his rod to finish crossing there dangled from the line the first catch of the morning—a 7-inch trout. When he reached out to land his victim the Doctor's trousers slipped from under his arm and sailed down stream. By the time he had put the balance of his loose property on the rock he knew it would be useless to wade after the trousers with any hope of overtaking them. So he made for the bank, landing in a nice patch of briers, and after a hard run of about 100 rods headed off his trousers. The Doctor finally landed at the mouth of Bear run and explained, to his own satisfaction, that barring accidents, he knew how to cross a creek.

On Bear run are a number of waterfalls 6 to 8 feet high. As our Doctor was crossing the run, just above a fall, he slipped and in a second was wedged between 2 large rocks, with half the water in the creek pouring over his shoulders. He extricated himself in an instant,—but the ducking brought on him the hallucination that it was near train time and, as he is a large man, we thought best to humor him by returning at once to the station.

P. E. Griesemer, Du Bois, Pa.

UNDER DIFFERENT CONDITIONS.

I do not agree with RECREATION about game hogs. Its argument is all right for thickly populated places where much fishing is done; but would hardly do in places like the wilds of Canada where there are many streams which have never been fished. There a man can not be blamed for catching a big string. The talk about streams being fished out is all bosh. It is not the hog who spoils fishing; it is the tanneries, dye works, saw mills, dams, steamboats, etc. Fish are always on the move; you might catch a lot one season and the next in the same place catch none. Some men can catch fish where other men can not.

Philip J. Elliott, Montreal, Canada.

ANSWER.

Of course the man who catches 20 pounds of trout in a day in any New England stream, is a much bigger hog than he who takes the same quantity in a day from one of your Canadian streams or lakes; but if he catches them simply for the mere pleasure of killing or for the purpose of making a record to boast of, he is a hog in either case. Why should any man want to destroy a large number of beautiful fish, Many a time I have fished in waters where I could have taken 100 pounds of fish in a day, but when I have caught enough for camp use or a reasonable quantity to take home, my desire for killing has invariably vanished and I have quit. I believe this should be the creed of every angler and every true sportsman. I know of many men who go into your forests and kill 10 to 15 salmon a day, weighing say 10 to 30 pounds each, and some even larger. I claim that all such men are hogs, no matter what their pretensions may be. The talk about waters being fished out is not bosh by any means. I have fished nearly all over the continent and know what I am talking about. I know hundreds of streams that have no tanneries, dye works, saw mills or dams on them, and which are liberally stocked every year by the fish commissioners, yet they are kept fished out so clean that within a month after the opening of each season, it is practically impossible to catch a trout 8 inches long within these streams. By the close of the season you can not get one even 6 inches long. I refer now to streams in New England, in Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, etc. I have hundreds of friends who live near or on such streams who know all the holes, and they will verify my statement, to the letter, Of course mills, dye houses and such like do a great deal of damage to many streams, but no small stream in a thickly settled country can stand the annual onslaughts of the army of fish hogs for any great length of time. EDITOR.

One afternoon in August I was pushing the mower on a lawn overlooking the Allegheny river. My cousin noticed something swimming in the water and asked what it was. I saw it was a large hard-shell turtle. When she brought out a rifle for me to shoot the turtle I laughed and said it would sink to the bottom if I hit it. Still, when the turtle came within 60 feet of us I took careful aim at the middle of his back and fired. The bullet splashed water over the turtle and I stood watching, expecting him to disappear as soon as he recovered from his surprise. As he did not sink I rowed out and lifted him into the boat, very much alive and full of fight. When I examined him there was no sign of a bullet on his shell or head, nor could I find a mark when I dressed him. What was the matter with him and why did he not die or sink when I went after him?

W. V. Binkerd, West Monterey, Pa.

WORK FOR THE LEAGUE.

I have lived in Worcester county some time and can tell Mr. F. W. Allard, of Worcester, that he can lay a large share of the violation of fish laws to the foreign population of that city, especially to the Swedes. Lake Quinsigamond has been stocked with trout, but it will do no good unless they are protected from dynamite. I have seen the shores lined with dead fish, killed by dynamiters, who had taken what they wanted and left the poorer kinds. There is work for the L. A. S. in Worcester county, lots of it. Mr. Fred. Whithead, of Millbury, Mass., I think would be pleased to coöperate with anyone in the enforcement of the laws.

G. E. Palmer, Revere, Mass.

SMALL HOOKS.

We have a lake near here that is overrun with sunfish. There are black bass in the lake, but the sunfish keep them down. It is impossible to catch a bass with a minnow as the suns swarm by the hundred, suck the eyes out and otherwise mutilate the bait. Is there any way to get rid of this nuisance?

C. E. Proctor, Shohola, Pa.

ANSWER.

One way of ridding your pond of sunfish would be to drain it off and kill them, or to seine them out and kill them. In either case you would take other fish with the sunfish, but these could be put back into the water. Another method would be to advertise in Forest and Stream for a lot of fish hogs to come there and clean out your lake. That paper is the official organ of the game and fish hogs and devotes a large amount of its space to defending them from the attacks made on them by RECREATION. It would, therefore, seem a suitable medium for an ad of this kind.

EDITOR.

Your letter received. Your information is correct to a certain extent. Mr. H. M. Simmons, A. Schmidt, and I went to Goode's lake, 5 miles from here, and in 3 hours caught between 135 and 140 pounds of fish. All were gamey and the finest ever caught in Warren county. This is more fish than was ever taken in the same length of time, in this section. I should like to be your regular correspondent for this part of the state.

Wm. Gulliver, Bowling Green, Ky.

No, thank you. I don't care for any of your kind of reports. No "records" of big catches desired. But should you reform and in future limit your catches of fish to decent figures—say 10 pounds a day to each man—then I should be glad to have brief reports of them.—EDITOR.

H. H. Hazen's article concerning the black water snake, reminds me that when about 12 years old I was fishing in a small stream. Having caught a minnow about 6 inches long, I strung it on a cord, which I tied to a stone. Then I went down stream, leaving the minnow. When I returned I found a large black water snake had swallowed the minnow and was held by the cord. I was afraid to go near the snake, but stood looking on. After 2 or 3 minutes of slinging about he got loose and disappeared.

John Nicholas, Coshocton, O.

The fishing season closed in Indiana May 1st, and the following notice was issued by the fish commissioner:

"The law prohibits fishing in any way by any device in May and June, and bayous and overflow ponds are considered streams. This is the law as I must enforce it. You will see that so long as hook and line fishing is permitted there can be no protection for the fish in the spawning season. Legitimate fishermen would not damage the fish with hooks and line, but men will use all kinds of rifles, wire snares and every device for capturing the fish and then claim they were caught with hook and line. To prohibit fishing in any way, shape or form in those months means protection, and that means propagation. When sportsmen fully understand the law, they will agree that it is better to forego legitimate fishing at that period than to have no protection whatever."

We are enjoying fairly good trout fishing and some large catches are reported, among them one of 8 trout, weighing 8 pounds, taken by our local warden, H. S. Ress. A brown trout was taken 2 miles from here which weighed 4½, and others weighing from one to 2 pounds each. These trout were put in our streams about 7 years ago by local fishermen, who have continued each year to put in from 3,000 to 6,000 fry and yearlings.

H. B. Ives, Canaan, Conn.

The following scores were recently made at Gogebic, Mich.: June 22nd W. L. Porter caught one 5 pound 2 ounce bass; June 24th 9 bass; 25th W. L. Porter one 6 pound bass; J. B. Carlin one 4¾ bass. Trout biting well.

In Pelican lake, Wisconsin, on June 26th Dr. E. C. Williams, Chicago, caught 2 muskalonge, weighing 15 pounds apiece, and Mr. Schoenech, a 10 pound muskalonge.

B., Gogebic, Mich.

A friend and I were fishing for trout with bait in a small mountain stream. We were about 15 yards apart, when suddenly my friend shouted that he had a big one. Imagine my surprise when he landed 2 trout, both on the same hook. The smaller trout had taken the bait, and the hook had passed through its gills and hooked another trout in the side.

W. H. Gunter, Philipsburg, Pa.

Last fall while trolling for pike on Oneida lake I pulled up during the day 3 nets. I cut and sunk them after releasing the fish which, if taken would have filled a big barrel. Several shots were fired at us from shore but as we were well out of range they fell short. I tried to find who the law-breakers were but was unsuccessful.

E. W. Goodwin, Syracuse, N. Y.

Will some one please inform me what baits should be used for the following fish: PIKE, while on the riffles; carp, sunfish, suckers. Can sunfish be caught with an artificial fly? In clear water they grab at the baited hook instead of biting as in muddy water.

H. F. P., Cincinnati, O.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

FAVORS THE .30-30.

It is my conviction that the .30-30 is the best cartridge for all game. The statement recently made in these columns that it tears and smashes the turkey is true so far as the soft-nosed bullet is concerned, but nothing could be cleaner than the wound left by the full-jacketed bullet, and with a Winchester model 1894, .30-30 rifle, and the pockets filled with both full jacketed and soft point cartridges, the hunter is equipped for all game usually hunted with a rifle. But for the danger to the community of shooting such a powerful cartridge at an elevation, it would be an ideal squirrel rifle. For squirrel hunting generally the best cartridge ever devised is the plain old-time .22 short. For distances much greater than the height of any tree East of the Rockies it is absolutely accurate, and when fired from such rifles as the Winchester model 1890, or the Stevens single-shot rifle, it has force enough to go clear through the head of a squirrel at distances up to 150 feet. Moreover, it is a safe cartridge in a settled country. Loaded with smokeless powder it makes little noise, not enough to frighten a hawk at 125 yards if the shooter be well hidden. I rapidly fired 4 times at one at that distance, the 4th bringing him down.

With the Marlin itself I find but one fault, and that is so grave that I have sworn off on the Marlin. This is, that the action can never be depended on to do its duty So sure as you get a hurry call just so sure will a cartridge stick in that infernal action and stop the fun. Sometimes 2 at a time will rush into the action from the magazine, and then there is nothing for it but to take the action apart and poke the cartridges in place. I think this one thing has caused more profanity than I can ever atone for. It does not occur every time. I can sometimes run a dozen cartridges through the action without a catch; again the first effort to throw in a cartridge has resulted in totally disabling the gun.

I have complained to the Marlin Company about this and got a very polite letter of regret, and the suggestion that that particular model worked well when in adjustment, but—in effect—could not be expected to give satisfaction long, as the "cutoff" was not positive They advised me to try a later (1897) model as likely to give more satisfaction. I remember that the model 1892 was "fully guaranteed."

It seems to me in looking over the field for an ideal small caliber repeater if the Winchester model 1890 only had a *lever* action it would meet the requirement. I don't like the left-hand slide action. It is not a good plan to get used to one action around home and have to use an entirely different system when in the woods with big and possibly dangerous game. It is better to have but one system and get thoroughly used to that, and then you can always depend on yourself to shoot quick and true. Besides, the said Winchester will handle but one kind of cartridge. The gun made for .22 short will not handle any other cartridge, that made for the .22 long will work only that cartridge, etc. This is a good feature that only becomes clearly apparent to one after years of experience with rifles It is good for the reason that the twist that gives the best results with one cartridge will not do well with another and for the additional reason that your sight-adjustments will not suit the different cartridges.

The Marlin purports to handle too many widely-different cartridges to give the best obtainable satisfaction with any particular one. Besides, the "long rifle" cartridge will not work well in any repeater. It pulls apart too easily, and can not be extracted whole, the bullet invariably remains in the chamber while the shell pulls away, scattering powder through the action. If the Marlin could be made to use but one kind of cartridge it might be made sure and reliable in its action I give it up regretfully and seek my ideal elsewhere.

John F. Keenan, M. D., U. S. Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C.

WHAT IS THE BEST GAUGE?

I am much interested in the articles on 10, 12, 16, 20, and 28 gauge guns. I expect to purchase a shot gun before season opens next fall and am in a quandary to know what gauge gun to buy. Gun dealers all say get a 12 gauge by all means. Many old sportsmen cling to the 12 for the simple advantage of always being able to find ammunition for it. I have used a 16 with good results for 2 seasons in upland shooting, and found a thoroughly satisfactory load this last fall in 36 gr. Gold Dust and one ounce chilled shot. This charge is strong enough to burst any but the best U. M. C. shells and I would not recommend it to any one using a cheap gun. I had thought to get another 16 gauge but several sportsmen friends have tried to convince me that the 16 is a toy when compared to the 12 in killing powers. I have been satisfied with the 16 gauge for upland shooting but have never had an opportunity to try it on wild fowl.

J. F. M., of Slate Hill, Pa., says the 16 has more penetration, and consequently greater killing range than either the 10 or 12, and claims this has been often proven in wild fowl shooting.

D. T. Tuthill, of Orient Point, N. Y., claims that "40 years' experience has taught him that the bigger the gun (other things being equal) the better the results." He claims that a 10 at 35 yards should put No. 4 shot through a one-inch pine board and that he has never seen a 12 that could do it. On top of all this some man who does not sign his name writes from Rossland, B. C., and claims the 28 as the gun of guns, that he 8 or 9 years ago fought a battle with his little 28 "against 12 or any other bore"; "and at last won, though every sportsman in England began by calling him 'fool'." He claims that we are all wrong in studying guns when we should study loads. I, for one, am studying guns yet, and believe that if all Mr. —— says of the 28 is true, I will be content with a 20 gauge, poor marksman as I am. I write for information and should like to have the experiences of others.

W. L. Blinn, Rockford, Ill.

GRIZZLY PETE AND THE SAVAGE.

I should like to say a few words in answer to "Grizzly Pete." I am a Western man, and somewhat familiar with the type of citizens Grizzly Pete represents, and at one time was disposed to back the old .45-70 against all comers on big game, but I have come in out of the smoke.

I will make this proposition to Pete: I will bet him $50 that I can shoot through a grizzly endwise with my 303 Savage, and that he can not do the same with his .45-70. Further, I can knock away more of a grizzly's head in one shot than he can in 10 with his .45-70.

"Four bears at 3 shots!" Pretty good, Pete. If I hadn't unbounded faith in the veracity of Western men, and bear hunters in particular, I'd swear that you were using an old muzzle-loading shotgun loaded with bear stories, at that time. You would better sell those elk skins, and your old .45-70 to the Injuns and get a white man's gun. Then you could clean up a whole band of elk at once, earn a big brass ring for your snout, and graze around in "Coquina's" hog pen. According to my belief the Savage 303 is unexcelled. I have arrived at the above conclusion through a large experience with the high-pressure rifles, on the large game of the West.

If "Grizzly Pete" will call on me I will "lock horns" with him upon this subject, and demonstrate my assertions to his entire satisfaction. My latch-string is always hanging on the outside, Pete, and we will "labor together." And after the pine needles and dust have settled we'll fill our pipes and scan the result for a new idea.

E. E. Jones, Townsend, Mont.

AN ADMIRER OF THE 16 BORE ITHACA.

I have used shotguns 20 years or more and have had a wide experience with different weights and gauges.

My first gun was a double muzzle-loader, 14 bore, weighing about 7 pounds. It was the greatest meat gun I ever owned and its pattern was as good at 60 yards as at 20. When the rest of the boys got breechloaders, of course, I had to have one. I sold the little gun, and got a 9 pound, 10 bore, full choked English gun.

With 30 shells it made a big load to carry, and it required at least 4 drams of powder to do any execution.

Since then my guns have grown smaller and lighter until the [illegible] is a 26-inch, 16 bore, 6 pound, No. 3 grade Ithaca hammerless. I wanted to use it at the traps, so had it made full choked, and it will put 300 pellets out of an ounce of No. 8's in a 24 inch circle at 35 yards. An ideal gun for a man not able to carry a 12 bore would be a 28-inch, 16 bore Ithaca hammerless ejector, weighing about 6¼ pounds. As many targets can be broken with it as with a 12 bore; while for game at distances of 35 to 50 yards it is as effective as any 12. These remarks are based on my experience with guns made by the Ithaca company. They are fine people to deal with and they make a great gun.

As regards loading, I think most people use too much powder. In my 16 bore I use 2⅜ drams of Schultze, 1 card, 3 black slugs, another card, 1 ounce shot, thin wad and good crimp. I have used Blue Rival shells with above load with good results but prefer a better shell.

C. M. Snell, Danbury, Conn.

I have used a '93 model Winchester shotgun for 5 years. For all sizes of shot, including buck, it is as good as any gun made. I prefer King's smokeless powder. For buckshot I load with 4½ drams, using tight-fitting wads on powder. Then put in 3 No. 3 buck shot and fill spaces with fine shot; then one card wad and another layer of buck filled in with fine shot.

Over all I put another card wad and a good tight crimp. In this way I get great penetration and bone breaking power. I would not advise the use of 4½ drams of King's powder in cheap or single bolt guns; but Winchesters will stand heavy loads. The full choke guns are best for buckshot.

I also have a .30-30 rifle which is a dandy. I use the 100 grain bullet with 6 or 8 grains of shotgun smokeless and find it accurate for short range shooting. A few days ago I tried it with a Savage rifle for penetration, using the full metal patch bullet in both guns. The Savage drove its bullet about ⅝ inch deeper into hard wood than the other. I can not account for this, as the 2 cartridges are so near alike. Can any reader explain?

I offer the following replies to other questioners: To H. H. Larkin: The .25-20 cartridge is a good hard shooting load, though too small for deer unless put in a vital spot.

To W. H. Galloway: The Stevens is one of the best rifles made; they are of fine material and excellent workmanship.

To Emsley Cox: Paper shells are O. K. until worn out. A shotgun would be good for bear only at very short ranges. Then I should want a 10 gauge loaded with large buckshot. You would better hunt bear with a .30-30 or a . -90 if you care to get home in a condition to tell your experiences.

To B. E. Hocker: For duck shooting and long range use 3¼ drams King's smokeless, chilled shot and full choked gun.

To L. H. Tarr: I have used many shot cartridges in rifles. To load them fill the shell 1-3 full of powder and cover with a suitable wad. Take a lead pencil or something similar, of the right size, and roll a strip of tisue paper 1½ or 2 inches wide, 2 or 3 times around the pencil, letting paper project ½ inch over the end. Give the projecting end a good twist and insert pencil with paper still on, into the shell Remove pencil and fill paper tube nearly to the top of shell with shot. Twist paper and press into shell; using a thin wad on top. The shot do not touch the barrel and consequently will not lead the rifling. Use No. 8 shot. The range is not over 3 or 4 rods and shot will scatter badly, but will give great penetration.

G. E. T., Lime Ridge, Wis.

ABOUT SHOT GUNS AND RIFLES.

I observe that a very large percentage of the writers prefer the .22 caliber, and seldom read of one who uses the .32 caliber rimfire, long or short.

Now, I have used rifles of many patterns and calibers, commencing in my youth with the long muzzle-loading Kentucky pattern; but for this section, Central New Jersey, I have found the rimfire .32 the dandy, especially for squirrels.

I have a Winchester single shot No. 2, 8½ pounds, 32 caliber, Rocky mountain and knife-blade sights, and find I can get as many squirrels with it as others with rifles of other calibers, or with shotguns.

I find it will carry up well 100 to 150 yards, and that is all one need care I enjoy. With any rifle, if one can bag 2 out of every 3 squirels shot at, at 75 yards or even at 50 yards, he is a good shot, in my opinion. I prefer a single shot rifle. It is easier to keep clean and less liable to get out of order, and a heavy to a light one, I can hold it steadier.

For grizzlies or catamounts, of course, one would require something heavier. Mine would be but a plaything.

For target shooting I have another rifle of the same make and weight as the other, but carrying .32 Winchester central fire cartridges with Lyman sights; and find that up to 300 yards it can hold its own against larger calibers; it seems to "get there" fully as often as the others, especially the army rifles. Am perfectly satisfied with both.

Now, in regard to shotguns. Having used several makes, I much prefer the Remington.

I have 2 of them, one new and the other nearly so; one of 8 pounds and the other 9 pounds, both 12 gauge; Damascus barrels, and hammer guns. I notice afield or at the traps, if held rightly, either will fill the bill satisfactorily.

I have also an IXL. (Loomis) cylinder bore, a very strong shooter; splendid for brush shooting, but not so good at the traps. Am well pleased with all 3 of them.

As with rifles I prefer a heavy shotgun. Don't seem to pound one's shoulder so much.

A. L. L.

IN DEFENCE OF THE .45.

I notice in April RECREATION a reply by W. H. Borem, to Grizzly Pete's praise of the good old .45-70 Pete's shooting, though unsportsmanlike, demonstrated the reliability of the caliber which all sportsmen once loved and which to-day 75 per cent of them still use.

I am surprised that a man claiming a 30 years' record as a hunter should make such assertions regarding the .45 as does friend Borem. Though late comers are expected to be rancorous against their old faith, Borem's tirade against the .45 will not help the .30 with RECREATION readers. They do not deem it sportsmanlike to abuse an old friend.

All great records were made with the

.45. The scores made at Wimbledon Dollymount and Creedmoor will not be forgotten; and Bodine and Fulton can not soon be discredited. The brilliant record of the U. S. troops as sharpshooters was made with the .45, and I have so far failed to hear of any phenomenal shooting by our men, armed with the .30 and 236, in Cuba or the Philippines.

I have used Sharp, Remington, Spencer, Springfield, Lee, Winchester, Martini, Peabody, What Cheer, and other .45's. Have also used the .30 and fail to note any general superiority in it over the others named. In range and penetration the .30 is a little the best; but for reliability and accuracy it falls far short.

The range of an arm is by no means a test of its adaptability for hunting, as old sportsmen will agree.

Eug. E. Stokes, Brooklyn, N. Y.

EXPERIMENTAL SHOOTING.

Hoosac Falls, N. Y.

Editor RECREATION:

Rifles are all a fleeting show, for man's delusion given; they are loaded with powder, stuffed with lead, and shoot all right—sometimes.

They are like pretty women, we all love them and hug them to our shoulders, and caress them. We find that what will do for one will raise the devil with another, and cause her to kick like a mule. Another will lie passive in our arms and receive our caresses with a kiss. So it is with the rifle. One .38 cal. wants 55-330-1-16; another .38 cal. 50-300 1 to 32, one a Chase patch, another Leopold's lubricant, one a metal clad, another the fiber clad bullet covered with a peculiar long and strong fiber, so prepared that when it it applied to a chemically treated bullet it will adhere even when shot through a plank or into sand. The bullet can not jump its covering nor wear the rifling like a metal clad, and it will mushroom much more than a paper patched or lubricated bullet, almost as much as an express bullet.

Why it should I do not know, but it does.

I have meditated much on the perversity of inanimate nature and the woman. Did you ever try to drive a woman? You can not do it. You may coax her with a new hat, or a bicycle. So with the rifle. Take it to the range one day and it will put all its shots in the 12 ring excepting one—and that may be a 9. The next day it may scatter the shots all over the target. I have been to the range feeling that I could beat the record and did it—but backward—and could find no excuse in wind or weather.

Another time weather conditions bad, and I not feeling in trim yet score 115 to 118, using the same rifle and ammunition and case.

Still I admire the woman and the rifle as much as in my youth, and shall cling to them as long as they remain a mystery.

"Medicus."

SAYS THERE IS NO BEST.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

The notes and comments on guns, rifles, cartridges and loads wherein various contributors express their opinions, are very interesting. Many of the suggestions given are of great value to sportsmen. "A difference of opinion is what makes horse races," and a difference of opinion as to guns, will always exist so long as guns are used.

I have used the various makes of regauge and weight, and believe there is *no* "best gun" on earth; but when it comes to perfection in gun-making the high-priced English makers lead the world. Their guns cost too much money for the ordinary pocket-book, and, therefore, must be classed as luxuries for the wealthy only. American guns are good enough, and so are the powders, cartridges, shot and wadding. There are none better so far as wear and tear, safety and killing powers are concerned, it being but a matter of choice with the sportsman as to which he shall use.

I have used almost every make of repeating shotguns, and discarded them, though their shooting qualities cannot be beaten. They are clumsy weapons, but are game-destroyers in the hands of a good shot, who takes care of his gun. They clog up and are difficult of manipulation in snowing, freezing weather, or where there is much fine sand or dirt flying, and when the cartridges get wet are often quite useless because of the cartridges bulging or upsetting at the crimp. The pressure of the magazine spring assists in bulging them sometimes, so much that they can not be forced into the chamber.

In purchasing a repeating shotgun one shows his nature very plainly, and allows his bristles to stick out. He wants the whole covey or every duck in the flock, without thought of leaving any for seed. He does not consider that 2 shots well placed are better than 5 or 6 fired promiscuously, and that one or 2 birds killed dead are better than 4 or 5 wounded which escape to die without being recovered. Thousands of ducks, geese and game birds are annually wounded by the reckless and indiscriminate use of repeating shotguns.

Will it ever cease? Not until there is legislation to prevent it.

Old Shooter.

DOESN'T BLEED?

I am a reader of RECREATION and a lover of hunting and take a great deal of interest in such sport. I would like to ask a few questions.

I see so much about the little .30-30 and the great work it has done. No doubt the little treasure is a great game killer, but I have never heard anyone say what it will do if it does not strike a bone. They all tell what it does when it strikes something hard. Suppose you shoot a deer in the paunch or through the fleshy part of the body, what would be the result? It seems to me you would bore a little hole that would close up with blood, and the animal would run away and die in hiding; whereas, if you had a larger bore, you would have torn a hole that would have let the blood out and the air in, and the deer would have died at once.

I have hunted some in my day, using guns from a .32-20 up to a .45-90 and have killed most kinds of game. The gun that I prefer is a .40-60 Winchester. I have killed deer with it at 400 yards, and have never had one get away. I have shot them with a .32-40 and unless I hit them in a vital spot they would get away and I could not track them. This has been my experience.

I think it would be the same with a high pressure gun, or worse. If some of the readers of RECREATION will show the effect this ball will have in flesh I will be glad to read of it.

H. I. Hill, Springfield, Mo.

TELESCOPE SIGHTS.

It is with pleasure I receive my copy of RECREATION each month and turn first to Guns and Ammunition, where I am sure to find something interesting and instructive. Now that the red squirrel has been disposed of let us have something concerning rifle telescopes. I know of no better manner in which to spend a Saturday half holiday than to take a tramp through the fields and woods, enjoying nature and the fresh air.

A year ago, L. N. Mogg, of Marcellus, N. Y., fitted my .32-40 Remington with one of his excellent telescopes, with which I am entirely satisfied. I consider it perfect for a woodchuck gun, as well as for a target rifle. With my telescope, and by using Vernier rear sight, which can be folded out of the way when not in use, and wind gauge front sight, it can in a few seconds be changed from a hunting to a target rifle, or *vice versa.* The front mounting of the telescope is so constructed that it screws into the wind gauge sight base of the rifle and has a simple rear mounting, so that by unscrewing the wind gauge attachment the telescope can be detached from rifle and regular wind gauge sight screwed into place almost instantly. The only tools necessary are your fingers. The best part of woodchucking is in watching the actions of a chuck 150 or 200 yards away, all unconscious of your presence. Many times the tough little rascal is so nearly hidden by grass or weeds that shooting with open sight, at any distance, is mere guess work; but the telescope brings his form or sparkling eye in view, and the hunter knows a slight pressure of the trigger makes him his game. Most telescopes have only one vertical and one horizontal cross wire, but I had mine improved by adding 3 more horizontal ones, so adjusted that they cross the vertical wire at the proper place for shooting 50, 100, 150, and 200 yards each. Then when shooting at different distances instead of holding over or under your game, your sight is exactly on the mark. This insures accurate shooting. It may be a trifle confusing at first, but it is the experience of several hunters in this neighborhood, that after a very few hours they are much better satisfied with this arrangement. The telescope adds greatly to the pleasure of an outing in more ways than one, and saves many of those long tedious tramps which reveal only a bunch of grass, or something, which to the naked eye, resempled a woodchuck and sometimes even appears to move. In ordering a telescope do not get one of too high power. I have one of the 10-power glasses and find it strong enough. With it I can shoot in a light where it would be impossible to see with the open sights. Several of these telescope sights are in use in this vicinity, and their owners prefer them to any other, using them exclusively while afield.

Earle W. Wilson, Syracuse, N. Y.

SMALL SHOT.

To correct a very general misapprehension, permit us to say to the many readers of RECREATION, that King's semi-smokeless powder is not intended for use in rifles and pistols only. So much has been said and written about it in relation to these arms, and so favorable have been the comments, that the attention of the public has been diverted from the fact that this powder is equally good for shotguns. It does just as good work in its way behind shot, as behind a bullet.

It is entirely safe for shotguns. While it has the high velocity of nitro powder it has a low breech pressure, and does not strain the gun or shell. It makes a fine pattern, produces little smoke, is very strong, clean, prompt of ignition and always reliable. It is much pleasanter to shoot than most nitro powders, and is just as effective. It should be loaded the same as black powder, except that about 15 to 20 per cent less by measure should be used for a given load, and should possibly not be rammed quite so hard. To obtain the best results the ordinary primer should be used, and the ordinary shell and wadding are quite sufficient. 2¾ drams of the FFFG grain will make a good 12 gauge load for all ordinary purposes, both at the trap and in the field. The recoil will be light and the execution all that could be desired.

G. M. Peters, Cincinnati, O.

In answer to A. Kennedy, of Missoula, Mont., I give my experience with paper patched bullets. My gun was slightly larger than .30 caliber, but compares well with the .30-40-220. It shot at 50, 75, 100 and 150 yard ranges, and with most satisfactory results. I used medium and full charges of King's No. 2 smokeless powder; and bullets of about 160 and 195 grains, composed of 10 parts of lead and one of tin. They were wrapped with medium patched paper. The tools used were the Ideal No. 3 special and the Ideal cylindrical adjustable mould. The "Leopold" bullets were set accurately in the shells without any crimp. However, I would not give up the use of steel jacketed bullets and soft points for large game. I have shot deer with my rifle that never jumped after being hit, but simply sank down where they stood. One does not really need such a powerful gun for deer.

T. Y. Shear, Thawville, Ill.

I use a Stevens .25-25, and it suits me exactly. With the Ideal tools and King's semi-smokeless powder I can obtain almost any desired result. A good load for short range or indoor practice is 3 grains of King's powder and a 25 grain round ball. This will shoot accurately up to 150 feet, and is less dangerous than the .22 short, as the bullet is lighter. Another excellent load is 10 grains of powder and a 62 grain sharp pointed bullet. This is good for 200 yards, and, as it does not tear the flesh, is just the thing for small game. The quick twist of the .25-25, one in 12, makes it possible to use the 96 grain bullet with good results for long range shooting. It also makes necessary the use of a hard bullet; one part tin to 12 or 14 of lead will give the best results. I have compounded a satisfactory lubricant. It is composed of vaselin 8 oz.; paraffin, 3 oz.; beeswax, 1 oz. This will not peel from the bullet nor melt.

W. C. Turnbull, Cleveland, O.

In March Recreation, J. F. Perry asks what animal will kill and eat hedgehogs. Bears will; and hedgehog meat is the best possible bait for a bear trap. A bear will skin a hedgehog without getting a quill stuck in himself.

I think John Hastie too hasty in assuming that his experience proves the superiority of the .30-30. In every case he had a standing shot or plenty of time to pick his aim at a vital spot. Of course, under those conditions a gun of any caliber would bring down the game. I have killed deer with a .22 short, but I had to hit them right.

W. G. B., of Luzerne, Pa., says he killed a deer instantly with a .30-30 bullet through the paunch. If this is a fact, and the ball did not strike a vital spot somewhere, it is the first case of the kind I ever heard of. I have known deer to run some distance with their intestines dragging on the ground. I had several sportsmen with .30-30's at my camp last year. They crippled a number of deer but could not follow them any distance because the animals bled so little. All who wish may use a .30, but I would not accept one as a gift, if I had to hunt with it.

W. E. Mathews, Schoodic Lake, Me.

The article in April Recreation by A. H. H., entitled "A Trip to Minnesota," is enough to make the judicious grieve. When A. H. H. says the small bore cranks would have stood a slim chance with him and his .45-70, he must have meant users of .22 caliber rifles. He must be well versed in holding the .45 at long range, or very poor at guessing distances; because even with smokeless powder and held point-blank the bullet will fall more than 7 feet at 350 yards. If the moose had been but 150 yards away, holding a rifle as he did to hit it at 350 yards he would have shot 3 feet over it. The .45-70 smokeless is loaded only with low pressure powder, and only 29 grains at that. It has a muzzle velocity of 1,286 feet—a trifle more than that of the .44-40 and has no comparison whatever in velocity, trajectory, or killing power to small bore rifles using high pressure powder.

M. M. Conlon, Traverse City, Mich.

Replying to Y. M. C. A. will say: The soft-nosed, metal-patched bullet is a more deadly projectile than the full metal-jacketed bullet. Marlin and Winchester .30-30's will interchange ammunition. The Marlin ammunition, however, is best because of the flat nose. It mushrooms better.

I use a .30-40 Winchester with the U. S. .30 cartridge, soft-nosed or full-jacketed bullet, but it is so powerful that a miss at the target is liable to kill somebody in the next county. A score on a deer, or other large game, however, with the soft-nose, is usually fatal instantly or very soon.

For game up to and including deer, I prefer a .25-36, or Winchester .25-35. Either is good for meat at 400 yards. Not many shots are taken at so great a range. These cartridges can be built with black powder.

Personally I prefer a .25-36 to a .30-40 or .30-30. I can make a better target with it, and the recoil is lighter.

Read what O. M. B., of Dubuque says in February RECREATION, p. 136. However, I differ from him as to cleaning. I keep my .30-40 always in tip-top shape.

H. B. K., Milwaukee, Wis.

If that man (?) who "proved" a .30-30 and who boasted about it—see page 213 March RECREATION, 1899, whom you gently roasted, is a reader of RECREATION and supposes true sportsmen admire such "proving," he must be dull indeed. After so much has been said favorable to this gun as a game weapon, by reliable and trustworthy men, he is not satisfied until he destroys 9 large game animals. He does not claim the settlers along Horse creek were destitute and needed his assistance; that meat was scarce in his wigwam; that his naked papooses needed the hides to keep them warm, nor even that the carcasses were needed for bear bait. He wanted to try a .30-30 and imagined it would be agreeable to RECREATION readers for him to write about it. He is a long way off the trail.

Thomas S. Boyd, Omaha, Neb.

L. G. M. asks which is the best all-around .22 caliber cartridge. I have tested the various .22's at the target and on game for years, and find no one of them suitable for every use. The best way is to get a rifle chambered for all 3 in one barrel—the .22 short, .22 long and .22 long rifle. The Stevens Ideal and their Favorite will chamber and shoot these cartridges as accurately as any rifle made. This permits a choice that ought to suit the most exacting. I use the .22 short and .22 long rifle as they are the most accurate. If, however, one wants a cartridge for squirrels and larger game, the .22 Winchester R. F. is the one to use. It is larger every way than the other .22's, and a rifle made for it will admit no other. It is just right for squirrels and will bring down a fox at 50 or 60 yards.

J. B. Garvin, Wheeling, W. Va.

The Louisville Revolver Club is still working enthusiastically and promises to hold its place as one of the best in the country. Several of its members are making particularly good scores. Notable among these are E. B. Nye and H. S. Gilbert. The latter is a young man, but his work shows him to be exceedingly handy with the revolver, being able to put 5 shots into the black at 20 yards with a .38, using Peters' shells loaded with King's semi-smokeless powder. Mr. Dye uses the same grade of ammunition.

The club has fitted up a range on the upper floors of F. R. Burrel's store on 3d street, and the appointments are of the very best.

E. L. H., Cincinnati, O.

At the Michigan state shoot at Wyandotte, June 20-23, 30 of the shooters used Peters' "New Victor" shells loaded with King's smokeless powder, and all the state trophies were won with these loads. John Parker, of Detroit, won the Expert State Championship; Frank Shearer of Bay City, won the Semi-Expert Championship; Captain Merrill, of Bay City, the Amateur State Championship; John Parker the AA Class Medal of the Passtime Gun Club, with a score of 23 out of 25, and in the Expert Championship he broke 24 out of 25.

Kentuckian, in May RECREATION, asks for my idea of an all-around gun for trap and field. For me it must be a 12 gauge, 7 pound hammerless, 3⅜ drop of stock. Left barrel, modified choke, right barrel, cylinder. With straight stock one is likely to shoot over the mark, especially in hasty work. As to leading quail in cross shooting it depends on the distance between gun and bird. From one to 3 feet would be likely to grass the bird. I find a 12 bore Baker hammerless, A grade, 7 pounds, 28 inch barrels, a splendid gun for ducks and smaller game. There are lots of other good guns, but none so safe to handle.

D. T. Tuthill, Orient Point, N. Y.

To prevent wads from loosening in brass shot shells use a wad one size larger than bore gun. Then pour 3 or 4 drops of orange shellac on the card wad and turn the cartridge around until the varnish sticks the wad firmly to the shell. It will burn off clearly with each discharge and the wad will not loosen in one shell when the other is fired. I have obtained good results with smokeless powder in brass shells. In a 10 bore gun I use 4 drams King's smokeless, one card wad and 3 black edge No. 7 wads over powder; 1½ ounces No. 3 shot with 2 card wads over it and shellac to hold them firmly in place.

H. Higgins, North Cramer Hill, N. J.

What rifle at a reasonable price will shoot all grades of .22 caliber rim fire cartridges?

Carl D. Hart, Turin, N. Y.

ANSWER.

No gun can be made that will shoot the various grades of .22 caliber cartridges correctly and effectively. This is because the shells are of different lengths. If your rifle is chambered for a .22 long shell you can use .22 short in it, but it will not give the best results. You should therefore decide before buying your rifle what cartridge you prefer to use and have the rifle chambered accordingly. Winchesters, Remingtons, and the Stevens Arms Co. all make fine small bore rifles.

EDITOR.

In April RECREATION W. H. Borem makes fun of Pete's old .45-70, and questions that wonderful kill of bear and elk. Nevertheless the .45-70 Winchester is a good gun. I used one 3 years in Colorado and found it would bring down any kind of game within reasonable distance. With it I have shot antelope at 500 yards, the ball in every case going clear through them. I once shot a wolf, 70 rods away. The ball entered his hip and came out on the opposite side just back of the shoulder. The '97 model Winchester shotgun is the best all-around shotgun made.

Geo. W. Winter, Donnebrog, Neb.

In answer to W. G. B., of Luzerne, Pa., will say I have used King's semi-smokeless powder in a .25-35 Winchester. It gives as good results as any powder made, and for rifles from .32-20 up it can not be beaten. To S. D. Ledyard, of St. Louis, Mo., I would say I used a Davis 12 gauge gun last winter, and would not advise him to purchase one. It does not compare with the Ithaca hammer gun, and the difference in price is too little to be any object. The Davis is not a bad looking gun, but mine made a poor pattern and had the worst recoil of any 12 gauge I ever fired.

M. E. D., Kendallville, Ia.

What advice can you give regarding a light load for the .30-40 Winchester, model '95? The full charge will blow any small game off the face of the earth.

Dr. B. W. Percival, Lynn, Mass.

I referred this to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., who answer as follows:

"Dr. Percival may find what he wants in the .30 army short range cartridge, which is described on page 102 of our catalogue, and which is loaded with 7½ grains of Dupont smokeless, .30 government rifle powder, and a bullet of 100 grains."

I have shot the New Victor shell, loaded with King's smokeless powder, for the last 3 months, during which time I have used in the neighborhood of 1,000 of them. The load is all they claim for it, and I have made myself, and seen others make, some phenomenal kills with it. I saw J. W. Irwin, of this city, kill a prairie chicken dead in the air, at fully 110 yards, with a 3¼ drams powder and 1⅛ oz. No. 6 shot.

W. H. Phillips, First Lieutenant, 11th U. S. Infantry, Fort Logan H. Roots, Ark.

I would like your opinion of the Hotchkiss repeater carrying the .45-70 government cartridge, with either a 405 or 500 grain bullet. Kindly give range and penetration of that gun. How is the Hotchkiss when compared with the '95 model, .30 Winchester for big game?*

The Stevens Favorite is a splendid target rifle, and puts a bullet exactly where it is aimed, which, according to statements made by friends, can not always be expected from other guns of the same caliber. It is fitted with Lyman front and peep sights.

P. M., New York City.

A simple and quick way to remove the sticky fouling deposited by high-pressure smokeless powder is as follows: Load an extra shell with black powder, or with a low-pressure nitro such as Dupont's No. 1, and a bullet. When through with the day's shooting, fire a blow-out shot with this charge, which will drive out the gummy residue of high-pressure powder and leave the barrel in the same condition as though ordinary powder only had been used. The gun can then be easily cleaned in the old-fashioned way.

Horace Kephart, St. Louis, Mo.

I want to ask readers of RECREATION, who have had experience in this line, if metal-jacketed bullets do not in a short time ruin the barrel of a gun in which they are used. I have owned some fine rifles, and have been often cautioned by old hunters to be sure and buy soft lead for bullets lest I should injure my gun. What is the best rifle using metal patched balls? I think of buying either a Savage or a Winchester single shot. Success to the L. A. S.

R. B. Cabell, M. D., Leta, Mo.

Will a 10 gauge shotgun shoot any farther than a 16—the length of barrels being the same? Will a 4 gauge shoot farther than a 16?

Isaac Boyle, Hamlet, Ill.

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* Referred to RECREATION readers.

ANSWER.

Yes, the larger the bore the farther the gun will shoot if the length of barrel and charge are in proportion to the bore. Careful tests have shown that except for very small loads and short barrels the large bores have the advantage.

EDITOR.

I have given the Laflin & Rand Sporting Rifle Smokeless powder a test at 300 yards range, in a .30-30 Winchester. I used the soft point, 160 grain bullet and can put 4 out of 5 bullets in an 8 inch bullseye every time, at that distance. It beats the —— powder all out. It is the best powder I ever used. I have been using the —— smokeless for over a year, but will not use it any more if I can get the Laflin & Rand.

R. J. Miller, Stanstead, Que.

I have used rifles from .50 caliber down to .30, and for first-class results I choose the .30-30 Winchester. Have killed antelope with it at 600 yards. It is the best gun for antelope I have ever used. The next rifle I buy will be a Winchester of still smaller bore. What is the use of loading yourself down with an old-fashioned rifle when you can have all that is desirable in the little smokeless, with half the weight.

E. C. Graham, Ordway, Colo.

Enclose scores made in third and latest shoot for Remington prize gun. You have scores of first shoot, Young 30. The second was won by Laughlin, 30, who, as you see, won the third, 25, and is in a fair way to own the gun as the winner was to win 3 times, 2 of these times being in succession. A new gun club management has been elected: H. Laughlin, president, and B. F. Elbert, Jr., manager.

W. W. Young, Princeton University Gun Club, Princeton, N. J.

After studying the gun and ammunition question for years I have found a combination that suits me—Lefever gun, Peters' New Victor shells and King's smokeless powder. From my Lefever I have fired 20,000 charges within 4 years ,and it is as good to-day as when it left the factory. For targets I use 3 drams King's smokeless and 1¼ ounces No. 7½ shot; for live birds, 3¼ drams powder and 1¼ ounces No. 7 shot.

A. B. Steele, Auburn, Ind.

In May RECREATION, Subscriber, Hamilton, Ont., asks why a gun should be cleaned twice before setting away. I had a .20 gauge Remington, and always cleaned it carefully once after using, but the barrel became rusty and pitted. For the last 3 years I have used a Remington 12 gauge. Have never failed to clean it twice and the barrels are as bright inside as when new.

Hundred, Johnstown, N. Y.

M. A. B. asks in May RECREATION, if there is any danger in loading 12 gauge brass shells with smokeless powder. I have been shooting a 12 gauge for the last 4 or 5 years and using brass shells loaded with smokeless. The pattern may not be so good, but the general results are much more satisfactory with me. I would not hesitate to use smokeless powder in brass shells for any gun.

Frank Slater, Rich Hill, Mo.

C. C. Brooks, 51 Morton street, Waltham, Mass., has invented and patented a box magazine rifle. He has made up models in 2 forms; one with a finger lever similar to that of the Winchester, and another with a straight pull similar to that used in the Lee-Metford, Hotchkiss, etc.

Mr. Brooks has also invented a 3 barrel gun for which he claims some decided advantages. He is looking for a manufacturer to take contracts for building these guns.

The Marin County, Cal., Commissioners have passed an ordinance, forbidding the use of the pump gun in that county, at all times. This is a radical departure from ideas that prevail in the minds of many sportsmen and it would be well for lawmakers in all states to consider this question.

I should like to print a discussion of the subject in RECREATION. Persons who write will kindly boil down their ideas into the smallest possible number of words.

Replying to S. D. Ledyard's inquiry in April RECREATION: The N. R. Davis gun is a good one, but the Remington is neater and better. The gun advertised by Cyrus Wyckoff, Cuba, N. Y., in April RECREATION is a bargain if 12 gauge and in good condition. Would not have a 10 gauge gun of any description for my own use. Try the Remington blue barrel. Mine cost me $18.50.

L. E. Nelson, Waterville, Col.

While I am interested in the .30-30, and .30-40 discussion, I should like to hear more about small bore target rifles as a great many do not have the opportunity to use the .30 caliber on big game. Should like to see more about pistol and revolver shooting, at the target, and to have the opinion of some readers on the Quackenbush .22 caliber rifle.

H. R. P.

The interest in revolver shooting is increasing in all parts of the country. One of the latest clubs organized is the Pittsburg Rifle Club, the meeting to form which was held at the office of the King Powder Co., 33 9th St., Pittsburg. The following gentlemen were present: L. B. Fleming, Arthur H. McKeown, S. O. James, Robert Hunter, Charles G. Grubb, A. H. Hofer.

At the Ohio State Tournament, Columbus, O., June 20-23, over one-half the shooters used Peters' "New Victor" shells loaded with King's smokeless powder. First average was tied by an amateur with Peters' "New Victor". The Ohio State Journal cup tied with Peters' "New Victor" and turned over to Mrs. Myers, and they tied every cup race in the tournament.

I have tried the Peters cartridges, and, like every one else who has tried them, think they are the best I ever saw; whenever I can get Peters' cartridges, I shall use them, and hope before long our dealer will have the Peters' .32 short for my Stevens rifle, for if a man has a Stevens rifle and shoots Peters' cartridges, he is all right.

P. W. Harlow, Farmington, Wash.

I see much talk of shotguns being bored for nitro powder. Why do they have to be bored differently? I have shot nitro powder in my Parker gun for a number of years. I am sure it was not bored for nitro powder but it shoots well. I should like to know where it differs in the bore.

F. G. M., Pasadena, Calif.

I have tried the Ideal rifle and find it the most accurate rifle I ever handled. I have tried the Marlin, Winchester, Merwin & Hulbert, etc., but the Ideal, .22 "long rifle" beats the band. I placed 4 out of 5 shots in a one-inch bull'seye, 25 yards, and 2 out of 3 in a 2-inch bull at 50 yards.

E. C. T., Schenectady, N. Y.

Following is the load I like best for a 12 gauge Parker hammerless gun, 2¾ in. "Leader" shell, 45 grains Schultz powder, one nitro card wad, one pink edge and one black edge wad on powder, 1⅛ ounce of shot with card wad on shot, well crimped.

A. W. Webster, Collinwood, O.

I have tried various powders, both black and smokeless, and have found none of them up to the standard of Laflin & Rand's Sporting Rifle Smokeless in uniformity and pleasantness. There is no recoil and no smoke. I have used it for .23-44 revolver practice with gallery loads.

Chas. G. Blandford, Sing Sing, N. Y.

On October 31st last I killed a wild goose weighing 9½ pounds, at a distance of 153 steps, being at least 160 yards, with a Peters .22 short smokeless cartridge, fired from a .22 rifle. The bullet passed entirely through the goose and lodged just under the skin on the opposite side.

C. M. Radcliffe, Columbus, O.

At a recent gun club shoot in Pennsylvania the following novel and liberal prizes were offered:

Ladies trimmed hat; accident insurance policy; two weeks' laundry service; one week's board in jail (for lowest score); medical visits; marriage ceremony and license complete (all but the lady); 5 teeth extracted.

I have had considerable experience in moose and elk hunting, and once thought it necessary to use a .45-75 or .45-90. Now I find that a .32-40 Winchester will, with soft nosed bullets, kill just as well. The .30-30 is too dangerous a gun for general use. For deer hunting the .32-40 is my ideal.

H. R. Phillips, Penn Yan, N. Y.

Will some one tell me how to reload .30-30 shells cheaply, with a light charge of black or smokeless powder and a pure lead bullet? I want a load that will do good work on wolves and foxes up to 150 yards. Which Ideal reloading tool should I buy, and what brand of powder should I use?

Ramrod, Lacolle, Can.

Mr. Travers asks in February Recreation, if there are guns made especially for shooting buckshot. I had the Ithaca Gun Co. build me such a gun last fall. It is a 10 pound, 10 gauge. The way it throws large shot is marvelous. Its work equals that of any 15 pound, 8 gauge I ever saw.

Northwest, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Having read a good deal about the killing power of the new .30 caliber rifle I would like to hear from one who has used the .45 or .50 caliber, as well as the .30 caliber on moose. Which is the better gun.

Wm. G. Baker, Billerica, Mass.

I should like to hear through Recreation from any one who has used a Winchester take down repeating shotgun. Do the shells ever stick? Is the gun always reliable?

T. W. Stiles, Merchantville, N. J.

NATURAL HISTORY.

ZOOLOGICAL PARK SPECIMENS.

The immense amount of work now in progress in the Zoological Park renders it unwise to open the park to the public before September or October. About 250 men are constantly employed on the various buildings, dens, aviaries, walks, sewers, water lines, and other improvements; and with the steam drilling and blasting, excavating, hauling of stone, gravel and other materials, in addition to the work on the buildings, the Zoological Park is a very busy place. Ever since April 1st the present building season has been unprecedentedly fine. The rains have fallen at night and on Sundays, and scarcely a day has been lost on account of the weather. It is not possible in this issue to describe at length the various improvements, and I shall reserve the whole subject until the park is opened to the public. One important feature, however, must be noticed. To the Page Woven Wire Fence Co. was given the contract for the erection of all the fences for the big game ranges, and corrals, and the park boundary, at a cost of $10,802. On July 1st. nearly 15 days ahead of contract time, the company completed the erection of 5¼ miles of Page Woven Wire fence, on bond steel posts set in concrete, and it is safe to say these are the finest fences to be found in any zoological garden or preserve in the world, either public or private. The posts will be painted green, and the wire itself is so nearly invisible that it does not detract in the least from the beauty and openness of the park.

The readers of RECREATION are responding generously to my call for specimens for the Zoological Park, and already a number of fine birds have been received. In the October issue will be published a list of donations received up to September 1st. For good reasons, chiefly connected with the safety of the public, the society has decided to put no animals on exhibition until the park is really opened to the public, and in order to carry out this idea, a large temporary enclosure has been erected in the center of the park, where all specimens now being received are made comfortable in temporary quarters until the day arrives to place everything on exhibition.

THEY DO SWIM.

Under the caption of "A Swimming Skunk and Rabbits," in RECREATION for July, p. 58, Mr. McDermott expresses surprise at shooting a swimming animal in Alabama and finding that it was a "rabbit." I put quotation marks on the name rabbit because there is not, properly speaking, a wild rabbit in America unless in confinement or descended from imported animals. To be exact, rabbits are social, living in colonies and making burrows like prairie dogs. Their young are brought into the world naked and blind. Hares never burrow, but construct forms or nests, in which they hide and bring forth their young, which are covered with hair and have the eyes open. Some hares, as our common "cotton-tail," make use of holes in the ground made by other animals, but they are solitary and have no system of connecting tunnels, such as rabbits make. All American "rabbits" are hares, but we've always called 'em "rabbits" and always will. I merely write in the interest of truth not expecting to change a popular name.

I am obliged to Mr. McDermott for calling me out, so that I can split hairs (?) with him. We have at least 5 hares, as a bald fact. These are fortunately in one group and may be combed out as I shall presently show. First, allowing scientific duffers the privilege of giving the genus the old Latin name of *Lepus*, which was what they called a hare or a rabbit, (and when you come to look at the long jumps some of these fellows can record in the snow "Leap-us" is not half bad), we have:

1. *L. palustris*, the marsh hare, tail grayish, not cottony, body yellowish brown, length 17 in.; skull ½ as wide as long; Southern Illinois and in the South, found in swamps.

2. *L. aquaticus*, the water hare, a "cotton tail," skull not ½ its length, body yellowish brown, white below, length 22 in. Southern Illinois to Louisiana and Southwest; in canebrakes and about lowland streams.

3. *L. sylvaticus*, the cotton tail, "Molly cotton," the common "rabbit" from Massachusetts, South; length 18 in.

4. *L. Americanus*, the "white rabbit," "Northern hare," brown in summer and white in winter; length 20 in., found in heavy timber along the Alleghanies and North to the Canadian line. The European hare, *L. timidus*, a larger animal, here replaces it and ranges to Hudson's Bay.

5. *L. campestris*, the jack rabbit, ears longer than head, white in winter and yellowish gray in summer, tail all white and longer than in other species; length 23 in., range from Kansas to Oregon.

The measurements of length are from tip of nose to last caudal vertebra.

It is a fact that Nos. 1 and 2 in the above list can and do swim voluntarily, but that fact is not generally known. They cannot dive and swim under water as minks, muskrats and otters do, but they have no hesitation about swimming across a pond.

I once threw a line over No. 2 while fishing in a Louisiana bayou, hooked it in the back of the neck and landed it. It was summer and the wretched thing was loaded with wood-ticks and was very poor. I took the hook out of its skin, sat it in the water and saw it swim to the other side.

What impels a man to capture an animal he does not want? I had no use for that hare in summer, yet the temptation to cast a hook over it was acted upon before reason asserted herself. My terrier has the same desire to kill things for which he has no use and therein he resembles the game hogs which RECREATION has been scalding in such a vigorous manner.

"More power to your elbow."

A PRIMA DONNA CONDEMNS BIRD MILLINERY.

Mme. Lilli Lehmann was the attraction at the 2d annual meeting of the Audubon Society of the State of New York, which was held in April at the Museum of Natural History. The purpose of this society is the protection of birds and the prevention of their slaughter for purposes of adornment, and Mme. Lehmann is one of its most enthusiastic members. An appeal which she had prepared, asking women not to wear birds' feathers on their hats was handed to the members of the society as they entered the hall, and her address, read from the platform later, was enthusiastically received by the 500 members, mostly women, present.

Mr. Chapman, the chairman, read a letter from Governor Roosevelt, in which after declaring his sympathy with the aims of the society, he said:

"Spring would not be spring without bird songs any more than it would be spring without buds and flowers, and I only wish that, beside protecting the songsters, the birds of the grove, the orchard, the garden and the meadow, we could also protect the birds of the seashore and the wilderness. When the bluebirds were so nearly destroyed by the severe winter a few years ago, the loss was like the loss of an old friend, or at least like the burning down of a familiar and dearly beloved house. How immensely it would add to our forests if only the great logcock were still found among them! When I hear of the destruction of a species I feel as if all the works of some great writer had perished; as if we had lost all, instead of only a part of Polybius or Livy."

Mr. Chapman then read Mme. Lehmann's paper on the destruction of birds, which she entitled, "A Plea for Humanity," and in which she protested vigorously against the killing of birds for feminine adornment, the cruelty of vivisection, the docking of horses' tails, and urged women to stop wearing bird feathers on their hats and to wear flowers instead. Mme. Lehmann made a little speech after Mr. Chapman had finished, in which she extolled the purpose of the Audubon Society and said a similar society in Germany had 40,000 members.

This was the result of the society's annual election:

President, Morris K. Jessup; Honorary Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Robert Abbe, Miss Maria R. Audubon, Mrs. Samuel P. Avery, Miss Eleanor Blodgett, Mrs. William C. Doane, Mrs. David S. Egleston, Mrs. Morris K. Jessup, Mrs. Cadwalader Jones, Mrs. William M. Kingsland, Mrs. Francis P. Kinnicutt, Mrs. Seth Low, Mrs. Charles Russel Lowell, Mrs. Henry Fairfield Osborn, Mrs. James Roosevelt, Mrs. Joseph H. Rylance, Mrs. Frank K. Sturgis, John Burroughs, John P. Haines, George Bird Grinnell, Henry G. Marquand, Rev. Henry C. Potter, Governor Roosevelt and Abbott H. Thayer; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Emma H. Lockwood.

Mme. Lehmann's appeal, freely circulated, read:

"I beg all women and girls not to wear birds or birds' feathers on their hats any more. Every year 25,000,000 of useful birds are slaughtered by this terrible folly. The farmers are already suffering from it, and women enjoy wearing feathers like savages. Flowers and ribbons are a thousand times more beautiful and more becoming. It is the duty of every woman and man to battle against this grewsome folly. For years my hats have had no feathers. Lilli Lehmann."

The Audubon Society's membership has now reached 16,000, with branches in 15 states.

DISAGREES WITH THE DOCTOR.

In April RECREATION is a letter from A. Eberhart, M.D. The doctor is probably a naturalist. He says the testes of the *Rodentia* are abdominal and descend only during periods of rut. I am not a naturalist, so I turned to the Encyclopedia Britannica. It is there stated that the above rule applies only to the suborder *Simplicidentata*, and that in the other suborder, *Duplicidentata*, the testes are external. The Doctor's statement appears by the book too sweeping. The question at point is whether red squirrels castrate gray squirrels. I once saw it done. I have skinned probably 30 or 40 gray squirrels, ½ of which were males. Of these all but 2 or 3 had been maimed, and the scar was plainly visible. I had heard about the testes being retained in the abdomen and have looked for, but never found them there. Perhaps a trained observer could have found what I missed, but my belief is that the organs were gone. I have killed and dressed hundreds of red squirrels, have killed them in every month and nearly every week in the year; and in the few cases where the testes were missing either the specimen was very young or there was a scar to tell what had happened.

There is another problem that vexes me. In heavy spruce or pine woods in inland Maine it is possible to find robins all winter. Do some robins stay at home the year round while the greater number fly South at the approach of cold weather? If so, why? Or are our winter robins migrants from lands North of us, and if that, why are their numbers so few?

D. C. Clark, Norway, Me.

A SINGING MOUSE.

The stories written of "musical mice" and "singing swans" sound poetical; but as a zoological proposition I never believed in either until a few nights ago. Now I am open to conviction regarding the swan's song.

For several weeks, after retiring I have heard within my room, low musical sonorous sounds. The cadences rose and fell like a far distant æolian harp. Last night, while my wife and I sat reading and all was quiet in the room, the pleasing sounds began. Casting my eyes into the corner of the room I saw a mouse couchant; its head thrown slightly upward, and eyes closed. The little animal seemed in an ecstacy, or trance. This continued for about one minute. Suddenly springing to his feet he ran about the room apparently in a perfectly normal state. Half an hour later the song was repeated. I believe the sound is produced by the rapid vibration of the alae of the nose.

I do not believe castration was ever performed by the red, black or gray squirrels or any animal as an instinct. I know the idea is prevalent, but it is untenable. The testes do not descend into the scrotum until the animal is several years old, except at rutting time, and not then in young individuals. I have examined hundreds and never failed to find the testes in situ. I never saw a lacerated animal nor one with a scar, indicating that such an operation had ever been attempted. The raphe of the scrotum may have been mistaken for a scar by inexperienced persons.

W. F. Work, M.D., Hot Springs, Ark.

NOT THE PASSENGER PIGEON.

I learned there was a flock of wild pigeons roosting in a small canyon near here and investigation proved them to be the genuine wild pigeon. There are about 100 of them. The canyon is dark and full of brush, so I could not see them very well. I was told a flock, presumably this one, had been stopping in the same canyon several years, on their migratory flights, and that when first seen there were only about a dozen of them. My informant has been watching them, has gone every year to see if they had returned and has noticed with interest the increase in numbers.

I saw in April Recreation a story about pigeons, spun by a sea captain. If he sailed in the North Pacific, his story is probably true, only the frozen pigeons were sea pigeons and not wild pigeons. There is a bird on the shores of the Pacific that is called sea pigeon and which follow the schools of sardines in vast numbers. The birds are about the size of the wild pigeons and resemble them somewhat, especially at a distance. They roost on the water and would be easily killed by sleet storm.

I have never heard of the wild pigeon being found on the shores of the Atlantic or Pacific. Their flight is along the streams of the interior.

What has become of the wild pigeon?

The market hunters, pot hunters, net men and game hogs who infested their feeding grounds a few years ago, and shipped them by the barrel can answer more correctly than anyone.

Val, Eureka, Cal.

The flock you saw in the canyon is probably the band-tail pigeon and not the passenger pigeon.—Ed.

WILL NOT ROB NESTS.

I am well pleased with your decision. A few years ago I took it into my head to collect bird's eggs and got about 100 kinds; but after reading Recreation I saw my error and have stopped and am not going to get any more. My reason for getting them was that I love birds, as I do everything in nature. You do not think Taxidermy is a good business. How would it do to get 2 or 3 kinds of every bird and animal there is for my own use, as I have a great deal of time?

Recreation is the best sportsman's paper published, and the way you give it to the game hogs ought to reform them if anything will. There is one thing I will have to find fault with. I don't think you treat the animal they are named after right. I don't think even a hog would act same as some of them do. I am happy to say you reformed me. Before I read RECREATION I thought I could hardly live if I didn't get eggs, but shall never get any more.

David Pratt, Freeport, Me.

It would not be at all wrong for you to collect a few good specimens of each species of bird and mammal in your locality for your own study. It is not that sort of work that exterminates wild species. It is the egg hogs and the skin hogs who collect in large numbers and sell them.—ED.

While walking with a companion one day in the early part of September I noticed a hole, evidently once the home of a woodpecker, in a telegraph pole. Just then a squirrel popped its head from the opening and seeing us, instantly popped in again. We could not get to him by shinning the pole, so we went home and got a pair of climbing irons. With these I managed to reach the aperture, but my hand was too large to enter it. My friend could not use the irons, but by climbing a tree near the pole and walking out on a branch he reached the hole. Putting in his hand, he drew out, one after another, 4 young red squirrels. They were plump little fellows and old enough to climb about in a slow, uncertain fashion I carried them home in my hat and installed them in a hollow stump, after making a bed for them of cotton. I feed them shelled nuts, which is their only food, and they scamper through nearby trees at will. They are now nearly full grown, with big bushy tails, and are so tame they run all over me.

W. P. Kennard.

CLARK'S NUTCRACKER.

My first and only acquaintance with this interesting bird was made in the spring of '92, near Bald mountain, at an elevation of about 8,000 feet. I was spending a few weeks in that vicinity with my father who had been writing me all winter about some large, black and gray woodpeckers that were quite abundant near his cabin and I was puzzled to know what bird he meant. When I arrived, on May 15th, he told me they had disappeared within the last week or 2. We spent a week looking for them, and on the 22nd our search came to an end on the top of a high mountain 4 miles North of our cabin. There my father pointed out to me a bird, and said: "That is your woodpecker."

A shot from my gun, and a fine male Clark's nutcracker lay before me. How the blood tingled in my veins as I gazed on what was to me a new bird. He now lies in state in my collection, prized above all others.

W. L. Burnett, Fort Collins, Colo.

HOW THE GROUSE DRUMS.

Mr. D. L. Arnold wishes to know by what method the ruffled grouse performs his drumming.

He selects a perch on some little eminence, log, or knoll, at a proper distance from where the female is nesting. When time is called he raises himself, stands more on his toes than his feet, brings his small but powerful wings in front of his breast with such force and such a quick motion that there is a cushion of air formed between them. The action of the wings on this cushion produces that well known sound which is called drumming.

It is truly wonderful how birds of the air will utilize the air for their purpose. There is the bull bat. It is marvelous what a loud report or boom he will make, although he is a small bird, his long drawn bellow can be heard a mile. He produces this sound in the following manner. He ascends to an altitude of several hundred feet then takes a dive toward earth; he puts on all the steam his wings can produce until he has attained great speed, then he turns slightly upward, bringing those long, slender wings under his body in such a position that they form a tunnel. The air passes through this tunnel with such force that a loud bellow is produced.

Chas. S. Martin, Augusta, Wis.

A YELLOW RABBIT.

On April 4th one of my colored tenants came to me and said he could show me a "red rabbit." I shouldered my gun and went with him. We followed a narrow path through the woods until my guide stopped, and, pointing to a yellow colored object under the top of a fallen tree about 30 yards distant, exclaimed, "Dar he is!" As the place was surrounded by a thick growth of switch cane which would have made a shot at a running rabbit difficult, I shot the little beast in his bed. He was a fine 4¾ pound male, about the color of a yellow cat and his eyes were the same color. His hair was as coarse as that of a coon and very long.

He is now being mounted by Fred Kaempfer and will be ready for return in 6 weeks.

Herschel Robinson, Robinson Springs, Miss.

The rabbit was kindly sent to me by Mr. Kaempfer, on the order of Mr. Robinson. It is now on exhibition in this office and is a real curiosity.

EDITOR

WILD PIGEONS.

I am in receipt of your favor of 11 June, asking for information regarding the passenger pigeon in Wisconsin. Am sorry to say I am able to furnish but few absolutely reliable facts, from personal observation. Have gone back over my books and notes in order to verify dates and the following is about all I can furnish: April, 1891, 3 males were brought me by a farmer. They were killed in his barnyard, from a flock of 20 (estimated). Same year saw personally 2 or 3 at a time, several times during the summer and fall. In September I shot a lone male. From this time until 1898 saw from 2 to 5 at a time, once or twice each year, generally in April or May and August or September. In the spring of 1898 Mr. H. C. Son, of Edgerton, Wis., a true sportsman and bird lover, and an absolutely reliable observer, told me he had seen a flock of about 15. A few days later he again reported that sometimes those he saw were all females, and again all males. This led us to think they were nesting in a tract of timber where years ago they had a "rookery."

I saw bunches of 3 to 7 in August and September of 1898, probably 5 or 6 different times. This year I have been out of town less than usual and my opportunities for observation have been fewer. Have personally not seen any of the reported large flights. I have, however, seen 3 or 4 times, in April and May, 2 to 5, and once in May, a considerable flock—perhaps 20. They were, however, too far away for positive identification. I think I have seen more pigeons during '98 and '99 than from '90 to '98 inclusive, though my opportunities the past 2 years have been fewer. Have examined one killed in Walworth county in '97, and one pair killed in Jefferson county in 1898.

I spent the winter of 1886-87 in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and was frequently told by different parties that the passenger pigeons were resident in the Ozark mountains and had been for 5 years. It was spoken of as a change in their habits, etc. It impressed me at the time as a possibility and I have never abandoned the idea wholly. I think they are now gradually going back to their old breeding grounds in Wisconsin, Michigan and Canada. I have reports of pigeons having been seen from so many different points within the past 2 years that I am beginning to think that if we can enforce our game laws we will yet have a fair supply of them.

I admire what Recreation is doing toward the enforcement of game laws. Keep it up!

Ludwig Kumlien, Department of Biology, Milton College, Milton, Wis.

Mr. Jamieson, Dr. Edwards and I have been chasing up all the reports of pigeons and I am glad to say out of about 15 reports 6 or 7 are authentic. I went to Sparta yesterday and found a man who says he saw a flock of about 500 last Tuesday and he is a man who should know, as the big pigeon roost at Sparta years ago was partly on his land.

We have another case within 15 miles of Milwaukee where there is a flock of 17 which has been there since the middle of April. They have as yet shown no disposition to nest, but go away in a flock every morning and return in the evening. I spent 4 nights there, at different times, and they always came to roost about sundown. We are having a close watch kept on them and will let you know further developments. I enclose some feathers picked up under the roosting tree, which you can easily see are the genuine article.

W. T. Dervin, 531½ Cramer St., Milwaukee, Wis.

I recently saw a flock of about 50 wild pigeons. They were flying Southeast and going at a lively rate. They flew almost over me and as I am well acquainted with the wild pigeon I knew they were the genuine bird. L. L. Bales and I killed lots of them 25 years ago. My father raised Bales and we have been friends all our lives. He came to our house when 6 years old and lived with us until he grew to manhood. He is a good fellow and a true friend. He sent me hundreds of relics and specimens from Washington and Alaska. I am fond of hunting and fishing, but no game hog. I don't believe in killing everything I see.

I have a deer park and love to care for the deer. We have lots of rabbits here and some quails and chickens. Our people are trying to protect the game and fish; there are lots of game hogs here, but they get their bristles singed once in a while, when they root in the wrong field.

Albert Lego, Chadwick, Ill.

On May 15 I saw a flock of about 200 wild pigeons flying Westward, over the Southwestern section of the town of Norway, Racine county, 25 miles Southwest from Milwaukee. They were flying very high, approximately 400 to 500 feet. A few days later a farmer from Waukesha county said he saw a similar flock flying very high and heading Westward.

M. J. Eagan, Milwaukee, Wis.

In answer to your letter: I counted 16 small flocks of pigeons, numbering 10 to 50 birds to the flock and at intervals of ¼ to ½ hours. The majority flew due West; some Northwest. One flock of about 50 lit South of town. They were quite tame and I got within 65 yards of them.

F. M. Hartsook, Jr., Montfort, Wis.

Yours of the 13th received. You were rightly informed. I saw in all 5 flocks of pigeons, ranging in size from 50 to 300. They were going directly West at this place, and to me were quite a curiosity as we have had no pigeons here for many years.

F. B. Callis, Montfort, Wis.

I saw recently several flocks of pigeons, numbering 50 to 100 each, near Island Grove.

L. E. Schreiber, Milwaukee, Wis.

GIRLS FORSWEAR BIRDS ON HATS.

Promises made by several hundred girls attending the public schools of New Brunswick, N. J., to refrain from wearing song birds on their hats have caused consternation among the milliners of that city, but if adhered to it will afford the residents of New Brunswick an opportunity of hearing a grand opera singer at a nominal cost.

Mrs. Mary R. Jordan, the musical instructor in the public schools of New Brunswick, recently received a letter from Mme. Lilli Lehmann, the grand opera singer, in which she promises to sing in that city in November if the girls attending the schools would forswear the wearing of birds in their hats.

The girls readily agreed to dispense with the birds, even at the risk of being considered out of fashion, and Mme. Lehmann has been advised by Mrs. Jordan that the compact will be faithfully kept. Some of the girls, who belong to the best social circles of New Brunswick, are doing their best to interest their friends in the crusade, and the milliners are at a loss for means to counteract the movement.—N. Y. Herald.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Governor Brady, of Alaska, writes as follows to Hon. Meriden S. Hill, Blaine, Wash.:

A number of men are now engaged in the raising of blue, black and silver foxes on islands along the Alaskan coast, these islands being leased by the Treasury Department. The men find that the blue foxes are the easier to raise and are doing fairly well. This business is something like planting vines and trees; one must wait some years before deriving any benefit. No other animals have been tried that I know of. Naturally the men who are engaged in this business do not care to furnish much information. The industry has been started in Prince William sound, on some of the islands, by some Scandinavians.

There is a deer near this city that was caught by main strength in October, '97. It is a buck weighing about 160 pounds. When captured there were 3 points on each antler. In December the horns were shed. When they came again in the spring of '98 there were but 2 points on each antler. These antlers were again thrown off last December. What was the cause of the decrease in the number of points? Have always supposed that deer after the age of 2 years had one more point each year. Is this a fact?

A. T. Percival, Rutland, Vt.

No; the deer does not acquire a new point for each year he lives.—EDITOR.

I recently saw what was to me a strange bird, wearing this dress:

Body above, including head, bright black. One or 2 white wing coverts. Two white feathers in the tail, which were underneath. Breast and belly white, with a bright red patch like a chest protector, on his neck, larger than a quarter of a dollar. Who of my old army of bird defenders will tell me his name?

C. C. Haskins, Chicago.

Was it the size of a humming bird, a sparrow, a robin, an eagle or a house? If No. 3 the bird is rose-breasted grosbeak.

While attending the University of Michigan I was shown a deer's heart on which was a scar nearly 2 inches long, where an old wound had healed, and from the end of the scar a bullet had been removed. None of the heart cavities had been penetrated.

While hunting chickens with Dr. Meyers, at Beloit, Wis., I saw the Doctor's Gordon pup trail at least 200 yards and then point a common mud turtle whose shell was about 6 inches across.

Dr. F. D. Fanning, Butler, Ind.

A flock of wild geese, 14 in number, recently passed over here, and scattered through it were 29 wild ducks. They kept their places perfectly in both lines of the V shaped formation until lost to sight. A single goose led the flock followed by 2 ducks. I have seen many hundred flocks of wild fowl, but never before one like that.

Chas. F. Morris, Batavia, Ill.

Are you sure the smaller birds were not brant? EDITOR.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to RECREATION and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies; listed at $2?

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

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Applications for membership and orders for badges should be addressed to Arthur F. Rice, Secretary, 19 W. 24th St., New York.

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Erie,	E. P. Door,	103 D. S. Morgan Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
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Essex,	W. H. Broughton,	Moriah, N. Y.
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Richmond,	Lewis Morris,	Port Richmond, N. Y.
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Sullivan,	Ernest W. Kenne,	Mongaup Valley, N. Y.
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Clark,	Fred C. Ross,	169 W. Main St., Springfield.
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Fulton,	L. C. Berry,	Swanton.
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Fairfield,	George B. Bliss,	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park St., Bridgeport, Ct.
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(County Warden, care Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co.)		
Litchfield,	Dr. H. L. Ross,	P. O. Box 100, Canaan, Ct.
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Potter,	Byron Bassett,	Coudersport.
Crawford,	Jasper Tillotson,	Tillotson.

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DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of from 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
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Folmer & Schwing, 271 Canal Street, New York City. Photographic goods.
The Bostwick Gun and Sporting Goods Co., 1528 Arapahoe St., Denver Col.
W. H. Longdon, Bridgeport, Conn. Sportmen's goods.
New York Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson Street, New York City. Condensed products.
Oneida Community, Kenwood, N. Y. Traps.
Metz & Schloerb, Oshkosh, Wis. Moccasins, hunting shoes, etc.
Novelty Cutlery Co., Canton, O. Pocket cutlery, ink erasers, etc.
M. A. Shipley, 432 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa., Fishing, tackle.
Willis Arms & Cycle Co., Kansas City, Mo. Bicycles, athletic and sportsmen's goods.

A BIG HOTEL IN TROUBLE

On May 30th last the St. Louis County Medical Society held its annual banquet at the Spalding house in Duluth. One of the courses on the menu card was quail on toast. Dr. Titcomb, a member of the L. A. S., who attended the banquet, objected to the serving of quail at that time, as it was during the close season and therefore in violation of law.

The next day he reported the case to the city attorney and the manager of the hotel was called to account. Several other members of the society, who have no regard for the game laws, considered Dr. Titcomb's action as discourteous to the manager of the hotel. The local papers took up the case and devoted a considerable amount of space to it. Several clippings were sent me and the following correspondence ensued:

Editor News Tribune, Duluth, Minn.,

Several members of the L. A. S. in your city have sent me marked copies of your issue of May 31st, recounting the story of the Medical society's banquet, and the illegal serving of quail thereat. I should like to have you say to your readers that the League of American Sportsmen heartily and emphatically endorses and approves Dr. Titcomb's action in reporting this violation of the game law to the authorities.

The L. A. S. was organized primarily for the purpose of protecting the game and game fishes of the United States and Canada. This League now has 2,000 members distributed throughout 44 states, and has organized divisions in 15 of them. It is the duty of every one of these members to report any person found violating a game or fish law, and to follow up each case and see that it is prosecuted. Dr. Titcomb is a member of this League, and having discharged his duty fearlessly and manfully, I beg leave to commend him in this public manner.

Since Dr. Titcomb's associates have seen fit to denounce him for having thus performed his duty, I have taken the responsibility of writing the chief game and fish warden of your state, calling his attention officially to the violation of the law as above stated, and requesting him to take prompt action.

This League has issued a number of circulars to all the leading hotels in the United States, warning them that it was in the field for the purpose of enforcing the laws, and cautioning them against violating same.

Many hotel proprietors, when they receive such communications, throw them in the waste basket without giving them any consideration and go on breaking the laws as before. I hope the state game warden of Minnesota will see that an example is made of the manager of the Spalding house. As I have said, I do this entirely on my own responsibility. I have heard nothing from Dr. Titcomb, personally.

G. O. Shields, President L. A. S.

I wrote the Chief Executive Officer of the Minnesota Fish and Game Commission as follows:

Dear Sir: I am informed that on or about May 11, a banquet was given at the Spalding house in Duluth, at which quail were served in violation of law. The Duluth News Tribune of May 21 contained a full report of the affair. You can get information on this subject by communicating with Dr. Titcomb or the City Attorney of Duluth. I enclose herewith clipping from the newspaper referred to, giving further information on this subject.

I have the honor to request that you take immediate action in this matter. I do this by virtue of my position at the head of the L. A. S., which was organized primarily for the purpose of enforcing the game and fish laws. It is my duty to coöperate in every way possible with all state authorities to this end. Dr. Titcomb is a member of this League and will no doubt be glad to give you any assistance you may desire.

My letter to the News Tribune was promptly published, and a few days later I received this from the manager of the Spalding house:

My attention was called to your letter of the 28th in the Duluth News Tribune, and I ask as a true sportsman that should you intend to make any comment in your magazine you will also publish this letter.

I have been a resident of Winnipeg, Manitoba, for 19 years. I am known by almost every man who handles a gun or dog in that province. I am a member of the Field Trials Club, and of the Dog Owners' association, and have always been a strict advocate in seeing that the laws were enforced. If you will kindly write Mr. E. Hamber, president of the Dog Owners' association, or Mr. G. B. Borridaile, ex-secretary of the Field Trial Club; Mr. George Elliot or Mr. W. R. Baker, all of Winnipeg, they will bear out the following statement: That at a joint meeting of the associations I moved that a committee be appointed to wait on the Provincial Government and ask them to make a law prohibiting hotels, restaurants or boarding houses from serving prairie chickens or partridges, or having in their possession at any time. This resolution was seconded and passed. The committee waited on the government, the house being then in session, and it was made law. This meeting was held in the Manitoba hotel, of whch I was manager for 7 years, and which was burned in February last.

I arrived in Duluth May 3d to manage the Spalding hotel, and on the 11th a dinner was arranged for the St. Louis County Medical association; nothing being said by the committee as to what should be served, and to my utmost astonishment a day or 2 after I was notified that the game laws had been violated. I plead absolute ignorance, nothing more or less, and I am perfectly willing to do what any gentleman or sportsman can do in the matter referred to by you. Yours truly,

Frederick W. Sprado, Manager Spalding hotel.

To which I replied:

I am in receipt of your valued favor of 29th, and while the circumstance you recite mitigates the offense in a measure, yet you will pardon me for saying they do not constitute a legal or even a reasonable excuse for violation of the game law. While you might not know everything that is being done at the hotel so soon after taking charge, you certainly would give personal attention to the preparation of a banquet like that, and would know if your steward proposed to serve a course of game.

I trust you will understand I have no personal feeling in this matter. I am actuated entirely by a desire to preserve the game, and enforce the game laws.

The Chief Executive Officer of the Minnesota Fish and Game Commission heard nothing further from him. The League would like to know whether or not he intends to act in this important matter.

The Executive Agent of the Minnesota Game Commission replied as follows:

After a careful investigation I beg to reply to your letter of June 19th.

The members of the Game Protective Association at Duluth with whom I have consulted do not feel like pushing the matter. They believe the effect of what has been done and the notoriety given the matter will be about as salutary as if the case had been prosecuted. In view of these facts, although I am at all times ready to push a case for any violation of the game law, I believe that little more could be accomplished if I attempted prosecution in this matter.

The Prosecuting Attorney and I, after a careful investigation and on a direct promise from the manager of the hotel that nothing of the kind would occur again, agreed that the matter should be dropped. Hoping this disposition of the case will be satisfactory to you, I am,

John Beutner, Executive Agent.

OBJECTS TO THE PLAN OF THE L. A. S.

Editor Recreation:

I have yours of the 9th. I am much interested in game protection, especially in Alabama. Mr. Wallace no doubt advised you of the trouble we had in passing a suitable game law. I do not see the benefit we sportsmen of Alabama would derive from an organization whose central office and working force is located at such a great distance from us, and where the conditions are so different from ours. Before I try to protect the game of the North I want to use my money, influence and best efforts to protect that at my own door. Later I may join you.

T. T. Ashford, Birmingham, Ala.

ANSWER.

Yours of the 14th. If you will talk with Mr. Wallace he will tell you what he thinks of the necessity of Southern sportsmen joining the L. A. S. Before he became a member of it he wrote me and asked me to aid him in getting a bill through your legislature for the protection of game and song birds. He requested me to write the chairman of the committee which had his bill in charge and to bring all the influence possible to bear on him to induce him to report it favorably. I wrote this chairman a 3 page letter, stating many facts which I considered it necessary for him to have and producing all the arguments I could command to induce him to act favorably on the bill.

Mr. Wallace subsequently wrote me that he finally succeeded in getting the bill reported back, but that after several days of hard work he found it difficult to get other members to take any interest in it. He said he finally read the letter which I had written to the chairman, at the close of his final speech, and that the bill passed almost without a dissenting voice.

He and Governor Johnston were so grateful for my assistance that they both promptly joined the League and are now advising their friends to do so. Mr. Wallace called on me a few days ago and told me to write you specially, to say he had requested me to do so and that he hoped you would join the League.

Practically all the game birds you have are migratory. They live in the North at least 8 months of each year, if they are allowed to live at all. The L. A. S. is working hard to protect these birds in the North and in the South, in order that the sportsmen of all states may have some game in years to come. It will do little good for you to protect the birds during the winter unless the Northern states protect them in spring and fall and unless Canada protects them in their nesting season, in the far North.

We are pushing the work just as hard in Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Michigan, and the various Canadian provinces, as we are elsewhere. We are working for uniform laws and we are getting results. We have organized divisions in 15 Northern states and have nearly the requisite number to allow us to organize in a number of other states and in several Canadian provinces, on which you are directly dependent for your winter's supply of birds.

We are working hard to get 25 members in your state and in each of the Southern states, in order that we may organize divisions there. If you have examined the constitution I sent you, you have seen a provision there that as soon as a state has 25 members they shall be organized into a division and 60 per cent of the membership fees turned back into their hands. Would it not be worth 60 cents to you, and to every other sportsman in Alabama, to have a division of the L. A. S. there? Would it not be worth 40 cents to you and to all other sportsmen in your state to have working divisions in all of the states?

It sounds strange to me to hear a man say he has no interest in game protection outside of his own state or county. You may not care to hunt big game; yet as a lover of nature you should be interested in protecting the elk, antelope, mountain sheep and other big game of Montana, Wyoming and Idaho. We are pushing the work of the League in that direction as diligently as elsewhere.

It should be a pleasure to you to turn out and secure 50 members for the League in your city alone. You could do it in a week, without interfering with your other business, and I trust that after thinking further of the matter you will decide to do so. EDITOR.

A further evidence of the recognition which is being accorded to the L. A. S. by prominent men everywhere is the fact that the Hon. M. Patrie, secretary of state, Boise, Idaho, and the Hon. A. J. D. Burford, Missouri State Game and Fish Protector, have sent their applications for membership. It is indeed gratifying that such influential men in all parts of the country are joining the League and working with it.

Why don't **you** join the L. A. S.? Are you not willing to contribute $1 a year to increase the supply of game and game fishes, of song and insectivorous birds? Please answer.

DAWN AND SUNSET.

FRANK H. SWEET.

At dawn
A modest trill is heard,
A signal from some unseen bird,
Some trusty harbinger of morn;
Then from the tiny, swelling throats
A hallelujah of rich notes
In greeting to the day just born.

At sunset,
When the rosy light
Is fleeing from approaching night,
And woodland shades are growing deep;
A chirp, a flutter here and there,
A beat of wings upon the air,
And night has hushed the birds to sleep.

THE MUSIC OF THE WHEELS.

E. E. COYLE.

When you're riding on the railroad
  At a mile-a-minute crack,
Do you ever note the rhythm
  Of the wheels along the track?
Is there any great composer
  With sharps, and flats, and bars,
Can equal in his cadences
  The music of the cars?

Whether dashing through the meadows,
  Or the tunnel's choking grime,
You will never hear them falter
  From the measured beat of time.
Charging wildly o'er the mountains,
  Or by the river's bank,
You will always find them playing—
  Click-clickity-click-clank.

Every air which has been written
  Since the days of wicked Cain,
Finds a fit and perfect setting
  In the rhythm of the train:
From opera to comic song,
  From Patti down to Cline,
You can hum all sorts of ditties
  While rushing down the line.

NO, YOU DON'T.

B. FRANK DUNFEE.

It's too bad to spoil the story,
  Told in cadence, half by guess,
But it's not so on the Lehigh,
  And Black Diamond Express.

In its wheels there is no music,
  At a mile-a-minute gait;
And of course there is no rhythm,
  On a track that's up-to-date.

If you are about to travel,
  Bear in mind these points;
The Lehigh track is perfect,
  And you can not count the joints.

IMPROVEMENT IN POWDER MEASURES.

The Ideal Mfg. Co., of New Haven, Conn., has brought out another improvement in powder measures. The measures are now ready for the market and will be known as model 1899 Universal Powder Measures Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4; also the Ideal shot shell loading machine, all of which will have the new improved measures. These are said to be the only measures in the world that will handle all kinds of powders for rifles, pistols or shotguns, black, nitro or smokeless, fine or coarse, whether the granulations be angular, round, cylindrical or leaflet, measuring all from the smallest to the largest charges required, from one grain up.

No shooter's outfit will be complete without one of these measures. Every gunsmith should have one; every gun, rifle and pistol club should have one; all armories will require them; powder manufacturers and loaders of ammunition should have them for they can instantly be set for any and all charges of any and all kinds of powders which may be used in regular or experimental work.

Further information relating to these and all other implements made by the Ideal Mfg. Co. will be found in their handbook, which will be sent to any part of the world on request. Mention RECREATION when you write.

A NEW IDEAL SHELL.

This is the age of Ideals. What was good enough last year, falls far below the requirements of to-day, and constant advance is demanded all along the line. The latest forward movement in shot gun ammunition is the Peters' Ideal shot shell. It is all its name implies, and is designed for the perfect shooting of modern nitro powders. It is the result of many months of experimenting, and now that perfection has been reached, it is offered to shooters with the greatest confidence that it has not been misnamed.

The Ideal is a rich, cherry red, which, with the high brass outside reinforcement makes an unusually attractive shell. The heavy battery cup holds the Peters No. 5 primer, which is specially designed to give instant ignition to any of the standard nitro powders, but without danger of detonating. The shell is on the market both empty and loaded. The Peters' Cartridge Company is loading it with King's smokeless powder, Peters' elastic felt wad and their own make of shot. All are placed in such a manner as to develop its manufacturers claim—higher velocity than can be obtained with any other safe load on the market. At the same time the pressure and recoil are light, and the pattern full and even. They shoot clean and are smokeless. In fact they are the Ideal loads for trap shooters.

A RELOADING TOOL.

After the surrender of Cuba and Porto Rico many thousands of Mauser rifles were brought into the United States, and are now scattered all over the country. The long range and accuracy of this rifle was well attested during the late unpleasantness with Spain, and the rifles are now being used for hunting and target purposes. Most of those who possess these and other similar arms have found the regular ammunition costly, and altogether too powerful for hunting purposes. Frequent demands have been made for reloading tools, and for bullets for medium and short range. Foreign made shells, not being reloadable, caused the Union Metallic Cartridge Co., of Bridgeport, Conn., to make them for these foreign arms, and the Ideal Manufacturing Co., of New Haven, Conn., now announces reloading implements and moulds for bullets specially designed by Mr. Barlow, the manager.

If interested send for circular. Mention Recreation.

THE SAVAGE IS GETTING TO THE FRONT.

The growth of the Savage Arms Co.'s business has been something phenomenal. They started in 1896. In that year they had another factory make 5,000 rifles for them. These sold rather slowly, of course, but nearly every man who got one of them was pleased with it. Good hunters and good shots who took them into the woods or mountains got game with them. Many made long and difficult shots and found, on examining the game they had killed, that the projectile had done its work in a peculiarly effective way. It was found that the charge gave high velocity, low trajectory, great penetration and great shocking and tearing force. All these are important requisites in a hunting rifle. While these first 5,000 rifles were being disposed of the Savage Arms Co. was reorganized.

A large building was purchased in Utica and an extensive plant of the best machinery that modern skill can produce was installed. The company now employs about 140 men. The works are running at their full capacity, yet the company is 60 to 90 days behind its orders. The business is growing rapidly and a new line of machinery is being installed that will double the present capacity of the works and that will admit of the employment of a large number of new men. The most skillful mechanics that can be found are being employed in all departments, and the best steel that the world produces is being used in barrels and in the different parts.

The Savage rifle is rapidly making a record for itself of which the inventor may be justly proud. The company is issuing a catalogue that is full of valuable information for hunters and for target shooters. It should be in the hands of all such and will be sent free to all who ask for it, mentioning Recreation.

CLIPPING ON A CLIPPER.

The Clipper chainless is a corker and no mistake. I am not a racer nor a record maker in any line, but I ride enough to know a good wheel when I get aboard of it, and for several months past have been riding a Clipper chainless. It is built for business as well as for pleasure, and when you want to go anywhere that any wheel can go, you can get there a little quicker and a little easier on a Clipper chainless than on any other wheel I know of.

In building it the Clipper people have reduced the friction to a minimum. The different parts fit one another like the parts of a gold watch. In the chain wheels there is always more or less slack, and consequently the rider loses a great deal of power in each hour's ride. The Clipper chainless is geared so that there is not an ounce of power lost, and every ounce of pressure you put on the pedal tells, either in climbing a hill or making time on a level road. I have always claimed that the best thing that man and mechanical skill can produce is none too good for an honest man or woman. In the matter of a gun or a rifle you should have the best that can be made—not necessarily the most expensive, but the best. The same as to a fishing rod or a reel. The same as to a bicycle. I claim that in the Clipper chainless I have the best wheel that has yet been put on the market.

EVERYTHING IN ONE TRUNK.

There are few sportsmen who have not, at one time or another, longed for a suitable trunk in which to pack their clothing, guns, ammunition and fishing tackle; but up to a few months ago no trunk maker had made a trunk suitable for this purpose. This want has, however, now been met. The New Departure Trunk Co., Boston, Mass., has devised and put on the market a sportsmen's trunk, that fills the bill completely. It has one tray divided into compartments for 2 guns, 2 or 3 fishing rods, a full supply of cartridges, cleaning outfit, etc. Under this are 2 other trays for clothing, blankets, etc. The trunks are made in various sizes and at various prices. I am furnishing these trunks as premiums for 15, 20 and 25 subscriptions, respectively. You can get these subscriptions in 2 hours, if you live in a live town. If interested, see the ad of the New Departure Trunk Co. and write them for catalogue.

A supply of sample copies of Recreation will be furnished from this office, for use in soliciting.

THE WESTERN INDIAN AS HE APPEARS TO-DAY.

On another page of this issue will be seen a pen sketch representing Indian life in the far West as it appears to-day. The sketch is a reproduction from a pen drawing by Charles M. Russell, the famous cowboy artist. Mr. Russell has few equals for accurate portrayal of Western life.

The artist has produced 12 pen sketches which have been published in book form, on heavy kid board and beautifully bound in cloth or morocco. Size of book 11 by 14 inches, each picture being suitable for framing.

This superb production has been placed on the market by the W. T. Ridgley Printing Co., of Great Falls, Mont., and retails at $5 for the morocco and $4 for the cloth binding. The work is without doubt the finest of the kind ever published and every admirer of Western and Indian life should own a copy of this book. Orders should be sent direct to the publishers or to the large stationers of Eastern cities.

TRADE NOTES.

We have had the age of stone, the age of bronze, the age of iron, the age of copper, and several other ages. This is the age of art catalogues and they come so fast it is difficult to keep pace with them.

One of the latest is that issued by the Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., of Rochester, N. Y. It treats of lenses in great variety; of ray filters; of field glasses, opera glasses, microscopes, prisms, iris diaphragm shutters, focusing and retouching glasses, etc. There is too much in it to be told in this small space. The only way to know its full value is to send for a copy of it, and mention Recreation. There are 3 full-page photogravures in it that are worth a dollar each to any lover of art.

Another fine catalogue comes from the Manhattan Optical Co., Cresskill, N. J. It shows so many tempting pictures of fine cameras that one longs for an unlimited credit at a national bank that he may buy all of them. If, however, one is not so fortunate, he may yet have a fine camera, a fine lens and a Wizard shutter if he be only fairly well fixed. Even if he be a poor man he may have a Cycle Wizard, or a Bo-Peep, with a lens that will make good pictures. This book has several full-page pictures that are interesting and beautiful and that contain much valuable food for thought on the part of amateur photographers. In sending for this book please say you saw it mentioned in Recreation.

The passenger department of the D. & H. Railway has issued a book called "A Summer Paradise," which describes in detail the Adirondack region, and which gives full and complete information regarding the hunting and fishing in that country. It also contains a complete list of hotels, camps and boarding houses in the Adirondacks, and is embellished with a series of the best maps of that region that have ever been published. Every man or woman who intends to visit the Adirondacks, for any purpose, should have a copy of this book. It will be sent to all who ask for it, mentioning Recreation.

Recreation is the best magazine published in the interest of sportsmen. It is not carelessly glanced over and then thrown aside. It is carefully read and religiously kept as an authority on all subjects pertaining to outdoor life, and as an instrument for the reformation (where that is possible) of game and fish hogs. Your monthly barbecue of swine has become a recognized institution in this country and we watch for it, at the same time devoutly hoping the supply of material may soon run out, and that you may be compelled to discontinue this particular branch of business.

A. L. Vermilya, Columbiaville, Mich.

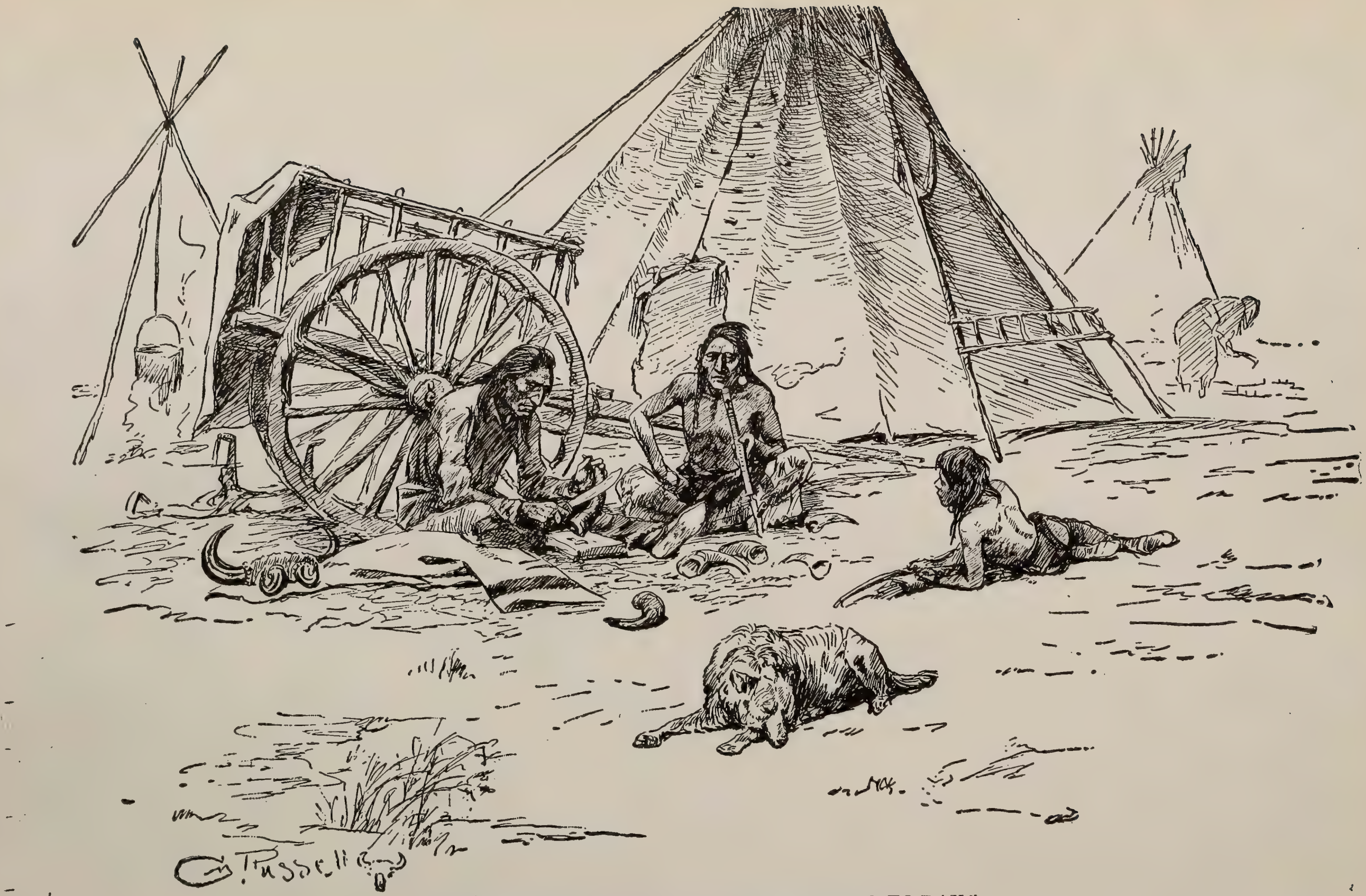
I received the Mullins Duck Boat promptly. Have not used it yet, but am much pleased with its appearance. I have been told one can't get something for nothing, but I think I have knocked that saying out; for the pleasure in getting subscriptions to Recreation—and knowing the good it is doing toward game protection—more than repays me, to say nothing of the boat. Here's to your success. It is only clear spring water, but it best represents your work.

S. L. Pennington, Amery, Wis.

I send you herewith a photo which has caused a great deal of comment among our local amateurs. Holding the picture in the usual way you will notice on the right, at the water's edge, a clay bank. Now turn the print so that the right hand end is up and in place of a clay bank you have almost a perfect picture of a fox's head.

The photo was taken on Decoration day, just as the sun set. The scene is on Mill creek, above the dam, in Cambria county, Pennsylvania.

V. M. Kemery, Johnstown, Pa.



"THE WESTERN INDIAN AS HE APPEARS TO-DAY."

Sample Illustration from the new book by Chas. M. Russell, the Cowboy Artist, entitled "Pen Sketches." *See notice on page 229.*

EDITOR'S CORNER.

LOWER RATES ON LIVE WILD ANIMALS.

The New York Zoological Society has secured from the express companies doing business in the Eastern half of the United States a concession in rates on live animals which is of far-reaching importance to our Zoological park, and to all other zoological gardens and preserves, both public and private, throughout the United States. Prior to this time, all express companies, with the exception of three which had previously granted a concession to a dealer in live animals at Wichita, Kan., had charged for the transportation of live quadrupeds, birds and reptiles, double the rates for ordinary merchandise. In very many cases this rate was actually prohibitive, especially with regard to animals from the Rocky mountain region and Sierra Nevadas, where the finest forms are to be found. Quite recently the Zoological society paid $11.50 express charges on a wild cat from Phœnix, Arizona, the purchase price of which was $5.

A short time ago, the Zoological society, through one of its managers, Mr. Charles T. Barney, approached Mr. James C. Fargo, President of the American Express Co., with a formal request that all animals in transit to the New York Zoological Park be transported at one merchandise rate. It was pointed out that if such a rate were made by express companies generally, it would result in a very great increase in the number of animals transported by the express companies and preserved for exhibition in zoological gardens and parks and in private game preserves.

The matter received favorable consideration from the American Express Co. and through the good offices of its president, and of General Traffic Manager Bradley, all the express companies represented in New York have been induced to join the American in an agreement to transport live animals, other than domestic live stock, at one merchandise rate. The new rate went into effect on August 1st on all the lines of the American, National, Adams, Pacific, Southern, United States, and Wells Fargo express companies. Mr. Bradley declares it very likely that all express companies will adopt this same rate. Not only does the concession apply to animals in transit to zoological gardens and parks, but it is also extended to dealers and others who are making shipments to private individuals. This should be good news to the large number of persons who are establishing private game preserves, and to the dozen or more cities in this country which are establishing collections of living animals.

With this issue Recreation completes the fifth year of its existence, and with the next number will start on its sixth. The first edition, of 5,000 copies, was dated October, 1894. I started with a capital of less than $3,000. For the first year my entire office furniture consisted of a small second-hand desk and a chair, which stood in the corner of a printing loft at 216 William street, and my entire office force consisted of one stenographer. I was my own editor, business manager, advertising solicitor, mailing clerk and office boy. During that year, however, the business grew rapidly and in '95 it became necessary to have an office of my own. In September of that year I took 2 rooms at 19 West 24th street, where I have been ever since. In '97 I leased the entire floor and my office force now numbers 15 people. Recreation started with a circulation of 5,000 copies and this has steadily increased to 65,000. My first printer's bill was $280, and my monthly bills are now averaging $3,600. The first number had 48 pages and I am now running 144 pages. I started with 17 pages of advertising and am now carrying 66.

My first advertising rate was $25 a page. My present rate is $100 a page, and the fact that I am now carrying 4 times as many pages of advertising as I did at first is the best evidence any one could ask as to the value of Recreation as an advertising medium.

Many of the same advertisers who appeared in the first issue of Recreation are in it yet, and all are paying my present rates. There are a few manufacturers of sportsmen's goods who think they know more than the other fellows, and who have never yet been willing to make a test of Recreation. I can certainly afford to have them stay out if they can afford it. Their competitors who are in the magazine have sold many thousands of dollars' worth of goods that these outsiders might have sold if their heads had not been quite so large. If Recreation did not bring trade the Winchesters, the Remingtons, the Lefevres, the Forehands, the U. M. C. Co., the Peters Cartridge Co., and the others would not have stayed in and consented to the various advances I have made in rates.

Recreation has numbered and to-day includes among its contributors some of the most distinguished men in the world, in various lines. Among these may be mentioned: President David Starr Jordan, of the Leland Stanford University; W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park; Ernest Seton Thompson, the great naturalist; Stanley Waterloo, one of the most successful novelists of the day; Dr. C. Hart Merriam, of the U. S. Agricultural Department; the Hon. John S. Wise, ex-M. C.; Capt. W. R. Abercrombie ,the well-known explorer; Simon Po-ka-gon, chief of the Pottowattomies; Col. James M. Bell, U. S. A.; Hon. W. A. Richards, ex-Governor of Wyoming; Dr. Barton W. Everman, Ichthyologist of the U. S. Fish Commission; Gen. John Gibbon, U. S. A.; Mrs. Julian Hawthorne; Isaac McLellan; Dr. W. H. Drummond; Gen. F. W. Benteen, U. S. A.; Dr. James Weir, Jr.; Lieut. Col. Philip Reade, U. S. A.; Prof. L. L. Dyche, of the Kansas University; Hon. B. B. Brooks; "Yellowstone" Kelly, Capt. A. K. Capron, who fell at El Caney; Hon. G. M. Bowers, U. S. Fish Commissioner, and Hon. F. W. Mondell, M. C.

Many of my friends told me when I started Recreation I could never succeed with it; that I would lose all the money and all the work I might put into it. Some of them gave me 3 months to live, others 6 months, and some of the more generous a year. I shuddered when I thought of their advice and their predictions. I dreaded to act in disregard of them; but as every one knows by this time I am about ⅞ bulldog. I have not found satisfaction in acting contrary to the advice of my friends; but it has afforded me great delight to show my enemies I could walk all over their predictions of failure; and I now, metaphorically, spend hours with my thumb to my nose, wriggling my fingers in their faces.

THE ANCIENT DEFENDER OF GAME HOGS SHOULD GUESS AGAIN.

We print elsewhere Secretary Arthur F. Rice's report of the formation of a League of American Sportsmen. . . . . The scheme is a beautiful one on paper. There is a perennial glamour about this visionary plan of a national sportsmen's association. But no practical accomplishment has ever been achieved by any of the movements of this kind, further than to promote personal interests of individuals connected with them. There is no reason to believe that in this respect the new organization will differ from the others.—Forest & Stream, Jan. 29, 1898.

Here are a few of the "accomplishments" that have been "achieved" by the L. A. S.

In April, 1898, the League secured the repeal of Section 249 of the Game Laws of New York, which permitted the sale of game in this state at all times, provided the dealer could show that it came from some other state.

Within the 18 months of its existence the L. A. S. has successfully prosecuted 16 men for violating fish or game laws, in various states, and has made them pay their fines. More than 100 other cases have been reported which could not be successfully prosecuted because the offenders lived in remote districts. A letter has been written to each of these men, stating that complaints have been filed against them and that they would be looked after if they broke the laws again. In more than 75 per cent of these cases the men have admitted their guilt, in writing, and have promised that if granted immunity they would never offend again.

Six of the leading hotels in New York City have been caught serving game in violation of the law. A letter was written each hotel or restaurant, stating the facts and demanding a written guarantee that the offense would not be repeated. In each of these cases the manager has replied promptly, pledging himself and his employees to observe the laws strictly in future.

The correspondence in these cases has been published and marked copies sent to all the leading hotels and restaurants in this state.

Two circular letters have been issued to all game dealers and cold storage houses in the state, and requests made for acknowledgments. Many of the leading dealers and cold storage men have replied frankly, promising strict observance of the laws in future.

One dealer was found offering a carcass of venison for sale. He was notified that he would be prosecuted unless he quit and promised compliance with the law. He promptly removed the venison and agreed not to offer any kind of game for sale again, during close season.

The same as to another dealer who was offering a carcass of caribou for sale.

The result of this agitation is best epitomized in the report of the wife of a banker living in Riverside Drive, who gave a luncheon to a number of lady friends in March last, and who apologized to her guests for not being able to serve them with a course of quail. She said she had sent to every large poultry and game market in the city and had been unable to buy quails at any price. It is well known that any person could have bought a carload of quails in this city in March of the previous year.

In June last the League induced the United States Government to prohibit the killing of 40,000 to 60,000 seals on the

California coast, on which animals the State Game and Fish Commission had declared a war of extermination. A number of professional hunters had been employed and sent to the islands, at $3 a day, with instructions to kill every seal they could find. Several hundred were slaughtered before the order from Washington, stopping the work, reached California; but the great herd was saved.

The League has "accomplished" many other important "achievements," but the foregoing is sufficient to prove the utter puerility of the editorial prediction of the Ancient Defender of Game Hogs.

FOR A MINNESOTA NATIONAL PARK.

In June RECREATION was printed an appeal from Charles Cristadoro, a member of the L. A. S., for a national park which it is proposed to establish in Cass, Itasca, and Beltrami counties, Minnesota.

The importance of this movement can not be over estimated. The rapidity with which the big game mammals and the water fowls of this country are disappearing has alarmed every true sportsman and every lover of nature. The total extinction of many of these species within 5 years is absolutely certain unless prompt and energetic measures are taken for their preservation. The only sure means of saving these creatures is by the formation of great state or national preserves and breeding grounds, where they may not be hunted.

Mr. Cristadoro has outlined, in an eloquent and effective manner, the plan of work most needed on the part of league members in order to induce congress to pass a necessary bill, early in its next session. It now remains with you, members of the L. A. S., to do your part. Let no man imagine for a moment that it is not necessary for him to make a personal appeal to his member of congress. Do not excuse yourself on the ground that enough letters will be written without yours. On the contrary make up your mind that yours shall be one of the first to go in. Make the appeal so strong and so effective that your representative can not forget it when the measure comes up. See all of your friends who are interested in game preservation and have them write him also. Show him that this matter is of vital importance to his constituents and that in order to serve their best interests he must act favorably on it.

Petitions will be sent out from this office by the thousands, later, and members of the league will be requested to circulate these for signatures, and then send them in. At present, however, we must inaugurate a campaign of personal correspondence that will compel congressmen to act promptly.

"$2.50 FINE AND 6 MONTHS' IMPRIONMENT."

"That is what faces the dealer who puts anything else than pure lemon and orange juice in yourlemonade or other beverages. Insist on seeing the lemon squeezed in your presence."

So reads a big yellow placard that has been riding up and down New York for some weeks past, in the L cars. Apparently this is an extract from a New York statute, and if the statute is worded as awkwardly as the foregoing notice, then there is a big chance for blackmailers to reap a harvest from druggists, restaurateurs, saloon keepers, etc.

If you order a glass of lemonade, and the vender does not put in some orange juice, as well as lemon juice, you can have him arrested and fined $250 and sent to prison for 6 months. If you order a glass of orangeade and he does not put in some lemon juice, as well as orange juice, you can have him arrested and punished for that. If you order a glass of cider, and he does not put in both orange and lemon juice, you can have him cinched. If you order beer, whiskey, chocolate soda, raspberry soda, ginger pop or plain soda and phosphate, and the dealer does not put in both lemon and orange juice, you have a cause of action against him.

This is not written with a view to putting adventurers and blackmailers on to a good scheme, but merely to caution adsmiths and lawmakers as to the necessity of using good English when preparing copy.

The Newfoundland parliament has amended its game law. Hunting licenses are now issued to non-residents, as follows:

A license entitling the holder thereof to kill and take 2 stags and one doe caribou shall be issued on the payment of a fee of $40; a license to kill 3 stags and one doe caribou, $50; and a license to kill 5 stags and 2 doe caribou, $80. A license of the first class shall hold good 4 weeks from date thereof; a license of the second class 6 weeks, and of the third class 2 months.

Non-resident guides can not now be employed in Newfoundland.

Open seasons on caribou are July 15th to October 1st and October 20th to February 1st.

Another fish dynamiter has taken a dose of his own medicine. Alden Deets, of Canal, Pa., was frightfully injured by the premature explosion of a dynamite cartridge, which he was using in French creek. He was in a boat and had just prepared the dynamite to be thrown overboard, but it went off a little too soon.

His hand was torn to shreds and his right eye blown out. His hand had to be amputated and he will hereafter wear a glass eye.

I wish some kind of dynamite could be made and put on the market that would always explode prematurely when a man attempted to use it on fish. The way of the transgressor is hard, but it should be made a lot harder than it is.

The Canadian parliament has finally passed a law permitting American sportsmen who hunt in that country to bring home a limited number of deer, caribou and moose, killed during the legal season. It is strange that such a law was not enacted long ago. It has always seemed unjust that Americans should be allowed and even invited to go to Canada to hunt, that they should be required to pay a license fee of $25 to $40 before being allowed to hunt, and that they should then be denied the privilege of bringing home their trophies.

BOOK NOTICES.

A SCHOOL BOOK ABOUT BIRDS.

Mr. A. C. Webb's book about "Some Birds and Their Ways" is the first bird book that has come to me from the South; and its second paragraph calls for "a strong public sentiment in favor of a protection of birds." A good beginning truly; and I wish there were a Webb in every Southern city. Being an artist as well as a naturalist, the author is his own illustrator. Thirty common species of birds are described in brisk and breezy style and each is portrayed in a full-page plate. The illustrations are rather coarse, but the drawing is generally satisfactory, and they will doubtless be quite as good for young people as would smaller figures of finer execution. There are 2 plates, however—the ringbird and the Carolina dove—which are very poorly done, and in his next edition, the author should replace them. The book is intended for use as a school reader, and being well adapted for that purpose, I cordially wish it success.

"Some Birds and Their Ways": For Homes and Schools. By A. C. Webb, 8vo. pp. 128. Illustrated. Nashville, Tenn.

"Our Gardens," by S. Reynolds Hale. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, $3.00.

This is, like "Fly Fishing," a volume of the Haddon Hall Library series of delightful books on outdoor subjects. In the 304 pages of this exceedingly interesting book are chapters on "The enjoyment of a garden," "On the formation of a garden," "The component parts of a garden." The herbaceous border." "The rose, rock, water, wild, cottage, children's, town and other gardens," all well written and full of interesting and valuable information and inspiring thoughts and suggestions. "The enjoyments of a garden being so manifold and continuous, bringing brightness to the home, health to the body, and happiness to the mind, it is for us, who have proved them, whose daily lives are made more cheerful by their influence, out of our gratitude and our goodwill, to invite and to instruct others that they may share our joy." This is the *raison d'être* of this book, and the author proves himself an excellent instructor. Lovers of flowers, whether in the small pot upon the window-sill or the pretentious flower garden, will find much pleasure and help in reading this volume.

A book for a summer day, or for any day when one wishes to forget the sordid and believe life is sweet, is "The Solitary Summer." It is an outdoor book, full of sunshine and fresh breezes, riotous with the bloom and fragrance of flowers, spicy with the damp, cool breath of pines. It can scarcely be called a story, yet Elizabeth lives, the Man of Wrath is real, and the three babies are charming. The quaint, whimsical fancies of a cultivated, lovable woman create a golden atmosphere through which we see her life, and we dream with her on her bench in her garden, in the fields where the yellow lupins grow and in the mossy deeps of the pine forest. We feel we have made another friend, one who sees life with gentle, smiling eyes and from a deliciously humorous point of view.

Published by The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, $1.50.

"The Short Line War," by Marion Webster, is a graphic story of a fierce struggle between 2 railway kings for possession of a short but important line. Their clever but unscrupulous tactics, leading even to violence and the corruption of judges, have undoubtedly been paralleled many a time in the histories of real railroads, and they form interesting reading for an outsider. Price, $1.50. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

Mr. W. L. Fisher, Easton, Pa., writes me that his book, "Practical Points for Anglers with Rod and Line," is selling rapidly, as it certainly deserves to. Any reader of RECREATION can get a copy of it for 10 cents, stamps or coin.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

THE PROPER DIET FOR AN ATHLETE.

R. H. COOK, M. D.

Secretary of the Section on Physiology and Dietetics, American Medical Association.

The rôle played by inherited traits, influencing the life of the individual is perhaps of no greater moment than the influence of diet on our lives. To diet means, in the mind of the average man, to live principally on meat and eggs. This erroneous conclusion is so largely prevalent that I have ventured to show, in a way to be understood by the laity, what constitutes a proper diet, especially for one "in training."

A true food is necessarily one that will furnish nutrition, strength and power of endurance. The class of food by which the body maintains these 3 conditions is found in the albumens. Since the chief fuel for our animal economy is found in both the vegetable and animal kingdoms, I purpose showing the evils resulting from the introduction of albumens in the form of a meat diet. Meat in any form and however prepared contains a substance known as uric acid, which when introduced into the system, and under certain conditions, causes a contraction of the caliber of the blood vessels of every organ of our body. Now, since all nutritive material is carried from the alimentary tract to the various parts of the body and waste material removed by the circulating blood, here at once becomes apparent the great influence necessarily produced by any substance which will contract the caliber of the blood vessels, and thereby interfere with the amount of blood supplying the various organs.

The same amount of albuminous food can be introduced in forms which will not at the same time introduce this poisonous material—uric acid. Let us compare the effects produced by the introduction of our chief food under these 2 conditions. The man who supplies his system with albumens in the form of meat will, within a comparatively short time, feel his strength increasing. He becomes buoyant in disposition, and is one of the first to ridicule those who claim he has not partaken of a most nutritious food. This now happy possessor of the piece of meat begins his duties, at first with the feeling of being able to accomplish great feats, both physical and mental. But, alas! he soon begins to feel indisposed, and fatigue rapidly follows. Physically he is able to do a good day's work only by the greatest effort. Mentally he becomes clouded and must work under conditions not favorable to himself. Many readers will say such symptoms have never manifested themselves in their own cases, and that they have eaten meat all their lives. True—I grant. But let us look into the reason for the above symptom and see whether or not we can show the fallacy of these many apparent exceptions. The man who ate his dinner of meat did introduce one of Nature's best foods; but with it he also introduced a certain amount of uric acid. The introduction of the food raised the acidity of the blood and from the fact that uric acid which is circulating in the blood is deposited in the various organs of the body, when the acidity of the blood is increased you will at once see that his meat caused a cleansing of the blood of uric acid, and the blood vessels which were contracted in the caliber now enlarge and a freer circulation throughout the body is established. This, together with the nutritive portion of the beef, causes the feeling of well being and buoyancy described above. But the next step shows us the reason of the early fatigue which follows. You will remember the increased acidity of the blood was the factor which caused the uric acid to be driven into the tissues and allowed more to be absorbed. Within 1½ or 2 hours the blood again becomes high and the rebound must follow, for we now have a condition which brings out the uric acid which was driven into the tissues and the extra amount absorbed.

Those individuals who can not see any ill effects of a meat diet in their own case are eliminating uric acid in an abnormal amount through the kidneys, which will sooner or later lead to dire results; or, they are storing up uric acid in their tissues which must necessarily be brought out when the conditions for such are favorable. Such a man may boast of his health and deride my theories, but let him be taken sick, and should the disease be one that will raise the alkalinity of his blood, then comes the time when he is more than handicapped with his uric acid, which is freely drawn from his tissues and may add a factor which will baffle all medical skill.

How different the lesson to be drawn from the man who has introduced the same amount of nutritive material without the uric acid. Such a diet can be had from milk, cheese, cereals, peas, beans, and potatoes. If such a diet is introduced in the proper proportions the consumer necessarily can do better work, all things being equal, than the meat eaters. No more striking proof of the truth of this can be cited than the results of a 70 mile foot race which took place between 14 meat eaters and several men who were not meat eaters, eventuating in all the latter finishing and but one of the meat eaters reaching the goal. He arrived in an exhausted condition, one hour after the last vegetarian! The conditions and number of entries in each case were such as to rule out any chance element, and the conclusion was such as to show that where strength and long power of endurance are required the meat eaters are not in it. The day is fast approaching when the athlete will be deprived of meat and all present records will be broken.

RENOVATED BUTTER.

The good housewife is, probably, not aware of the fact that much of the "creamery butter" offered for sale by grocers, dairymen, et al. is nothing but the renovated remnants and scrapings from hotel tables, firkins, butter-jars, etc. Yet such is the case. Even as old carpets, old mattresses, old feathers, yield to the magical touch of the renovator, just so does old butter come forth as the sweet, fresh, new product. Not long since I visited the establishment of a butter-renovator, and, though the process of renovation was not shown me, the stuff called butter was, both "before and after taking." There was white butter, yellow butter, green butter; butter with a grain as coarse, almost as No. 2 sandpaper, and butter with no grain at all, looking like axle-grease. In fact, I am by no means certain some of it was not axle-grease! There was butter which smelled like the breath of a 4 weeks' old drunk, and butter which seemed to have been on intimate terms with a *mephitis Americana.* There was clean butter, and butter distinctly dirty, in which bread crumbs and other detritus was plainly observable. Horrible stuff! These different butters were mixed together, and treated to a renovating process in which the poison, boracic acid, played a prominent and important rôle. After thorough renovation, this famous compound was put up in pound rolls and labeled "choice creamery"! I am glad to see that many of the State Dairy and Food Departments are looking into the methods of the "butter renovator" with a view to confiscating all of this butter that the inspectors can find. I should be glad if all such mixing troughs could be permanently closed.

THE PAINTED CIGAR.

Strangely enough, most men will silently submit to the barefaced and open adulteration of their flours, meals, sugars, etc., things necessary for the maintenance of life, but, when it comes to the adulteration of their luxuries—cigars, beer, coffee, liquors, etc.—it is a "gray horse of another color." They are very apt to howl forth their indignation in no uncertain language. In fact, spech, that is, dignified, co-ordinated diction seems to be insufficient. Therefore they revert to the primal and fundamental method of communication—they become ejaculatory!

Recently I became acquainted with a man who told me some of the secrets of the cigar trade. I am indebted to him for an introduction to the painted cigar.

A certain class of smokers prefer the Sumatra wrapper, which is very dark and glossy. This tobacco is costly, hence the manufacturers of cigars use it only for their higher priced goods; but, since the average customer is unwilling to pay more than 5 or 10 cents for his smoke, the makers finish off their domestic goods (New York leaf, Connecticut filler), with a wrapper which has been painted with a dark wash. This wash is a trade secret. My informant said, however, that one of its ingredients was a "deadly poison when taken in large doses, and would soon fit a man for wearing wings were he to swallow it pure and undiluted."

The brown or yellow "sun spots" on tobacco are considered an evidence of superfine quality; hence some smokers always prefer a spotted cigar. The manufacturers of cigars have kept up with this fad and now "spot" their wrappers artificially. An acid is used for this purpose, and the manipulators of the spotting-brush become so expert that they often surpass old Sol himself in turning out "sun-spotted" wrappers. The sun has little or nothing to do with these spots. They are the result of a microbe. An expert can tell the artificially spotted wrapper at a glance; but all smokers are not experts.

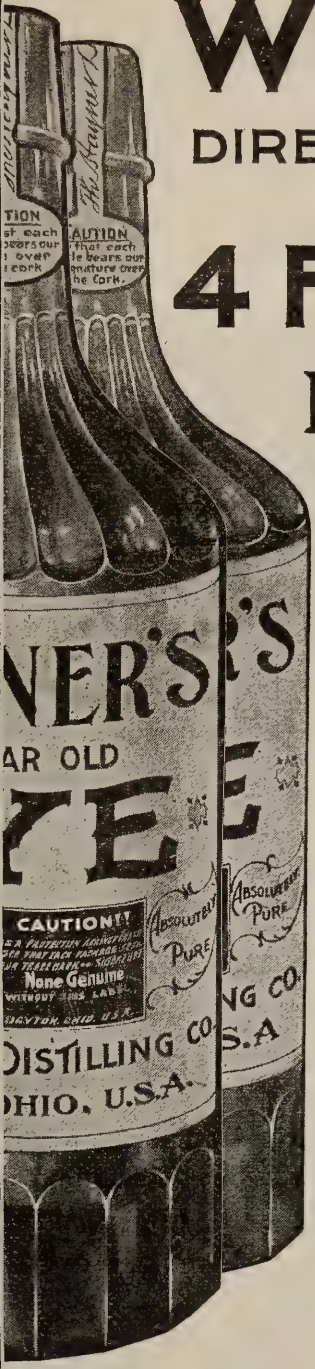
Neversweat Nicodemus: "Did you ever hear about a princess wot slept a hundred years?"

Tattered Tolliver: "Yes. Wot an ideal life she led!—Kansas City Independent.

"The world is mine," exclaimed Monte Cristo just before the curtain fell.

"Say," yelled a Spaniard from the gallery, "are you the feller they call 'Uncle Sam'?"—Chicago News.

Join the L. A. S. The membership fee is only $1. Sixty cents of this goes back into your own state to be expended there in the work of game protection.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HAYNER'S PURE RYE WHISKEY

DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER

4 FULL QUARTS FOR $3.20

Express Charges Prepaid by us.

SAVES MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS PREVENTS ADULTERATION.

Since 1866

Hayner's pure double copper distilled Rye Whiskey has been sold to Consumers direct from our own Distillery, known as "Hayner's Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District." No other Distillers sell to consumers direct. Those who offer to sell you whiskey in this way are speculators who buy to sell again, by which plan they are compelled to add a profit, which you can save by buying from us direct.

We will send four full quarts of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye Whiskey for $3.20, express prepaid. We ship on approval in plain, sealed boxes, with no marks to indicate contents. When you receive and test it, if not satisfactory return it at our expense and we will return your $3.20.

Such whiskey as we offer you for $3.20 cannot be purchased elsewhere for less than $5.00, and the low price at which we offer it saves you the addition of middlemen's profits, besides you are guaranteed the certainty of **pure** whiskey, absolutely free from adulteration.

References: Third Nat'l. Bank, any business house in Dayton or Commercial Agencies.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.,

273-279 West Fifth Street, DAYTON, OHIO.

N. B.—Orders for Ariz., Col., Cal., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 qts., by freight, prepaid.

We guarantee the above firm to do as they agree to.—Editor.

The Vital Points

To be Considered by the Sportsman
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Compactness
Durability
Lightness

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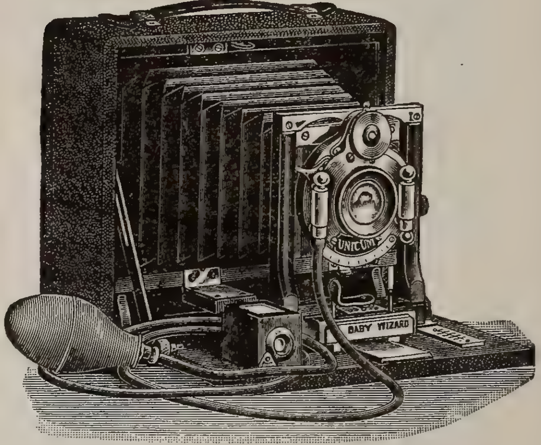
We believe embodies these requisites to a greater degree than any other.



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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"*A Bird in the hand is worth 2 in the bag.*"

RECREATION'S FOURTH ANNUAL COMPETITION.

RECREATION has conducted 3 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. A fourth is now on, which it is believed will be far more fruitful than either of the others. This one opened on January 1, '99, and will close September 30, '99.

Following is a list of prizes:

First prize: A Reflex camera, 5x7, made by the Reflex Camera Co., Yonkers, N. Y., with Zeiss anastigmat lens, and listed at $80;

Second prize: A wide angle Wizard camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., Cresskill, N. J., with double swing, size 6½ x 8½, and listed at $60;

Third prize. A Korona camera, series 2, size 5x7, manufactured by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $27;

Fourth prize: A split bamboo fly rod, listed at $25;

Fifth prize: A lady's or gentleman's hunting case gold watch, listed at $20;

Sixth prize: An Acme Rotary Burnisher, made by the Acme Burnisher Co., Fulton, N. Y., and listed at $12;

Seventh prize: A Bristol steel fishing rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Ct., and listed at $8;

Eighth prize: A Baby Hawkeye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., Boston, Mass., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one gross Eastman Solio paper, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.;

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen carbutt plates, made by the Carbutt Dry Plate Co., Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.;

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a year's subscription to RECREATION.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or domestic animals, representing, in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Cycling pictures especially desired. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum, or carbon, or Solio, of each subject, which shall become the property of RECREATION. The name and address of the sender and title of picture to be plainly written on back of each print. Daylight, flashlight, or electric light pictures admissible. Prize winning photographs to be published in RECREATION, full credit being given in all cases.

Pictures that have been published elsewhere, or that have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures failed to win in the last competition, because the makers did not heed this warning.

Write on back of each print the title thereof; your name and address; name of camera, lens, and plate used; size of stop and time of exposure.

MY FIRST LESSON IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

"Well, Jack, old boy, you down here? Did you ever see anything like this? Look at that row of palms, then over there at that orange grove, and this the middle of winter. But say, old fellow, you will have no use for those guns and rods. There's neither fishing nor shooting here. There is not a game fish in these waters. If you only had a camera we might do something. Can you get one? Well, then, I would, by all means, right away."

My friend was spending the winter on the island of St. Croix, in the Danish West Indies. He had been troubled with one of those coughs that suggest a trip to a milder climate or the purchase of a headstone, and he had gone to the West Indies to escape the latter alternative. He had been there 2 months when I, much to his surprise, stepped off the steamer.

My friend's suggestion about a camera seemed to me a good one. But then I knew absolutely nothing about photography, so what use could I make of a camera? However, I had a friend in New York who might loan me one. I asked him for it, and for plenty of instructions in its use.

The next steamer brought the camera and many books on photography. The invoice called for one camera loaded with 24 backed plates, to be returned when exposed. I picked up the camera, turned it upside down, examined it fore and aft; but took particular care not to monkey with the attachments, levers, or springs. If the thing had been empty I might have looked inside it. But as it was loaded with 24 backed plates to be returned when exposed, I was afraid lest I might expose them all in a bunch. There were books on "How to Take a Picture," which should have been entitled, "How to confuse an amateur." They explained the merits or demerits of various kinds of lenses and shutters. I was told a great deal about fast plates and slow ones, but nothing as to where and when to use either. I knew not what shutter or lens the camera had, or whether the plates were slow-going ones or hustlers.

In a few days I received from my friend the following letter, which taught me more than all the books I read:

"My Dear John—Doubtless the little camera has reached you. Read pamphlet enclosed and you will understand the camera's mechanism. I will add, however, a few words of advice.

"Never point the camera toward the sun, but away from it. If you are taking a picture of persons, try and get them in the shade. If under a tree, see that it is one with lower branches at least 20 feet above the ground. Then place your camera on something rigid, holding it absolutely still and giving an exposure of 5 to 10 seconds. A snap-shot, though taken in a bright sunlight, is not the best picture obtainable. One that you give a little time will produce the best results. Of course, if of a marine scene in a very bright day, the shortest possible exposure with the smallest stop (diaphragm) is necessary. Remember you must use the instantaneous shutter for moving objects; and if not on the water, it's better to use the larger diaphragm.

"As you expose plate after plate, placing them in rotation in the back of the camera, make a note after each exposure describing the scene, time of exposure, etc. This will help one materially in bringing out the best results in developing. For instance, if I am about to develop a plate where the description leads me to believe there is plenty of contrast, such as children in white dresses—I can mix developer so as not to increase the contrast but to somewhat lessen or soften the effect. I use pyro, and if my subject is a light one, I use 1½ grains to an ounce of developer; if a dark one, 4 to 5 grains. Again, if your subject is badly lighted, if the day is dull and the contrasts are weak, by using developer strong in pyro I greatly assist in remedying all this. I hope this will convince you of the necessity of making a memo of each exposure. You should learn to judge the length of time in a second. To do this take your watch and practice counting. Keep at this until you can count 10 or 20 nearly as accurately as your watch."

For 2 months I followed carefully his instructions, as well as those given in the books. Of course I made many failures but brought home a lot of good negatives. I have since bought a camera and full outfit and am making steady progress.

J. R. Christe, New York City.

Will you please give me, through Recreation, one or 2 formulæ for toning Solio paper—gold toning solution? Also formula for platinum toning solution, and tell me how to use same.

I am a beginner and have struggled hard to get a desirable brown color on my prints, but the results have not been satisfactory. I get all the shades but the right one and am getting discouraged. Do I leave the prints in toning solution too long? I also have trouble with my prints not toning evenly—that is, they tone quicker in center than toward the edge. Can you give me a little light on this?

We are about to organize a camera club here and as most of the members are readers of Recreation you may expect to hear more of us in future.

Virgil P. Corse, Sandy Creek, N. Y.

ANSWER.

I referred your letter to the Eastman people, who make Solio paper, and they submit the following in reply:

DIRECTIONS FOR USING SOLIO PAPER.

SEPARATE BATH FORMULA.

Wash in 5 or 6 changes of water, or sufficient to remove the free silver.

Tone in a plain gold bath, using about 1 grain of gold to 48 ounces of water. Neutralize by adding a saturated solution of borax, bicarbonate of soda or sal soda.

When toned, immerse prints in running water where they may remain until all are ready for the fixing.

If running water cannot be had, put prints into

SHORT STOP:	Salt, - - - -	1 oz.
	Water, - - -	1 gal.

If there is a large batch of prints to be toned do not allow prints to lie in short stop solution, but put them into a tray containing clear water where they may remain until all are ready for the fixing.

Fix 20 minutes in

Water, - - - - -	1 gal.
Hypo, - - - - -	13 oz.
Solio Hardener, - - -	½ oz.

To mix with hydrometer, take water one gallon, add sufficient hypo to test 25 grains to the ounce, and add ½ ounce of Solio hardener.

On account of its simplicity and cheapness, we advise the Solio hardener fixing bath, but give the alum fixing bath for the benefit of those who prefer it.

ALUM FIXING BATH:	Hyposulphite of Soda,	6 oz.
	Alum (Crystals), -	2½ oz.
	Sulphite of Soda (Crystals)	⅜ oz.
	Water, - - -	70 oz.

When dissolved add ¾ oz. of borax dissolved in 10 oz. hot water.

This fixing bath must be made about 10 hours before use. As it keeps indefinitely before use it may be made up in large quantities.

Wash one hour in running cold water, or in 16 changes of cold water, keeping prints separated so the water may have a chance to eliminate the chemicals.

DETAILS.

The toning bath should tone in 6 or 7 minutes.

Tone by transmitted light for the high lights and half tones only, paying no attention whatever to the shadows.

We recommend a neutral bath and advise the use of Squibb's red litmus to test with.

If the bath tones uneven or streaky, add water until it tones in 8 or 10 minutes, and make it slightly alkaline.

One gallon of fixing bath is sufficient for one gross cabinet size Solio or its equivalent.

To make solio hardener:

Chloride of Aluminum, - -	3 oz.
Bi-Sulphite of Soda, - - -	2½ oz.
Cold Water, - - - -	12 oz.

Put both chemicals in the water and shake until dissolved.

Solio hardener powders.—It is important that properly tested chemicals should be used in mixing the Solio hardener, as otherwise the desired results may not be secured. We shall, therefore, put up in convenient powder form, the amount of chemicals required to make 16 ounces of the Solio hardener at 40 cents each.

COMBINED TONING BATH.

Stock Solution: *A*	Hyposulphite of Soda,	8 oz.
	Alum, (Crystals) -	6 oz.
	Sugar (granulated)	2 oz.
	Water, - - -	30 oz.

Dissolve above in *cold water* and,
When dissolved add Borax, 2 oz.
Dissolved in hot water, - 8 oz.

Let stand over night and decant clear liquid.

Stock Solution: *B*	Pure Chloride of Gold	7½ grains.
	Acetate of Lead (Sugar of Lead), - -	64 grains.
	Water, - -	8 oz.

Solution B should be shaken up before using and not filtered.

To tone 15 cabinets take:

Stock Solution A, - -	6 oz.
Stock Solution B, - - -	1 oz.

Place prints without previous washing into the above.

Tone to desired color and immerse prints for 5 minutes in following salt solution to stop the toning:

Salt, - - - - - -	1 oz.
Water, - - - - - -	32 oz.

The extra fixing bath should be used to ensure thorough fixing.

After the salt bath give one change of cold water and fix for 10 minutes in the extra fixing bath:

EXTRA FIXING BATH:	Hyposulphite of Soda, -	1 oz.
	Sulphite of Soda (Crystals),	60 grains.
	Borax, - - - - -	¼ oz.
	Water, - - - - -	20 oz.

Wash one hour in running cold water or in 16 changes of cold water, when prints may be mounted same as albumen prints.

The combined bath must be used cold, not above 50° Fahr. This condition can be obtained by placing a piece of ice in the bath when toning. If the bath is too warm, it will cause yellow prints with a greenish cast in the half tones.

Use a thermometer and keep it in toning bath all the time.

The combined bath is an acid solution. The borax neutralizes only the excess of acid in the alum. Any attempt to neutralize the bath will precipitate the alum.

The combined bath should not be used a second time.

Clean trays once a week with nitric acid or sulphuric acid and water to prevent white spots or blotches on the prints.

Prints allowed to stand over night in water are liable to turn yellow; they should be mounted as soon as washed.

Glacé finish.—Clean the ferrotype plate with warm water each time it is used. Polish with a soft cloth until plate is absolutely free from dirt or specks of any description. Swab with a tuft of soft cloth or cotton batting wet with a solution composed of benzine one ounce, paraffin 10 grains. Rub dry with a clean cloth and polish with a chamois skin or very soft cloth. Use a soft brush to remove particles of dust. Then squeegee the wet print on to the plate and rub down with a dry blotter. The print must be in perfect contact to produce a uniform and even surface. This can be obtained by placing a piece of cotton or rubber cloth over the print and using a small print roller to rub down.

Mounting.—The prints may be mounted with starch paste in the ordinary manner; use dry castile soap for lubricator, or, if it is desired to mount them with glacé surface, the back of the print when nearly dry should be brushed over with very thin solution of pure, white glue, after being well filtered. Use a camel's hair brush. When thoroughly dry the print should be stripped from the ferrotype plate. To mount moisten card with a wet sponge. Place print in proper position and rub down.

Spotting.—The solution given below will prevent the spotting ink from rubbing off in the burnisher, and will give a gloss equal to balance of print.

Solution A, - - - Alcohol, 1 oz. Thymol, 4 gr.
Solution B, Water 1 oz.; Gelatine, 15 gr.; A solution, 1 dr.

Heat solution B at not over 120° Fahr. until thoroughly dissolved.

For use, mix with the spotting brush solution B with the color and if too thick the brush may be dampened with water or saliva.

To cut gold.—Those who desire to cut their own gold can make stock solution B as follows for the combined bath:

Metallic Gold, -	1 pennyweight.
Nitric Acid, - -	1 dram.
Muriatic Acid, -	3 drams.

When cut add water 48 ounces, and then add sufficient bicarbonate of soda to almost neutralize, leaving the solution slightly acid. Filter, and add 384 grains acetate of lead.

---

1. What is the price of sulphocyanide of ammonium?

2 Please give a formula for a good toning bath, that will turn out good prints of a good color.

3 Is there any possible way of telling the correct time in developing a plate?

4 Can Velox or Dekko paper be used with any developer except pyro, as used for plates (like Eastman's hydrochinona)?

Percy Herman, Ft. Dodge, Ia.

ANSWER.

1. The price of sulphocyanide of ammonium is about 60 cents a pound.

2 I give below the 2 toning baths recommended by the Nepera Chemical Company for their celebrated Rex printing-out paper:

SEPARATE BATH.

Chloride of gold	2 or 3 grains.
Water	30 ounces.
Acetate of soda	1 to 1½ drams.
Borax	25 to 30 grains.

COMBINED BATH.

Warm water	1 quart.
Hypo	8 ounces.
Sulphocyanide of ammonium	1 ounce.
Acetate of lead	6 drams.
Powdered alum	2 drams.
Pure chloride of gold	6 grains.
Citric acid	2 drams.

3 The development of plates should be carried on until all detail has come out sufficiently, and until the blacks are strong enough to produce a good dense negative. This can be ascertained by looking through the negative before a ruby lamp. There is no set rule as to length of time. It depends on length of exposure, character of subject, quality of plate, etc.

4 Velox paper can be developed with any developer provided it is strong and fresh and contains just enough bromide of potassium to keep the whites of the print clear; but it is much better to use one of the formulæ recommended for this paper. You will find these formulæ given given in slip enclosed with each package of Velox.

USEFUL TESTS FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPURITIES.

George Lurcock, in Photo News.

In order to insure the permanence of the negative or positive image, it is essential that all chemicals possessing destructive properties be entirely eliminated from the print or film. The average photographer is content with prolonged washing, but the careful and exact worker will wish to prove conclusively the absence or presence of anything likely to prove detrimental.

By the aid of the following tests the tyro can tell whether his work is ready for finishing. The print or plate should be immersed a few minutes in pure water contained in a white porcelain dish, with occasional rocking, the water being then tested for the suspected substance.

Hypo can be detected in infinitesimal quantities by means of a drop or 2 of silver nitrate solution, which gives a black precipitate, or a dark brown to pale yellow coloration, according to the quantity present. The latter tint is best seen in daylight.

Mercury (in intensification).—One drop of a weak solution of iodide of potassium gives a red or orange precipitate soluble in excess of the test. Sulphydric acid or ammonium sulphydrate gives a black precipitate.

Lead (in combined toning and fixing).—Lead is tenaciously retained by paper, with the subsequent deterioration of the print. The latter should be immersed in weak acetic acid, which dissolves any lead present. With this, iodide of potassium will give a yellow precipitate or bichromate of potassium an orange red.

Iron (in platinotype and iron developers).—This is also held by paper and causes yellowing of the print. Ferrocyanide of potassium painted on the same strikes a blue if this impurity is present.

Alum sometimes contains iron and should then be rejected. A solution of tannic acid will indicate by a blue-black coloration the presence of this substance.

Sulphur (in sulphur toning).—Characteristic odor evolved when the print is burnt.

Ferrocyanides (in reducers).—Ferrous sulphate gives a blue, and nitrate of silver an orange precipitate or coloration.

Oxalates.—A solution of calcium chloride gives a white precipitate.

Pyro.—Milk of lime gives a purple coloration, turning to brown.

These are the chief impurities met with, and these test solutions should be kept in little stoppered bottles in every dark room. The small outlay and trouble involved will amply repay the operator. At the same time he will train himself to do his work accurately and well.

All plates should be finally varnished and thus protected from those chemical substances contained in the atmosphere, which slowly attack the silver image, and prints, bromides especially. They should be rendered immune by saturating them in a solution of paraffin wax in benzine, blotting off the superfluous liquid and allowing the solvent to evaporate spontaneously.

HOW TO USE IT.

Many amateurs do not use ferro-prussiate paper, writes R. B. A. in the English Amateur Photographer, but it is nevertheless worth a trial. It is convenient in getting a proof in a hurry. Print till image assumes a gray metallic color, and wash well in water until getting a blue and white print. They can be rendered in a number of tints. I give some below:

Green.—Print rather lightly, wash well, and immerse in 15 minims of sulphuric acid diluted with 10 ounces water.

Violet.—Immerse the blue print in a 25 per cent. solution of acetate of lead.

Sepia.—Wash well, and immerse in water 10 ounces, tannic acid 1 dram, for a few minutes; then immerse in carbonate of soda 1 dram, water 4 ounces, for a short time. Then return to tannic acid bath, and if necessary repeat the operation until the right tint is obtained.

Brown (dark).—Immerse in caustic potash one dram, to water 8 ounces (or ammonia .880, 10 per cent. solution), until blue color disappears and prints are a pale orange yellow. Then change to (above) tannic acid bath until tint required is reached.

Black.—Bathe in 4 per cent. solution of potassium carbonate (or sodium carbonate) until blue disappears and print is a yellowish-brown. Wash and bathe in 4 per cent. solution of tannin.

Black (another method).—Immerse in 4 per cent. solution of sodium (or potassium) carbonate as above; wash well and bathe in 10 per cent. solution of sulphuret of soda until black; wash well and immerse for a few minutes in a 5 per cent. solution of sulphate of copper until slightly bleached, when the prints are returned to the sulphuret bath and are permanent.

It is important that prints should be washed well after treatment.

There are 3 brands of plates, put out by most manufacturers—snapshot, quick time and slow. Use snapshots for snaps and portraits only. Use quick time where you can have half or over a second; and slow, where you expose a minute or over.

These plates must be kept separate and given different development. Then there will be no trouble.

Almost every amateur loads his camera with slow or medium plates; then goes out and exposes the whole lot in snaps, and differently timed exposures. Then he walks the whole lot through the same new, full strength developer, and can't understand what is the matter.

SOME FIXING BATHS.

(A) ACID BATHS.

The first variation of the simple hypo and water fixing bath, says a writer in an English exchange, is that known as the acid fixing bath. The advocates of this—or rather these, for there are numerous formulæ in use—claim 3 advantages: (1) That it at once stops the action of the alkaline developer; (2) That it yields negatives comparatively free from staining or discoloration of the gelatine, especially after pyro development; (3) That the bath itself does not become discolored nearly so quickly or so much as the ordinary simple hypo and water mixture, No. 1.

From among the various formulæ it must suffice to select a few typical cases.

(3) ACID FIXING BATH.

In 10 parts, say 16 ounces of water, dissolve 10 parts, say one ounce, soda sulphite and 40 parts, say 4 ounces, hypo. Then add one part, say 30 drops, sulphuric acid.

(4) ACID FIXING BATH.

A.—Dissolve citric acid 1 part, say ¼ ounce, in water 16 parts, say 4 ounces.

B.—Then dissolve hypo 16 parts, say 4 ounces. Add sodium sulphite 4 parts, say one ounce. In water 64 parts, say 16 ounces.

Add A to B.

(5) ACID FIXING BATH.

Dissolve tartaric acid 3 parts, say 3 dr.
And soda sulphite.. 5 parts, say 5 dr.
And hypo ......64 parts, say 8 oz.
In water ....256 parts, say 32 oz.

Any of the 3 formulæ, 3, 4, or 5, will be found satisfactory. Perhaps No. 3 is the most easily prepared.

There are yet 2 other forms of fixing bath which should be quoted, as both are supported by men of note.

(6) METABISULPHITE FIXING BATH.

Dissolve sodium metabisulphite 1 part.
And hypo.................. 4 parts.
In water ....16 to 20 parts.

(7) THIOCARBAMIDE FIXING BATH.

Dissolve thiocarbamide .... 1 part.
And hypo .... 10 parts.
In water .... 50 parts.

Formulæ 6 and 7 are both recommended for use after prolonged development where there is a probability of a stained negative resulting.

(B) THE COMBINED HARDENING AND FIXING BATH.

It sometimes happens in warm weather, or with a certain brand of plates, that the gelatine swells and blisters or "frills" along the edges of the plate. This endangers risk of injury to the film. Moreover, the blisters or frilled parts seldom or never dry out the same density as the other parts, and often leave a mark which may in cases spoil the negative. To counteract this the use of alum as a gelatine-hardening agent has been suggested (1) as a separate bath, preliminary to fixing. This means washing after development, and after the alum bath, before fixing. (2) It is also recommended for use in conjunction with hypo in the fixing bath. The cautious worker should therefore be prepared with a few formulæ in case the necessity for their use should unexpectedly arise.

No. 8 may be taken as a fairly typical formula.

(8) ALUM AND HYPO FIXING BATH.

Dissolve common alum ......1 part.
In water .... 40 parts.
Then add soda sulphite 1 part, and when dissolved
Add hypo ....8 parts.

(9) CHROME ALUM AND HYPO FIXING BATH.

Some workers prefer to use chrome alum instead of the common (potash) alum.

Chrome alum	1 part.
Soda sulphite	5 parts.
Hypo	20 parts.
Citric acid	6 parts.
Water	100 parts.

Dissolve the several ingredients in the water in the order given.

(10) CHROME ALUM AND HYPO BATH.

Here is a slight modification of the last formulæ.

Chrome alum	4 parts, say 1 dram.
Soda sulphite	16 parts, say ½ oz.
Hypo	128 parts, say 8 oz.
Water	512 parts, say 32 oz.
Sulphuric acid	1 part, say 10 drops.

In all three forms, 8, 9, and 10, of the alum and hypo bath the mixing should be done some time before use, well stirred and the clear part filtered or carefully decanted for use only.

(11) With a view to preventing decomposition of the alum and hypo mixtures, M. Mercier has suggested the addition of soda citrate. It may be well to quote his formula, as it is said to keep well, and to yield brilliant negatives.

Citrate of soda	1 part.
Table salt	4 parts.
Common alum	4 parts.
Pot. metabisulphite	4 parts.
Hypo	40 parts.
Water	200 parts.

AGAIN THE COMBINED BATH.

This process of photography, so easy for the amateur to work, has been the subject of a great deal of discussion and is considered by many as a pretty good thing to stay away from. I am inclined to think the combined bath is all right, provided the user will exercise good judgment and a little common sense. To explain: One grain of gold will tone only 231 square inches of paper; nearly every combined bath contains sugar of lead, and when one attempts to tone more square inches than as mentioned above, lead tones are the result, and these are not permanent; it is obvious that toning should be done with gold if permanency is desired.

I have used a combined bath which has yielded permanent tones, some of my prints having been exposed to the direct light for over 2 years without a sign of fading, but I was not stingy with my gold. My formula is:

Water	20 ounces.
Hypo	4 ounces.
Acetate lead	30 grains.
Gold	1 grain.

Prints should first be washed in several changes of water to eliminate free nitrate; then toned in above to desired color; then fixed in an extra fixing bath of

Water	1 gallon.
Hypo	6 ounces.

for about 5 minutes and well washed in a dozen changes of running water or for about an hour. The above bath will tone 12 4 x 5 prints nicely. If a greater number is desired, add more gold, always working on the above rule "one grain of gold to 231 square inches of prints."

Water	5 ounces.
Acetic acid	1 ounce.
Alcohol	1 ounce.

Add dextrine, a little at a time, thoroughly stirring, until it reaches the consistency of thick molasses.

Chas. Brunner, Easton, Pa.

Do any of your readers use a stereoscopic camera? I have one which I bought last fall and in the book of instruction the makers say a space of ⅛ of an inch should be left between the 2 prints when transposing. What is the object of this? I have a large number of stereographs that I have received in exchange for some of mine and find that few of them leave this space. Nor can I detect any difference in the appearance of the pictures when viewed through the stereoscope, as far as perspective or solidity is concerned. If any of your readers are using stereoscopic cameras I should like to hear from them in regard to this matter and would like to exchange prints with them. Have any of your readers ever used the "Chautauqua" plates for snapshot work, with a hand camera? If so, with what results?

C. T. Metzger, Union City, Pa.

Some people in England who rent bicycles have hit upon a clever plan, originally started to protect them from theft, but now extensively practiced to gain customers. Upon hiring a wheel the party is photographed. A small picture on Velox can be made while the wheel is out and the party is presented with it on his or her return. It suits everybody and those who do it get the trade. Might be a good note for some enterprising American dealer. It don't (or need not) cost but a trifle, and naturally induces much trade.

I have 4 x 5 and 5 x 7 prints of Omaha exposition, Bishop Hill Colony, etc., which I should like to exchange with amateurs.

V. J. Root, Galva, Henry Co., Ill.

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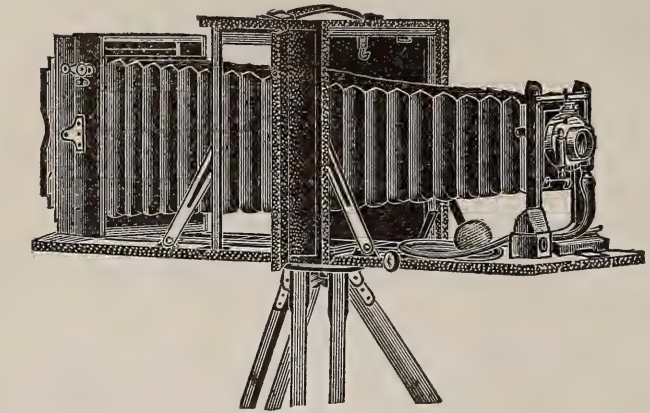

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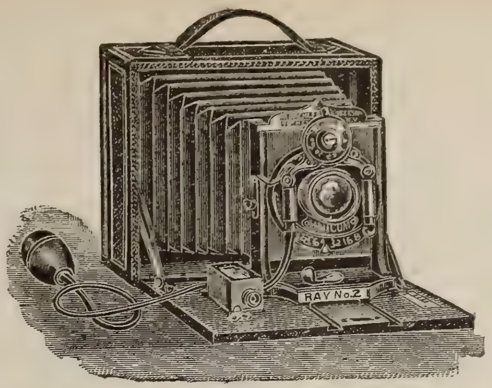

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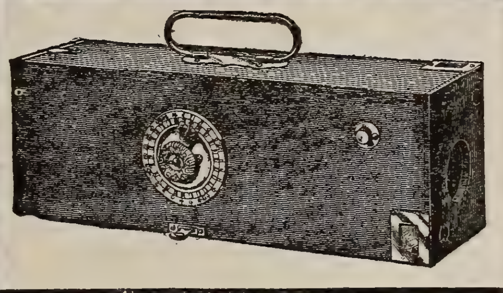

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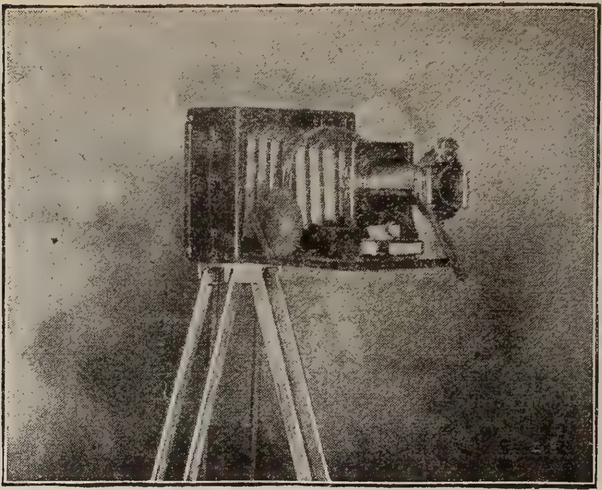

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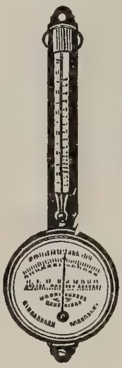

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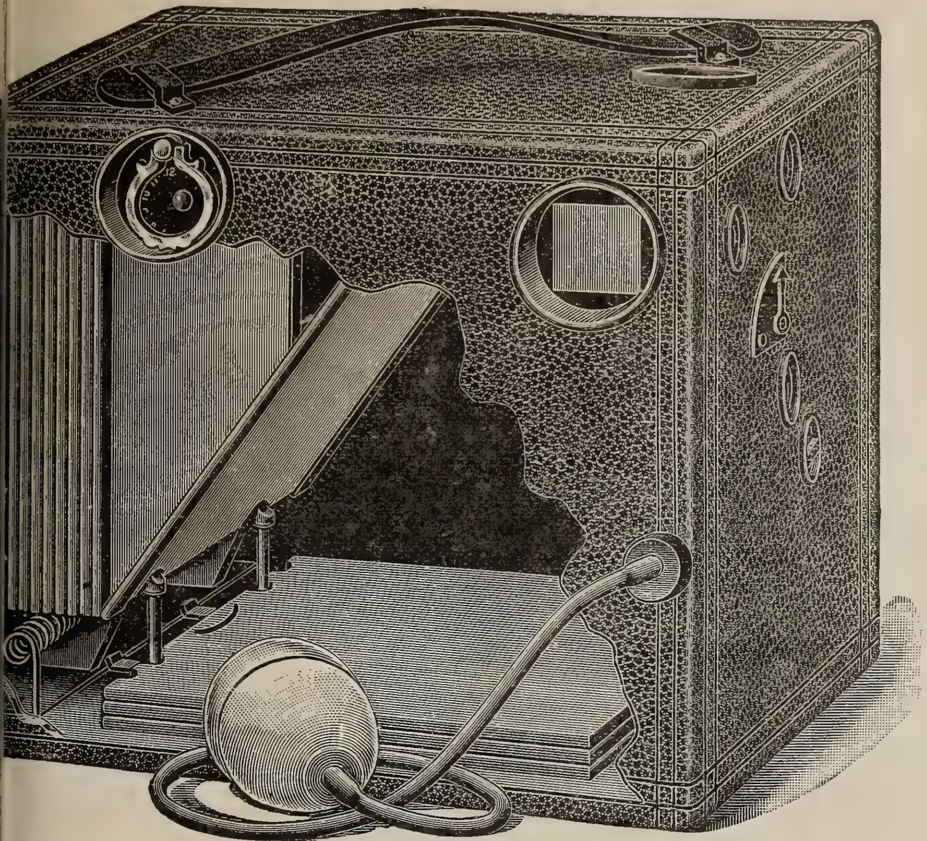

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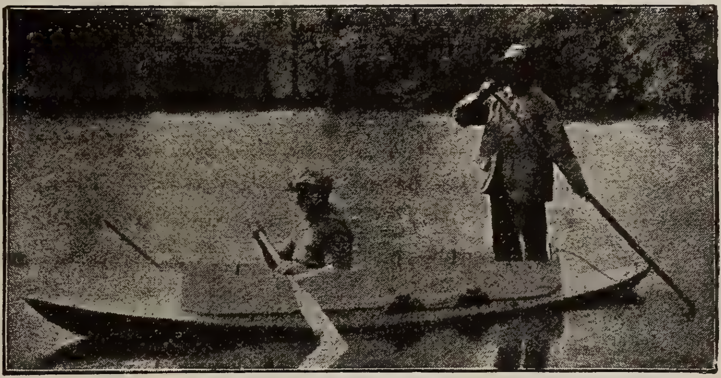

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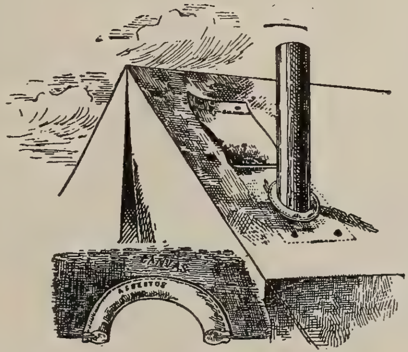

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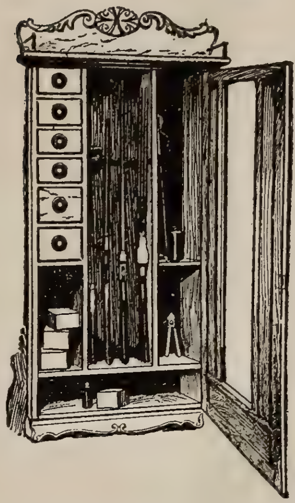

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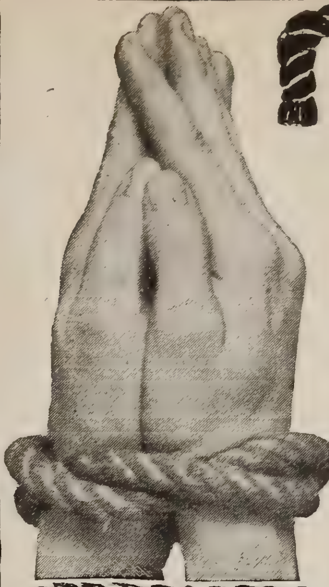

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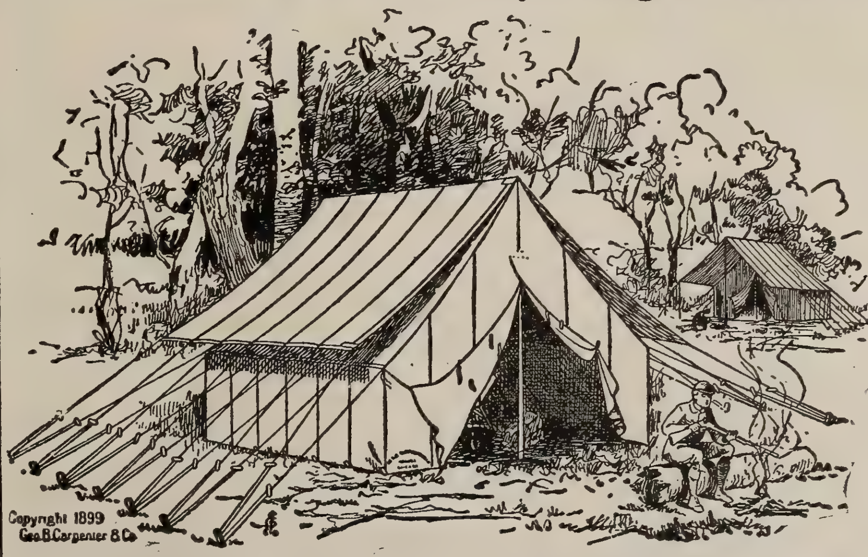

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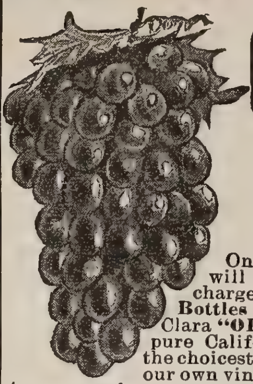

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From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th

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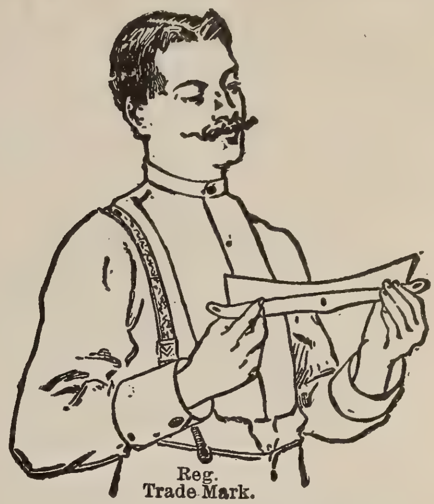
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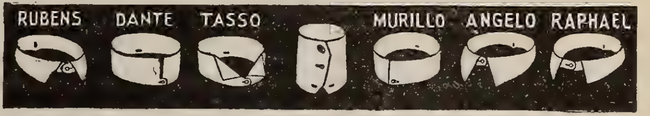

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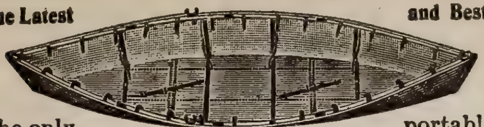

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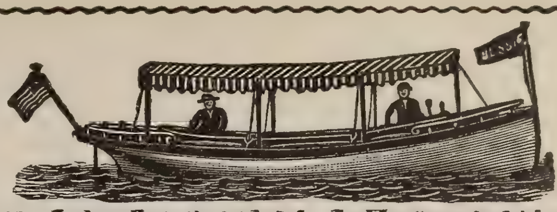

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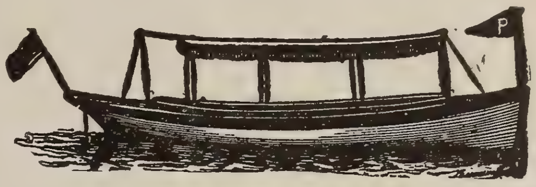

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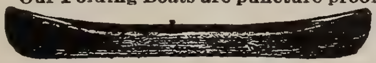

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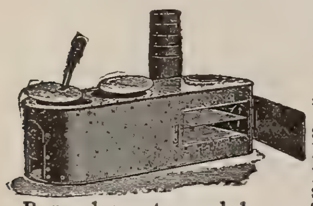

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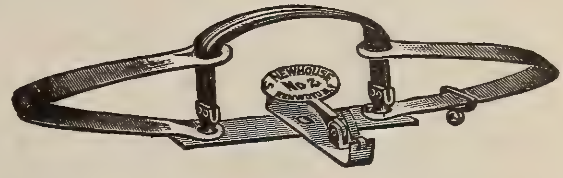

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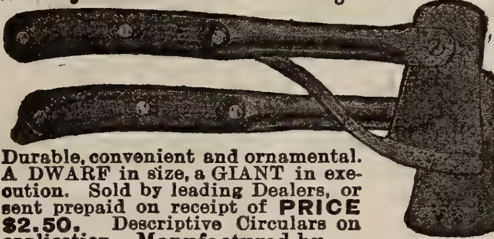

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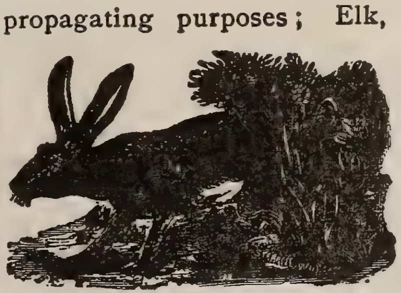

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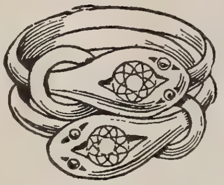

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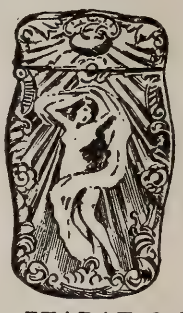

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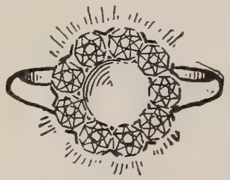

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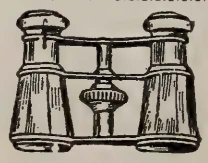
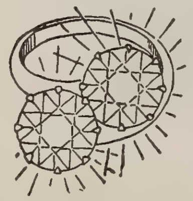


LEMAIRE Pearl Opera Glasses..... 5.00 Others upward from $2.00.

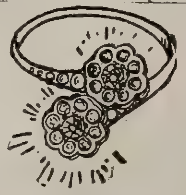


TWO 2-karat Diamonds, first water Gems....... 85.00

DIAMONDS.

We cut and polish them, save 25 per cent. and duty, guarantee every stone, and allow the full price paid us within one year from date of purchase.

No house in the world can do more.



PHILOPENA Ring, Twin Cluster of Diamonds, $25; smaller size........ 15.00

Established 1844

MRS. T. LYNCH,

Established 1844

Diamond Importer and Manufacturer of Fine Jewelry and Silverware

1 and 3 Union Square, cor. 14th Street, New York.

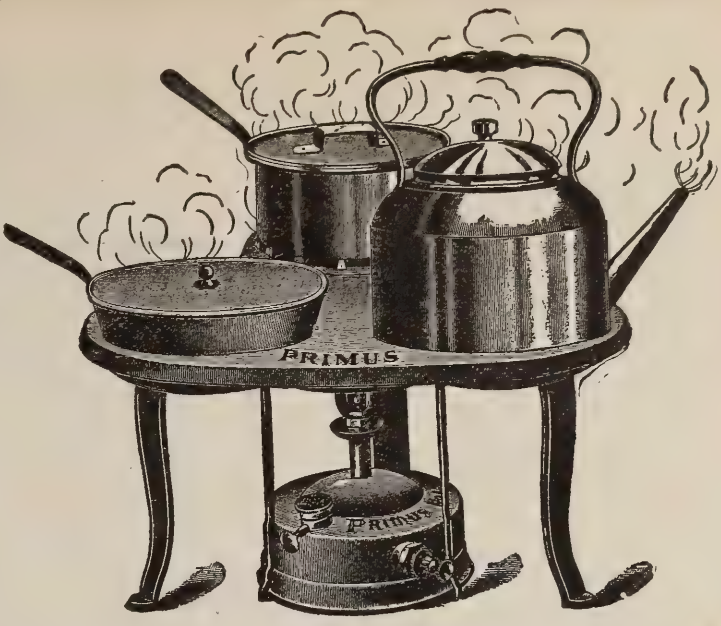
SEND FOR CATALOGUE, MAILED FREE.

DO YOU EVER
Hunt? Fish? Paddle a Canoe?
Explore? Prospect? Climb Hills
or Sail a Yacht?

If so you have had trouble in starting a fire, or in keeping a fire, especially in bad weather. In cold weather or wet weather, you have wished you could have a fire in your tent to warm you, to dry your clothing and your bedding.

THE PRIMUS OIL STOVE

remedies all such difficulties. It cures all the ills that campers are heir to. It is the one thing needful to make camp life a dream of Elysium.



Wickless	**Blue Flame**
Kerosene-Burning	**Non-explosive**

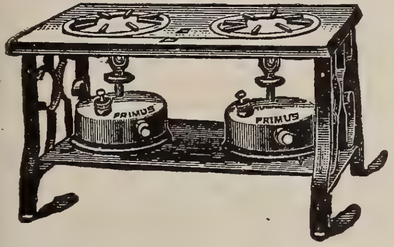
The features which make an oil-burning stove **Perfect,** are **Safety, Simplicity, Efficiency, Economy, Durability, Cleanliness,** all of which are **Perfectly** embodied in the **Primus.**

The **Primus** has no wick, hence its *perfect* combustion.

The **Primus** burns *any grade* kerosene. The flame can be regulated at will.

The **Primus** develops a heat of 2,100° Fahrenheit.

The **Primus** will burn, at its full heat, for **five** *consecutive hours* on a consumption of only *one quart* of kerosene. In other words, **one-fifth** *quart per hour, at a cost of less than one cent.*



DOUBLE STOVE FOR YACHTS

The Primus burns every-day kerosene, without a wick, with a clear, blue, smokeless and sootless flame.

The Primus is Positively Non-Explosive.

The Oil Tank Cannot be Filled While Burning.

The Primus While Burning May be Turned Completely Over Without the Slightest Exposure to Danger.

The Burner Lights Without Smoke. The Flame is Positively Odorless and Sootless.

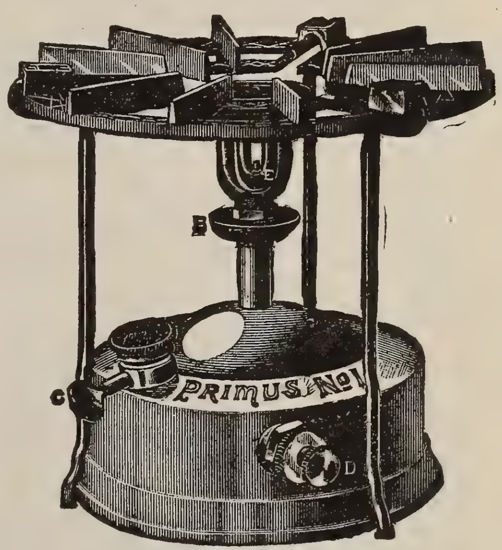
It is by no means probable that any reader of RECREATION will ever give the **Primus** so severe a test as did the celebrated Arctic explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, on his famous voyage. His ship, the *Fram*, was equipped with **Primus** stoves, and when he left the ship to make his "dash to the Pole" on sledges, a **Primus** went with him. The following extract from "Farthest North" gives, in the explorer's own words, his estimate of its value:

Vol. II., page 128: "For the heating was used a gas-petroleum lamp known as the **Primus**, in which the heat turns the petroleum into gas before it is consumed. By this means it renders the combustion unusually complete. Numerous experiments made by Professor Torup in his laboratory proved that the cooker in ordinary circumstances yielded 90 to 93 per cent. of the heat which the petroleum consumed should, by combustion, theoretically evolve. A more satisfactory result, I think, it would be impossible to obtain.

"As fuel, my choice fell on petroleum. Alcohol does not by any means generate so much heat in comparison with its weight as petroleum when the latter is entirely consumed as was the case in the lamp used by us. **We took with us rather more than 4 gallons, and this quantity lasted us more than 120 days, enabling us to cook two hot meals a day and melt an abundance of water."**

An Alaskan prospector, who has used a **Primus** for several months, writes to a friend thus:

"Our '**Primus**' is a gem. A quart of kerosene lasts a week and cooks three meals a day for us. When it rains and is damp and cool we use it in the tent. Having perfect control over the amount of heat it gives out, it is no trouble to care for; no smoke or odor as in other kerosene stoves."



No. 103 STOVE
The type used by Nansen

Write for circulars and full particulars. Mention RECREATION, Address

THE PRIMUS COMPANY,

197 Fulton St., NEW YORK.

AGENTS.
HOLBROOK, MERRILL & STETSON, San Francisco.
Los Angeles and Sacramento, Cal.
GLOBE GAS LIGHT CO., Boston, Mass.
JAS. SPEAR STOVE & HEATING CO., Phila., Pa,
GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following is a list of names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report the fact to me.

CALIFORNIA.

S. L. N. Ellis, Visalia, trout, deer, bear, grouse, and quails.

COLORADO.

F. W. Allen, Dotsero Eagle Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, trout, and grouse.
W. H. Hubbard, Glenwood Springs, ditto
Charles Allen, Gypsum, "
J. M. Campbell, Buford, "
R. W. McGhee, De Beque, "
W. L. Pattison, Buford, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.

GEORGIA.

Sam T. Denning, Augusta, turkeys, quails and rabbits.

IDAHO.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
Geo. Winegar, St. Anthony, Fremont Co., ditto
John Ching, Kilgore, Fremont Co., "
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Staley, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Blair, Victor, Fremont Co., "
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., "

MAINE.

E. J. Page, Burlington, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
I. O. Hunt, Norcross, ditto
P. E. Young, Sherman Mills, "
Henry Gauthier, Benedicta, "
George Gauthier, Benedicta, "
James, A. Duff, Kineo. Moosehead Lake, "
Henry D. Lowell, West Ripley, "

MINNESOTA.

E. L. Brown, Warren, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and black bass.
W. B. Croff, Young America, moose, bear, deer, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, etc.

MONTANA.

E. E. Van Dyke, Red Lodge, elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
W. H. Ryther, Columbia Falls, ditto
Quincy Myers, Columbia Falls, "
Theodore Christiansen, Columbia Falls, "
W. A. Hague, Fridley, "
Vic. Smith, Anaconda, "
M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, "
William Jackson, Browning, "
James Blair, Lakeview, "
George Whitaker, Gardiner, "
George M. Ferrell, " "
Edward Olcott, Red Lodge, "
W. Jackson, Browning, "
A. H. McManus, Superior, "
Chas. Marble, Chestnut, "

NEW YORK.

E. W. Kinne, Mongaup Valley, White Lake, Sullivan Co., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
Eugene M. House, Glendale, ditto
Buel Girard, Moriches, ducks, geese, grouse, quails, snipe and salt-water fishing.
Willie E. Ross, Moriches, ditto

NORTH CAROLINA.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, deer, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto
W. B. Tooley, Haslin, "
F. P. Latham, Haslin, "

OREGON.

W. H. Bowen, Camas Valley, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.
Henry Bowen, Camas Valley, ditto
E. L. Howe, Creswell, "

OHIO.

Ugh F. Catanach, Kelley's Island, ducks, geese grouse, quail, black bass, and muskalonge.

PENNSYLVANIA.

W. W. Wikoff, Sinnamahoning, Cameron Co., deer, grouse and trout.
Len Champion, Carney, Wyoming Co., grouse, quail, black bass, pike and pickerel.

WYOMING.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep antelope, grouse and trout.
Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, ditto
James L. Simpson, Jackson, "
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, "
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, "
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, "
H. M. Coulter, Lander, "
H. D. DeKalb, Big Piney, "
Ira Dodge, Cora, "
Wm. Wells, Cora, "
A. S. Marshall, Cora, "
F. Allston, Basin, "
N. M. Brown, Ishawood, "
George N. Madison, Jackson, "
J. L. Simpson, Jackson, "
John Tate, Wise P. O., "

CANADA.

Dell Thomas, Lumby P. O., B. C., deer, bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.
Henry McDougal, Kelowna P. O., B. C., ditto
Geo. Gillard, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, caribou, trout and salmon.
Abraham Stevenson, Hall s Bay, ditto
Geo E. Armstrong, Perth Centre, N. B., moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.

AN EXPERIENCE

OF MORE THAN

Thirty Years

has gone to the perfecting of Spratts Patent Dog and Poultry Foods, and to-day their aggregate output of

Five Hundred Tons

a week of manufactured foods testifies to the universal appreciation of their excellence. It is no exaggeration to say that the most successful breeders, dealers and amateurs owe something of their success to these products.

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ALL PHYSCIANS ENDORSE.
Catalogue free.
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TROY, N.Y.

IN FITTING UP A DEN ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT ITEMS YOU CAN THINK OF IS A CABINET IN WHICH TO KEEP YOUR GUNS AND FISHING TACKLE. I AM OFFERING A GUN CABINET OR A TACKLE CABINET, FOR 15 SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RECREATION. YOU CAN GET THESE IN AN HOUR. THEN WHY NOT PROVIDE A FINE PIECE OF FURNITURE IN WHICH TO KEEP YOUR GUNS, AMMUNITION, RODS, REELS, FLIES, ETC.

Address, RECREATION,
19 W. 24TH ST., NEW YORK.

Wool Soap
For Toilet and Bath

Answers every household purpose. It is just the soap for the bath room and the every-day soap tray. Sold everywhere.

Made by
Swift and Company, Chicago
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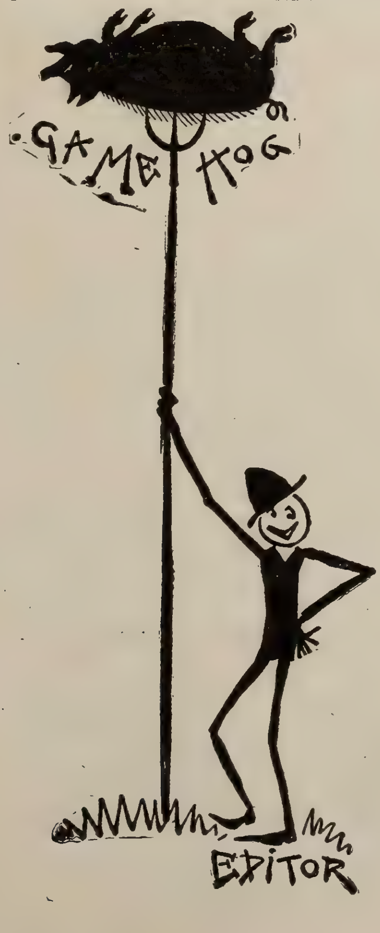
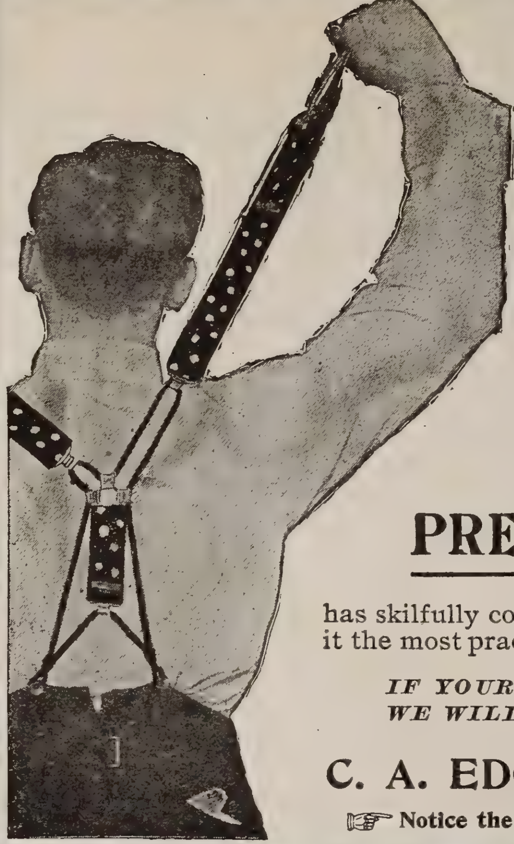


TO THE FORKER MAN.

E. E. HICKOCK.

Stick 'em agin and stick 'em hard,
(And stick 'em one for me.)
Stick 'em in every bone they've got;
Stick 'em from head to knee,
Stick 'em little and stick 'em big;
(Say stick 'em 2 for me.)
For every stick you stick will stick;
Till the stickees soon will see
That stickers will stick, and prickers will prick;
(Just stick 'em another for me).
For if they're well stuck they'll lose all their pluck
And will leave my share for me.



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SUSPENDER

Made upon the right principle for

Comfort, Style and Service

No leather to stain the clothing, adjustable front and back, fits and satisfies every one who wears it.

The inventor of the

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

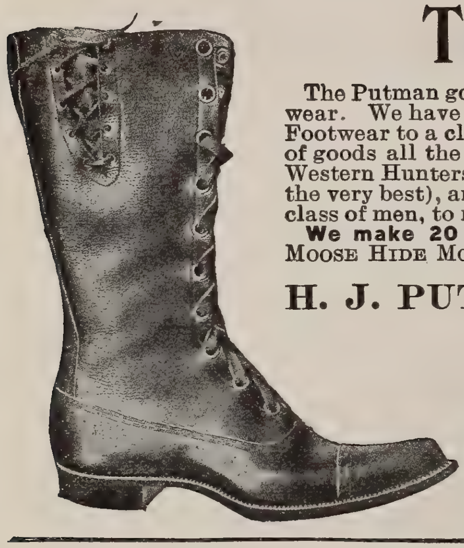
has skilfully combined in it every desirable feature, making it the most practical and stylish suspender ever offered.

IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE THEM WE WILL SEND YOU A PAIR FOR 50 CENTS

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.

☞ Notice the back. BOX 205, SHIRLEY, MASS.

The Putman Boots.



The Putman goods embody everything that is practical in Sportsmen's Footwear. We have for **TWENTY-TWO YEARS** supplied Hunting and Prospecting Footwear to a class of men in the West and Northwest who wear that style of goods all the time. Minneapolis is the headquarters for supplying the Western Hunters, Prospectors and Ranchmen, (who are satisfied with only the very best), and we have learned through our personal contact with this class of men, to make a perfect Hunting and Prospecting Boot. **We make 20 different Styles of Hunting Boots,** also Indian Tanned Moose Hide Moccasins. Send for catalogue.

H. J. PUTMAN & CO., Minneapolis, Minn.

This cut shows our **No. 678, $7.50** Three Quarter Boot, (14 inches high) made on the Pug Toe. We make it on any style toe desired. Uppers are Special Chrome Tanned Calf Skin, tanned with the grain of the hide left on, (our special tannage) making the leather water proof. Large Eyelet and wide Leather Laces, also laced at the side to fit the boot tight around the top. Furnished in Black, Brown or Straw Color. The sole is genuine Hand Sewed, making it soft and easy.

Made to your measure, and delivered to any part of the U. S. for **$7.50** Send for order blank showing how to measure your foot

A firm in Waldron, Ark., has put on the market another fish hook device which they term "The Dewey Fish Hook." It is one of the most brutal and disgraceful machines I have ever seen or heard of for the purpose of exterminating fish. If the firm was responsible I would advise Admiral Dewey on his return to this country, to sue them for libel. I am sure he would never use or countenance the use of such a barbarous device as this for taking fish; and the application of his name to it is an insult to every good citizen of the United States.

For Sale: A fine Sharp's sporting rifle, .40-70, 30 octagon, 8¾ pounds, checked, pistol grip, in perfect condition, with cover and belt. Best offer over $25.

S. M. Rockwell, Box 544, Canon City, Col.

Mounted Florida Birds and Skins: In exchange for books, religious, historical, Mormonism, Adventism, etc. Those wanting Florida stock please write.

Wm. Webster, taxidermist and collector, New Smyrna, Fla.

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In search of grand and beautiful scenery finds such a profusion of riches in Colorado that before planning a trip it will be well for you to gain all the information possible. The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad publishes a series of useful illustrated pamphlets, all of which may be obtained by writing S. K. Hooper, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Denver, Colo.

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If I had a Chinaman's queue,
Why here's what I'd speedily dueue,
I'd cut off enough
Of the bothersome stough
To make me a wig, wouldn't yueue?

PIM OLAS AND BABY PIM OLAS

The Daintiest, Most Piquant Table Relishes.

Wholesome, Delicious, Appetizing.

ONCE TASTED EATEN ALWAYS.

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FORK GIVEN WITH EACH BOTTLE.

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THERE ARE FEW SPORTSMEN WHO HAVE NOT, AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER, LONGED FOR A SUITABLE TRUNK IN WHICH TO PACK THEIR CLOTHING, GUNS, AMMUNITION AND FISHING TACKLE; BUT UP TO A FEW MONTHS AGO NO TRUNK MAKER HAD MADE A TRUNK SUITABLE FOR THIS PURPOSE. THIS WANT HAS, HOWEVER, NOW BEEN MET. THE NEW DEPARTURE TRUNK CO., BOSTON, MASS., HAS DEVISED AND PUT ON THE MARKET A SPORTSMEN'S TRUNK THAT FILLS THE BILL COMPLETELY. IT HAS ONE TRAY DIVIDED INTO COMPARTMENTS FOR 2 GUNS, 2 OR 3 FISHING RODS, A FULL SUPPLY OF CARTRIDGES, CLEANING OUTFIT, ETC. UNDER THIS ARE 2 OTHER TRAYS FOR CLOTHING, BLANKETS, ETC. THE TRUNKS ARE MADE IN VARIOUS SIZES AND AT VARIOUS PRICES. I AM FURNISHING THESE TRUNKS AS PREMIUMS FOR 15, 20 AND 25 SUBSCRIPTIONS, RESPECTIVELY. YOU CAN GET THESE SUBSCRIPTIONS IN 2 HOURS, IF YOU LIVE IN A LIVE TOWN. IF INTERESTED, SEE THE AD. OF THE NEW DEPARTURE TRUNK CO. AND WRITE THEM FOR CATALOGUE.

A SUPPLY OF SAMPLE COPIES OF RECREATION WILL BE FURNISHED FROM THIS OFFICE. FOR USE IN SOLICITING.

"It cost Henry Burkline just $40 to shoot four doves out of season." The remarkable feature of this item is that it occurred in San José. Justice Rosenthal, before whom the case was tried, is hereby elevated into the list of canonized judicial saints, whereof St. Sure for Alameda county is the head and front. Men with moral backbone in these degenerate days, must be supported in upholding just laws, even if they have the misfortune of living in San José.—Los Angeles, Cal. paper.

This month has seen all records broken at Catalina Island in tuna fishing with rod and reel, viz.: 251, 180 and 175 pounds respectively. I made the 180 pound catch. The fish towed my boat 24 miles and took 5 hours 25 minutes to bring to gaff.

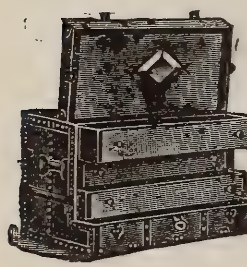
H. Earlscliffe, Santa Barbara, Cal.

NEW MEXICO AND ARIZONA
SCENIC VIEWS

Ancient Pueblos, Cliff-dwelling Ruins, Mummies and Pottery of the Ancients, Cacti, etc.

Also Photographs of Indians from every tribe in the Southwest. Send for list.

O. G. MYHRE, Silver City, N. M.



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The **STALLMAN DRESSER TRUNK** is constructed on new principles. Drawers instead of trays. A place for everything and everything in its place. The bottom as accessible as the top. Defies the baggage-smasher. Costs no more than a good box trunk. Sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination. Send 2c. stamp for illustrated catalogue.

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FOR 50 SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RECREATION

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Is Your Gun Worth Saving?
Is Your Time Worth Anything?

The Gun Bore Treatment
WILL SAVE BOTH

It is an absolutely effective and permanent protection against the **Rusting, Pitting** and **Leading** of the bore of Firearms.

Stop Cleaning Your Gun!

If this interests you, write to the

GUN BORE TREATMENT CO.
7 and 9 Warren St., NEW YORK

DO YOU WANT A .30-30 WINCHESTER OR MARLIN?

Send us **$13.60** and get one.
We want to get acquainted with you, and hence make this offer.

NORTHWESTERN ARMS CO.,
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Cecil J. Huntington,
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Famous Big Horn Canyon Country.
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WEBBER'S HAND-KNIT HUNTING JACKET.

GUARANTEED all wool, seamless, elastic, close fitting, binds nowhere, warm, comfortable and convenient. Designed especially for duck shooters, trap shooters, etc., but suitable for all outdoor purposes, if warmth and other qualities are a consideration.
Made in Oxford Gray and Dead Grass color, other colors made on special order.

Price, $48.00 a doz.
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ONE OF THE GREATEST LUXURIES OF MODERN CAMP LIFE IS A PRIMUS STOVE. IT BURNS ORDINARY KEROSENE, BUT TRANSFORMS IT INTO GAS, SO THERE IS NO SMOKE OR ODOR. THE STOVE GIVES AN INTENSE HEAT AND IS GOOD FOR BOTH COOKING AND HEATING PURPOSES. THESE STOVES ARE GIVEN AS PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS OF SUBSCRIBERS TO RECREATION. FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS ADDRESS THIS OFFICE.

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Travelers

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

And Have THE BEST

PAID-UP CAPITAL, $1,000,000

Chartered 1863 (Stock).

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ALL FORMS OF

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The liability of Manufacturers and other Employers to strangers who may be injured upon their premises. The liability of Contractors to Employees and to strangers for injuries sustained upon buildings or other works under contract. The contingent liability of Owners having buildings or other works under contract. The liability of Owners of buildings for accidents (including Elevator). The liability of Owners of Horses and Vehicles for driving accidents.

Assets, . . . $25,315,442.46
Liabilities, . 21,209,625.36
Surplus, . . 4,105,817.10

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"Correct Attire for Men," the fashion report for Autumn and Winter, sent to those who ask. Write care
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Because **STRENGTH IS VITALITY,** and medicines are merely drugs which clog the system after their stimulating effects are gone. Nature intended that every man should enjoy perfect health and vigor — but some of us (no matter why or how) waste the strength that nature gave us, year after year, until there comes a time when we awake to the fact that our manhood is gone — that we are no longer in fit condition to compete with our stronger brothers in business, in the sporting field or in social life, where approval from the fair sex means more than we like to admit.

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In spite of what old-school physicians may say to the contrary, by the proper use of galvanic electricity which more closely approaches the very essence of life itself than anything yet discovered. For upwards of thirty years I have been restoring weak and debilitated men to superabundant health and strength by the use of the galvanic current applied through my

DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT

Which is worn under the clothing, and which cures, unconsciously, while the wearer is pursuing his daily occupations, or during his sleep at night.

The pages of a magazine are not the proper place in which to go into details of treatment which must be obviously confidential — but my book, "Three Classes of Men," which I will gladly mail to you in plain envelope, upon application -- **without charge** — will explain fully everything you may wish to know.

For the accommodation of those who have the time to call upon me, I remain in my office for **Free Consultation** every week-day between the hours of 9 A.M. and 9 P.M.; and on Sundays from 9 A.M. to 12 M.

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& MICHIGAN
SOUTHERN
RAILWAY

Pleasant Traveling.

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These are features which make pleasant traveling for patrons of Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway. Reasons why experienced travelers use this route for travel between Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and Boston.

The following books for travelers sent for four cents in postage to any address: "Book of Trains," "Justifying its Excellence," "Two Privileges Summer Travel," "Lake Chautauqua."

A. J. SMITH,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Cleveland, O.

A Valuable Investment

140,000 acres of land, all in one tract, for sale very cheap. A perfect Rocky Mountain Ranch, which is also suitable for a game preserve. Consists of beautiful valleys, lofty mountains, abundance of timber, grass, water, and mineral. Title perfect. Situated in the finest climate in the world; fine residence, orchard, racing stables, and irrigated lands; altitude 6,300 feet. Will sell all in one body. There has been more than $2,500,000 in gold taken out of mines adjoining this property, and the mineral developments on this property are very encouraging. There is a probability of it yielding great mineral wealth. Any one desiring full investigation and examination of this property, with a view to purchasing, can obtain full information by addressing,

CHARLES PAYNE,
P. O. Box 913. **Wichita, Kansas.**

THE INGERSOLL WATCH, WHICH IS ADVERTISED IN RECREATION, IS A REALLY SUBTANTIAL AND ACCURATE TIME-KEEPER. THIS WOULD SEEM IMPOSSIBLE JUDGING FROM THE PRICE OF IT, BUT THERE ARE MANY STRANGER THINGS BEING TURNED OUT, IN THIS AGE OF MACHINERY, THAN A GOOD WATCH FOR A DOLLAR.

A MAN WHO HAS A FINE GOLD CHRONOMETER DOES NOT LIKE TO TAKE IT INTO THE WOODS WITH HIM AND RUN THE RISK OF GETTING IT WET OR DAMAGED IN OTHER WAYS. IN ALL SUCH CASES IT PAYS TO INVEST A DOLLAR IN AN INGERSOLL WATCH AND LEAVE THE GOOD ONE AT HOME.

THIS WATCH IS OFFERED AS A PREMIUM FOR 2 YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RECREATION. I HAVE SENT OUT SEVERAL HUNDRED OF THEM, WITHIN THE PAST 2 YEARS, AND EVERY MAN OR BOY WHO HAS RECEIVED ONE HAS EXPRESSED HIMSELF AS WELL PLEASED WITH IT. YOU CAN GET THE 2 SUBSCRIPTIONS IN 5 MINUTES, ANY DAY. WHY BE WITHOUT A CAMP WATCH?

Address, RECREATION,
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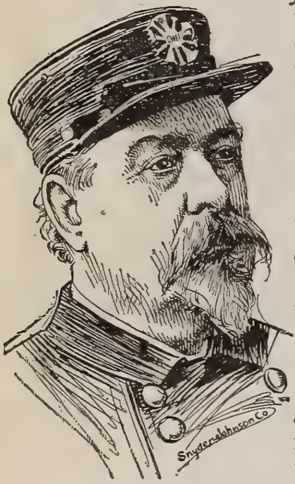
in taking "Antipoton," the Celso cure for Alcoholism, Opium, Morphine and Cocaine addictions.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CHIEF DENIS J. SWENIE

We impose no restraint on patients—none necessary, because "Antipoton" takes away the craving for these poisons. Recovery is brought about without the "heroic treatment" characteristic of some "cures." No hypodermic injections. The period of treatment is full of the joy of returning vitality, mental power, self confidence and self respect. Denis J. Swenie, Chief of Chicago Fire Department, says:

"From personal knowledge and observation, I cheerfully endorse "Antipoton" and advise any one who desires to abstain from strong drink to take this remedy."

Treatment is administered at our magnificent Sanitarium by specialists, or can be taken at home under our direction. Write for book about "Antipoton." Your personal inquiries will be courteously answered.

CELSO DRINK CURE
Michigan Avenue, Chicago

LAFLIN & RAND'S NEW SMOKELESS POWDER IS RAPIDLY GROWING INTO GENERAL POPULARITY. A NUMBER OF REPORTS FROM EXPERTS WHO ARE USING IT HAVE BEEN PUBLISHED IN THE GUN AND AMMUNITION DEPARTMENT OF RECREATION, AND OTHERS ARE IN HAND FOR FUTURE PUBLICATION. THESE SHOW THE POWDER IS GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION AND ALL SPORTSMEN WHO LOAD THEIR OWN SHELLS SHOULD TEST IT. THE COMPANY IS MAKING A SMOKELESS POWDER ESPECIALLY FOR BLACK POWDER RIFLES; ANOTHER LINE FOR THE 30-CALIBER SMOKELESS RIFLES AND STILL ANOTHER FOR SHOTGUNS. A CAN OF EITHER BRAND IS GIVEN AS A PREMIUM FOR 2 SUBSCRIPTIONS TO RECREATION. THESE CAN BE GOTTEN IN 5 MINUTES, BY ANY SPORTSMAN WHO LIVES AMONG SPORTSMEN.

"It is so foolish for a woman to shriek when she sees a mouse," said Willie Wishington.

"Yes," said Miss Cayenne. "I wish I could be sensible like you and never shriek till I saw a baseball player."—Washington Star.

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Good on every mile of the New York Central and its branches (over 2,000 miles of railway), make traveling on "America's Greatest Railroad" cheaper than staying at home.

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St. George's Pond, NEWFOUNDLAND

is situated in a celebrated Salmon and Caribou country in the midst of beautiful scenery and lies midway between St. George's Bay and Bay of Islands. Both bays afford good anchorage for yachts. From either bay the Railway journey to George's Pond is one and a half hours.

At the head of Bay of Islands and on the right hand shore, **Riverhead Station** is situated.

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The Pier at St. George's Bay is situated at Seal Rock.

Intending visitors should ensure accommodation by applying for rooms at an early date.

Escape the heat! Go to Newfoundland, America's new hunting country—the Scotland of America.

Open to guests July 1, 1899. Apply to

Chas. Dodd "The Log Cabin"
Spruce Brook
ST. GEORGE'S POND, NEWFOUNDLAND

DON'T FAIL TO MAKE SOME OF THE BEST PICTURES YOU ARE CAPABLE OF MAKING, DURING AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, AND ENTER THEM IN MY FOURTH ANNUAL PHOTO COMPETITION. SEE LIST OF PRIZES ON PAGE 151 OF THIS ISSUE.

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ON THE LINE OF THE

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FOR TOURISTS

It traverses the Grandest Scenery of the Rocky Mountains, and reaches all the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the Mid-Continent.

Sportsmen will find in scores of localities along this line game worthy of their skill, such as **Bear, Mountain Lion, Coyotes, Elk, Deer, Antelope, Mountain Sheep, Feathered Game of all kinds.** And everywhere are **Beautiful Streams** well stocked with **Trout.**

For Gun Club Rules, Game Laws, and any information relative to localities for Hunting, or for information in regard to the UNION PACIFIC R. R., call on or address any General or Traveling Agent of this Company.

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For tickets and further information, apply to
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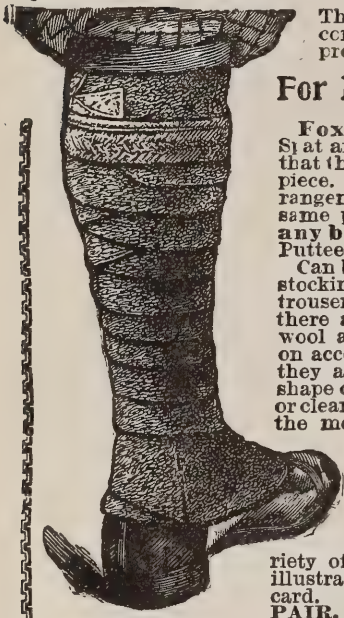
DON'T

go to Europe until you have made a trip on the New York Central's "Empire State Express" and seen Niagara Falls. Both can be accomplished in a day, and at the lowest regular rate charged on any railroad in the World,

2 CENTS PER MILE.

For a copy of the "Luxury of Modern Railway Travel" send one 2 cent stamp to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.



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For { Golfing, Shooting, Hunting, Riding, Bicycling, Fishing, } Etc.

The most practical and comfortable form of leg protector yet produced.

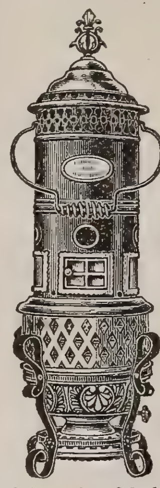
For Men and Women

Fox's Patent Puttee is a Spat and Puttee combined, so that they form one continuous piece. By an ingenious arrangement for fastening, the same pair of Spats **will fit any boot or shoe,** while the Puttee will fit any leg.

Can be worn with or without stockings and put on over trousers. Quickly adjusted, as there are **no buttons.** All wool and water-proofed, and on account of their elasticity they adapt themselves to the shape of the leg. Easily dried or cleansed. Recommended by the medical profession as a unique support for the leg, and invaluable for varicoseveins. Can be had in the following shades: kharkee, dark brown, navy blue, and a variety of mixtures. Write for illustrated circular and shade card. **PRICE, $5.00 PER PAIR.**

Sold at all leading Stores, Outfitters, Tailors, etc., or sent direct on receipt of price by

BALE & MANLEY 411 Wool Exchange Bldg., Beach Street and West Broadway, New York



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NO SMOKE
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No Chimney to Break.

$5.00 *Freight Paid*

COMFORT
For Cool Days

Indispensable after its merits are tested. Handsomely made and a most powerful oil heater. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

When not kept by dealers, will send, freight paid, on receipt of $5.00, to any point east of the Rocky Mountains.

2 ft. 6 in. high

FREE! *Our book of points on Stoves and Lamps.*

THE PLUME & ATWOOD MFG. CO.
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO
Factories: Waterbury and Thomaston, Conn.

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NEW YORK.

ANTIQUE and MODERN
ORIENTAL RUGS and CARPETS.

Serape, Khorassan, Sarak, Kurdistan, Kirmansha, Iran, Herat, Serebend, and Bokhara Carpets.

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Modern Oriental Carpets in special colors and designs, of East India Persian and Turkish make.

Finely Mounted Loon: $15
C. Skinner, No. 57 Bethune St., New York.

I heard a footstep on the stair;
My heart stood still a space,
And I could feel the hot blood mount
In waves unto my face.

"'Tis she, my love," I told myself;
I rose to meet the dear,
And met her slippered dad, who growled.
"Well, what do you want here?"

My Business is to teach the Young Idea

HOW TO SHOOT.

When a boy I hunted and fished in Maine; now I am principal of one of the leading eastern schools for boys and girls—65th year; military; wide range of studies; 14 instructors.

HIGH GRADE. MODERATE RATES. MODEL HOME SCHOOL.

Athletics. Ideal Location.

Aid to Deserving Students. Handsome Circular Free.

ELMER E. FRENCH, A. M.
Delaware Literary Institute,
Franklin, N. Y.

P. S.—I still like to hunt and fish.

KENWOOD SLEEPING BAGS

GO A LONG WAY TOWARD
MAKING A SUCCESS OF

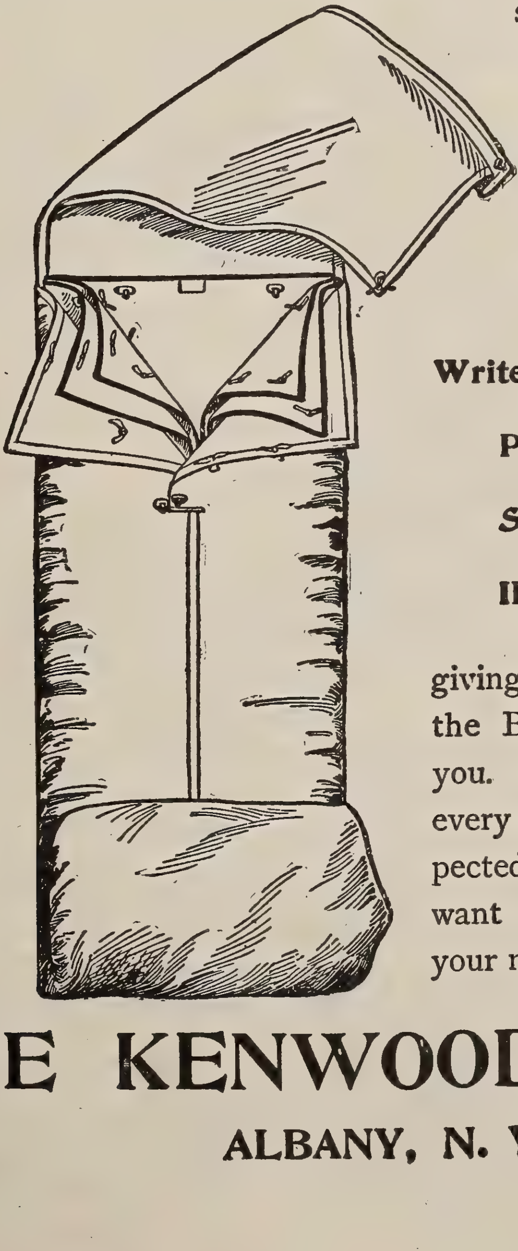
Vacations in the Woods,
Fishing Trips and Hunting Trips.

A whole trip is often spoiled by one night of discomfort from cold or rain. **You don't need to consider the weather when you have a KENWOOD Sleeping Bag.** It is adapted to every condition of climate and weather and assures perfect protection and comfort and a good, sound sleep

EVERY NIGHT.

Every KENWOOD Sleeping Bag is sold under the following Guarantee:

Three Complete Separate Bags in One.



Write for

PRICES,

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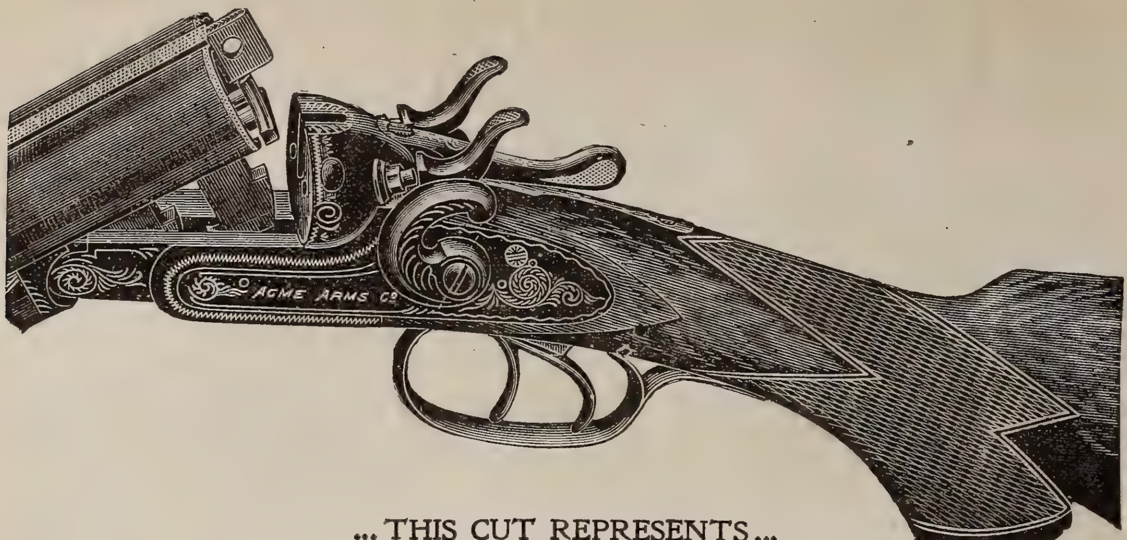
giving full particulars, then order the Bag if you think it will suit you. If it is not satisfactory in every way; if not all that you expected; if for **any reason** you don't want to keep it, return it and get your money back by return mail.

THE KENWOOD MILLS,

ALBANY, N. Y.



...THIS CUT REPRESENTS...

B. L. Hammer Gun No. 12025

WHICH WE CAN FURNISH IN

12-guage 30-inch
Weights from 7½ to 8 lbs.

...Price, $17.75

DESCRIPTION

...Laminated Steel Barrels, Scott Top Lever action, double Bolt and Greener Cross Bolt (*i.e.*, treble bolt), matted extended rib, full pistol grip, checkered, Deely & Edge fore end, rubber butt-plate. These guns are not extra choke bored, but are bored to make good patterns; if *extra* choke is wanted, add $1.25 for choking each barrel.

Possibly you would like **a good gun for less money.**

Then we recommend **No. 193, price, $14.00.** This gun has twist barrels, top lever, bar-rebounding locks, matted extended rib, full pistol grip, checkered, Deely & Edge fore end, rubber butt-plate.

We have secured a **limited** number of guns, **No. 12025** (see cut). They are of extra good quality and very low in price. In fact, they are so very desirable that we think they will soon be sold out, so suggest that you place your order at once.

Our catalogue will tell you that we carry in stock all the well-known makes of hammer and hammerless guns, such as **Parker, Ithaca, Lefever, Remington, Syracuse, Winchester, Marlin, Stevens, etc.**

We have had liberal orders from RECREATION readers for

Sporting Goods, Photographic Goods and Fishing Tackle

and as the hunting season is near we want to extend our acquaintance.

...WE SELL GOOD GOODS AT LOW PRICES...

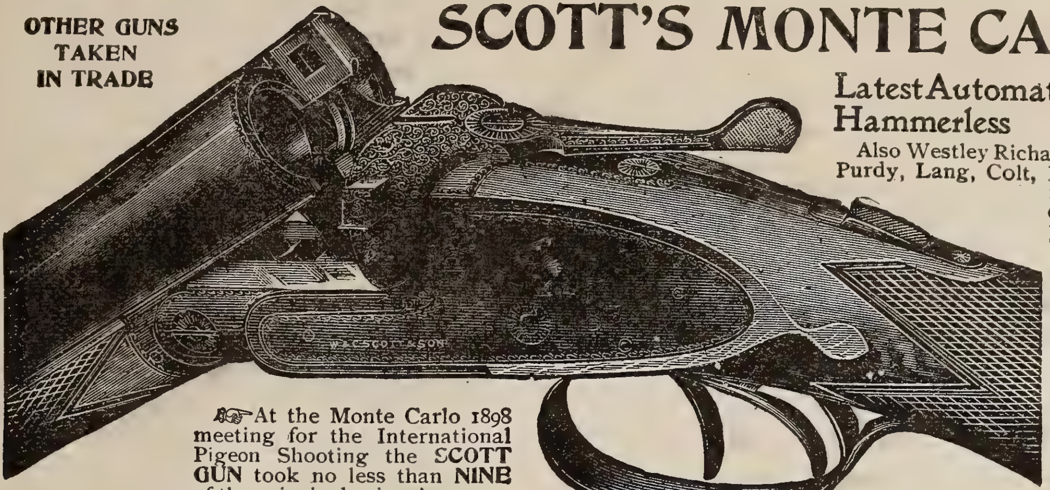
CORNWALL & JESPERSEN, 310 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Send for catalogue. Mention RECREATION.

Fine : Guns

All the Prominent
ENGLISH and AMERICAN
MAKES

**OTHER GUNS
TAKEN
IN TRADE**



SCOTT'S MONTE CARLO

Latest Automatic Ejector
Hammerless

Also Westley Richards, Greener, Purdy, Lang, Colt, Parker, L. C. Smith, J. P. Clabrough & Johnstone, etc.

☞At the Monte Carlo 1898 meeting for the International Pigeon Shooting the SCOTT GUN took no less than NINE of the principal prizes!

Send for Catalogue and Second-Hand List of Guns

Also send 10 cents in stamps for our new and beautifully illustrated ART CATALOGUE of fine

Fishing Tackle, Golf Goods

Also fine **Swedish Leather Jackets**

tan color, impervious to cold and wet, finest garment made for any one exposed to weather.

Established 1826 **WM. READ & SONS, 107 Washington St., Boston**

Fly-Tying Successfully.

My fly business for '99 has far surpassed that of '98. CHATFIELD FLIES held the old friends—made many new ones. Old fishermen say they're the best flies they ever used.

"Good Flies" did it; not "cheap prices." Ten cents secures sample fly and price list.

Trout Flies $1.00 a dozen.

Bass Flies $2.00 a dozen.

E. G. CHATFIELD,
49 Front Street,
Not Oswego. Owego, N. Y.

SMALL PROFITS ∴ QUICK SALES

Trout Flies

FOR TRIAL SEND US

15c.	for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, 24 cents	Quality A Flies
30c.	for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, 60 cents	Quality B Flie
60c.	for an assorted Sample Dozen Regular Price, 84 cents	Quality C Flie

Split Bamboo RODS

**Fly Rods, 10 feet, 6 ounces,
Bait Rods, 9 feet, 8 ounces,
With Cork Grip** **60c.**

TRY OUR NEW
Braided Silk, Enameled, Waterproo
METAL CENTRE LINE

**Size No. 5, 4½c. per yd.
Size No. 4, 5½c. per yd.
Put up in 10-yard lengths, connected**

THE H. H. KIFFE CO.
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TACKLE catalog free on application.

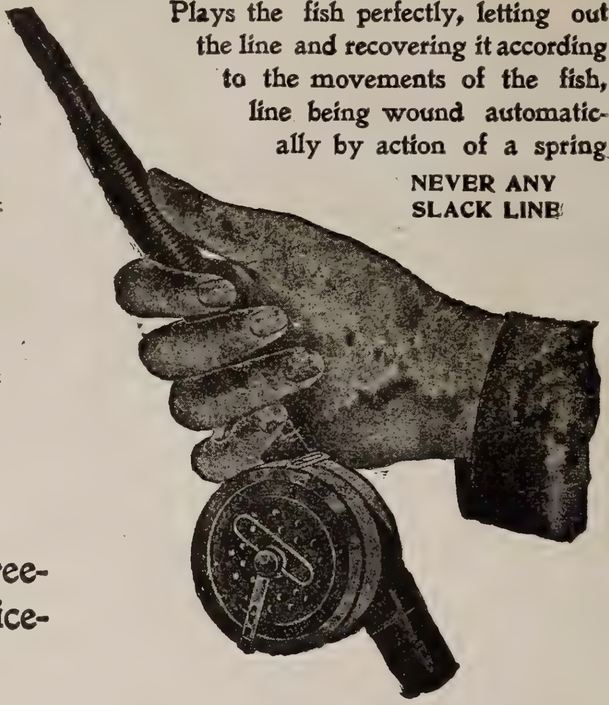
“The Little Finger Does It.”

THE

AUTOMATIC

COMBINATION

REEL



Plays the fish perfectly, letting out the line and recovering it according to the movements of the fish, line being wound automatically by action of a spring.

NEVER ANY SLACK LINE

Can be instantly changed from Automatic to Free-Running and vice-versa.

YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO., Rochester, N.Y.

Send for catalogue. Dept. X.

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Temperature Will Not Affect A “Bristol.”

Hot or cold, wet or dry, the Bristol Steel Fishing Rod is always just the same. Quite an advantage isn’t it?

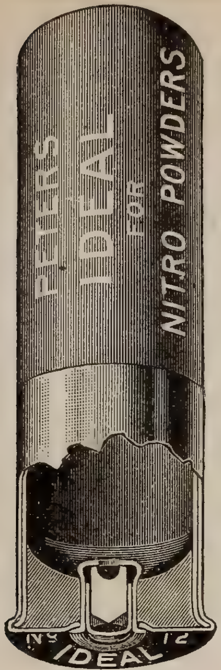
Straight as an arrow after using: just as resilient as ever—more advantage, Eh?

No windings to unravel: no rings becoming loose: no “nothin’” as the boy said.

Sold at a lower price than many a rod not half as good. All these are ADVANTAGES. Our guarantee for a year is another advantage. Altogether, don’t you think a “Bristol” will be a good investment? Write us for particulars.

The Horton Manufacturing Co.

Send for Cat. “R” BRISTOL, CONN., U.S.A.



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The New Ideal..

STRICTLY UP-TO-DATE!

RICH cherry red with high brass outside reinforcement. Heavy battery cup with Peters No. 5 Primer, which ignites instantly and with great regularity.

Loaded with
King's Smokeless

It gives highest velocity; low pressure; full, even pattern; clean; smokeless.

Order it from your dealer and have the honor of introducing it to your club.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO.
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Eastern Branch: 80 Chambers St., New York

That Dog will never bark again! Why? Because

The Gun is a Forehand. That Settles it.

If you want to be well armed against dogs, foot-pads, burglars and book agents, buy a ***Forehand.***

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

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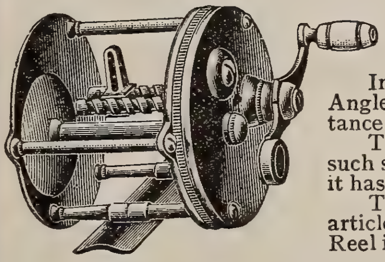

Ye Shakespeare Reel.

In bait-casting "distance" lends enchantment to the sport. The Angler whose tackle permits him to accurately cast the greatest distance will certainly kill the most fish.

The Shakespeare Bait Casting Reel is built expressly to secure such surpassing results, and by reason of its splendid workmanship, it has no equal in line delivering power.

To save such talk as the above from being mere idle brag, an article abundantly able to verify it is demanded, and the Shakespeare Reel is precisely such.—Shall I mail you my circular?

Trade Agents:
SIMMONS HARDWARE CO.,
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, JR.,
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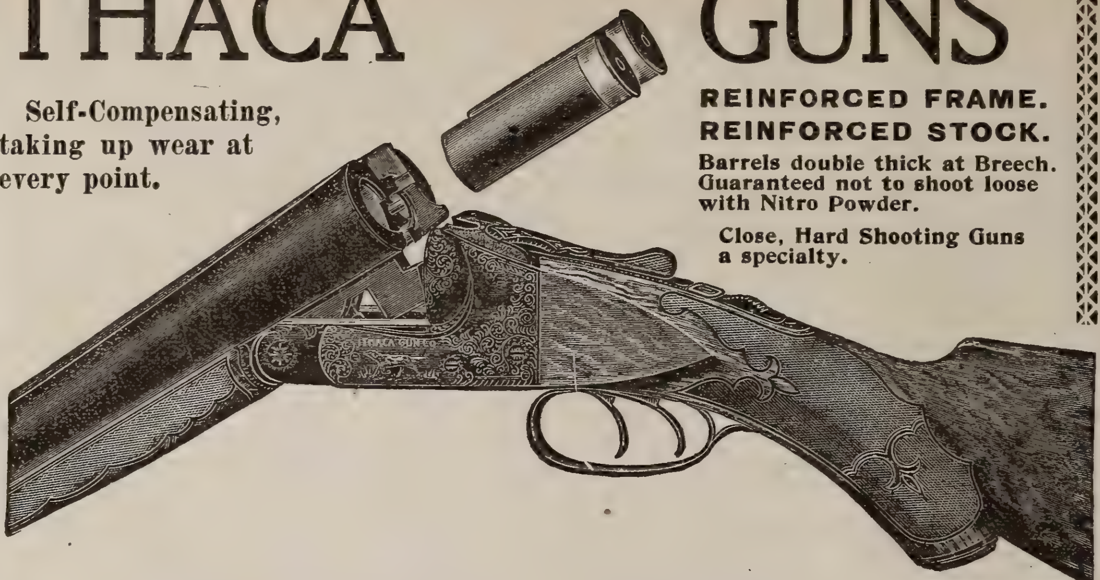
THE FOREHAND GRADE O. GUN IS ONE OF THE FINEST CHEAP GUNS IN THE WORLD. YOU CAN GET ONE BY SENDING IN 35 SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "RECREATION." I HAVE SHIPPED MORE THAN 100 OF THEM WITHIN THE PAST 2 YEARS, AND EVERY MAN WHO HAS HAD ONE RECOMMENDS IT TO HIS FRIENDS. WHY NOT GET ONE FOR YOURSELF?

Address, RECREATION,
19 W. 24TH ST., NEW YORK.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to RECREATION and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

ITHACA GUNS



Self-Compensating, taking up wear at every point.

REINFORCED FRAME.
REINFORCED STOCK.

Barrels double thick at Breech. Guaranteed not to shoot loose with Nitro Powder.

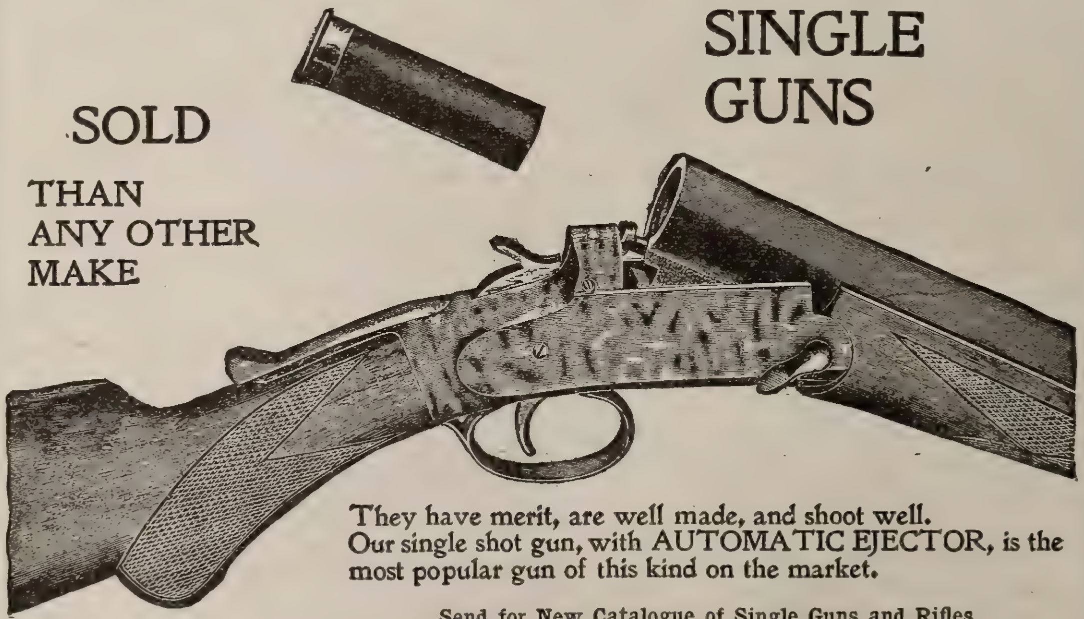
Close, Hard Shooting Guns a specialty.

Prices reduced, and every Gun warranted in the most positive terms. Send for Circular, and ask for special prices.

We guarantee a No. 3 or No. 4 to be worth $25.00 more than any other make at same cost; any customer not finding this true can return the gun.

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.

THERE ARE MORE **DAVENPORT** SINGLE GUNS SOLD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

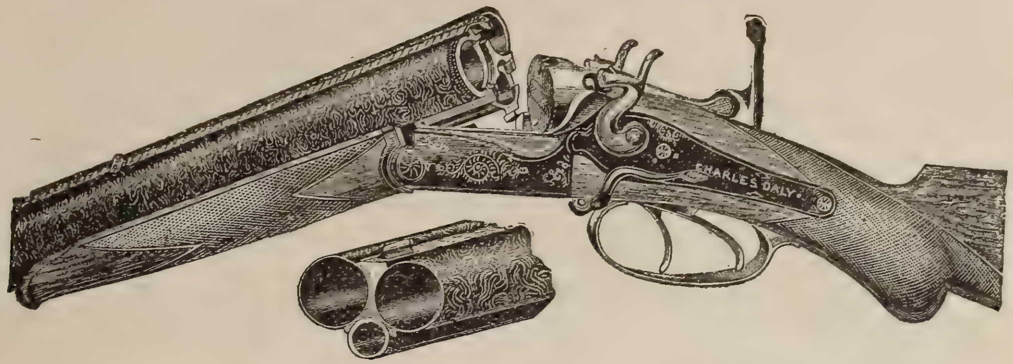


They have merit, are well made, and shoot well.
Our single shot gun, with AUTOMATIC EJECTOR, is the most popular gun of this kind on the market.

Send for New Catalogue of Single Guns and Rifles

The W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO., Norwich, Conn.

Charles Daly Guns



Three-barrel Hammer Guns, List price reduced to - - $ 75.00
Three-barrel Hammerless Guns, List price, - 200.00

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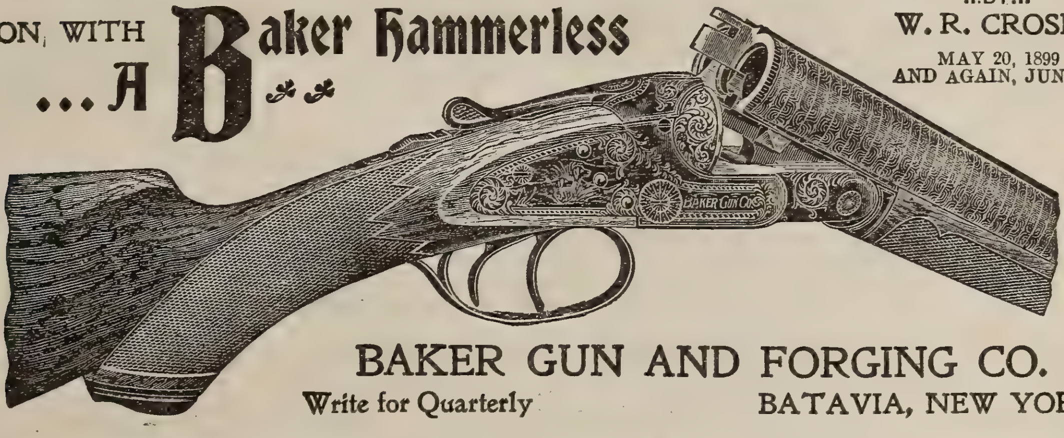
WALSRODE SMOKELESS POWDER.

Schoverling, Daly & Gales,
302 and 304 Broadway, New York.
Send for new Catalogue.

TARGET CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA
WON, WITH ...A Baker Hammerless
...BY...
W. R. CROSBY
MAY 20, 1899
AND AGAIN, JUNE 23


BAKER GUN CO.

BAKER GUN AND FORGING CO.
Write for Quarterly BATAVIA, NEW YORK

IN ANSWERING ADS, IF YOU WILL KINDLY MENTION RECREATION YOU WILL GREATLY OBLIGE THE EDITOR

I want the names of all the gun clubs in the U. S. and Canada, and the names and addresses of the Secretaries thereof. Readers of RECREATION will do me a valuable service by kindly giving me such information.

A HIGH-GRADE BICYCLE
FOR 50 SUBSCRIPTIONS TO
RECREATION
For particulars address this office.

"Would I were a bird!" she murmured. And he murmured, "Would I were a cold bottle."—Life.

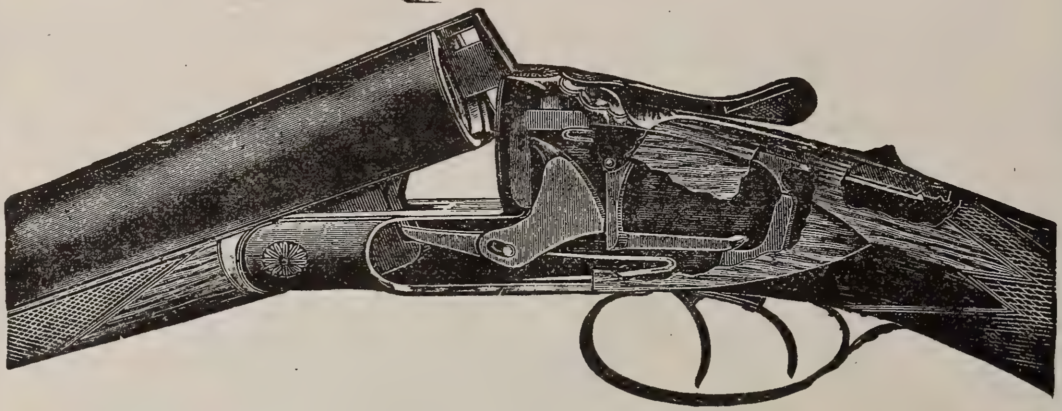
Keep Banging Away!

If you are shooting at the traps and using the

SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS

EJECTOR GUN

you are dropping your birds with great regularity. Buy a Syracuse Gun (made in all grades) and keep banging away. You need never fear anything is going to give out. Just shoot, and, if your gun is pointed right, you will kill your game.



SYRACUSE GUN

Is made from the best material and by the most experienced workmen. It is not an experiment. It has gone through all that long ago. There are three good points about the Syracuse Gun: a simple lock, a strong breech, and an ejector that surpasses anything in its line. Take a chance and see for yourself. Write for catalogue.

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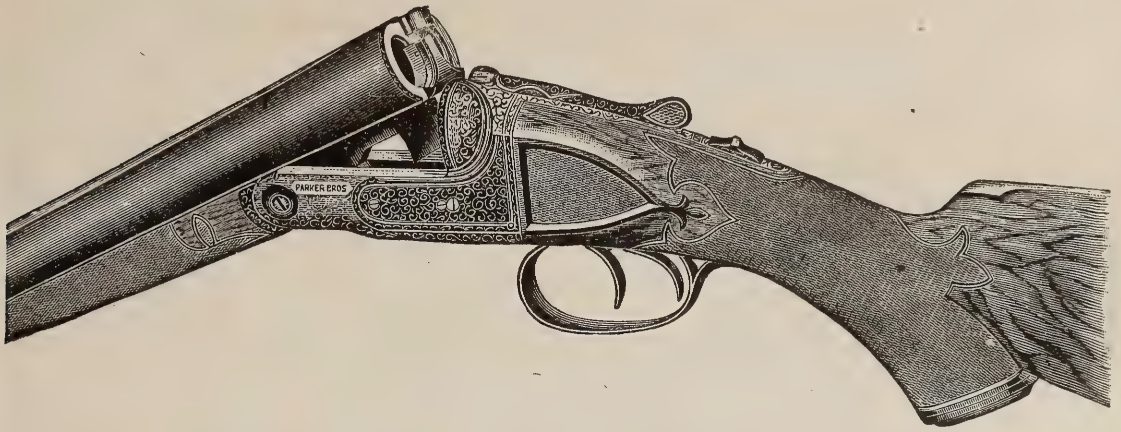
SYRACUSE ARMS CO.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

The "Old Reliable Parker"

——Always in Evidence.



At the Chamberlain Cartridge & Target Co.'s Tournament, held in Cleveland, O., June 14th and 15th, 1899, it won First and Second High Average in the AMATEUR class, and First High Average in the EXPERT class, with scores as follows: 97.88% in AMATEUR class and 90.4% in EXPERT class.

Fred Gilbert, **with a Parker Gun,** at Sioux City, Iowa, June 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, shooting at 910 targets scored 97.3%.

These records show that the Parker Gun for close, hard shooting, and ability to perform continous hard work is excelled by none.

Send for Catalogue to

PARKER BROTHERS, Meriden, Conn.

New York Salesroom:—96 Chambers St.

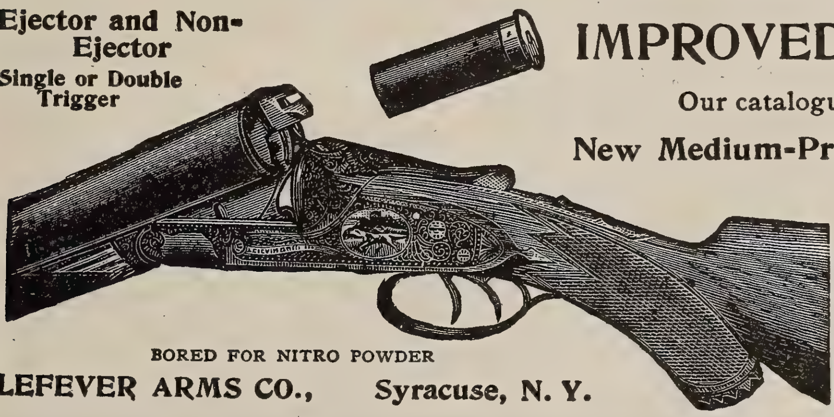
You are not up to date unless you have seen the

Ejector and Non-Ejector
Single or Double Trigger

IMPROVED LEFEVER

Our catalogue describes our

New Medium-Price Hammerless



This New Trap and Field Gun meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our higher grades.

BORED FOR NITRO POWDER

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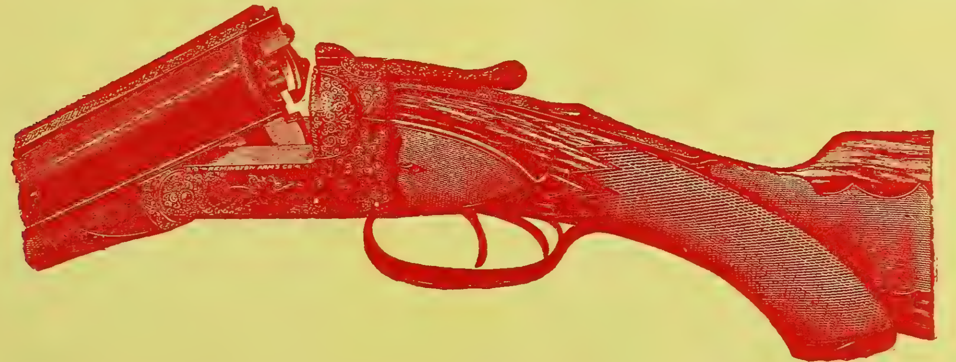
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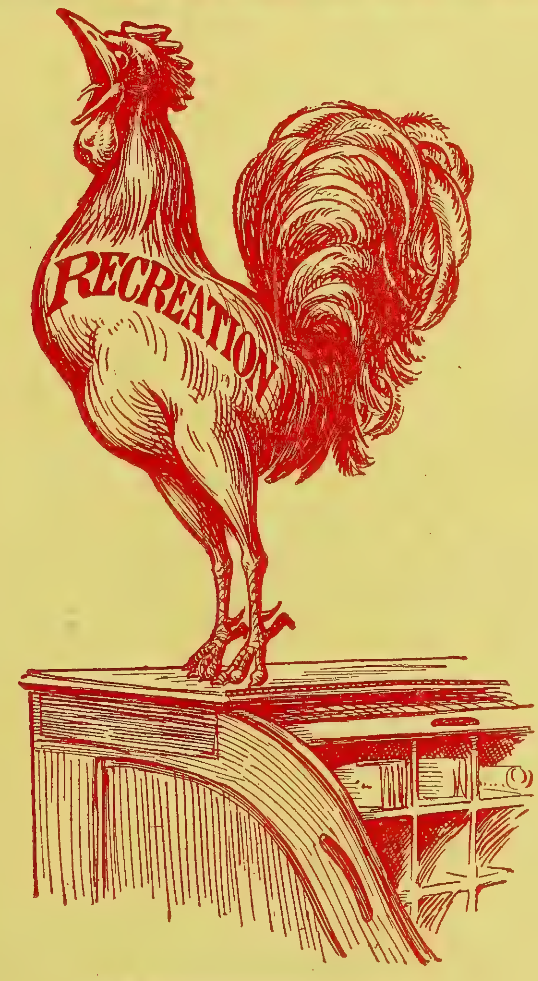

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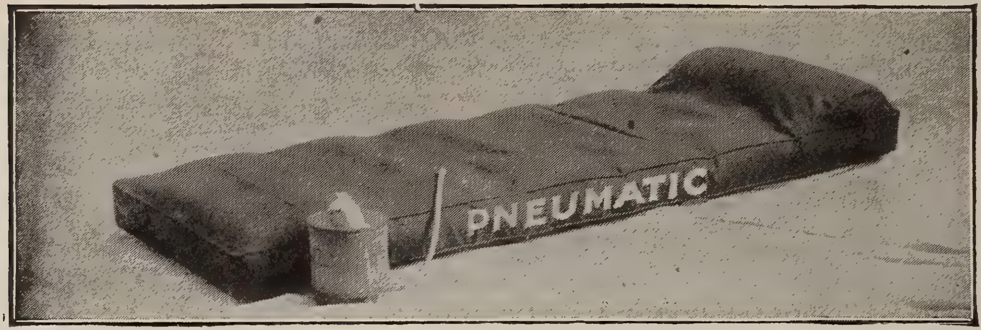

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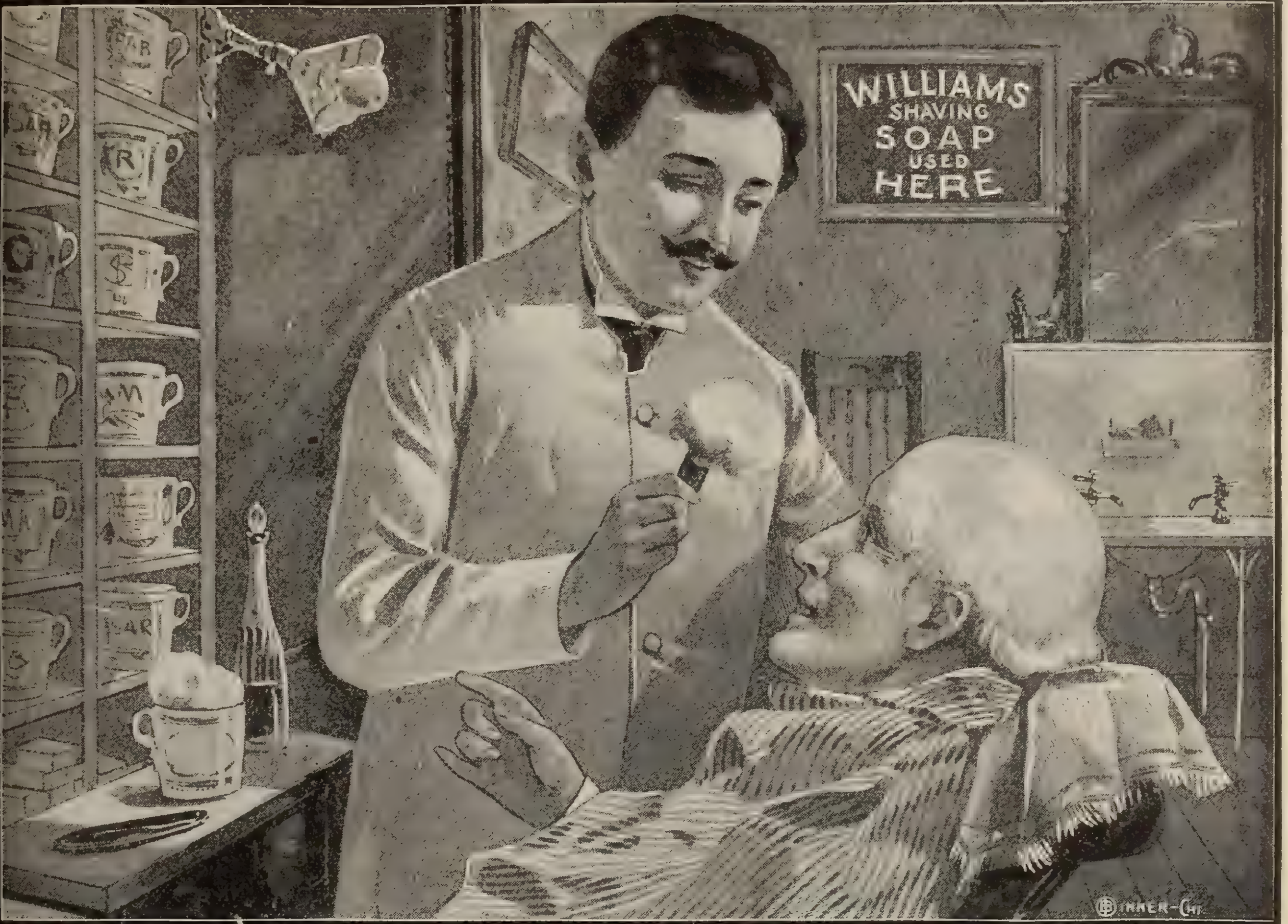

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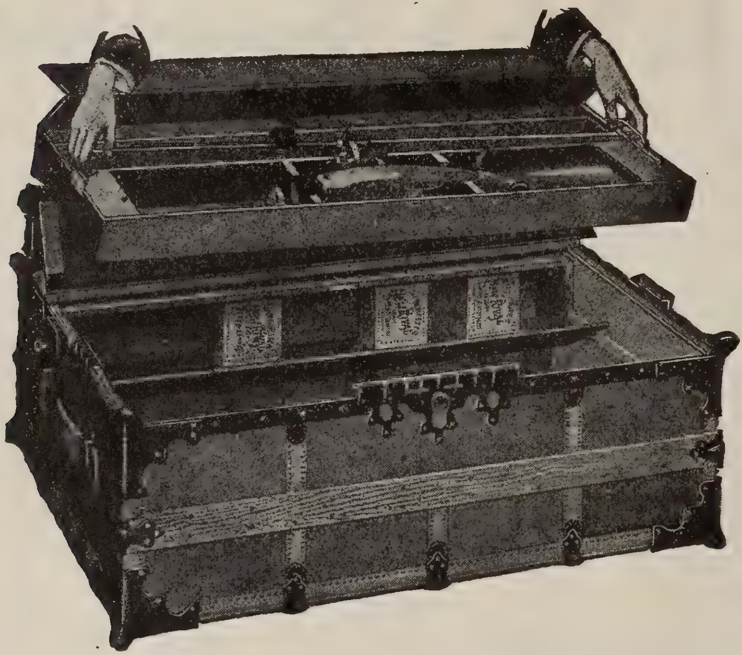

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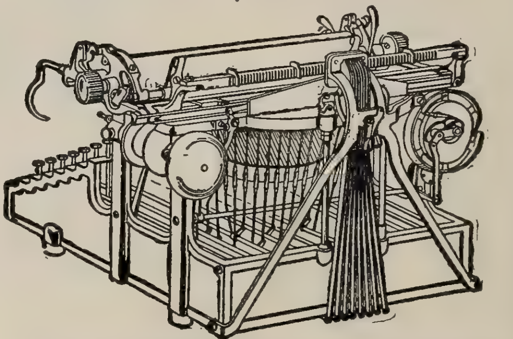

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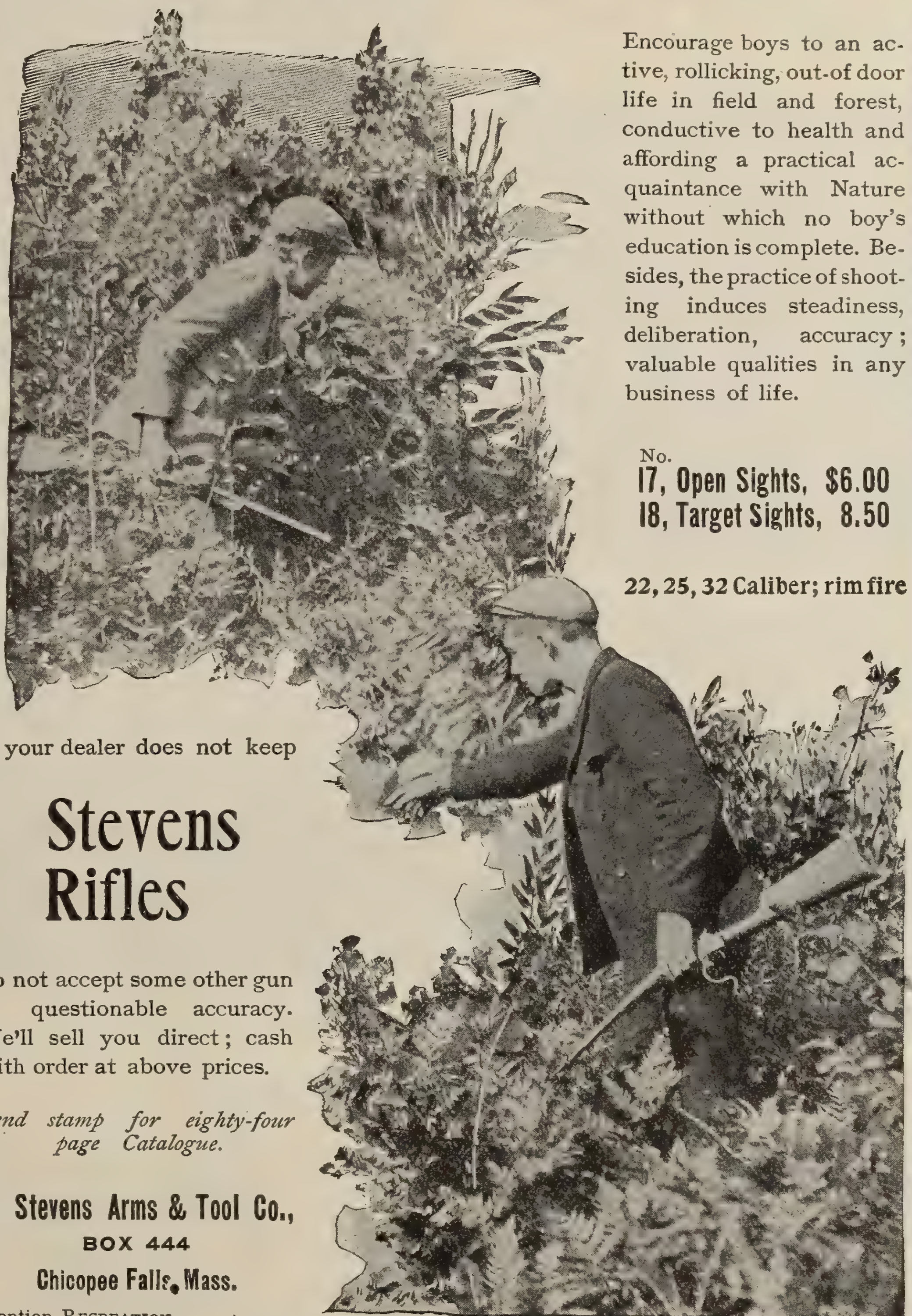

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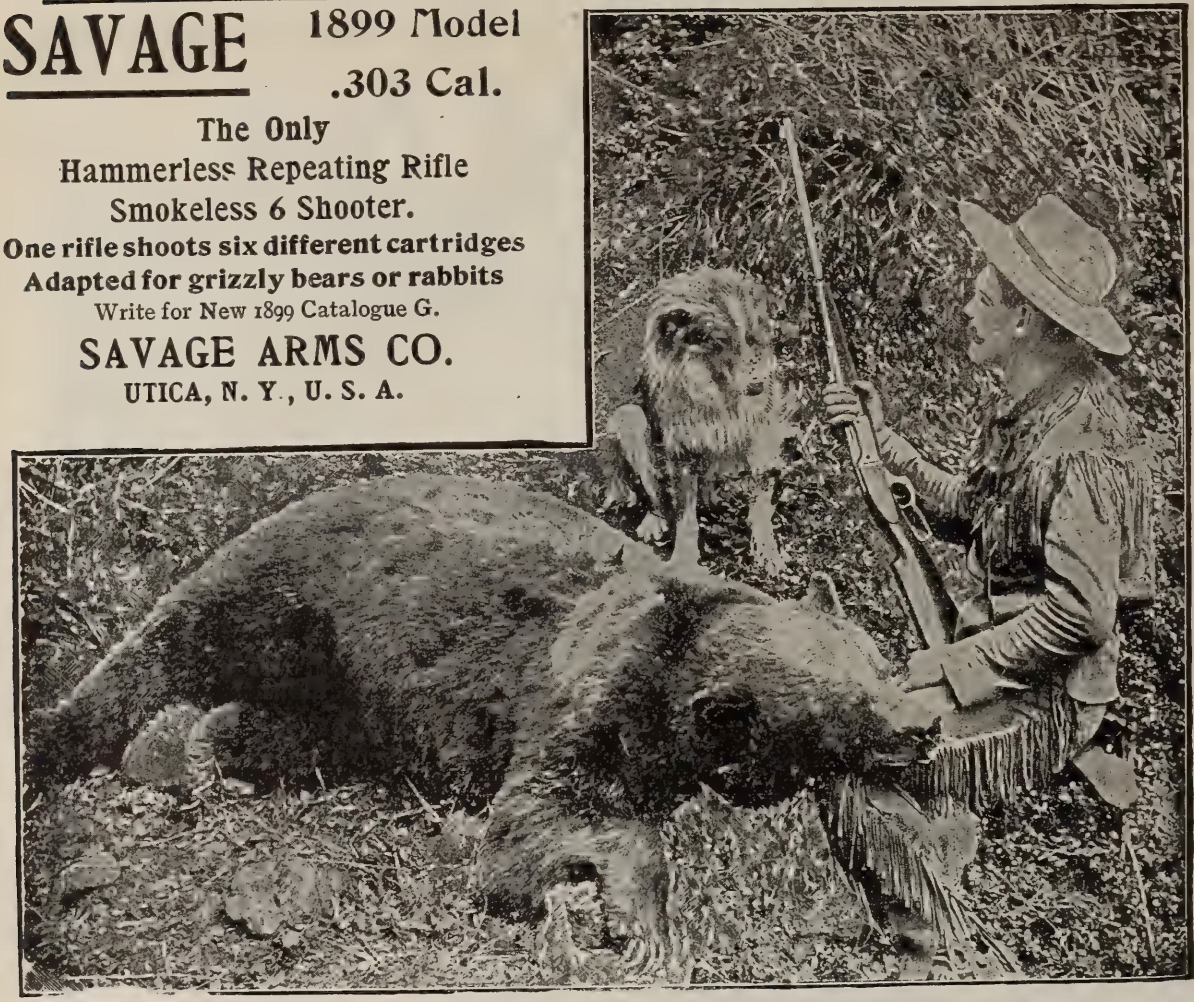

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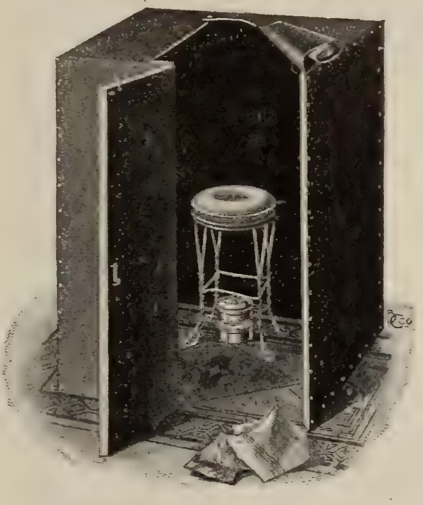
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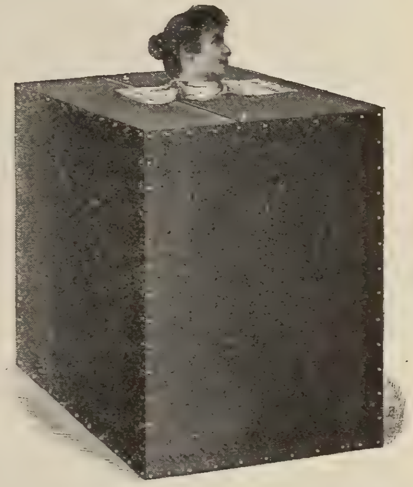

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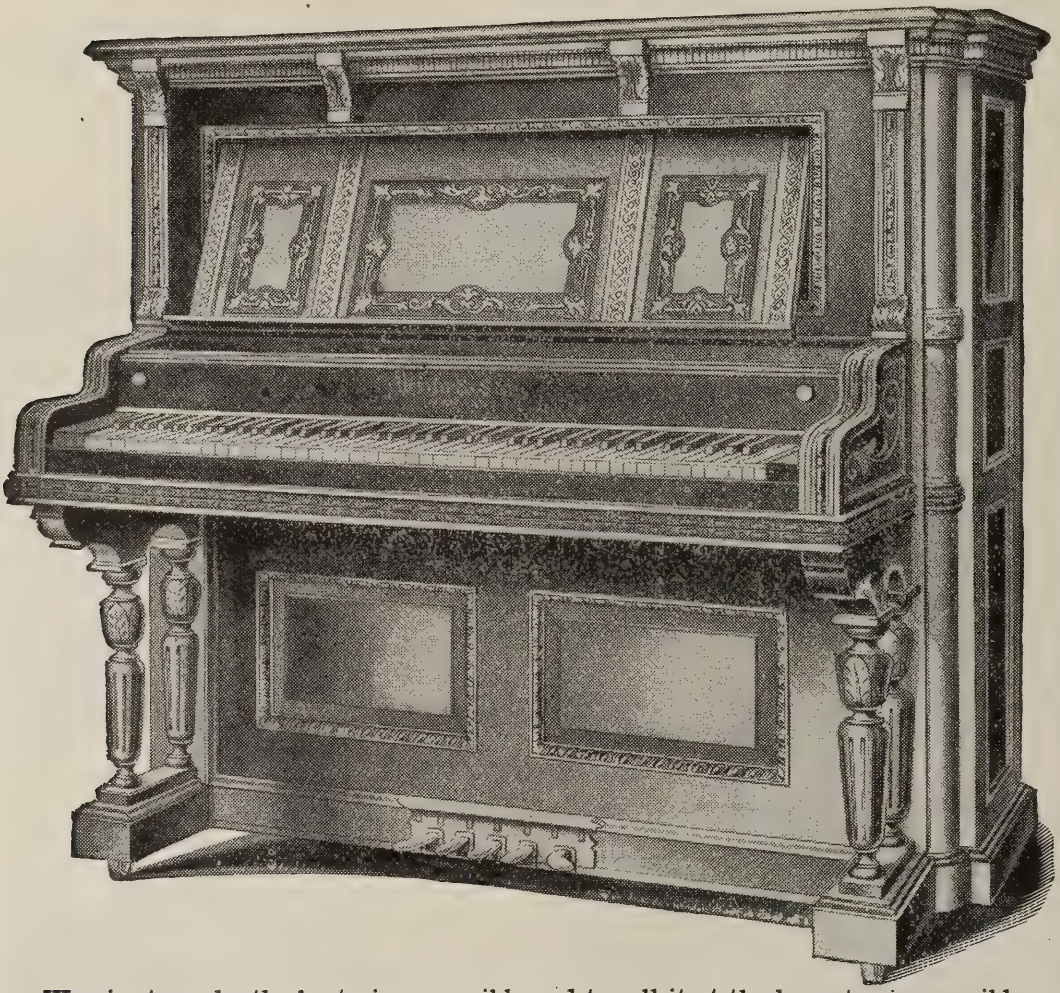

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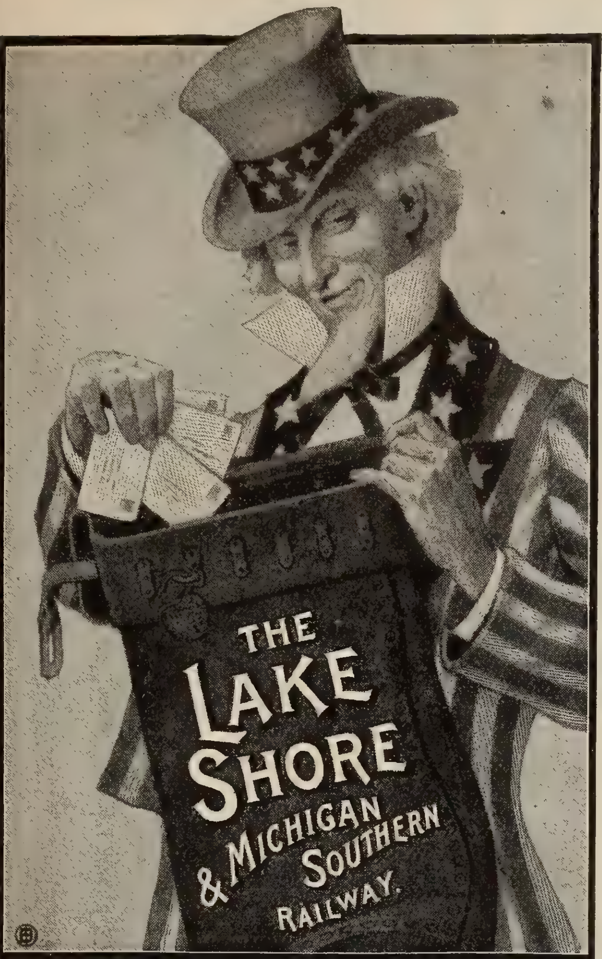

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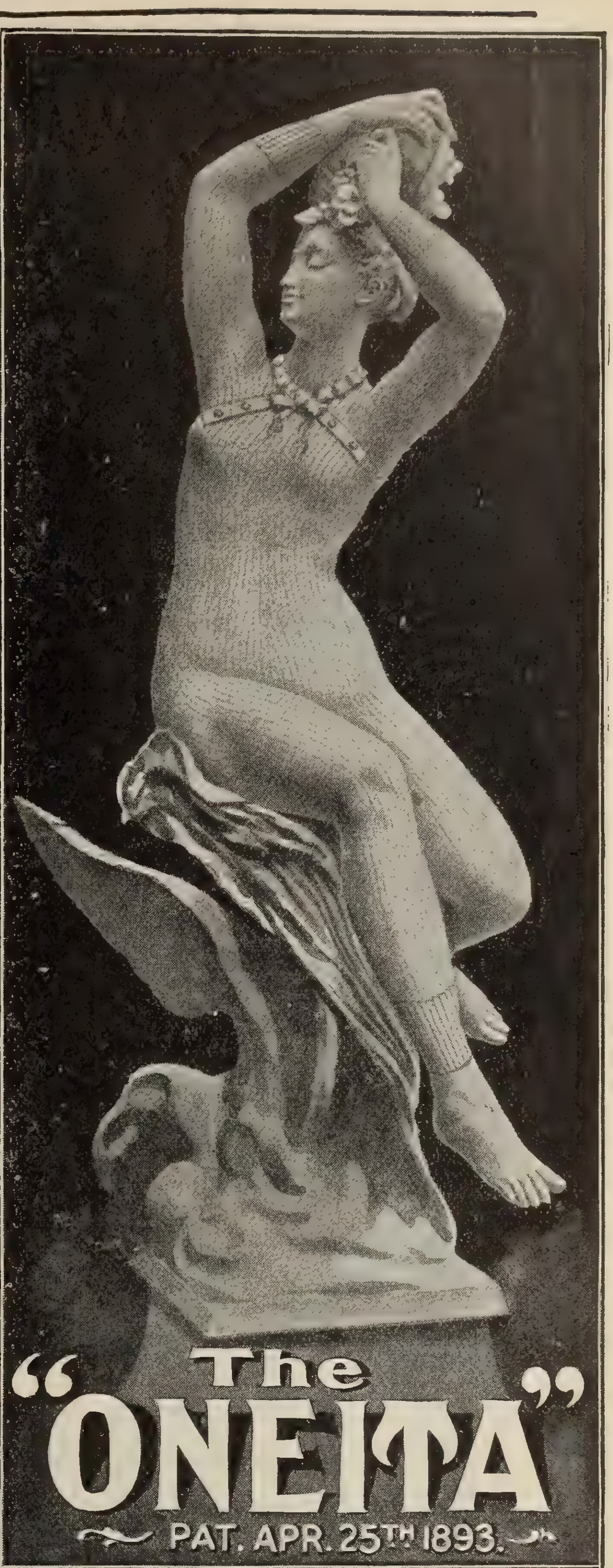

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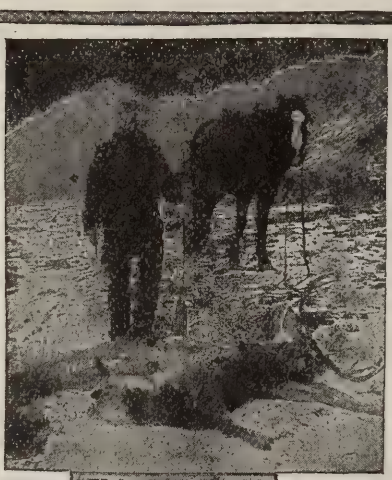

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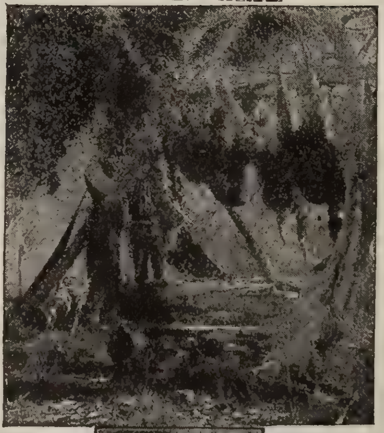

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New York, N. Y., Aug. 28th, 1899.

Grand Rapids Cycle Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.:

Gentlemen:—Mock was successful in his trial for the record for 24 hours, as telegraphed you last night. The start was made at 7:25 a. m., on Saturday, Aug. 26th, and the course was the surveyed course on Long Island of the Century Road Club. The timers and checkers were C. R. C. officials, and the trial was under the personal direction of Mr. Porter, chairman of the Road Record Committee of the C. R. C.

The pace was done on triplets and tandems. Mock rode the entire distance on his own Clipper chainless, and without an accident of any kind. He has now made six American records, and has ridden over 1000 miles on this wheel within ten days without once oiling or in any way adjusting the wheel.

The whole trial passed off without a hitch of any kind, and at the finish Mock was as strong as could be, and wanted to keep on for the 500 mile record. He was in much better condition than his pace makers, who were pretty well used up. Mock rode well within himself, and could easily lower all his records with faster pace. He says he can ride 400 miles in the 24 hours.

The records established, together with the previous figures, follow:

Mock's Records.	**Old Records.**
100 miles, Aug. 19th—4 hrs. 44 min.	4 hrs. 59 min.
200 miles, Aug. 26th—11 hrs. 26 min. 30 sec.	11 hrs. 41 min. 45 sec.
12 hours, Aug. 26th—210 miles and odd yds.	205 miles 790 feet.
300 miles, Aug. 26th—18 hrs. 22 min. 30 sec.	22 hrs. 56 min. 8 sec.
24 hours—386 miles, odd yds.	355 1-6 miles.

Mock's record also beats Waller's professional out-door record of 368 miles by over 18 miles.

Mock rode the first 100 miles in 4 hours 55 minutes, inside all previous records except his own.

400 miles, 25 hrs. 6 min. 30 sec.

New York C R. C. officials are wild over the results, as they have not had these records here before. Yours very truly,

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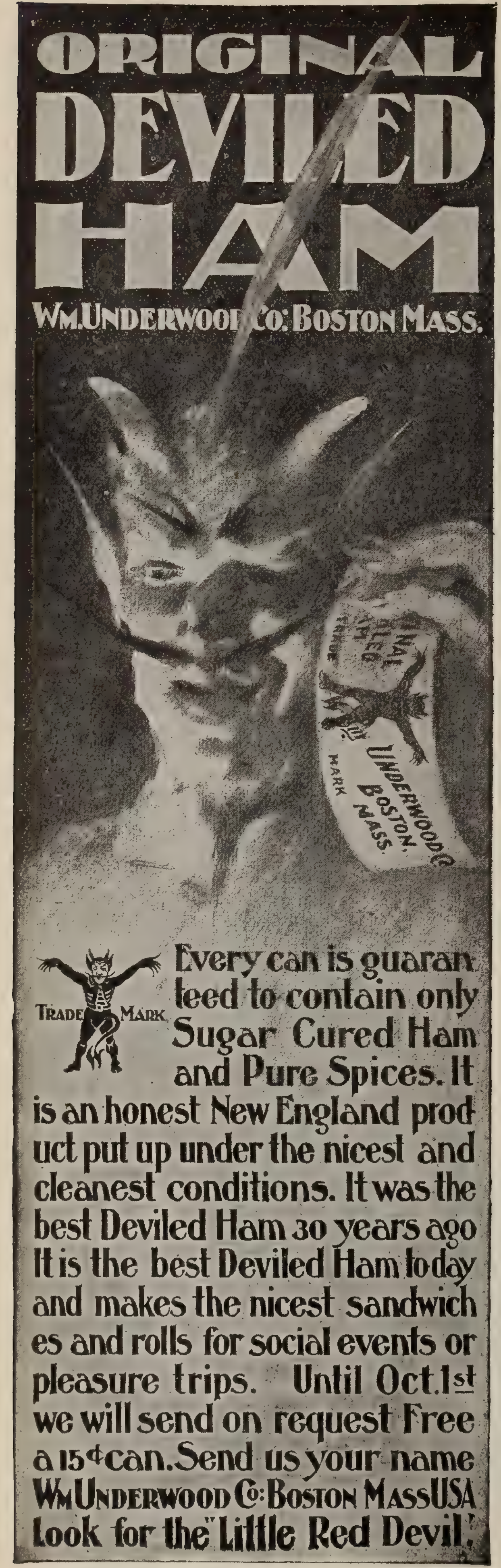

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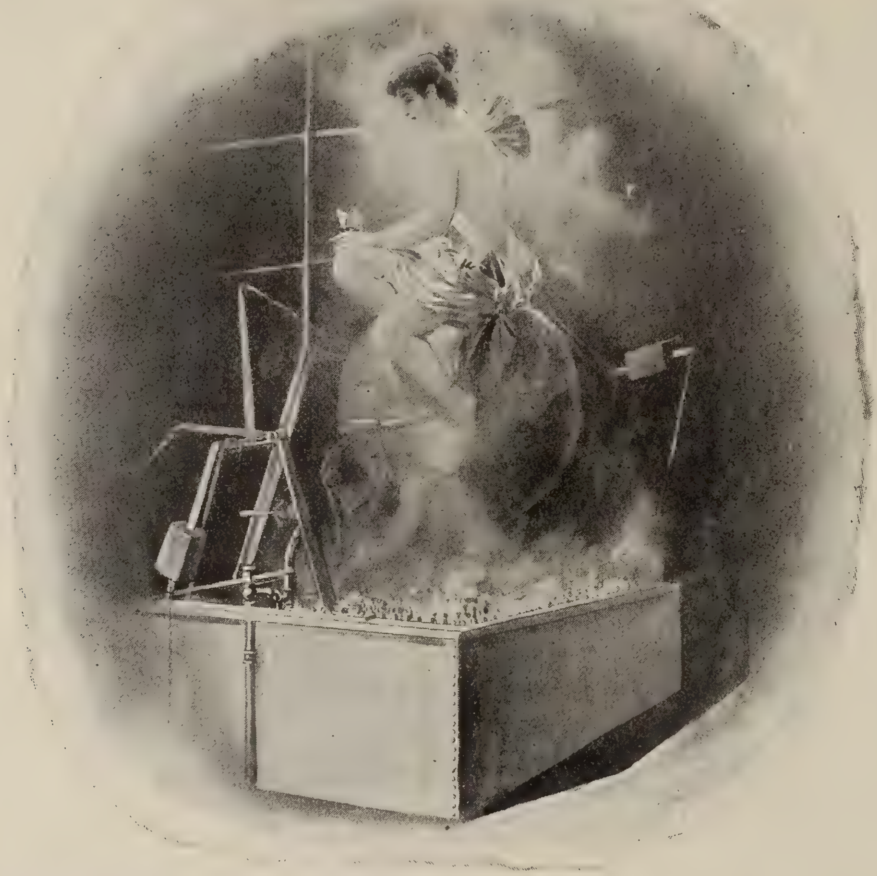

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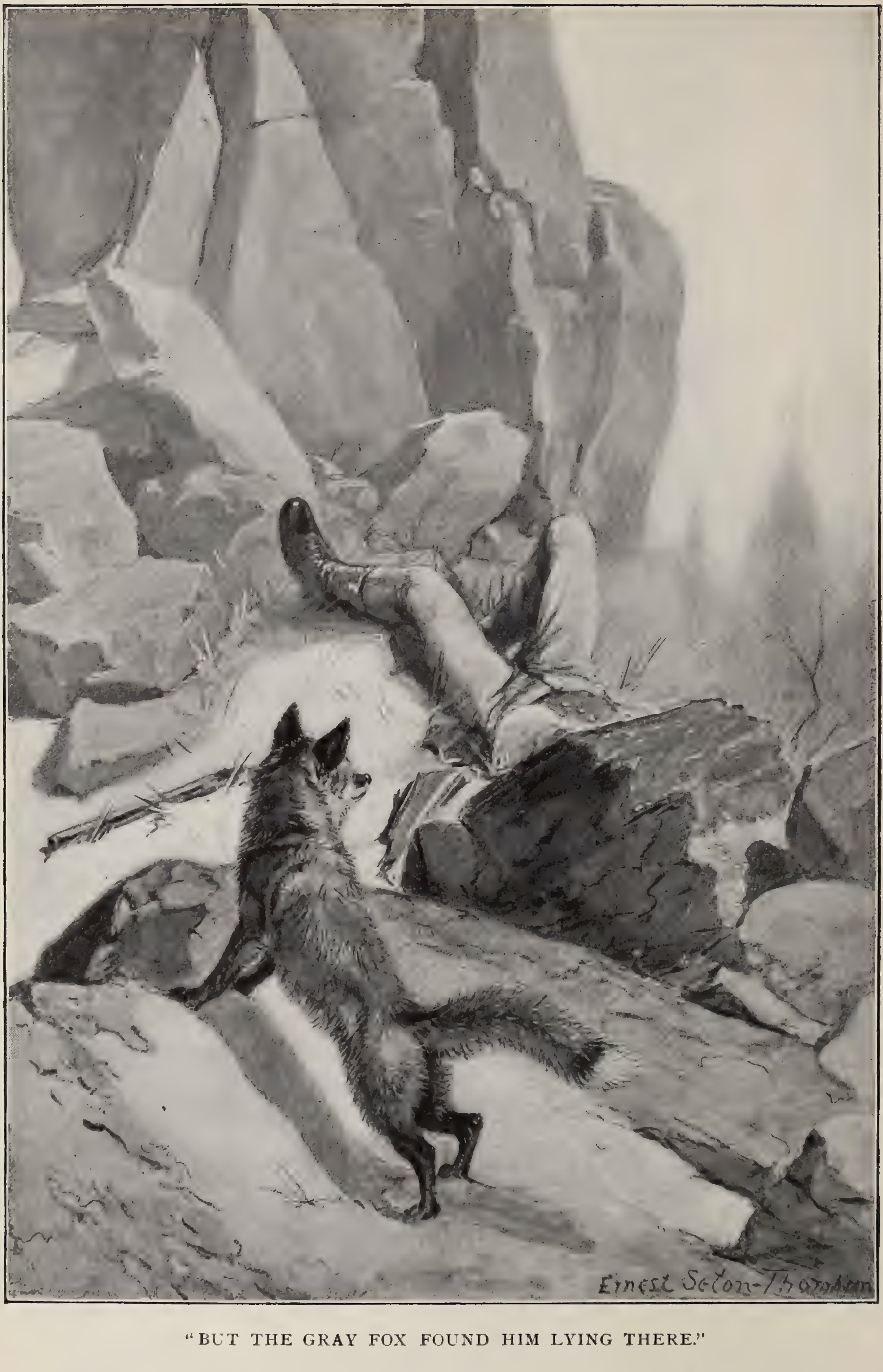

Ernest Seton-Thompson

"BUT THE GRAY FOX FOUND HIM LYING THERE."

RECREATION

Volume XI. OCTOBER, 1899. Number 4.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

THE SONG OF THE HUNTED.

DR. FREDERICK BRUSH.

Awake, awake, and the sun-kiss take!
Open wide the dreamy eye,
Sport freely in the open;
Let out the wild woods-cry:
He came to snare,
He came to kill—
He of the iron hand and will—
But under the cliff he lieth still,
And no one saw him die.

Leap, leap high through the frosty air!
Beat the still lakes to foam.
The hunter shall not turn a hair;
The North land yet is home.
He came to kill,
He came to snare—
But the gray fox found him lying there,
And all dark red was his matted hair,
Roam, ye of the forest, roam!

Then awake, awake, and the sun-kiss take!
We have 'scaped the evil eye.
He may not harm the weakest one
And he may not even try.
Oh, he came to maim,
And he came to kill—
He of the iron hand and will—
But under the cliff he lieth still—
And no one saw him die.

SOME HOGS HAVE A "HEN" HUNT IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

S. H.

The evening of September 15, 1894, was the date on which we 4 conspirators met in Suffolk's drugstore and planned the route and the other details of our next day's shoot. We had hunted together 7 or 8 years, and understood what we wanted and what we did not want; so it did not take us long to make our plan of campaign. The only question that ever arose on which we had any argument was which dogs to take and which to leave at home. Between us we owned a long string of them and debate sometimes waxed warm when this question came up; especially when Berkshire insisted on taking "Pete," a Siberian wolf hound, which he insisted was a Sefton pointer, and whom the readers of RECREATION already know. We had each had a seance with "Pete," so we knew he was a first class sheep dog and that his sole ambition was to see how many sheep throats he could cut in the time it took him to run a bunch across a 160 acre pasture. The bristles would stick up on Berkshire's back whenever the word sheep was mentioned and we always consoled him by saying Pete was too good a dog to be hunted on the prairie and that if he would agree not to run him any more we would some day raise a litter of world beaters from him and give B. one. This always satisfied Berkshire, and Pete was left at home.

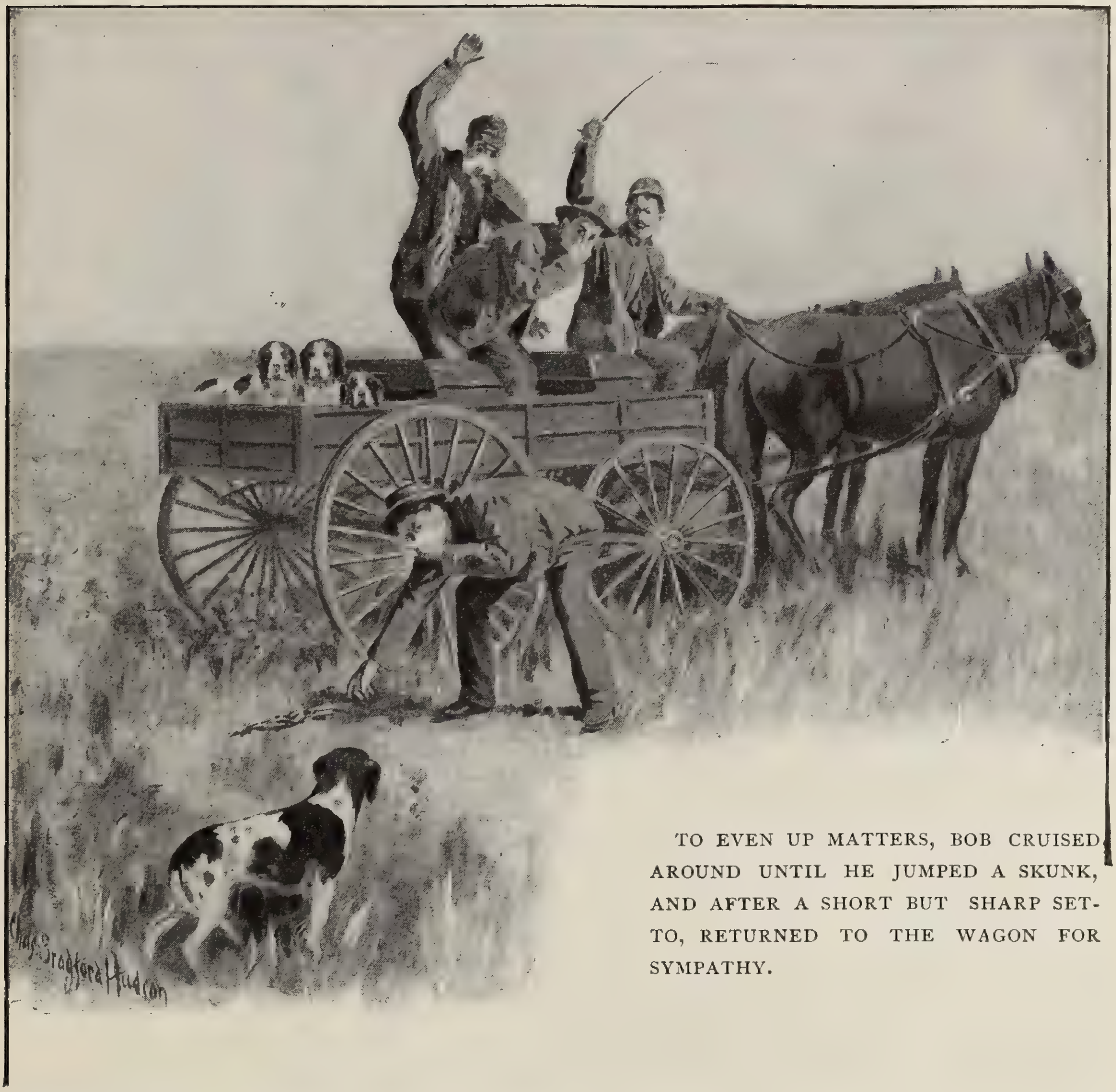
The next morning, long before daylight, we were on the road with a splendid shooting outfit belonging to Scrub Hog. It consisted of a 3-seated wagon, with an extra long box for the accommodation of dogs and game, and a fast road team well broken to gun and shooting affairs. For the day's shoot we had selected 5 of our best dogs, "Mike," "Bess," "Fan," "Mack," and Bob"; all pointers, and, with the exception of Bob, all to be depended on for a hard day's work. Mike was a fast, well-broken dog with great ambition and staying power; Mack an excellent dog in the wrong hands; Bess was a putterer, much given to grand-stand plays and sensational points, but the best one in the string for corn fields and tree claims.

Poor Bob was one of those well-meaning dogs always in the wrong place at the wrong time; always on the go, with an attraction for misfortune that I have never seen equaled in man or beast. We always liked to have Bob with us, for we never knew what he was going to do next and there could never be any monotony where he was. Last, but by no means least, was Fan, the queen of all dogs. I have shot hundreds, I think I might say thousands, of birds over her, and never saw her make a mistake. I am an old dog man and you know what and how much that statement means.

We had decided to hunt over a stretch of country about 10 miles from the town of M——, so we had plenty of time to plan the minor details of the day's sport. When about 4 miles out we were overtaken by a hard rain which was overthing but comfortable for us in our light summer shooting clothes, but we consoled ourselves with the thought that it bid fair to be a cool day and that the birds would lie much better on account of the rain.

Shote, who was holding down the front seat and navigating the outfit, had some ideas of his own as to the proper road to take, and lost us about an hour's shooting by getting on the wrong road and into the intricacies of E—— creek. However, we at last reached the ground and Mike and Mack were started on a large stubble. Mike soon found birds and Mack backed from the other side of the field. Suffolk and Scrub Hog were delegated to do the shooting and Berkshire and Poland China sat in the wagon and watched the proceedings. The birds were big and strong, made fine shooting and the bunch was well cleaned up by the time the last shot was fired. Mack did not come up at the shooting, so Poland China went over to him to see what was the matter and found him with a bunch of his own, out of which P. C. got some good sport and did some splendid snap shooting. Of course when we got back to the wagon Berkshire had to tell us what he would have done if he had been out with us, but we were used to him and paid no attention. What Poland China had left of Mack's birds only flew a short distance; so Berkshire took Bess and went after them. We watched him miss the first 3 birds and then kill the rest of the bunch without a miss; and when he got back we had to listen to the old story of Bess not working right and that if he had only had Pete he would have cleaned up the whole outfit.

We then divided up. Suffolk took Bob and Mike about a half mile farther down the road. The other pigs followed, but far enough to the right not to interfere with each other. Some large bunches of birds were found, and as the dogs were all old hands at the business they gave us some good shooting for the next hour or so. Bob had been doing some good work. At least we had not heard any protests from his direction, but he soon came to the front, having jumped a jack rabbit which he ran through a bunch of birds that Bess had found for Berkshire.

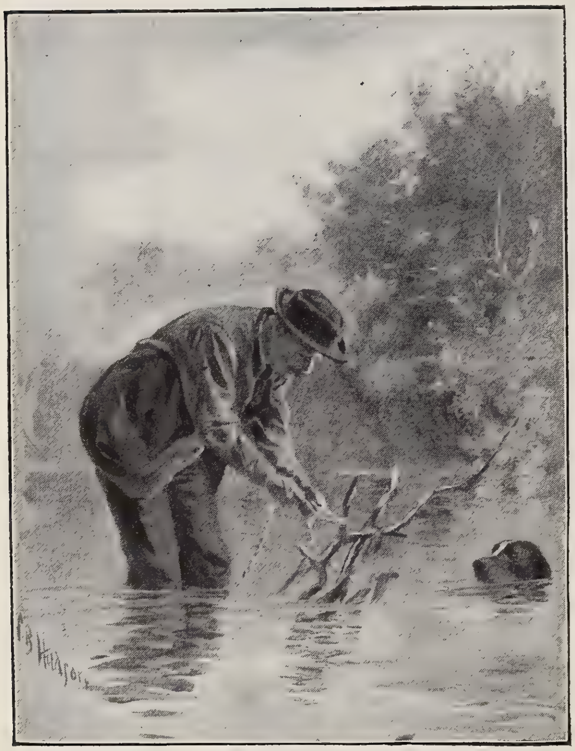


TO EVEN UP MATTERS, BOB CRUISED AROUND UNTIL HE JUMPED A SKUNK, AND AFTER A SHORT BUT SHARP SET-TO, RETURNED TO THE WAGON FOR SYMPATHY.

Then we had to listen to a few choice remarks from B. about fox hounds and grey hounds, and dogs in general, and men in particular who could not tell a good dog, like Pete, from a cur like Bob. Poor little Bess thought she would be blamed for having a hand in the chase, and it took a good deal of talk to convince her she was not. Bob was relegated to the hind axle and a chain, where he evened things up with us by reaching up into the wagon and chewing the cover off the lunch basket, while Shote was taking a nap. After Suffolk had had an understanding with Bob and we had straightened up our outfit a little, and smoothed down some of Berkshire's bristles, we started out again, with Fan in the lead. She soon found birds and made a pretty stand, stopping while in full swing and pointing behind her with her nose close to her tail. Before Suffolk and Scrub Hog reached her we saw her drop her point, and after looking at us with a disgusted expression on her face, sit down and wait for Suffolk. When we got to her we found her on the edge of a large mowing, and we could see a bunch of birds running as fast as they could for the high grass on the other side of the patch. This was the first and only time I ever saw Fan at a loss as to what to do. She looked to Suffolk for instructions, but before he could give them Mike came up on the farther side and the birds, seeing their retreat from cover cut off, flushed and flew in the direction of Poland China who marked them down for us.

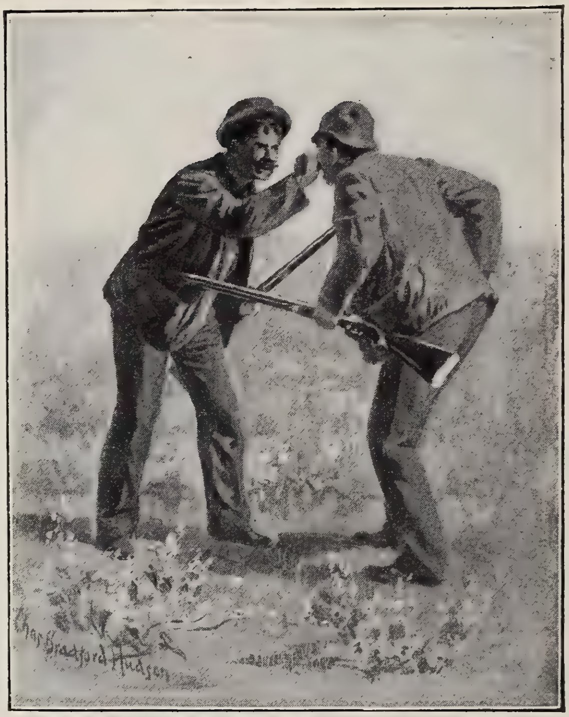
They lit in heavy cover and as we lined up behind the 5 dogs we felt sure that bunch of hens was done for. We were all used to this kind of business; were all good shots; knew when a bird flushed which one was to shoot, and we did not make mistakes. With us, to shoot out of place and to kill another man's bird was an offense never to be forgiven.

We started the dogs and the birds commenced to get up on all sides. I doubt if anyone ever saw a better piece of dog work performed. With everything to tempt a dog, birds flushing and falling on all sides and 4 men shooting as fast as they could load, not a dog broke in or touched a bird, although Bob had evil designs on a cripple, toward the last. Not a bird got away to tell about the slaughter and after the massacre we picked up 32. This put us all into good humor—even Berkshire—and we all returned to the wagon. After loading in the dogs we started for the creek for a rest and a lunch. The mention of lunch brought to mind the fact of the lunch basket and its torn cover. Poland China then said Bob might run to pay for his little diversion. To even up matters Bob cruised around until he jumped a skunk, and after a short but sharp set-to, returned to the wagon looking for Poland China and sympathy. Again a few remarks from Berkshire about hyenas and rat terriers. After reaching the creek Poland staked Bob out in water up to his ears, to cool off. We unhitched, rested an hour or so and listened to Berkshire's tales of the way he and Pete killed game when they went out alone.



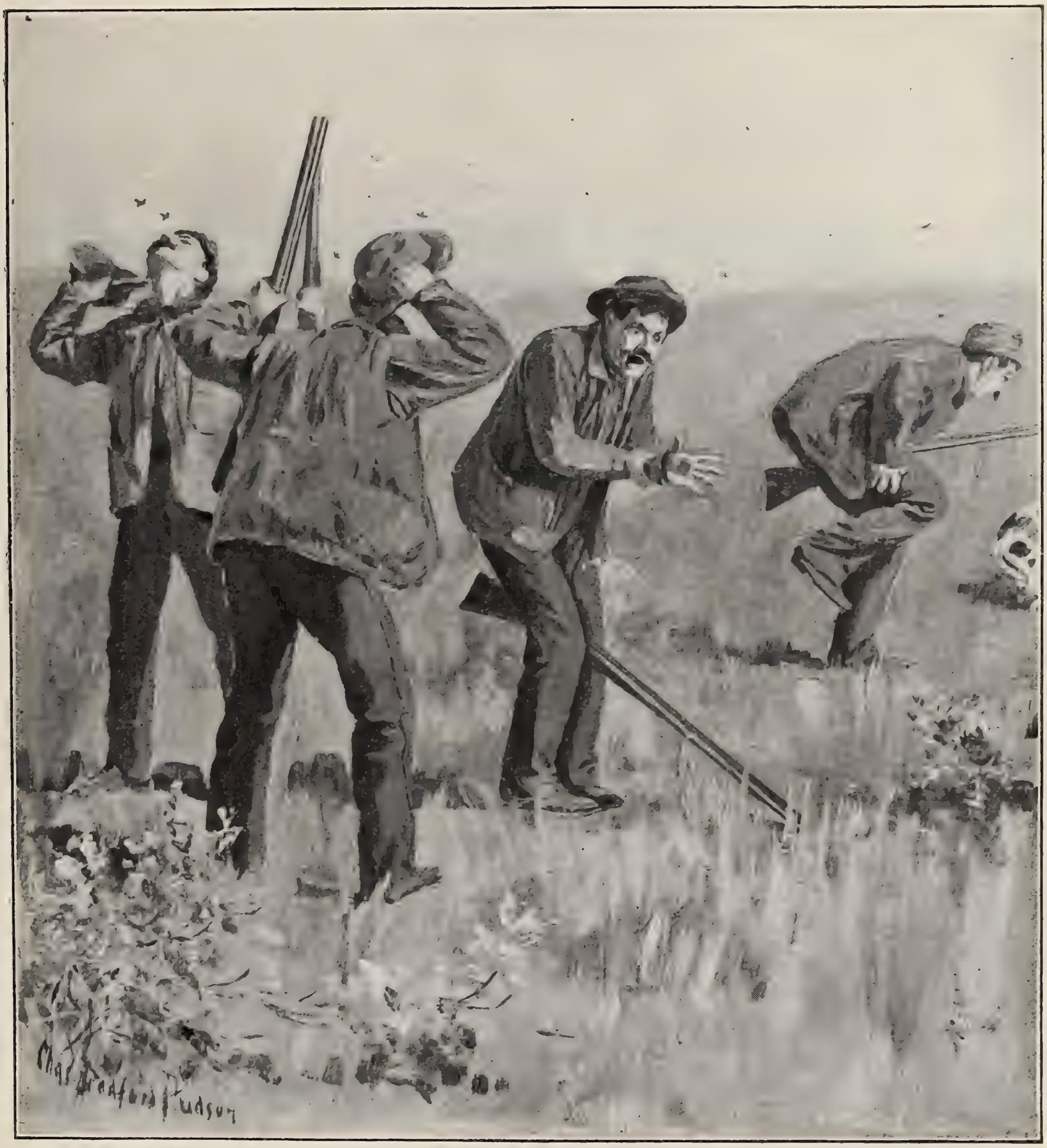
HE TIED BOB IN WATER UP TO HIS EARS TO COOL HIM OFF.

After our rest we left Shote with the team to follow later, and started off on foot. Berkshire and Poland China took the higher land and Suffolk and Scrub Hog the bottom; and right here is where these 2 made their great record. The boys on the high ground struck birds at once, and for the next 2 miles sent bunch after bunch into the heavy grass of the bottom, where the other boys had a pudding. Fan found a bunch for Suffolk, and when he and Scrub Hog came up the bunch proved to be an old cock that ran like a race horse. In an endeavor to get ahead of him and turn him back to gun Mike cut in too close and flushed him nearly out of range. Suffolk tried for him but only broke a leg and he lit a short distance ahead. Mike found him and when he was told to go in and flush, up jumped a whole bunch, and the boys fanned the air. A few minutes later the boys on the hill flushed a bunch and 20 of them flew into the bottom. Mike found them and the fun commenced. The first bird up Scrub Hog missed with his first, and Suffolk, thinking Scrub Hog's second barrel had snapped, shot the bird over on Hog's side. Before Hog had a chance to kick,



THEN THERE WAS MORE WAR.

up got another right in front and under Suffolk's feet, and while he was waiting for the bird to get far enough away to shoot, Hog, thinking Suffolk's gun was empty, shot the bird. Then there was war. Hog tried to explain that he thought Suffolk had fired both barrels at the first bird; and while he was behind Suffolk, illustrating the position he was in, up got another bird that was on Hog's side. Suffolk being in front of Hog did not know whether he was going to shoot or not, so he took chances and shot the bird. Then there was more war. About this time Bob thought he would come down and straighten matters out; but he stopped on the way to investigate a yellow jacket's nest. He soon found out what it was and came sailing along with a platoon of the enemy in hot pursuit. He ran direct to Hog, when one of the jackets flew up Hog's sleeve and nearly chewed his arm off before he could smash him. All this did not improve Hog's temper; and as Suffolk had a grievance, that must account for the record these 2 made during the rest of the day. Bunch after bunch was sent into the bottom, where the birds were shot at and then they flew out again. Hog made trip after trip to the wagon for shells, but never had any birds to put in the wagon.



ONE OF THE JACKETS FLEW UP HOG'S SLEEVE, AND NEARLY CHEWED HIS ARM OFF BEFORE HE COULD SMASH HIM.

The hunt continued until dark and we drove home by moonlight, tired out and happy. When we counted our bag we found we had 128 birds, and had Suffolk and Scrub Hog done a reasonable amount of fair shooting we could have run the number to 200.

This is a fair statement of facts and a fair sample of the way we shot on the greater number of days during the open season. This shoot did not take place during the sixties or seventies, when the country was alive with game; but was of comparatively recent date. We had not read RECREATION in those days, and did not stop to think of what we were doing. We were called cranks because we insisted that no game should be shot out of season, in that section, and we thought we were true sportsmen. We protected the game during the close season, but gave it no mercy in the open season. I wonder how many old shooters can look back, as I can, and see the mistakes they have made in being Scrub Hogs when they had a chance.

AN ADOPTED FAMILY.

The cat shown in the photo I send you to-day had a litter of kittens in a house on the farm of I. E. Glidden, of this city, and after they were 2 weeks old his Llewellyn produced a litter of 10 pups. As soon as the cat discovered the pups, she took one of them in her mouth, carried it to the house and placed it with her kittens. The pup was returned and she then went to the barn, deserted her kittens, and began mothering the pups. She actually let the kittens die from want of care. She is perfectly at home with the puppies, and they suck her as though she were their mother. The dog also seems to think it all right, and allows the cat in the nest with the pups, without making any objection.

Do you think this unnatural nursing will affect the puppies in any way?

T. M. George, Hallock, Minn.

Not in the least. EDITOR.

"Now, Tom," she pleaded prettily, "promise me that when you leave the club tonight you won't go anywhere else, but will come straight home."

"I'll come as straight as I can, my dear."—Somerville Journal.

HUNTING PHILIPINOS.

LT. C. F. O'KEEFE, 1ST COLORADO INFANTRY.

The campaign progresses just the same, notwithstanding the hot weather. At times the heat seems more than flesh and blood can stand, but somehow we "hunch" along and generally win. The natives on the South are putting up the hardest fight I have yet seen; but we shall get them eventually. There is some talk of our regiment going home soon, but I cannot tell where I shall go. I may not go with it. I may conclude to remain here and see the finish of this shooting match. Will send you a print whenever I have anything of interest. One never realizes the real blessings of peace until he has seen a year of such war as this. You get most damnably tired, sleeping with one eye open, keeping your back up against something solid, so no one can flank you, and trying to look in 5 or 6 different directions at once. Eternal vigilance is the price for breathing in this country.

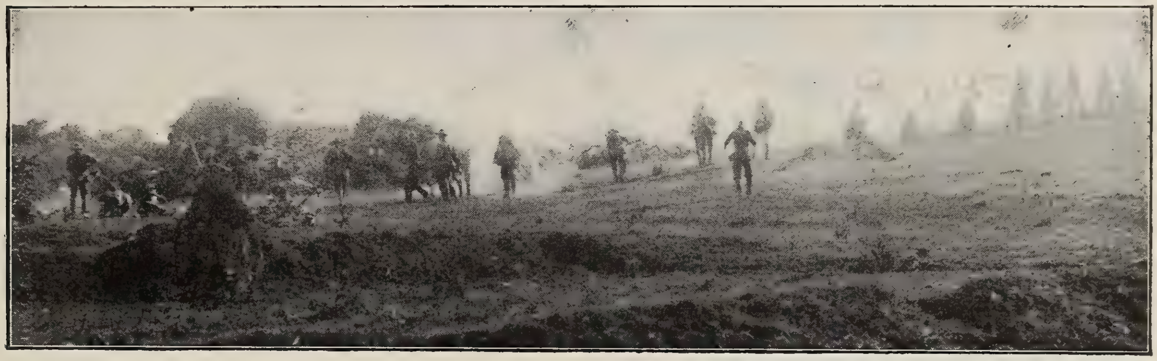


PHOTO BY LIEUT. C. F O'KEEFE.

THE AMERICAN FIRING LINE AT MORONG. (Smokeless Powder.)
The second and third men from the left have been hit, and are actually falling.

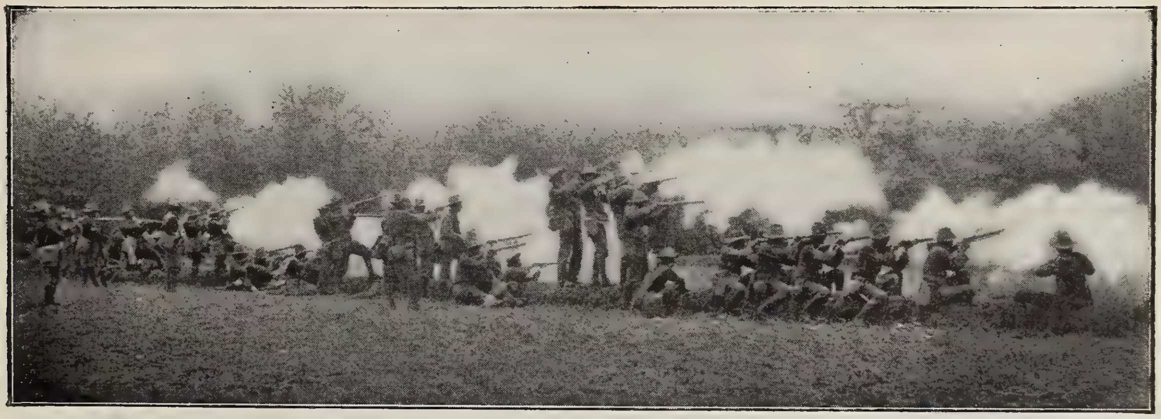


PHOTO BY LIEUT C F. O'KEEFE.

THE AMERICAN FIRING LINE. (Black Powder.)

Our lines are now well extended, and we sweat blood trying to keep our work up. Sometimes we are obliged to return through a hostile country and that is particularly trying. It is wonderful though what chances a man will take on his life, for some trifling thing. I have seen men go after water, when it was almost a sure thing that some of them would "get it."

On a recent trip up the Rio Grande, on the gunboat Covodonga, while passing a point 100 natives raised up out of a blind trench on the bank, less than 50 yards away, and poured a volley into the boat. They killed one of our gunners, but before they could fire again the rapid-fire guns were in action and swept the trench so they dared not raise up to shoot. The natives were in what is called a "get away trench;" that is, a trench you can get out of without coming into the zone of an enemy's fire. They got excited, however, and started to run any old way. In doing this they exposed themselves to our fire, while crossing a space of about 10 feet. Here our gatlings got their range and mowed them down like grass. The Philipinos probably did not know the boat was loaded. The second picture will give you an idea of a blind trench. You will notice on the left, in front of the trench, some bushes and weeds. This makes the deception complete. Our lines sometimes march almost into these traps before seeing them.

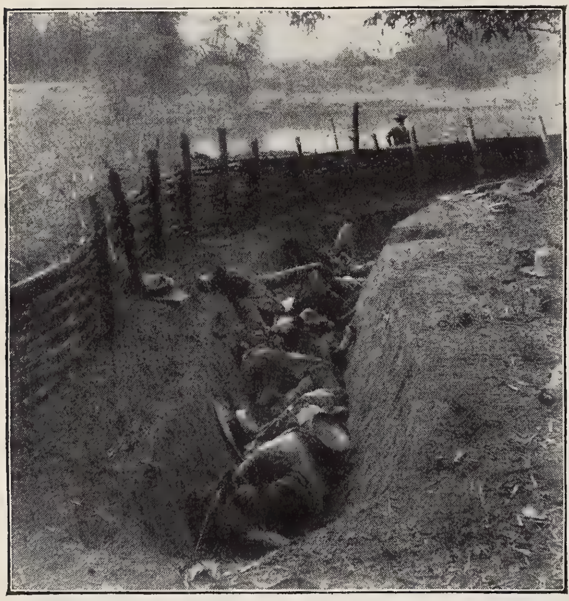


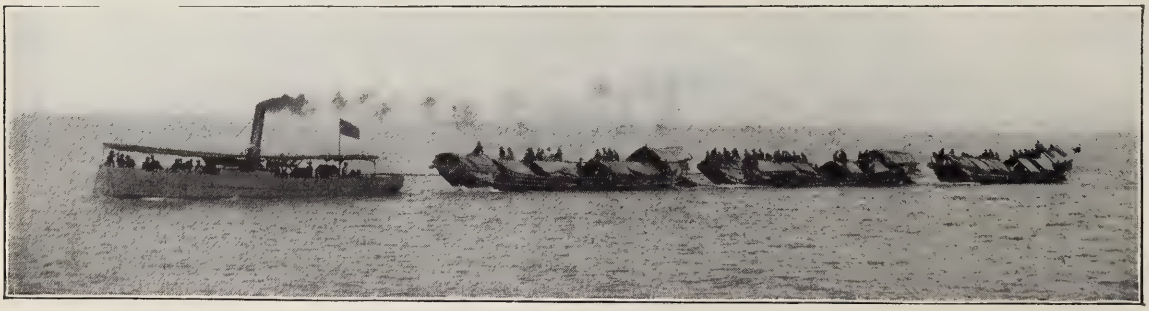
PHOTO BY LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE.

A PHILIPINO TRENCH AND ITS CONTENTS. BATTLE OF MORONG.

I have recently returned from a trip up the Pasig river and across the bay, to a town called Morong. I was on the river gunboat Covodonga. This and the Napindon accompanied the "cascoes," loaded with the Washington infantry. The entire "fleet" was sent to capture the town of Morong. After coming out of the Pasig river into the lake, the boats cast anchor. The latter shortly received orders to proceed slowly toward Morong and shell the lake shore whenever any natives could be seen. She started out by shelling the shore opposite us, and the first thing we knew the Napindon fire developed the location of a native battery of artillery. The Napindon was already on her way and kept firing as she went, with one of her 6 pounders. We were anchored in range of this battery, and I was watching the woods pretty closely when I saw a puff of smoke, and then I heard the shell coming whistling along towards us. It was a 3.2 shell, fired at a distance of 1,800 to 2,000 yards. It tore away a portion of the upper after deck, and aside from scaring the everlasting hearts out of us, did little damage. If any one wants the fear of God put in him let him be fired on by a 3-inch gun. He won't forget it soon.

As our guns were all gatlings of small caliber, we lost no time in getting up anchor, and moving out of range. During the night when we were returning, our native pilot had such a profound respect for the insurgent battery that he tried to keep clear away from it and ran the boat on a bar. There we stuck till morning, right under the guns of the battery. We put out the lights, and went promptly to sleep. Luck was with us for the battery did not open, and at daylight the tugs came up with the troops, and they pulled us off. We then proceeded to Morong.

We were met by the Napindon and were soon in front of the doomed town. The gunboats deployed out and began firing. The cascoes passed in between, and the Washingtons jumped into the water and waded ashore. At first our fire brought no reply, and it was thought the town was deserted; but as soon as the infantry started toward the town, in skirmish order, the natives opened, and their trenches were soon located by the gunners on the boats. The Napindon fired



THE EXPEDITION TO MORONG. PHOTO BY LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE.

Composed of the Washington infantry, accompanied by the river gunboats Napindon and Covodonga.

over our troops with her 2 6-pounders, 2 gatlings, and one rapid-fire automatic.

The Covodonga protected the right flank of our line and poured 2 gatlings into a trench, where the natives were making a particularly fierce stand. In the meantime our troops advanced steadily. The natives paid no attention to the fire from the boats. They stayed in their trenches firing at our line until it got within 150 yards of them and was about to charge. Our troops were so close that the boats were compelled to quit firing. Then the natives began to get out of the trenches, with guns over their shoulders, firing backward as they ran. Just at this time they began firing at our men from a church tower and right here is where I saw the prettiest shot of my life. One of the gunners on the Napindon took careful aim at the tower with a 6-pounder, and planted the shell just where it would do the most good. The tower went in every direction. The air was full of stone, wood, mortar and niggers, and that was the finish of Morong.

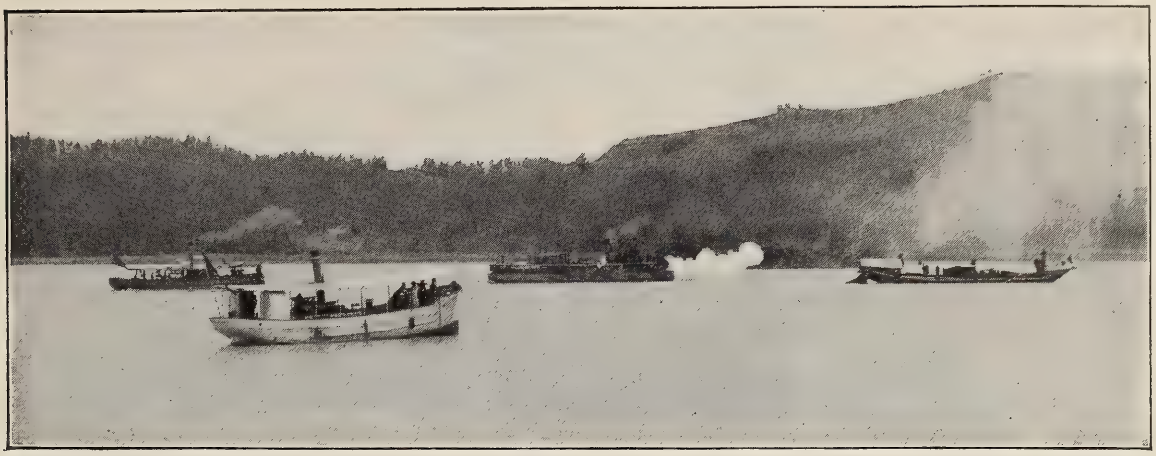


PHOTO BY LIEUT. C. F. O'KEEFE.

THE NAPINDON FIRING ON MORONG.

The craft to the extreme right is a native casco, used for transporting troops. The picture was taken from the deck of the Covodonga, which was also firing at the time.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY LLOYD O. INGALLS.

LIVE WILD WOODCHUCK.

OUR CAMP IN LAKE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

ALFRED V. LAMOTTE.

Harry G. and I determined to spend our vacation by the side of some fine mountain stream where trout were to be had for the taking, and larger game within reasonable distance. Putting our camp outfit on one horse which we led or drove before us, we set out for a small narrow valley in the mountains through which flowed a fine stream. The strip of land on each side of the stream could hardly be called a valley, but afforded us level space enough to stake out our horses and furnish abundant feed for a few weeks. Reaching our destination on the evening of the second day out, we went into camp and cooked our supper from our pack, deferring the assault on trout until morning.

Next morning, by daylight, we were up. While Harry made a fire and prepared for breakfast, I took my tackle to try my luck. My fly had hardly touched the surface when a splash and a swirl announced the presence of a fine fellow. A few minutes of lively work and I had him ashore, when I discovered 2 fine fellows instead of one, the smaller weighing over ½ a pound. A shout from Harry announcing coffee, I sauntered into camp with about a dozen beauties which were soon frizzling away in our pan.

Breakfast over and our pipes smoked, we began the permanent arrangement of our camp, feeling that we could not better our location. A pine gulch furnished us poles with which we constructed a shelter, and covered it with boughs, to keep off the dew. Under this we arranged our duffle and our beds—of pine boughs, covered with our blankets. This occupied us till noon. I started the camp fire while Harry tried his luck on the trout. He became so excited that I could scarcely induce him to knock off long enough to get his dinner, which he ate in haste, that he might return to the creek. I strenuously objected to this, until our camp arrangements had been perfected, and he reluctantly acquiesced.

Selecting a flat near the camp, we leveled off a place about 4 feet in diameter and dug a small trench to the edge of the bank, then with cobbles from the creek, laid up in mud, we built an oven 2 feet in diameter and 3 feet high, open at the top, like a well curb, with walls about a foot thick, to retain the heat; the trench being for the draught. In this we built a fire to test its capacity to do our baking. When the fire had burned down, and only a bed of live coals was left, we covered the top with a wet blanket to retain the heat. Then mixing a pan of biscuit, we lowered it about half way (with wires which we had brought for the purpose) covered it up with the wet blanket and lighted our pipes while we awaited developments. In about 25 minutes we raised the blanket and looked in. There were our biscuits, a beautiful nut-brown all over, and done to a turn. "Better biscuits were never made," Harry said, as we sampled them.

The arrangement of our camp had kept us busy all day, so we retired early.

Harry tried to talk about what we should do next day, but before he had fairly begun, I was sound asleep, and what a sleep it was! With the fragrance of the pine boughs beneath and above us, we slept so profoundly that the next morning's sun nearly caught us napping. Work and rest had induced such an appetite that we ate our breakfast *sans* trout, substituting bacon and biscuits, with a pannikin of coffee. Our appetites would have paralyzed a boarding house keeper.

As Harry returned to camp, from picketing the horses, he heard a small stone roll down the point, and glancing up saw a large buck and 2 smaller ones leisurely feeding, and he hurried into camp for his rifle. Arming ourselves and getting the course of the wind, we climbed to a small knoll between us and the deer, exercising great caution, lest they should hear or see us. Peering over the point, we saw them just as Harry had left them. Assigning the large buck to Harry, by right of discovery, I selected the next best and fired at the word. Down fell the big fellow, all in a heap. Mine fell, then rose, and fell again, and getting to his feet plunged down the hill toward the creek followed by the third. Loading quickly I gave chase, while Harry went to his buck to make sure of him. When I reached the bank of the creek, there lay my buck dying, and trotting up the opposite hill went the third. The temptation (I am ashamed to acknowledge) was too great, so I let him have it on the run breaking his hip. Over and over he rolled till he reached the flat, where, gaining his legs, he was about to make off when I gave him another shot and grassed him.

Getting our horses, we soon had our 3 bucks hanging in camp. When we realized how improvident we had been in killing 3 deer when we needed but one, each appealed to the other to kick him. However, we were in for it, so dressing our meat, we procured cut poles for a scaffolding on which to dry it, as we were both sportsmen and would not see it wasted.

In the afternoon I wanted to go fishing, but Harry objected, saying we must not do anything else until the meat was all cared for. So we set to work in earnest; cut the meat in long narrow strips, and hung it up to dry, building a few small " smoke fires " to windward, to keep the flies away.

Next day was devoted to fishing.

It was an ideal trout stream, large open sand bars, with great washed bowlders and rocks around which the water swirled into deep green pools, with intervening rapids—and the trout were there, sure enough. Such sport! Many times 2 at a cast and big fellows that would stand no foolishness and required strategy and judgment to land them without smashing the tackle.

Our appointed time for return was for noon, but long before that time my neck ached from the weight of my basket—so I turned back and was glad to sit down while I cleaned my fish.

Building a fire in the oven, I took a leg of venison, larded it with strips of bacon and seasoned it ready for the oven. Then I put a dozen large trout, with salt, pepper and bacon in each—in the sheet-iron bread pan. When the fire had burned out and the oven was sufficiently hot, I first lowered in the venison, and when half done I put in the trout and covered the oven with a wet blanket. When Harry returned a smoking banquet awaited him, to which he did full justice.

They say a cook likes to see people enjoy the dishes he prepares, but Harry pleased me too well, for he absolutely left nothing, and looked from side to side as if something had gotten away from him unobserved. He avowed that he never tasted anything half so good in his life.

As we had more trout than we needed, we cleaned them, salted them in a pan, and a day or so later converted our oven into a smoke house, by building a smouldering fire in the trench; then hung our trout up to smoke. We took them with us when we broke camp and ate them on the home journey.

TWO COLORADO DOGS.

L. P. B.

My next door neighbor owned a dog called Fanny. She was part Newfoundland, and a most intelligent animal. She became fond of my husband and me, and was with us much of the time.

One Friday Fanny was missing and search for her proved unavailing. Saturday and Sunday passed and she did not return. Monday afternoon, however, a boy found her some distance from home, under a carpenter's shop, with 16 puppies as black and as pretty as herself. They were taken home and a bed was made for them in the coal shed.

Tuesday morning Fanny left home and took her family with her. They were again brought back. That night the coal shed door was securely fastened ; but on Wednesday morning Fanny and her babies had again departed. This time she had jumped out through a hole in the roof—the coal shed was a little less than 6 feet high—and had taken her pups back to the carpenter shop.

She was found in a thoroughly exhausted state, and suffering with fits. These continued until nearly noon. It was seen there was no help for her and a police officer was called in to shoot her. One of her pups was kept and raised on a bottle, and is now a big and frolicsome dog.

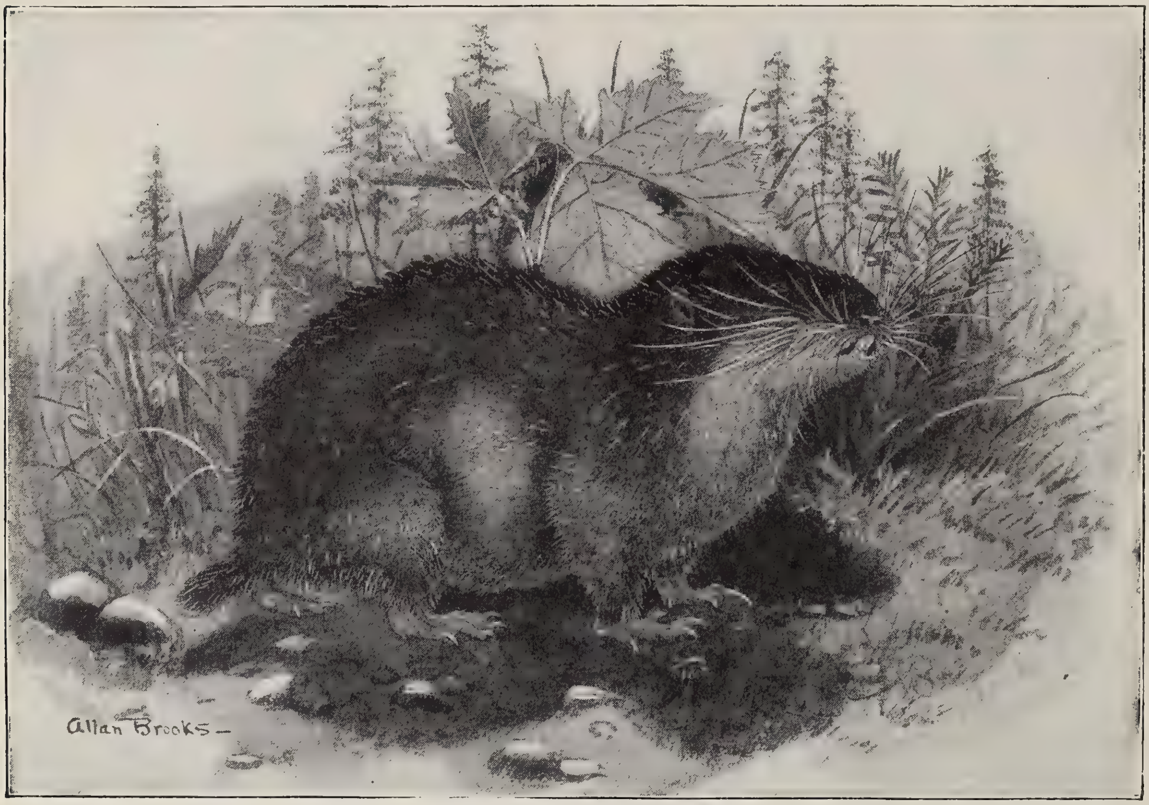
There is another dog in this city of whom a story may be told. Her name is Topsy. She is owned by a physician, and much petted by the doctor and his wife. Topsy, though never molesting cats, was not on good terms with them. One day the Doctor brought home a black kitten. Topsy had 3 pups, and it chanced that pups and kitten were nearly of a size. Puss took her place among the puppies and was suckled by Topsy as one of her own family. It was interesting to watch them; the kitten nestling between the pups and purring and tugging away and Topsy never demurring.

If the kitten came in hungry and Topsy was not inclined to feed her, Miss Puss would follow her foster mother and cry and beg in cat fashion until, becoming exasperated, she would spit and scold. The kitten continued to nurse until the puppies were weaned.

THE SEWELLEL, *APLODONTIA RUFA.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

This rodent, commonly known in Southwestern British Columbia as the mountain beaver, is one of the most curious and striking of North American mammals. In general appearance it resembles a muskrat, with a short, hairy tail and enormous whiskers; but it has no affinity to that animal, other than belonging to the same general order (*Rodentia*). According to Dr. Merriam it is the type and sole representative of an isolated family, and has no known relative in any part of the world.



SEWELLEL OR MT. BEAVER, *APLODONTIA RUFA.*

Its range is restricted to a narrow strip along the Pacific coast, from Northern California to Southern British Columbia. In the latter country I have observed it from a few hundred feet above sea level to timber line on the Cascade mountains; it being abundant in the park-like country below timber line, where there is a good thick growth of vegetation on the mountain slopes, especially on those with a South exposure.

In habits its nearest allies are the pocket gophers (*Thomomys* and *Geomys*), though its claws are even longer and stronger proportionately than those of these animals.

It has a curious stump of an inner toe on the front feet, which has much the same action as the thumb on the human hand, and must enable it to get a good grip on stones it wants to dislodge in its underground tunnels. In spite of its size it is rarely seen, and many people live among large colonies of "mountain beaver" without ever seeing one.

Where numerous its burrows extend in all directions underground, one or 2 well traveled highways always leading to the nearest water. In fact, though not in any way an aquatic animal, a plentiful supply of water seems, with it, a *sine qua non.*

The food of the Sewellel is entirely vegetarian, and consists principally of grass, herbs, etc., which it cuts down and carries in large bunches into its underground retreats to be consumed at leisure. A favorite food plant is the "Scotch cap," *Rubus nutkanus.* The Sewellel does not hibernate at low elevations, but must do so on the higher mountains, as it does not seem to make "hay" of its fodder, as the Pika does.

The eyes are exceedingly small and generally covered with a milky film; they do not seem to be of any use to the animal, as the following incident will show. I had set a trap in the mouth of a hole, and next morning found 2 "mountain beavers" jammed in the hole, fighting the trap. I thought at first both were caught, and got down on my hands and knees to examine them, when I saw that only one foot was in the trap. After careful selection, I grabbed by the nape of the neck, as I thought, the free animal, and dragged it out, but found I had the trapped one. The other bolted down the hole before I could make another grab. Another time I wished to liberate one which was almost without hair on the anterior half of its body, and therefore of little value as a specimen. I sprung the jaws of the trap open, while the animal made a vigorous onslaught on my feet. When free it still continued to fight. Twice I kicked it down its hole, only to have it rush out and attack my feet again. The third time it scuttled down its hole out of sight.

The rodents vary little in color, being much like a woolly muskrat of a light color. The young are generally a little darker than adults. Size about the same as a muskrat or a trifle larger.

WITH EL AND BEN ON THE MUSKINGUM.

DR. G. L. LYNE.

"Well, how is the dog doing? Do you think he will be in good shape when the season opens?" Such were the questions with which I had greeted El every time we met, for at least 3 months before the quail season began. We live near the Muskingum river, and on both bottom lands and hills on either side of that placid stream quail flourish and multiply. The ripening rattle of rag weeds in the bottom invite them to grow fat while yet they live, and ample opportunities are here afforded the wily Nimrod to try his skill with dog and gun.

El is the possessor of a beautiful English setter which he has owned since it was 2 months old, and he values it above any other of his earthly possessions. Ben, for that is the dog's name, has been so thoroughly trained he almost seems to possess reason. The summer days gradually grew shorter, the forest changed its coat of green for one of brown and gold, the fallen leaves were inanimate evidence of heavy frosts, and November was at hand.

El appeared at my place early on the morning chosen for our hunt, his 12 gauge hammerless on his shoulder, and Ben at his heels frisking with unusual vigor. Ben sallied forth and began hunting in elegant style. It was but a short time before he suddenly stopped and stood as if petrified, looking straight ahead. We began our nervous march toward him, and the only audible sound was El's afterward familiar, "Steady, Ben, steady." When we were within 6 feet of the dog, up rose a flock of about 15 birds. We each got 2 shots; I pointing my gun at the whole flock and missing all. One fell to El's last shot. Ben retrieved the game gracefully and was rewarded with many kind and encouraging words. We started on and sent the dog around to the right and then to the left. Not many minutes elapsed before he again stopped; this time his nose pointing to the left at an angle with his body of about 70 degrees. A peculiar incident at this juncture proved the thoroughness of his training. We were closing in on him when out jumped a rabbit and made an arc of a circle around the dog and not more than 5 feet from his nose. Ben once had his hair ruffled by a load of birdshot by his trainer for running a cotton-tail, and he surely carried to this day the memory of that reproof. He saw the rabbit pass, for there was apparent a tremor of his muscles, but he neither moved nor took his eyes from the spot at which he was looking. We got only a few steps closer when the birds flushed, and down came 2; each of us missing the first shot.

The next point Ben made was in an old orchard, and the covey escaped without losing a feather. Thus we put in the forenoon, or at least until our hungry stomachs began to grow burdensome with an emptiness that was complete. We sat down at the root of an apple tree, and did justice to the lunch we had brought. Dried beef and crackers never tasted better.

After talking over the forenoon's experience the quail had nearly all flown toward the hills, and so we decided to go in that direction. Many of the hills were crowded with a thick growth of underbrush and there hunting was almost impossible, but we soon found a field where there were only a few saplings to contend with. On entering that the dog ran squarely over a single bird without noticing it. A whipping was the price of his indiscretion, and it caused him to modify his gait perceptibly. The next flock we found in a ravine over a ledge of rocks, and they went up just as we came in sight of them. Two fell this time, and we began to think we were getting on to the "twist" with which it is done. This flock alighted on the bank of the river, which was only a few hundred yards distant, and we followed them. Here Ben did his work splendidly. We got 6 birds out of that flock before they finally crossed the river.

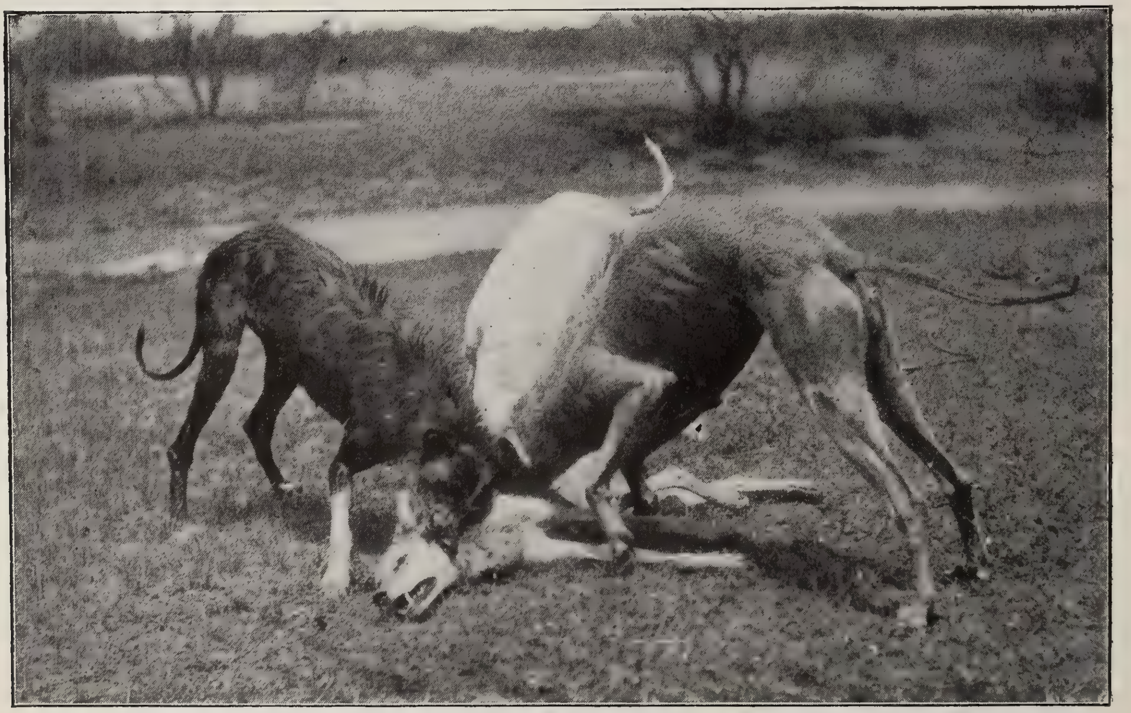
We were now growing somewhat tired, and meandered leisurely down the stream keeping close to the bank. Suddenly Ben stopped, looking straight out into the water. We looked and saw a blue-bill duck about a third of the way across. Before we could bring our guns to bear, it was up and off. At the report of El's gun it dropped, and, without a word from us, Ben was after it. That was an unexpected capture and we were highly elated.

We continued along the river bank until directly in front of a farm house. There was nothing strange about this, and we were plodding along in an unconcerned way when, to our amazement, there came rushing from the house a red-haired, red-faced specimen of feminine fat. She carried an ante-bellum carbine in one hand, and gesticulated wildly with the other. Her ample figure told eloquently of pantries full of beans and sowbelly.

"We don't 'low no huntin' on this farm," she shrieked, and my hair began to push my hat off as she brought the carbine into position for action. We were dumbfounded at this sortie, and neither of us said a word for a few seconds, but finally El yelled that we were just passing by on our way to Mr. Jamison's farm.

"You fellers can't run no bluff on me," she said, "and the best thing you can do is to get out of this immejitly." We did not tarry longer, but started on at a speed that was something more than our ordinary gait.

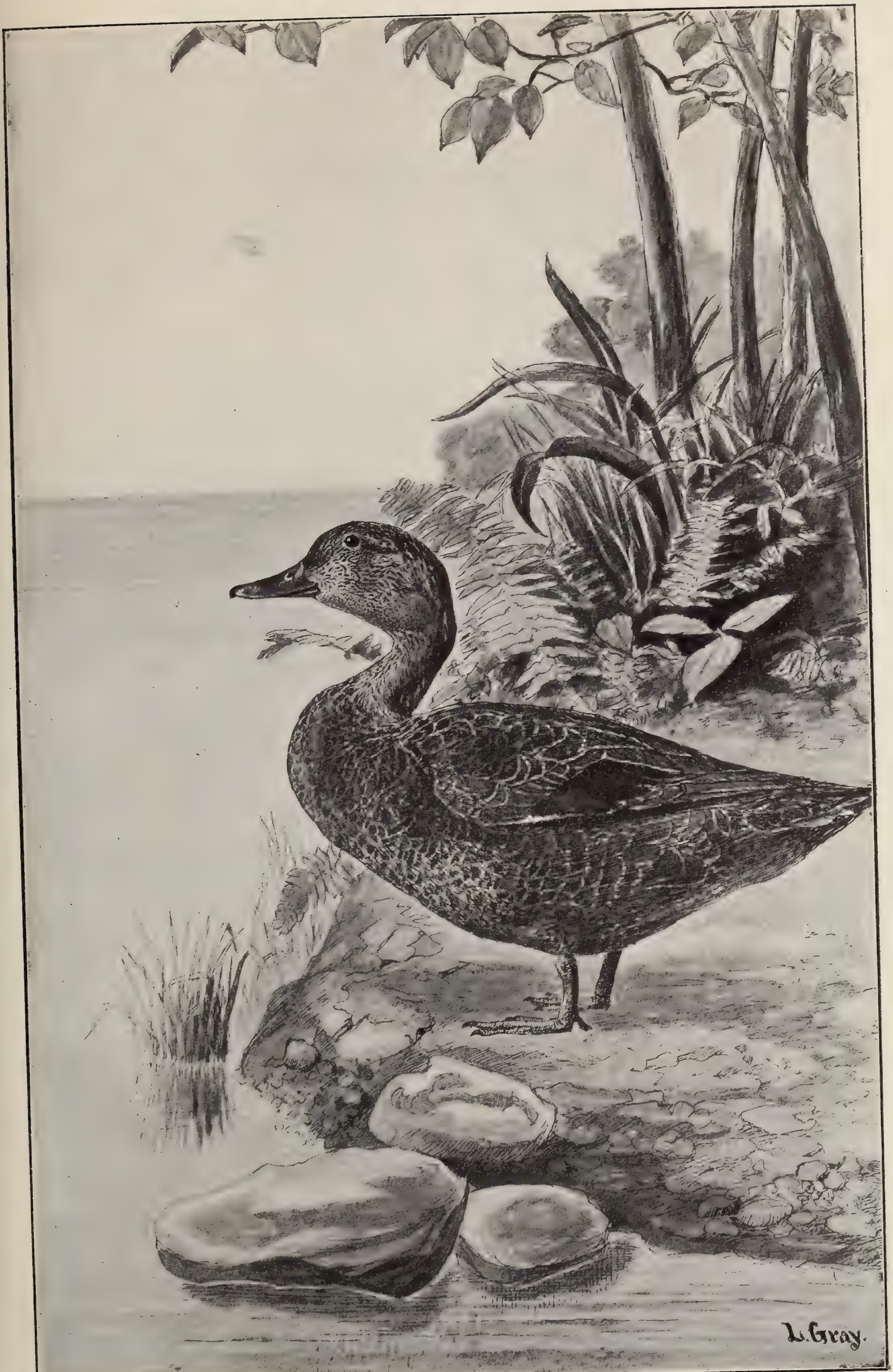
We got out at once and took a few minutes' rest beside a babbling brook that crossed our pathway, before starting in on the final homeward stretch. Here we took occasion to find out how much game we had. El had 11 quails and one duck, while I had only 7 quails.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY DR. S. R. CATES.

HIS LAST RUN.

Made with a Blair camera, Kameret lens, stop 4f, time 1/100 sec. on Eastman No. 4 Cartridge film. Drove pair of swift mustang ponies at full speed one mile to get to dogs in time to make exposure. This is a coyote run down by dogs belonging to Col. C. H. Crossett, Big Springs, Tex. Said to be the best wolf dogs in this state.



BLACK MALLARD, *ANAS OBSCURA.*

A SUCCESSFUL DEER PARK.

Goodell, Hancock Co., Ia.

Editor Recreation:

I have read with deep interest of the work you are doing for the protection of game. We see the result of the wanton slaughter of game everywhere. I have watched the development of the West for 35 years. Game of all kinds was, for the first 15 years, plentiful; but as the country was settled up the game gradually disappeared. It was not driven off—it was killed off by those who occupied the land.

I live in Northern Iowa, which was formerly the home of the prairie chicken. As the state applied stronger laws for their protection the farmers were jubilant, knowing that this left them in full possession of the game. Morning and evening and between showers is a good time to shoot chickens, and as game wardens do not live in the country, and as the owner of the land can have a man fined for hunting on his land without permission, farmers have it all their own way. So, when the season opens and a man gets permission to hunt on the land, the farmer is through shooting. He has killed off all the birds while they were young and tame.

A BUNCH OF BUCKS AND DOES.

These conditions apply not only to the birds alone, but to the larger game as well. I have seen deer and elk plentiful here on these Iowa prairies; but they have all been killed off long ago. I have made several trips to Northern Minnesota, in the open season, to hunt deer, where they are still fairly plentiful in the backwoods; but I see that country is being settled up, too. The squatters are not doing much hunting in the open season, but they can show you plenty of skins they have taken off in summer. They say they wait till the city hunters go and the snow comes. Then they can kill plenty of deer. The visiting hunters do not kill many deer there. They do not average one to each man, and they leave in the state at least $30 to the man; yet the state makes laws to keep them out.

I leave the prosecution of lawbreakers to those in authority, and have been doing what I can to propagate game and fish. I commenced raising fish 10 years ago. I put down 3 flowing wells for the purpose, and have a good supply of water, winter and summer. Mine were the first fish ponds in this part of the state. The result is I have fish to use and some to sell. Have stocked many fish ponds, in different parts of the state, and have put many thousands of my surplus fish in the streams.

I have 4 species of deer, some from the North and some from the South, and they have all proved hardy and prolific. I also raise a variety of wild fowls, but they do not breed so well in captivity as the deer.

My deer park is much admired by the public, and visitors are always shown through. They go away delighted with what they see.

I have been trying to get some black tail deer, but as yet have not succeeded. I intend to fence other grounds and put in elk, black tail deer and antelope.

The game laws of several Western states are radically wrong, in that they do not permit limited numbers of wild animals to be caught and shipped to any place for the purpose of propagation. Laws which prohibit the taking of live game ignore one of the essential principles of game protection.

A BUNCH OF FAWNS.

It would be a good plan for all states to have parks in connection with their fish hatcheries and to make collections of animals, native and foreign, for purposes of propagation and distribution. I send you herewith photos of a few of my deer.

J. W. Griggs.

HUNTING IN NEW MEXICO.

F. W. REED.

On June 14th, Charles, Maynard and I, left Silver City, for the upper Gila to hunt fish. At 9 a.m. we were leaving Pinos Altos and then we hit the trail at a good run, intending to made the Gila Hot springs before dark. 60 miles. We arrived there all right at sundown and found some friends eating lunch.

We rose at daybreak and while Charles rounded up the mules and horses Maynard and I got breakfast and packed things. Half an hour later we were going up the trail for the middle fork of the Gila. We saw some young turkeys and 3 or 4 deer that day, but as the law was in force, we did not shoot any. We camped that night at the foot of the trail leading from one fork of the river to the other, and sunrise found us climbing the zig-zag trail for Prior's cabin. We reached the top about 10 a.m. and started across, when we came to some fine springs. Not caring to risk a dry camp for lunch we decided to stop.

After letting our horses graze and getting our lunch we started for the falls. We had not gone more than 3 miles when one of the mules struck an old trail and was gone quite a while before we noticed him. I put spurs to Shorty and went after him. The mule, thinking he was on the right trail, would not head at all, so we were soon out of sight of the boys.

All at once Shorty began to act queer, so I stopped him, and about 300 yards to my left saw an old silver tip. I dismounted and jerked my Winchester out. The first shot I hit her, for she turned and bit her flank. I fired once again, when the boys commenced to pop away. I mounted Shorty and started to follow her, when 2 cubs, weighing about 80 pounds each, started to run from the tree where I had first seen her.

Thinking I could catch one alive, I got down and started after them afoot. Finding I could not keep up I shot one of them, and the other made for a pine tree. He would go up a short distance, then back down, when I would poke him with my rifle and drive him up again.

In a short time the boys came back, saying the ground was so rough they could not follow, so had to give up the old bear. We then threw a rope over a limb and the boys pulled me up. Anyone that has ever tried to rope a bear can tell what a time I had. I made fully 25 casts, and he threw the rope off as many times. Finally I caught his paw and head and jerked him down to the boys, who tied his mouth and then his feet.

I now came down and, blinding Shorty, made him come up to the cub. While one of us held the cub on the horse one of us tied him on behind the saddle, and we finally got him to camp safe.

We took him home and he is now a prominent feature of our town.

RECOLLECTIONS.

M. E. WILSON.

" Once upon a midnight dreary
As I pondered weak and weary."

The white capped head and white uniform of the hospital nurse appeared as a ghost to my vision and I could hear her voice saying, " Take this medicine, try and sleep, don't think about anything." I closed my eyes and again I was leaving Mackinac, the fairy island, its picturesque beauties fading in the distance, as the steamer Waukon was plowing along through the clear, blue water of the straits.

The light house grew dim in the distance. We had passed " Bois D'Blanc," and the wooded island, and the cool air seemed to soothe my fevered brain.

I was again smiling to my fair companion and we were entering the beautiful Cheboygan river. Fine farms, beautiful orchards in full fruitage, the golden rod and purple asters in the fence corners. The yellow wheat in small shocks, or else swaying and nodding, till it seemed a golden lake, made a constantly changing view.

Not many years ago nothing but the bark wigwam, or the dusky red man, roaming along the banks or skimming the surface of the river in his frail canoe, was to be seen.

On past the town of Cheboygan with its busy scenes—past pile upon pile of pine lumber wafting its resinous odor on the air —past the largest sawdust mountain in the world.

A stop, a hurried change and on board the Charles D., a smaller steamer, we are slowly pushing our way along.

Log after log is slowly buffetted to either side. We enter the locks, the water rushes in and as we are again on the level we glide along the river.

"We lunched and lunched and our tickets were punched and punched."

After passing into Willet lake, the paradise of the fisherman, we stop at Top-inabee. Mullet lake abounds in bass, pike, pickerel, muskalonge and perch, and many a noble string we see in the small boats as we change at the dock to the steamer Irene.

All too short a time and we are at the mouth of Indian river. Across the mouth of the river as it broadens into the lake, stretches the old frame work of the bridge that was so ably described in RECREATION several months ago, in the ghost story. Indian river, so clear that we look down into its depths and try to count the fish as they dart past, startled by the steamer or by the reflection of our faces in the water. As the trip is made we wind in and out, past one curve to find another, past where tall grasses and towering trees wave to us from the banks, and we are at Indian river village. A hurried grabbing and we are carrying rods, pails and traps, up the bank, as we intend to enjoy nature at this quiet place, and are planning to lure some of the fish we have seen, to adorn a frying pan.

Is it fish I taste? Whew, no! nothing, only bitter medicine, and I am wide awake to the fact that there are more agreeable places than a cripple cot in a hospital.

A JACKRABBIT DRIVE AT LAMAR, COL.

P. E. CRABTREE.

The ranchmen, in their efforts to raise orchards, find their labors continually turned to naught by the mischievous jackrabbits. They multiply with inconceivable rapidity and are very destructive to young trees; hence, by way of self-protection the ranchmen are obliged, annually, to organize grand hunts to clear the country of these pests.

Let the motive vindicate us from the charge—game hogs. It may be proper to add that the game captured is sent among the poor in Denver, in time for their Christmas dinners. In aid of this plan the railroad furnishes cheap rates for the hunters, and transports the game at nominal expense.

It had been arranged that we should be unloaded at Caddoa, 20 miles this side of Lamar. Teams were to meet us there, to take us to the work. The train, however, was late and would not stop, so we—very hot under the collar—were set down at Lamar instead at 2 a.m.

As early as possible we started on foot expecting to meet the teams on the way. I was anxious to test the new smokeless powder with which I had provided myself, so when I started a "skip" (Colorado cottontail).

I pulled up with perfect confidence. Snap, snap, twice on the same shell without explosion, and "skip" skipped unharmed into a dog-hole. My gun had never snapped before, and I was surprised.

Soon after I started a second, missed, snapped, then hit at long range. A companion hit again—I snapped twice more, hit once more, and then we ran him down and broke his neck. He was full of shot, and why he did not go down I can't tell. Something was wrong with my ammunition.

Soon after I raised another jack, and snapped! After this I carried my gun on my shoulder, only occasionally taking a snap.

The second day we had splendid sport; in one instance I killed 3 as fast as I could pull trigger, thus demonstrating the superiority of a repeater.

At 10 p.m. we were set down in Lamar, dumping our catch in a heap, 94 rabbits and skips, 1 hawk, 1 owl for 5 men.

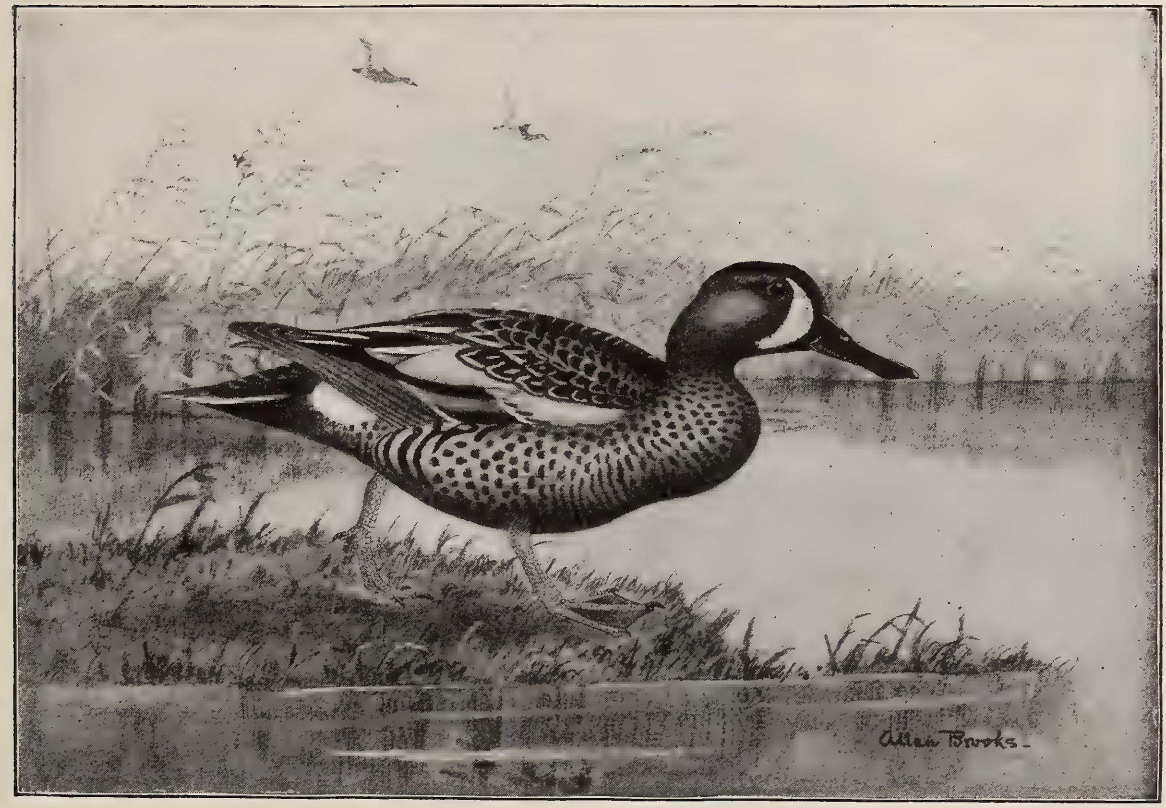
There were in all 132 hunters engaged in this drive, and the result was 4,756 rabbits, 116 wild geese, 1 coyote, 1 bald eagle. Each hunter deposited $1 registering fee of which 75 per cent. went to Parson Uzell's church in Denver. The remainder was devoted to photographing the catch. The parson is the principal promoter of these annual hunts.

Each hunter is entitled to as much game as he wishes to take home, the remainder the parson distributes to the poor.

THE BLUE WING TEAL, *ANAS DISCORS.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

The blue wing is of rather Southerly distribution, its range being about coincident with that of the wood duck; but it affects a more open country than the latter, and often breeds in Southern Manitoba, Alberta, and Assiniboia; also throughout the states of the middle West, being less common on the Pacific and Atlantic coasts. In the old world its nearest ally is the garganey, or summer teal. Females of this species and of the cinnamon teal can scarcely be distinguished from female blue wings, though the drakes are all very dissimilar in coloration. In general habits the blue wing is like the shoveller, and is much more closely allied to that duck than to the green wing teal.



BLUE WINGED TEAL, *ANAS DISCORS.*

The blue wing is a fast flier. I have often seen a trip of them get up alongside of a train going over the prairies at full speed, and after racing for a few seconds, dart ahead and cross the line in front of the engine. The Southward migration takes place early, few being seen in Western Canada after the middle of September. The birds return North rather late and are not often observed in Southern British Columbia before the middle of May. They are most often seen during the floods of June, which destroy most of their nests. Consequently this duck gets scarcer and scarcer each year. It is a good table bird though not quite so good as the green wing.

The bill in the male is black; feet bright ochre yellow, with webs dusky. The feet and under surface of bill, in the female, are pale flesh color; iris dark brown in both sexes.

MY BIG MOOSE.

In the fall of 1898 I planned to take a hunting and fishing trip in the Seven Ponds region, in Northwestern Maine. I left Philadelphia on Monday, September 7th, and arrived at Beaver Pond (where Ed. Grant keeps half a dozen camps for the accommodation of sportsmen) on the evening of September 9th, pretty well tired out.

A night's rest and a good breakfast completely restored me and, getting my rod together, I sallied out after trout and succeeded in landing 20 half pounders, letting all go except 5, which I kept for my lunch.

That afternoon I went to Little Island Pond. I had very good sport, catching about 30, and keeping a half dozen of the largest, averaging about ¾ of a pound.

I went fishing and tramping during September, visiting all the ponds and streams within a radius of 15 miles, getting good sport and having a glorious time; but when September had slipped by and October with its clear cold nights and beautiful days had come, my rod was laid aside and I took out my rifle.

This was new, I had never fired it before I came to Seven Ponds, and did not know what it was capable of. It was a .25-30 smokeless, with a half magazine, take down model.

I went still hunting in the surrounding country as soon as the leaves had fallen from the trees sufficiently to see any distance in the woods. On the first day's hunt, after walking about an hour, I came upon a buck lying down in the sun, in the lee of a large windfall. He saw me as soon as I saw him and started up. I fired one shot at about 40 yards and missed him clean, but a second took him just back of the shoulders and after a few jumps he fell. The guide went up and cut his throat, and by tying his feet together and stringing him on a pole we got him safe to camp.

I went still hunting several times after this and succeeded in shooting a good sized doe, but so far I had not seen a moose. My time was nearly up, for I had to leave for the city on the first of November and it was now the 20th of October.

On the afternoon of the 21st Clyde (my guide) and I walked over to Little Island pond, I taking my rifle along in case we should see some ruffed grouse, which were fairly abundant, and offered a pleasant change from venison and canned meat.

When we reached the landing which is at the pond, I sat down and fell to admiring the scenery.

Clyde asked me for my field glasses and he began to examine the shores of the pond. An exclamation from him drew my attention, but when I asked him what the matter was he would not answer until we had the boat in the water, I being in the bow and he paddling in the stern. Then I learned that there was some animal moving in a little marsh at the other end of the pond about a mile distant.

We paddled slowly down the pond until close enough to see that it was a big bull moose. Every time the moose raised his head Clyde stopped paddling and we sat as if carved out of stone, until the moose resumed his eating. Finally we got within about 200 yards of the moose, standing side on and looking as big as an elephant. Now and then he would step forward and swing those mighty antlers that I so coveted.

Clyde held the boat steady now and I raised the rifle to my shoulder and fired. The moose jumped up and came down facing me with his feet spread wide apart. I had missed him clean.

I threw another shell into the chamber and, aiming just where his neck joined his body I fired, and the moose vanished. I did not know what was the result until Clyde said "he's down."

We paddled up and found him stone dead in about 2 feet of water. I was in the seventh heaven of delight until Clyde brought me to earth by saying:

"Well now that we've got him what are we going to do with him?"

"Do with him," I said, "why, take him into the boat, of course."

Clyde laughed, and said:

"I didn't think you were quite so green. We couldn't lift him, and if we did a boat like this wouldn't float him."

"How are we to get him to camp, then?" I asked.

"Well I'll show you," said Clyde, whereupon he took a piece of rope, tied it to the animal's hind legs, and proceeded to tow him to the landing by paddling.

That towing was about the longest job of the kind I have shared. It took us nearly 2 hours, and then I had to go to camp and get 3 more guides to help us get him out of the water and back to camp.

FOUR OF A KIND.

THE WISCONSIN BREED.

The fish shown in the accompanying picture were caught in Lake Winnebago, Wis., June 3, '99. There are 73 of them, about 25 of which are pike. The pike weighed 1½ to 2½ pounds each. The bass were all of good size. This string was caught by D. W. Dunham, R. O. Jasperson and George Randall between 6 and 8 o'clock in the evening, and the next morning the party caught the 25 pike. Trolling hooks were used and during the evening, when the flies were thick on the water, the fish bit almost as fast as the lines could be let out and taken in.

TWO MORE WISCONSIN FISH HOGS.

D. W. Dunham, City Editor The Northwestern, Oshkosh, Wis.

What do you think of 2 men who are vain enough and vulgar enough to stand up in front of a camera and have themselves photographed beside a string of pike they have caught? What do you think of a pair of swine who would catch 50 bass and 25 pike within a few hours, simply because they could?

Dunham and Jasperson parade the fact that they are connected with an Oshkosh newspaper. As such they are supposed to be public educators; yet they go out and make a record as fish hogs. Then they get themselves photographed with their plunder. They had a cut made from the above photograph and published in a local paper, together with the facts. Thus they say in effect to other fish hogs, "Can you beat this?" Having thrown down the gauntlet it is supposed the other fellows will pick it up; that they will try to break this record, and the result is likely to be a further slaughter of good food fishes.

In replying to my letter the said city editor states that "Lake Winnebago, where this wonderful fishing was done, is one of the finest fishing waters in the Northwest."

The record sent out by these men is mighty poor advertising for that lake. It simply says to the world that if the inhabitants are engaged in such slaughter as this there is little use for people living at a distance to go there to fish; for they will probably find the lake sadly depleted by the time they reach it.

THE MICHIGAN BREED.

A cut was published in a Chicago paper, evidently made from the photo which is here reproduced, and underneath was this statement:

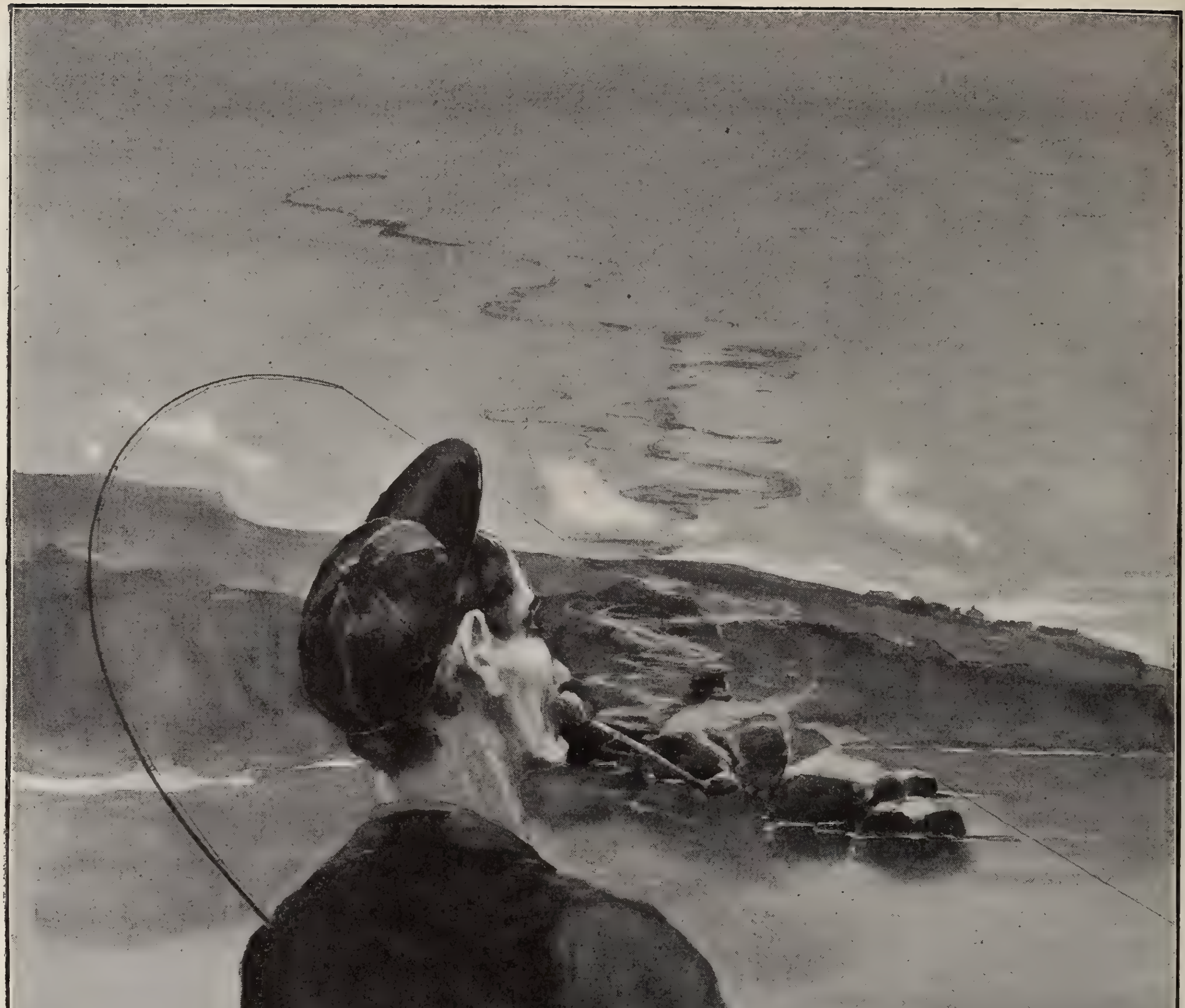
STILL MORE SWINE.

The above shows what the inland lakes of Michigan are capable of, and represents a day's work by R. O. Evans, of Chicago, and C. G. Deal, of Three Rivers, Mich. The catch consists of 98 fine bass and numberless perch and bluegills, which are piled up in the right hand corner of the picture.

I wrote Mr. Deal for verification of the report and here is what he says:

Replying to your letter: Yes, the report is true. I mail you a photo of Mr. Evans and me but it shows only a part of the fish we caught. All the fish on the 3 lines are bass, and you will see a pile on the ground that we did not string up.

C. G. Deal, Three Rivers, Mich.



HE HAD STRIPPED THE ROD AND WAS GIVING THE CATFISH A DESPERATE FIGHT.

CHANNEL CATFISH IN THE OASIS.

F. D. BLAKE.

The channel cat is one of the gamest and most stubborn fighters to be found in any of the streams in the Middle West.

He is long and slender, with a forked tail that propels him through the water with the velocity of an arrow. He has a smooth skin, of a bluish-gray color along the back, lighted up by pale spots on the sides and fading to a creamy white on the belly.

Taken altogether, the channel cat is a handsome fish, and when properly prepared is of good flavor.

He spends much of his time in the deepest and darkest pools in the river, but his presence there is proof that he has dined and there is then little use of angling for him.

The experienced angler waits until the channel cat comes out of his subaqueous bed-room and makes for the swift water of the channel. Then he is hungry. He always feeds up stream and, when hungry. will take everything in sight. Frogs, minnows, even toads, worms, strips of beef, or slender cuts of bacon—all go to make up his bill of fare. The tackle consists of a 10-ounce Bristol steel rod, a good multiplying reel, 50 yards of braided linen line and a dozen good bass hooks.

Find a place where the river sweeps around a bend and the current swishes up against the bank. This means deep water at the edge, and is the natural dining-room of the channel cat.

Shore-fishing is unsatisfactory here, as the line will swing in against the bank. Consequently, the expert angler wades in from the opposite shore. He casts his baited hook across and downstream, and the line pays out with the current until checked by pressure on the reel.

The channel cat is a voracious feeder when on a foraging expedition, and at such times is easily taken by the practiced angler. When hooked he will fight with all the courage and tenacity of a bull-terrier; yet he is rarely able to throw the hook.

This is due to the skin around his mouth, which is as tough as rawhide.

Speaking of the fighting qualities of the channel cat reminds me of a trip I once made with my friend "Bones." I can see him now, standing waist-deep in the middle of the river, fishing toward a ledge of rock that juts out into the water from the opposite shore.

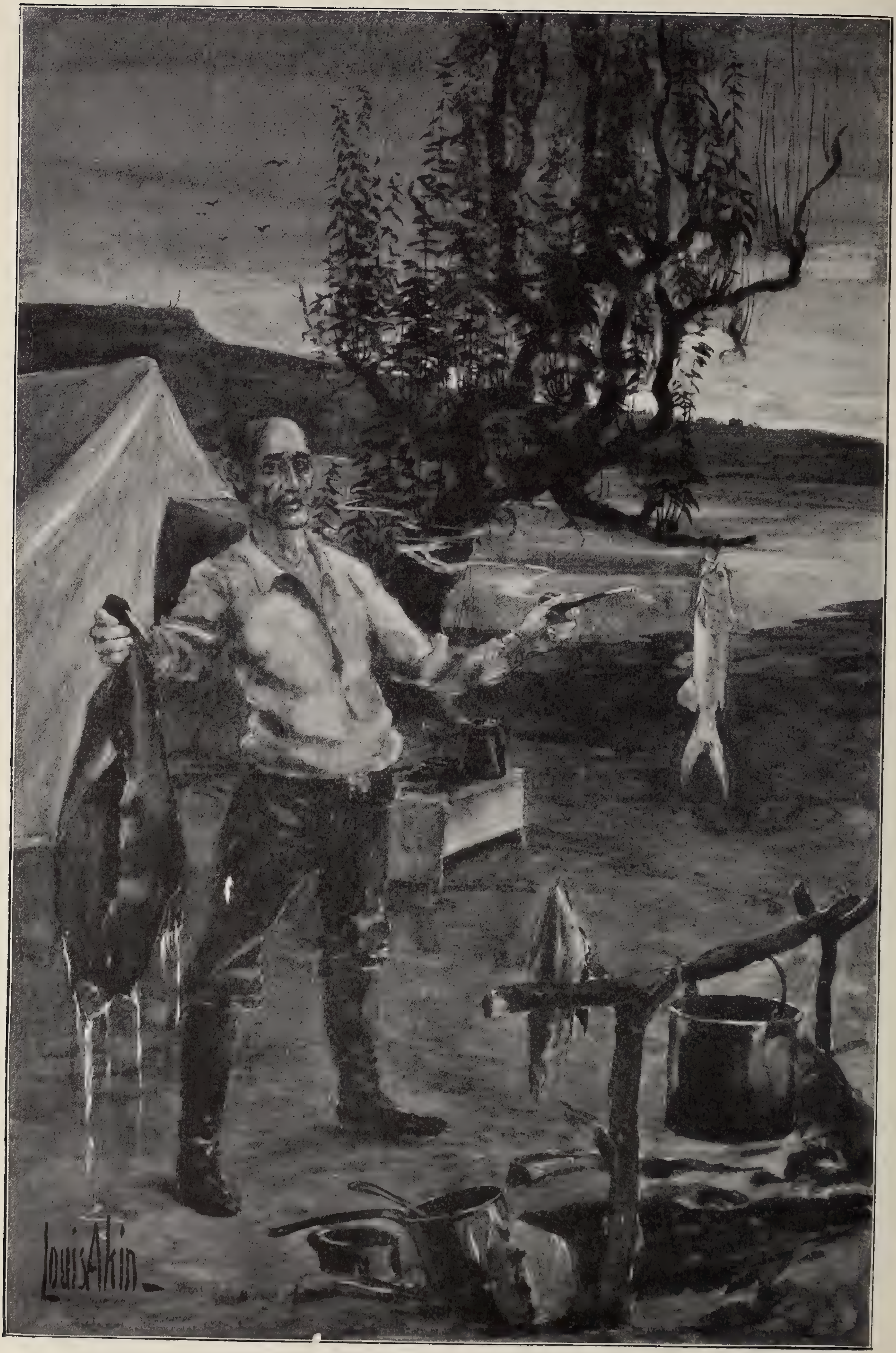
Standing there in the twilight, his peaked cap pushed back on his head and a long-stemmed pipe in his mouth, he resembled a giant kingfisher perched on a river snag.

Appearances were of small moment to Bones, however. Fishing was too serious a business with him to allow of any posing for exhibition. He got a strike. I knew it from the dipping of his rod and the music of his reel, as yard after yard of line ran through the polished guides. He did not get alarmed and grab the reel. Bones never gets alarmed. He is a stunning angler, is Bones; so he put on the drag and let the line run out, showing little concern, as though he held a thousand yards in reserve. Smoke began to come from the long-stemmed pipe, not in spasmodic whiffs, as indicating nervous agitation; but in long-drawn, soul-satisfying clouds; fragrant smoke, blue and cool, that ascended, in wreaths and spiral rings, upon the evening air. Bones was happy. I knew that, although he was as motionless as a gar basking in the noonday sun.

Bones knew from long experience the killing qualities of the drag, and he mentally fixed the spot, far down the stream, to which the fish would go. I judged that, because just before the fish turned Bones mechanically placed his hand on the reel-crank. Then there was a pause—just a moment of hesitation—and, with a vicious rush that made the line cleave the water as a colter cuts the virgin soil, the fish made for deep water up stream. Bones recovered 30 yards of line with a motion like the driver of a locomotive running 60 miles an hour. For 30 minutes the channel cat fought in circles, always on the bottom of the river, under 10 feet of water. Then his circles began to grow smaller. The battleground was narrowing toward the center.

Bones was smoking now like an engine with its wheels revolving on a slippery track. He had stripped the rod and was giving the catfish a desperate fight.

Just at the most critical time—at the moment when Bones was reaching out the gaff to take him by the gills—would have been the time for that fish to have escaped, so that in future Bones might have weighed and measured him in imagination. Bones may have had some imitators, but there was only one Bones, and he landed his fish. In fact, Bones waded



"TEN POUNDS," HE SHOUTED. "TO BE EXACT, 10 POUNDS AND 2 OUNCES."

out of the water and hung him on the limb of a tree that stood in front of our tent; and, later, as we were changing our clothes, Bones pointed to the fish with his pipe-stem and whispered to me, "10 pounds."

A minute later he glared at me, over the dripping coat he held from him at arm's length:

"Ten pounds," he shouted. "To be exact, 10 pounds 2 ounces. I'll expect you to verify the figures, so don't get them confused in your mind, please."

While lighting the camp-fire I thought how proudly Bones would tell the boys about the fight, and I made up my mind to go as high as 4 pounds on the weight of that fish, since we had no scales with us. Bones was whistling now—whistling "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley." Possibly the fish might be heavier than it looked. Appearances are deceptive; so I determined to make it an even 5 pounds; but farther than that I would not go. No, not even for Bones—dear Bones, who could bake a catfish brown and serve him up with a dressing of tomato sauce much too good for any king.

Across the valley a flock of crows were flying slowly toward an old lightning-scarred and weather-beaten tree that stood on the summit of a rocky bluff, with its leafless branches, gnarled and broken, outlined against the sky. The river, wrapt now in the somber shades of evening, ceased to divide the landscape with a silvery thread. The weird and melancholy cry of a night-hawk proclaimed the silent approach of a summer night. From the background of our camp came a murmuring sound, sweet and low, like trickling waters flowing from a crystal spring. It came again—louder now, and sweet as the babbling of a hidden brook.

I turned around, and there stood Bones, with his feet planted wide apart, his right arm extended skyward, and the liquid contents of a long, black bottle slowly pouring down the unknown depths of his elongated neck. The slight noise I made attracted his attention. He lowered the bottle and stood regarding me in an uncertain sort of way, as though he had forgotten something. Presently his face lighted up with a ray of intelligence. He shifted the bottle from one hand to the other.

"Dear friend," he said, in jerky tones, and described a wavering semi-circle in the air with his long right arm. "This is an oasis—an oasis in the dreary, burning sands of business strife; the one bright and fertile spot in the boundless desert of commercial cares. Look on yonder hill, where the last rays of the evening twilight linger. There stands a cottage, prim and white, reflecting from its upper windows the red glow of the departed sun. That is the abode of an honest tiller of the soil. What cares he for the troubles of this world? Notwithstanding commercial disaster, his crops will ripen during the long days of summer. Financial panics do not prevent the fattening of his flocks on the green grass of the meadow."

The flames shot up through the pile of driftwood, throwing out a light that made Bones' sallow face look ghostly. "It is to this oasis," he said, "that we come when overburdened with care. Here we bury all our troubles in an unmarked grave. In this oasis——"

"Bones," I said, reaching out my hand toward him; "Bones, old boy, you are not exactly drunk, but you are most comfortably loaded. Hand me that bottle, please I desire, with the remaining moisture it contains, to lay the foundation for a section of oasis that I can call my own."

OCTOBER.

A. L. L.

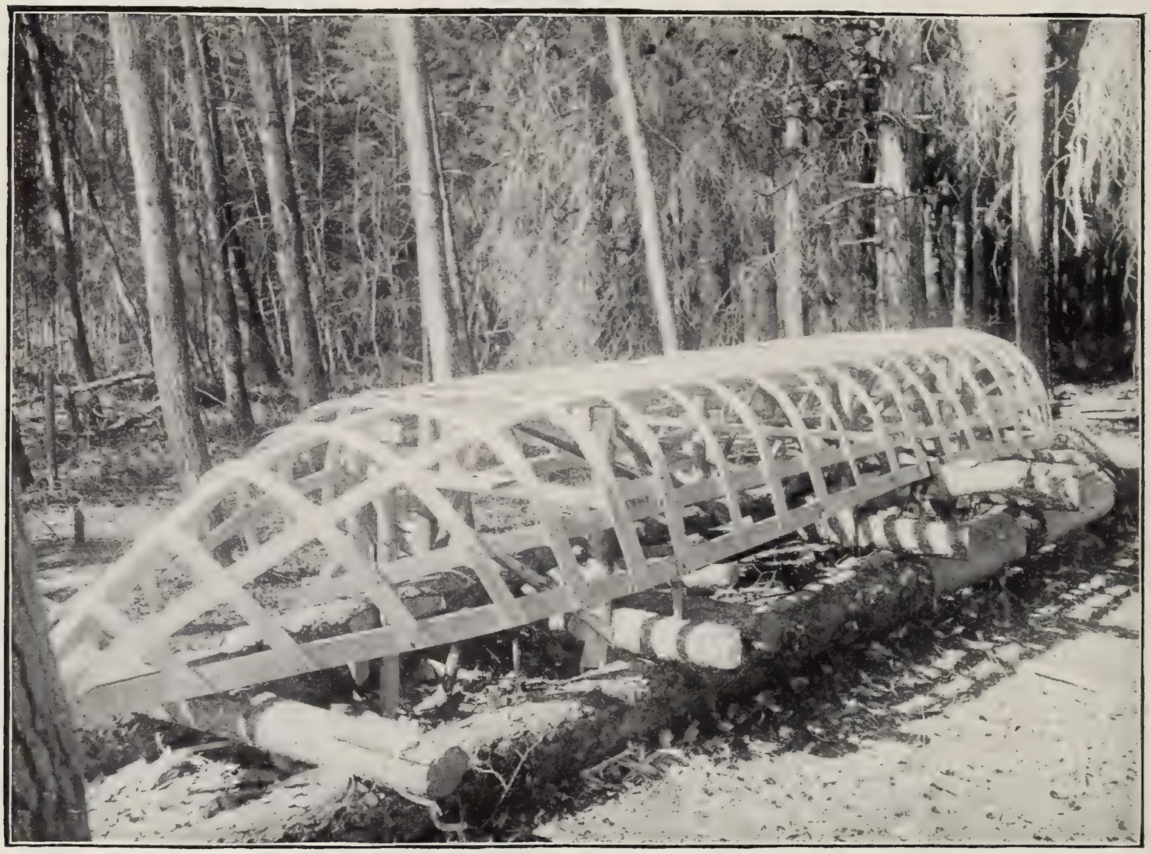
The hunter with dogs and with gun hies away
To the woodland and meadow and over the hills;
When he sums up, he finds at the close of each day
A big lot of misses compared with his kills.

OUR ALASKAN EXPLORING EXPEDITION.

Winter Camp on Liard River.

A. J. STONE.

I left Liard Post October 18th, and reached the Lower Post October 20th. Although our boat was large and our crew light, we ran both the canyons between the 2 posts without difficulty; but on reaching Cranberry rapids, 4 miles above Lower Post, we portaged our baggage past the worst of the rapids, a distance of one mile, reloaded, and reached the post without trouble or accident. So much ice was then running in the river as to make further boating impracticable, even on water that would offer no other difficulty to navigation.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. J. STONE.

THE FRAME OF MY MACKENZIE RIVER BOAT.

The Liard river, however, for the next 110 miles, is practically a series of bad rapids, several of which no boat crew would attempt to run, even at the best stage of water.

I was yet too lame to undertake a trip into the mountains, and therefore set about preparing for the approaching winter. Mr. Simpson kindly tendered me the use of a cosy cabin, and until the end of November we busied ourselves gathering a winter's supply of wood, which had to be brought with dog teams a distance of one mile. We spent some days trapping such small mammals as had yet failed to house themselves for the winter.

In December I made a trip up the Muddy, which drains the country from the South and empties into the Liard opposite the post. We found an excellent country, well stocked with moose, but the weather was unfavorable for hunting, and compelled our return to the post, which we reached December 24th.

January was devoted to freighting my baggage with dog teams to a point below Hell Gate, a distance of about 110 miles. There we constructed a cache of heavy green logs, and carefully stored my supplies. Near the cache I found timber suit-

AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. J. STONE.

ALL READY FOR THE LOWER MACKENZIE.

able for whip-sawing and constructing boats. At this point, too, my equipment was beyond all difficulties of transportation, as the river is easy of navigation from Hell Gate to the Mackenzie.

I felt much relieved, for though I knew I should have this long portage to make, yet I felt a considerable anxiety concerning it, especially as experienced travelers warned me I should find it no easy task.

I expect to take final leave of Lower Post during the first days of March. The traveling will then be much better, as the snow will be fairly well packed. I shall have about 300 pounds goods to transport, composed of blankets, guns, cameras, chemicals, etc.

In the matter of dog-sleigh transportation I was especially fortunate. A party of 4 young men, en route to the Yukon, by way of Port Simpson, on the Mackenzie, and up the Liard river, were at work below Hell Gate, transporting supplies with dog teams. This proved so slow that 2 of their party came up the river to investigate the route ahead of them, reaching the Lower Post the last of December. They desired to move up stream more rapidly, and I was anxious to move my outfit to the point they then occupied. Mr. Simpson readily equipped me with 2 dog teams, and it was agreed we should accompany them back down the river, taking down 4 dog train-loads of my outfit and bringing up 4 loads of theirs. In 2 days my baggage, with the exception of what I actually required at the post, was repacked and lashed on the sleighs. The round trip of 220 miles was made with entire satisfaction to both parties. I also secured from them and placed in my cache nearly 500 pounds of their provisions, saving the transporting of so much weight to them and relieving me of the burden of sleighing food supplies down.

Almost every kind of travel known to the dog driver was experienced on this trip; glare ice, caused by the freezing of overflows, so smooth even the dogs could scarcely keep their feet on it; sections of the same kind of ice, with light snow covering; slush overflows beneath deep snow not yet frozen, in which our sleighs would fasten as though in wet clay, and from which it would require the greatest possible exertion to extract them; long sections of ice jams, reset on edge, through which we sometimes were compelled to cut a road with our axes. Great stretches of deep, soft snow, through which we would have to force our heavily loaded sleighs for miles at the expense of extreme physical exertion.

For 10 miles after passing Windy river on our downward trip, we encountered heavy wind, and the snow was alternately swept clear off the ice and piled high in huge solid drifts, over which we were compelled to climb. On our return trip at the same point we experienced the fury of a January storm for about 15 miles.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. J. STONE.

ISLANDS IN THE LIARD RIVER.

Luckily we were traveling with the storm, or we could not have progressed at all; the wind actually carried the dogs, loaded sleighs and ourselves. On one occasion my team and I completely changed positions. I being the tallest, the wind could take a better hold on me, and my snow shoes acting as runners, I was soon in the lead. Holding fast to my pushing stick attached to the top of the sleigh, I took it backwards with me, dragging the entire dog team after the sleigh. We were carried rapidly in this manner for 200 yards and lodged among some drift ice with such force as to bruise me considerably. The scene, however, was such a comical one I could not resist laughing, even though I felt considerable pain. Blinding clouds of snow were carried in the fury of the storm, in such quantities as to often make it impossible to see objects a few feet ahead of us. None of the party suffered seriously with cold, though the heat from our bodies, coming in contact with the low temperature of the atmosphere at the surface of our clothing, formed such quantities of ice as to give us the appearance of walking blocks of ice rather than of men. The storm abating near nightfall, we enjoyed a comfortable camp in a well-protected clump of spruce timber.

So far the winter has been mild for this latitude—60° north. The coldest weather recorded at the post was 36° below, and the coldest I have experienced while traveling 30° below zero, or 62° of frost. I have rather enjoyed my winter traveling. The cold is far preferable to the midsummer mosquito; but there are many points to be considered in winter travel in the North. You must see that your feet are well-clad in woolens. Keep them, as well as your body, especially clean. Do not ignore your bath because of the cold; for dirt on the skin or the clothing next to it will aid frost to do its work. Travel with your body comfortably but lightly clothed, for you will want to travel rapidly, and if you stop to make camp you are liable to become chilled. Travel lightly clad during the day and maintain a speed sufficient to keep you warm. Have with you a deerskin or all-wool mackinaw capote to put on when you stop to make camp. Then go at your camp work with a will, as if you liked it, and unless you do you should not undertake Northern travel. With one of your snow shoes scrape aside the snow in a sheltered spot, gather a few pine boughs and bed down your dogs. Do not leave them to chill and shake on top of the snow; neither allow them to hang around the camp-fire, for if you do they burn the only coat they have and bake themselves until they become unfit to withstand the cold.

You can now use the same snow shoe to shovel the snow from your own camp. Note which way the wind blows and govern yourself accordingly in locating a place for your fire. You are then ready to put down a layer of spruce boughs on which to sleep. Now select some good dry wood, cut sufficient for the night and carry it to camp. Do not be stingy about this; the wood only costs the cut-

AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. J. STONE

NATIVE ANGLERS ON THE LIARD.

ting, and a good, cheery camp-fire will make you forget the troubles and vexations of the day's travel.

If you are traveling across country you will have to melt snow to supply camp with water. If you are traveling along a stream, and there is no open water near, then bring in a large block of ice; it is far ahead of snow. You can now prepare supper for yourself and dogs. Do not give them frozen food. If their food is ready cooked, or consists of meat or fish, thaw it in front of the fire. When supper is ready, if you have companions, start a conversation and make yourself agreeable; it costs nothing to do so, and there has been no time for talk all day. If the weather promises snow, put up a fly; if not, shape up the fire, wrap up in your blankets, and you will soon be asleep. Never forget to be cheerful. If you have not a cheerful disposition do not try to travel in the North, for you are doomed to trouble and failure. Do not allow yourself to dread the cold or imagine you are going to starve. Plan your trips in a business-like manner, make your preparations in the same self-reliant way, and go with a determination to execute your plans. I would rather undertake 2 men's work than have a helper who could not do his share and "look pleasant."

The young man who engaged himself to me at Fort Wrangle last summer, representing that he had traveled some in the North and felt capable of enjoying an extended trip, fell by the wayside in 7 months.

When I leave the Lower Post I will pass from the West to the East, through the Rocky mountain range. In so doing I will leave to the South of me (so far as investigations prove) the *Ovis Stoni* or black sheep of the native, for the *Ovis Dalli*, or white sheep of the North.

I will leave Chinook for Slavey, sleighs for toboggans, and the country of the free-trader for that of the Hudson's Bay Co.

On my arrival below Hell Gate in March I will find in camp there a man and his son. Both are experienced in boatbuilding, and they will help me to build my boat and float it to Fort Simpson. I expect to make 3 hunts for big game between here and Fort Simpson. I look forward with pleasure to a trip down the Mackenzie.

Mr. Fred Camsell, one of the young men who traveled with me in January, has always lived on the Mackenzie, and from him I learned much of the country and its people.

The Indians of the Dease and Liard river countries are nomadic, nowhere possessing a semblance of a village, and they live almost exclusively on game and fish. They come to the trading posts but once a year, remaining possibly 2 weeks. Then the trader and his family are almost alone for another 11 months. Most of these people as far East as the Rocky mountains now possess good rifles, principally Winchesters.

The Indian, or, as they are called, "Siwash," population of Dease and Liard rivers is small, and this immense country is truly a wilderness. There are but few high mountains, but vast stretches of undulating hills covered with willows, small pine, aspen and birch, and between the hills a network of lakes and small streams.

This is the home of the moose, and it will be many years before this sagacious, wary animal becomes extinct here. The Indians kill a great many every year, but I consider the wolf their worst enemy. They, too, are plentiful, and being difficult to trap and their skins of little value, the Indians take but few of them. They generally travel in bands of 5 to 7, and though possessed of great cunning, strength and endurance, often go hungry, as the moose does not always fall an easy prey. So desperate do these bands of wolves become when hungry that they often kill and devour one of their own number. I once came upon the scene of one of their battles. The snow was beaten down and locks of fur were scattered in every direction. A little farther on blood, too, appeared on the snow, and, finally, about one mile from where this running battle commenced, there lay a front legbone and foot to tell the story.

Both black and grey wolves are found there. Caribou are in the high hills, and sheep and goats in the mountains. Black bears are plentiful, and there are a few grizzlies. Red, cross and silver foxes, wolverines, martens, beaver and Canada grouse inhabit the lower belts of timber, and rock and willow ptarmigan the uplands. The region is visited by few water fowl, and a limited number of the smaller feathered tribe. One sees but little life here in winter, and the surroundings become somewhat monotonous; yet the small black pines with their long, featherlike plumes and the more stately spruce, everywhere bending under their load of soft white snow, often form beautiful pictures.

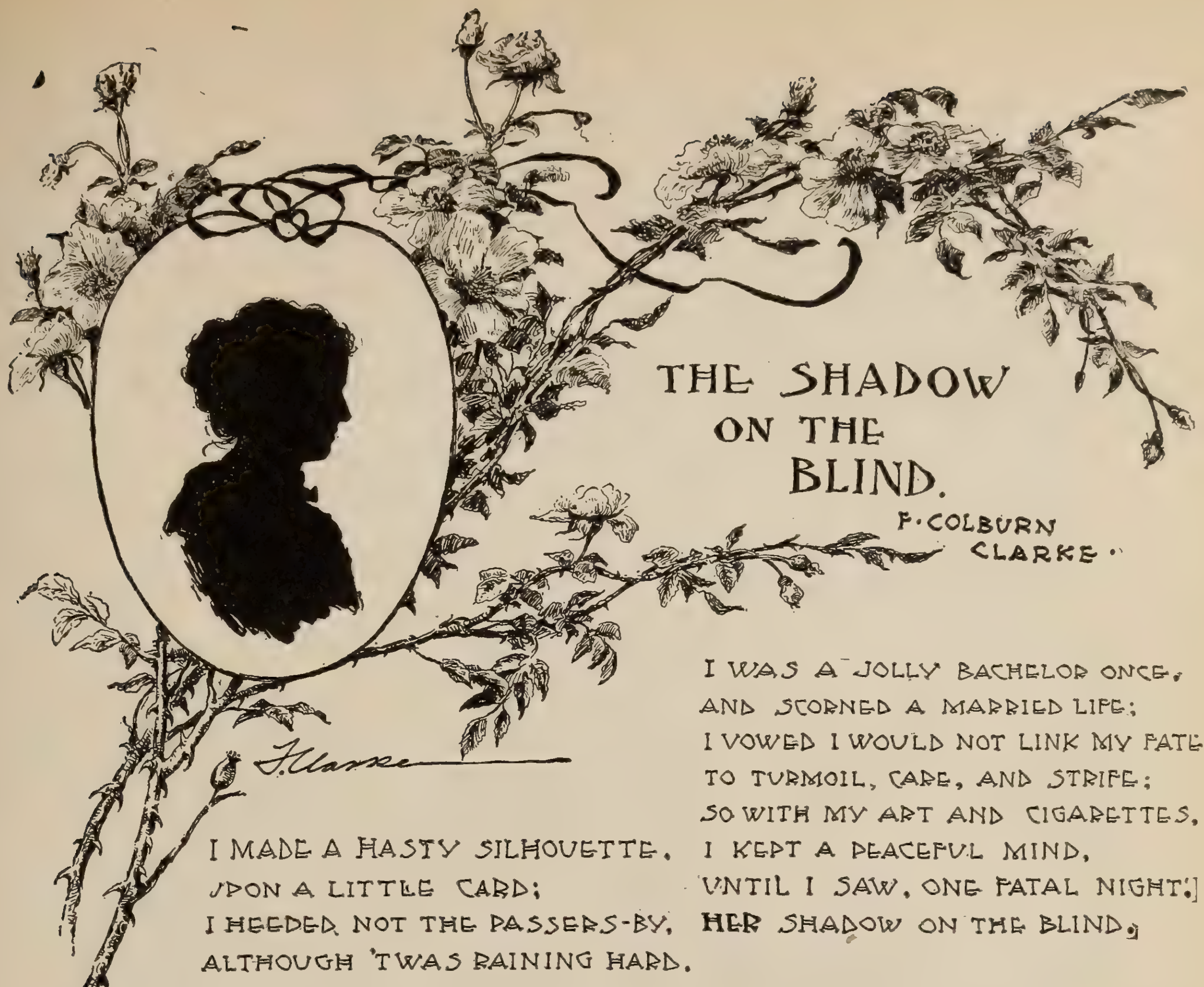
So far I have been unable to trace the use, by the Indians, of any native traps. They use the deadfall for fox and marten, the snare and the deadfall for bear and lynx, and they sometimes use a babische net in catching beaver. Before the advent of the rifle they used the rawhide snare for moose and caribou. I have secured 2 beaver nets and several rawhide snares.

Our shortest days here give us but 3 hours of sunshine and but 8 hours of daylight, yet one soon becomes accustomed to this. On our trip down river we were usually up at 6 and seldom to bed before 12.

Seven hundred miles of snowshoe travel will have to be made before this letter can be mailed.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY F. S. SHEPARD.

A DOUBLE DIVE



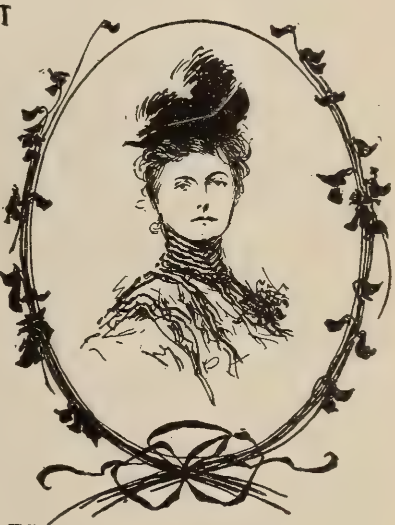
THE SHADOW ON THE BLIND.

F. COLBURN CLARKE.

I WAS A JOLLY BACHELOR ONCE,
AND SCORNED A MARRIED LIFE;
I VOWED I WOULD NOT LINK MY FATE
TO TURMOIL, CARE, AND STRIFE;
SO WITH MY ART AND CIGARETTES,
I KEPT A PEACEFUL MIND,
UNTIL I SAW, ONE FATAL NIGHT,
HER SHADOW ON THE BLIND.

I MADE A HASTY SILHOUETTE,
UPON A LITTLE CARD;
I HEEDED NOT THE PASSERS-BY,
ALTHOUGH 'TWAS RAINING HARD.
NEXT DAY I SENT IT WITH SOME FLOWERS,—
THE SWEETEST I COULD FIND,—
AND ON IT WROTE **"I HOPE TO MEET**
THIS SHADOW ON THE BLIND."

THEN DAYS DRAGGED BY—I COULD NOT WORK,
MY ART HAD CEASED TO PLEASE;
MY CIGARETTES LAY UNDISTURBED,
MY MIND WAS ILL AT EASE;
I LISTENED FOR THE POSTMAN'S RING,
AND HOPED—YET FEARED—TO FIND
AN ANSWER TO MY MESSAGE, FROM
THE **"SHADOW ON THE BLIND."**



ONE NIGHT THERE CAME A LITTLE NOTE,—
I FOUND IT IN THE HALL;—
SHE ONLY SENT A LINE OR TWO
REQUESTING ME TO CALL:—
SO NOW I AM A MARRIED MAN,
I HOPE YOU WILL NOT MIND,—
NOR ENVY ME IF YOU SHOULD SEE
HER SHADOW ON MY BLIND.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

TO RESTRAIN UNCLE SAM'S WARDS.

We have just had a fight on our hands to retain the garrison of regular United States troops at Fort Washakie; and am glad to say that our efforts were successful. In case we had not been, and the garrison had been removed, the first thing that would have happened would have been the killing of game by the Indians. These Indians are called peaceable and partially civilized, by the highly cultured philanthropists of Boston and other refined centers; but the fact of the matter is, they are just naturally "ornery," and are civilized just enough to make them meaner than ever, if all restraining influences were removed. The order of abandonment of Fort Washakie was issued by the secretary of war about May 20th, and within a week all the Indians on the reservations here knew of it, and were preparing to have one of the biggest hunts of recent years. It is hard enough to keep the dirty cusses from slaughtering the game, even with the troops stationed here, but if they had been taken away, as was first ordered, we would have had one of the warmest times with them this summer that this section has ever experienced. This is not the opinion of any learned theorist; but the settled conviction of all who are best acquainted with the Indians personally and individually.

The chief of the Shoshones, old Washakie, has ever been a steadfast friend of the whites, and is entitled to the gratitude of all the white settlers in this section for the marvelous control he has exercised over his people for the past 40 years; but now he is getting old, and is becoming feeble. His young people have always been restless, and now that they see the old chief is about to pass away, are looking for an opportunity to gain glory and fame, which has so long been relegated to their fathers and grandfathers. The game of this region is looked upon by these young bucks as rightfully belonging to them; and they let no opportunity escape to sneak away from their agency and kill it, out of season or in season. They don't understand, or pretend they do not, that they shall hunt only during certain months, or limit their killing to certain kinds or numbers of animals. When they strike the trail of a band of elk or deer they always stay with it until every head, young and old, male and female, is hanging up in their camp. Any one will tell you this who is familiar with their ways. We hope, with the new game law we now have in Wyoming, to see game of all kinds protected better than ever before.

H. E. Wadsworth, Lander, Wyo.

IT CANNOT BE ENFORCED.

Chief Warden Elrod of the Montana Division sends a letter to the Anaconda Standard, commenting on the new game law of that state, in which he says:

The law itself is not so bad, but from the lack of means of enforcement it amounts to practically nil. The state board of game and fish commissioners, of which I have the honor of being chairman, has certain powers, privileges and duties defined by law, but there is not a dollar of appropriation to pay expense, nor any way of raising funds except through fines that may accumulate through the very slow process of convictions by county wardens. A remedy for this was proposed at the last session of the legislature, which would have made the work of the commission self-supporting. The bill failed to pass.

The power of appointing wardens lies with the county commissioners. The law says that when 100 taxpayers petition for a warden the county commissioners must appoint one. A further clause states that the salary must not exceed $100 a month. Wardens have been appointed at $100 a month, and even without salary. But a still further clause says that when, in the judgment of the commissioners, a warden is not necessary they may vacate the office. There is no communication between the county commissioners and the state commissioners. The wardens feel they are amenable to the county commissioners rather than to the state commissioners, and will secure longer tenure of office by pleasing the former. What is the result? The position of county game and fish warden is vacated in nearly every county in the state. The people raise the cry of taxes; the commissioners see the loophole; they all say it is the business of the state and not the county, and the enforcement of the law is then left to sheriffs, constables and peace officers. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and the game law becomes and is in most places a dead letter. Teton has a warden without pay, Missoula one at $75 a month and he pays his own expenses. Ravalli has a warden, and, so far as I know, that is all. Flathead refused to appoint one, though 2 convictions have been made and a big petition was presented. Deer Lodge had a similar big petition and they refused to appoint. One of the large Eastern counties refused to appoint because one man could not cover the territory! I have dozens of letters, from every portion of the state, and they all tell the same sad story, the destruction of birds and animals. The great state of Montana, with its wealth of game and fish, has practically no game and fish protection, and under the present law cannot have it.

Again, the laws are bad in the amount of game one may kill. One man may kill 6 deer, antelope or goats in a season. Half this number is sufficient, and there is no way of determining how many one kills, for the services of wardens are entirely dispensed with in the open season, and no one looks after it. How about birds? A hunter may kill as many ducks, geese and brants as he pleases. He may kill a wagon load and throw them in the river, for he must not sell them. He may shoot from dawn to dawn, from September to May. Of grouse, chickens, pheasants, fool hens and sage hens the hunter may kill 20 of each in a day, or a total of 100 birds a day, if he can find them. How could it be worse? Moreover, he may begin to shoot chickens, grouse, etc., on August 15, when the young can scarcely fly, and to find a flock is to pot them all.

One of 2 things should be done. Either the next legislature should give the state board of game and fish commissioners funds to work with or they should abolish the commission entirely.

There is in this state a branch of the League of American Sportsmen, of which I have the honor to be chief officer. Its motto is, "Enforce the laws, make better laws and educate public sentiment." This league now has in the state 163 members. They have already accomplished a great deal. They stand out boldly and tell the violators to call a halt. They are pushing for wardens in every county where they have a number of members. They receive no compensation, they get many hard names, but they deserve support and should have a membership 5 times as large.

HALL'S NEIGHBORS CALL HIM DOWN.

I saw in January RECREATION, page 43, an article by E. E. Hall, and as I have just returned home from a 60 mile trip over the country I had an opportunity to talk with a number of settlers in this part of Stevens county. Among others was ex-County Commissioner Robert Fountain. He spoke of Hall's article and said it was false all through. Of course I know there is not a word of truth in his article from beginning to end. As to Hall's standing in his own neighborhood I refer you to Hon. Joseph Fountain, ex-county commissioner; Joseph Parker and George Tiger, of Usk, Wash., and J. B. Thomas, of Colville, ex-county surveyor. With regard to the Mongolian pheasants; I live within 3 miles of Hall's place, but have never known of his trying to raise any. His nearest neighbor, M. E. Schmaus, told me he had never seen a pheasant on Hall's place. As to men killing 100 to 200 deer apiece during the winter, for their hides, it is all a lie, and when Hall hits the 400 mark, it is too unreasonable to comment on.

His bear story, when reduced to fact, is simply this: Two trappers by the name of Klitz and Livingston, did kill the 3 bear and gave Hall some of the meat. That is the way he "got" them. Hall was elected constable in Ione precinct in '96, but instead of protecting the game, he took a man in with him by the name of McKeen; last fall they killed over 27 deer. Hoping and trusting you will not think I am taking too much liberty in your personal affairs, as I assure you I have only the friendliest feeling for RECREATION and the noble work it is doing.

S. H. K., Usk, Wash.

HERE IS THE LETTER REFERRED TO.

We tried to raise some Mongolian pheasants, 2 years ago, and failed. This year we tried it again, with better success, after reading the article on the subject in RECREATION. There is any quantity of game in this region. I killed 2 deer within 50 yards of the house. They seemed determined to destroy my garden. Unless our Legislature prohibits the sale of hides or buckskin, deer will soon be exterminated. There are men here who kill from 100 to 200 apiece during the winter. One man, 3 years ago, killed 400 for their hides, leaving the carcasses for the wolves. I had the good fortune to kill 3 bears recently. Anyone looking for the best hunting and fishing ground in the country, should come here. Take the Great Northern R. R. to Newport, Idaho, and then steamer to this place.

E. E. Hall, Ione, Wash.

I wrote several people in the vicinity of Usk, asking for the facts regarding the killing of deer, as reported by Mr. Hall. One of these men replied as follows:

I am of the opinion that the statements of Mr. Hall in January RECREATION are false in every particular, or I might say exaggerated. He is considered a very unreliable man in this section, and his letter was probably written to boom his ranch, which he is trying to make a tourists' resort. As to poisoning deer I do not believe that. It is unreasonable. Statements made by Elmer E. Hall, here where he is well known, would be taken with a considerable amount of salt.

E. M., Usk, Wash.

Another of Hall's neighbors writes thus:

Yours from May 8th at hand.

Mr. Hall's statements are all untrue. I am a neighbor of his and know he never tried to raise Mongolian pheasants. As to the men in the vicinity of Ione killing deer for their hides, that is all untrue. If any one killed deer for their hides it must have been Hall, for he is the only man who ever sold any hides here, since I came to this country. Last fall Mr. Hall took out 2 bunches of deer hides (I don't know how many in a bunch) and at the same time told the deputy sheriff there were 6 men in this neighborhood that make a living by killing deer for their hides. The deputy wrote me asking if there was any truth in Mr. Hall's report. I don't know who the 6 men are, though I have a good idea. Mr. Hall never killed a bear in this country. Harry Livingston and Fred Klitz killed 3 bears. About the same time Mr. Hall came along the road and Mr. Klitz gave him some meat. Mr. Hall took it home and told every one he met that he had killed 3 bears. He told me, and I did not know any better until Mr. Klitz told me the truth.

As to the poisoning of deer, I know what Hall told me. He said he was going to poison some deer to kill coyotes with. How many he killed I don't know; but later in the spring, I and my partner found the carcasses of 2 deer and near by the carcasses of 3 coyotes. That was on Mr. Hall's hunting ground.

I don't want to do Mr. Hall any harm, but I want to let people know the truth.

I believe more deer are killed on Mr. Hall's place by his people than elsewhere in the whole neighborhood. Last fall Mr. Hall had a man on his ranch who took out between 20 and 40 deer and I saw Mr. Hall shipping some dried venison, in dry goods boxes. He marked it "merchandise." He, like any other evildoer, puts the blame on innocent parties.

You may publish this or not, as you like, for I have written nothing but the truth.

L. J. C., Usk, Wash.

AN EARLY RUN AFTER LIONS.

Editor RECREATION: The morning was bright and clear giving promise of a fine day. Snow lay on the ground about 8 inches deep, with thermometer 4 degrees below zero. Mr. John Goff, one of the most successful guides and lion hunters in this part of the country, had come up to the ranch the evening before from Meeker, on his way over to De Beque to attend the big lion and wolf hunt. Being an old acquaintance and friend of our host, Wilson, he kindly consented to spend the day here and give us a "run with his dogs."

The pack, 6 in number, were in fine form and eager for the sport. Mounting our horses we started up East Flag creek, watching for tracks as we rode along. We struck the track of a bob cat in a few minutes and after a short run the dogs were called off, and we left the bottom and climbed the Hog Back. Going South along the crest, about a half mile, we found the fresh track of a lion going down the hill toward a deep gulch, covered with cedar and pine. The dogs took the trail in fine style, old Jim and Boxer leading with the 2 young hounds closely following. The other 2 dogs were held in reserve.

"Do you think they will get him?" said Wilson.

"I'll bet 50 to one they get him."

Sure enough in less than 10 minutes the baying of the dogs announced that the lion had treed. The 2 reserve dogs were then told to go, and away they went like flash, and in a few moments their voices were heard in the general chorus. We followed as fast as the nature of the ground would permit and in a few minutes reached the tree, a large pinon branching out from the ground. Up about 15 feet, on a large limb, lay the "old game hog." One of the dogs was up in the tree almost within reach of the lion. Hitching our horses we walked around on the upper side and took a good look at the old fellow. He seemed as cool and unconcerned as possible.

I was carrying our little .25-20 Winchester, the only gun we had with us, and being the senior member of the party, and the only one who had "never seen a lion up a tree," I was given the "post of honor," told to "hold the fort" and blaze away. So modestly, drawing a "bead" just behind his shoulder, I "cut loose." At the crack of the gun he went out of the tree backward, striking the ground on his hind feet, and then he made a bound down the hill fully 20 feet, with all the dogs after him. In about 100 yards they overhauled him, and the air was filled with snow, dogs and lion, for about a minute. Then he broke loose, but was caught again in about 25 yards, and when we got down to them he was dead. He proved to be a fine specimen, and in his prime, teeth and claws perfect and large. He measured 8 feet 4 inches from nose to tip of tail. We soon had his skin off, which through the kindness of Mr. Goff has been added to my collection.

We then took a turn around on East Flag again, and back to the ranch, taking in a fine large bob cat on the way back, which gave the dogs a fine run of about an hour.

I should like to relate an incident of the De Beque hunt, which shows the staying qualities of this pack of dogs.

Late one evening Goff, with his dogs, struck the trail of a lion. Right in the start his horse fell with him and crushed his (Goff's) foot so badly he had to give up and go back, as it was nearly dark. The boys who were with him only followed the dogs a little farther and returned also. The dogs stayed out all night, and in the morning Mr. Goff sent some of the boys out to hunt them up. About noon they were found, having treed the lion and kept him up the tree all that time. Since then this pack has caught 6 more lions, making in all 18 last fall and winter.

Parties coming here in search of this kind of sport would do well to secure the services of Mr. Goff and his dogs. He is perfectly reliable and thoroughly posted on all that pertains to that kind of sport.

Karney.

THE NEW KIND OF HUNTING.

ERNEST SETON THOMPSON.

Was there ever a boy who has not longed to go hunting? There is an intense enjoyment in all the circumstances; the pursuit, the life in the open air, the exhilarating exercise, best of all the matching of one's skill, pluck and endurance, against that of the animal.

On the other hand, all thoughtful boys must realize that hunting is often cruel and unnecessary. It also gives free rein to the savage part of our nature and frequently ends in changing a harmless, beautiful creature into useless carrion.

Science, however, has provided us with a new kind of hunting which offers all the fascination, the exercise and open-air surroundings, the competition, and the triumph of the chase with a superb trophy to show, and yet without any attendant cruelties.

Hunting with the camera! This has become a leading diversion among those who 50 years ago would have been mere butchers of wild creatures. Many of the trophies of their hunts are among the most precious treasures of the camera and are full of scientific and pictorial value.

There are many advantages in this kind of hunting besides those already spoken of. It is not expensive. There is no close season. You do not kill off your game. There is room for all. You do not make enemies but rather friends of those on whose lands you trespass. You are sure of a measure of triumph. It may be indulged in anywhere; even the city boy will find that the cats and sparrows on the roofs will afford excellent sport when he has not time to go farther afield. And lastly, the hunter knows that he is doing good work for art and for science and may some day secure a negative that will actually make him famous.

Not long ago an enthusiastic camera-hunter found a woodcock sitting on its nest in the swamp. After much patient contrivance he secured a most successful photograph of the devoted mother. It is to-day framed in his study and copies have been given to his most intimate friends. Whenever he looks at it he enjoys it as a photograph and as a souvenir of an experience of unalloyed pleasure, the trophy of his most exciting hunt. And it will be so to the end of his days while the photograph will never cease to give pleasure to those who see it as long as it exists.

A month later a miserable pothunter came that way, flushed and shot the poor woodcock. It was at short range and the victim was so mangled that the hunter did not even take it home with him. The momentary thrill of triumphant marksmanship was all he bought at the cost of so much cruelty and destruction.

It is hardly necessary to point the moral of these incidents. They give a fair picture of each pursuit set side by side, their costs and their rewards. Which pays best?

CHEWED BY A BEAR.

C. H. WILLIAMS.

Yes, I am just a little broken up. How did it happen? Bear. I'll tell you. Bear signs had been plenty all round here and a few days ago I saw fresh signs about 2 miles from town. So I put a trap in a likely looking place. A deer happened along and put his foot in it. Then I reset the trap and baited it with the head of the deer. Two days later the bear dropped in O. K. As I had expected to get nothing but a yearling, I did not take my gun along, but had prepared to rope the critter and intended to put him in a strong box, and make a pet of him.

But instead of a yearling I found an old cinnamon; or a cross between that and the big gray-nosed black bear which is as tough a customer as the cinnamon. I went a little too close to my captive.

He got the trap-drag loose in some way and went for me as cheerfully as though I had been a honey-comb or a huckleberry bush. I had nothing to defend myself with but a 10 pound stone, and the bear had things his own way until I broke his old pate with the stone. He went down in a heap, but recovered consciousness in a moment and was on me again. I gave him my left arm to keep him away from my face and neck. He bit clear through my arm, but did not break the bones, and then threw me about 10 feet. I lay on my face with my arms raised to protect my head and neck. Then he caught me in the back on the right side, crushing 2 ribs. He handled me as easily as you could handle a match. For a while he crunched and shook me, then let go his hold and grabbed my left arm, this time above the elbow.

He smashed his old tusks through the muscles, one tusk coming out just above the joint, but without fracturing the bone. I suppose he then thought he had done a good job and sat down to rest. I did not care to stay with him so I got away as quickly as possible. To my surprise the old fellow did not attempt to follow, and I managed to reach the Northern Pacific railroad track, which was about ½ mile away. Here fortune favored me again, and I found the section crew who put me on their hand car and carried me to town.

I sent some men back after the bear, and they got him.

The lick I gave him in the head broke his skull, too low down to kill him outright, but when the men found him he could not even raise his head.

LAW BREAKERS IN WASHINGTON.

I wish you would send me some League posters and I will gladly post them in conspicuous places. There should be a good warden in this vicinity. Certain men kill deer and grouse here at all times. They also run deer with dogs. A man has 2 dogs that often go out in the woods and chase deer. I told him I would kill them if I caught them at it.

They claim this state has passed a law prohibiting the sale of deer hides; still all the market reports quote prices, as per enclosed clipping. Can the dealers be prosecuted? It makes me hot to see how the deer are slaughtered in this state. The day I left San Francisco for Seattle I saw on the dock 15 bales of deer hides that had just been taken off a Seattle steamer, and I believe there were 50 to 100 hides in a bale.

I have talked strongly against hunting during the closed season and most of the men in camp, who have guns, take care not to let me see them go out.

Fishing is poor. I have not seen a trout over 3 inches long caught yet. By the laws of this state all police constables are game wardens and are authorized to visit the restaurants, hotels, etc., and see if the laws are violated. Nevertheless the restaurants were offering trout on the bill of fare in Seattle, as early as March 18th, though the season did not open till April 1st.

S. W. D., McMurray, Wash.

HARD BLOW TO GAME LAWS.

The grand jury yesterday ignored charges against William T. Henderson of violations of the game laws. This action is a blow to the efficacy of the stringent laws passed at the last legislature, at the instance of the Maryland Game and Fish Protective Association.

Mr. Henderson was arrested for having in possession rabbits, in violation of the game laws. He claims that the rabbits came from Virginia, where they were legally captured, and that to punish him for their possession would be a violation of the interstate commerce law. By their action the members of the grand jury coincide with Mr. Henderson in this opinion.—*Baltimore American.*

I referred the foregoing to Hon. John S. Wise, 30 Broad Street, who replies as follows:

The decision rendered in the case against William T. Henderson is certainly contrary to the holdings of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Bauman vs. Chicago, etc., Railroad Company, 125 U. S. 465. In that case it was held that, while a state cannot prohibit the transportation of legitimate articles of commerce into or through its territory, it may, under its police power, regulate the sale of such commodities within its limits. The same doctrine has been held in New York, Illinois and Missouri, and in Allen vs. Wickoff, 48 N. J. L., page 90, a similar law was sustained.

In Missouri it has been expressly decided that it is not a defense to a prosecution for selling game in violation of the state law prohibiting that kind of game to be sold during specific months, to show that the game was brought from another state. (See State vs. Randolph, 1 Mo. App. 15.)

It is the same in Illinois (see Wagner vs. People, 97 Ill. 320.)

In Michigan it was held that the possession of game during the prohibited period should be prima facie evidence of the violation of the law but that the defendant could clear himself by proving that the quail was killed in another state. This decision, however, turned upon the particular language in the Michigan statute. (See People vs. McNeil, Chi. L. News II, September 15, 1898.)

In England it was held to be no defense that the game was killed elsewhere. The court said: "The object is to prevent British wild fowl from being improperly killed and sold under pretence of their being imported from abroad," and the defendant was convicted of having in his possession game imported from Holland. (See Whitehead vs. Smithers, 2 C. P. Div. 553.) I think the English case states the strength of the matter best. That reason is sufficient to justify the prohibition from selling game in the close season, no matter where it was killed.

Yours truly,
Jno. S. Wise.

A FAMOUS PAIR OF ANTLERS.

Sixteen years ago in the headwaters of the Belle Fourche river in Wyoming was the finest hunting grounds in the Northwest. The country was sparsely settled, yet the cowboy, the fore-runner of the pioneer, had learned the value of the nutritious grasses produced in those beautiful valleys, watered by the purest of mountain streams.

Among the large ranch owners who were first to take advantage of this favorable locality was Bartlett Richards, now a citizen of Chadron, Neb., to whom I am indebted for my information.

Organized hunting trips were not frequent in those days and only those who have since become famous as mountain guides seemed to have the hardihood to force their way into a country where the Indian was not the most dangerous savage. One of those, Hank Mason, who later met a tragic death, in the winter of 1880-81 hunted in the Bear Lodge range, Northwest of the Black Hills and about 20 miles West of Devil Tower. While on one of his excursions he secured what is probably the finest pair of antlers in the United States, if not in the world. The head is that of a black tail deer, of which I send you a photograph.* It is surmounted by a pair of antlers having 44 well defined points. It was impossible to get a picture showing them all as some project backward, while others pointed directly toward the camera.

In one of the London clubs is a pair of antlers known to have more points than this, but which, for size and symmetry of form, can bear no comparison.

This famous head is the property of Mr. Richards, and adorns the walls of the First National Bank of Chadron, of which he is president. He has refused an offer of $250 for the head, but values it as a keepsake.

A few years after Hank Mason secured this trophy he was hunting 20 miles South of Inyan Kara on the same range, and came in contact with a bear. A fierce hand-to-paw fight ensued in which the brave hunter met his death, not, however, until his antagonist had received his death blow and both were found dead, within a few feet of each other.

F. J. Houghton, Chadron, Neb.

GAME NOTES.

Your letter at hand. You have been ill informed. The duck story is all untrue. I was formerly a market hunter and saw the number of birds diminishing each year. Through the influence of RECREATION I sold my share in the club that I was a member of and quit the business for good.

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* Published on page 97 of August RECREATION.

Have acted as game warden since August 25, 1898, and have done a deal of good. We have the worst lot to contend with here that man ever saw. About 4-5 of the shooters (you would not call them sportsmen) violate the law whenever they get a chance and by enforcing the law whenever I can get evidence I have incurred the ill will of the whole outfit. Your informant was probably one of the men I have pinched, hence his desire to do me injury. I have had dire threats made against me of burning out and shooting. If they burn me out I shall rebuild if possible; but shooting is a 2-handed game.

Will Humphreys, Sheffield, Ill.

Go ahead, Mr. Humphreys, and do your duty, regardless of threats or attempted intimidation, and rest assured you have the endorsement and sympathy of RECREATION and the League of American Sportsmen in your work.

If you have any threatening letters, or if you receive any hereafter, kindly send them to me and I will have them photographed for publication and return them to you promptly. By printing a few of these letters we may be able to detect the writers of them.

D. McCullough, whom Game Commissioner Johnson describes as "one of the pillars of the First Congregational church at Creede," is among the first to be arrested for violation of the new game law. McCullough was taken into custody on Saturday for dynamiting fish. The evidence against him is very strong, as one of the game wardens who worked the case up ascertained that McCullough bought the dynamite expressly for the purpose of killing fish.

Witnesses have been found who were informed by him of his intentions. Not only that, but they saw him in the act of killing thousands of trout.

W. Stanley, J. Morse and John Doe were tried at Lake City on Saturday afternoon on a charge of seining fish in violation of law. They caught several thousand trout in the Rio Grande river before they were apprehended. Each was fined $100 and costs.—*Denver Post.*

Warden Majors, of Creede, Colo., recently arrested 2 men for dynamiting trout in Sunnyside creek, near Creede. These 2 pigs now languish in jail as a reward for their contempt of law. One is Harry McCullough, who poses as a pious man, a Sunday school superintendent, and a lady killer. Doubtless some of his fair admirers are now in deep trouble. The dynamiting had been going on for some time but the scoundrels had evaded detection. The pitcher went once too often to the fountain. What penalty the courts may impose on the Sunday school superintendent will be learned when the case comes up. Colorado needs a few sharp examples. I trust Warden Majors will be sustained.

W. H. Nelson, Moffatt, Colo.

J. P. Capell writes from Huey, Ill., that years ago he and another hog killed 315 snipe in one day. Then he goes on to say:

"Of late years I seldom bag more than 50 a day. I regret to say the luscious little bird with the corkscrew flight is seldom seen. I only wish I could offer the present generation some of the fine shooting we had in the good old days."

This was printed without editorial comment in the A. D. G. H., a paper that also has a lot to say about game protection. Was it innocence or stupidity which prompted the man to give himself away so completely? In the early days he and his friends killed 315 snipe in one day, and later, when he had done his best to thin them out, he still brings in 50 a day. He evidently shot all he could and never thought of sparing some of the birds for other people. Then, after doing his best to exterminate the snipe, he laments that he cannot offer his friends good shooting!

First he makes desolation, and then weeps over it! Such a man must have a queer head on him!

E. N. L., Chicago, Ill.

At Milton, Queen's county, Nova Scotia, during September and October there is good trout and salmon fishing and duck, moose, and grouse shooting. The place is reached by a most comfortable and pleasant sea voyage by the Yarmouth S. S. line which has express steamers leaving Boston 4 times a week, at 2 in the afternoon. You can land at Liverpool, have your guides meet you at the steamer and go with you at once to the happy hunting ground, from which you may, unlike the Indian and his dog, return at any time you wish. I was there with a party of 7 men last June. We saw a moose, lots of ducks and grouse, and left them all for the fall shooting. We had all the trout we could eat and about 100 to bring home and divide up between us. There will be grand hunting and fishing there this fall. A number of my friends are already making plans to enjoy it.

A. T. Kempton, Fitchburg, Mass.

I have been told that fishermen are bringing in ducks that get caught in their nets and drowned. Yesterday they brought in 2, and last week during the high wind which prevailed over all the lake region they brought in 74 blue-bills in one day. This would not surprise me so much but for the fact that these nets are set on the bottom of the lake, at a depth of 8 or 10 to 35 or 40 fathoms. These nets are set for trout, whitefish and herring.

This means 40 to 250 feet below the surface. It does not seem possible that anything but a fish could go to that depth. This may explain why so many crippled blue-bills get away from the hunter. That a duck can remain under water long enough to go to a 40 foot bottom even, and feed after it gets there, is a revelation.

W. S. Watrous, Waukegan, Ill.

The latest addition to Colorado "Days" is State Game and Fish Day, to be celebrated at Steamboat Springs, September 8th and 9th. There is to be a free barbecue of elk, deer, antelope, bear and other game, and a fish-fry. There will also be rough riding, roping, ball games and other sports. Two days before the event a grand hunt will take place.—*Sagauche (Colo.) Crescent.*

This shows what kind of "protection" some of the Colorado people are throwing around their game and fish.

Her "Days" are becoming numerous, as witness Melon Day, Peach Day, Potato Day, and Strawberry Day. Now we are to have a Game and Fish Day! "A grand barbecue" preceded by the necessary slaughter! How glad the people will be when they have finished robbing their children of their birthright in the game!

W. H. N., Moffatt, Colo.

Mr. Irby Bennett, of the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, went to St. Louis last week, but remained here long enough for a good talk about the South and Southern game. He tells me the shooting at Wapanoca Club preserve, on the St. Francis, near Memphis, has been remarkably good recently. J. Edrington, of Memphis, on 3 consecutive days killed the limit of 50 ducks a day, and moreover, killed 5 turkeys and 2 wild geese. J. M. Neely killed 100 ducks in 2 days. W. H. Carroll in one day killed 50 ducks and 8 wild turkeys. B. F. Price, the secretary of the club, killed 50 ducks one day, and Mr. Buckingham and Frank Poston, of Memphis, have each killed the limit on several different occasions this winter. That is really a wonderful shooting preserve, and personally *I always liked this club, because it sets a limit to the daily bag*, which is something any shooting club ought to do in these days.

Extract from a letter printed in the A. D. G. H. and written by a staff correspondent. You see he likes a club that allows a member to kill 50 ducks and 8 wild turkeys in one day!

H. W. Keller, the new member of the California Fish Commission, returned yesterday from Humboldt county, whither he went with Chief Deputy John P. Babcock, to inspect the Eel river hatchery.

The trip was attended by an unexpected incident which afforded a lively sensation in Eureka, where the travelers were detained a day. They went to the Vance House to get a lunch. One item on the bill of fare was "Mountain goat steak." They ordered some and two juicy venison steaks came on the table. Then the officers went into the kitchen where they found two steaks on the fire and others on the meat table. All of the meat in sight was promptly confiscated for evidence. A complaint was sworn out against Charles Pardee, the proprietor. He pleaded guilty and paid his fine of $20.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

This is good work, but Mr. Pardee should have been assessed $100 at least.

EDITOR.

E. K. Sperry, president of the Connecticut Field Trial Club, and of the New Haven County Club for the Preservation of Fish and Game, has preserved a large tract of land in the township of Hampton, Conn., and has an understanding with owners that no one shall be allowed to kill a bird thereon, or even to shoot over the ground. This is done for the purpose of keeping up the supply of game in that section, and any loss there may be is made up by restocking every year. If other sportsmen would follow Mr. Sperry's example there would be more game in the land and less need for game wardens.

What is the matter with George Hog Webber? I see he still has his kick coming. It is a good thing that such persons are few and far between. He would be in his place if he had a 10-rail fence around him and a trough to eat out of. A game hog occasionally makes a squeal but there are so many honest sportsmen against him that he soon gets ashamed of himself, goes to the wallow and lies down. If RECREATION keeps up the work it has been doing for the past year, the game hog will soon be a thing of the past.

James M. Gilbert, Contact, Mont.

I will see to it next September that the readers of RECREATION have a report of the yearly slaughter of reed birds and ortolans by the so-called sportsmen(?) which takes place in the marshes near here every year. The decent sportsmen tried to have a law passed which would allow the killing of birds only on every other day, but failed.

R. Wines, 1310 Emerson Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

A new game warden has been lately installed here. He was formerly chief of police of this city, and you can bet the game hogs will have to root on high and dry ground this year.

H. S. Peterson, Eureka, Cal.

"What is the name of that United States ship that came after our money?" asked the Sultan of Morocco.

"The Chicago, sire."

"In that case," said the monarch, sadly, "there is nothing to do but to separate ourselves from our sequins."—Indianapolis Journal.

FISH AND FISHING.

ANOTHER RELIC OF SAVAGERY.

The Anglers' association met Monday evening and re-elected the old officers: A. Mather, president; A. D Crone, vice-pres., and L. E. Gates, secretary. It was voted to hold the annual fishing contest between 7 p. m. Thursday and 8 p. m. Friday, June 15-16. A meeting will be called later to appoint committees and make further arrangements. Sam Wilton and Dr. Browne were chosen captains.—Honoye Falls (N. Y.) paper.

On receipt of this clipping I wrote Mr. Mather as follows:

I am informed that your association is planning a fishing contest. I beg to inquire whether this information is correct. Possibly you will say it is none of my business; but in that assumption you would be wrong. It is made my duty by the constitution and by-laws of the League of American Sportsmen to do everything possible to preserve the game and fishes of this country. Also as editor of Recreation, it is my duty to expose and condemn all such side fishing contests as I learn you are to hold, as destructive of fishes in the highest possible degree.

To which Mr. Mather replied as follows:

Yours of 9th at hand. In reply will send you copy of our constitution and by-laws. Also copy of score card of a contest which we will hold on Friday next.

I was not aware that we were violating any law in holding these contests. Our club has done as much as anyone in stocking the waters and protecting the fish and game of the state, by enforcing state laws. When our club was organized, no attention was paid to the law. Black bass were caught at any time, and of any size. Quail and other birds were shot regardless of law. Through the influence of our club that has mostly been stopped, and we have planted hundreds of thousands of fish in the waters around here during the last 8 or 9 years.

If you think our club is not doing as it should, or are not living up to the laws of the state, I wish you would tell me in what respect. A. Mather,
Honoye Falls, N. Y.

ANSWER.

I have not raised any question of law as to fishing contests. Unfortunately there is no law to prohibit such. There is, however, an unwritten law governing all good sportsmen which emphatically condemns such practices.

You may remember that 2 or 3 years ago the Onandaga Sportsmen's Association held a fishing contest; that I announced it in Recreation, and criticised it severely. The hundreds of letters which I received, from all over the United States and Canada, commending my course in this matter, showed that the sentiment of the best sportsmen, in the country everywhere, was, and is with me, and against these side fishing and hunting contests.

Your course in restocking the waters and enforcing the laws is highly commendable, and your example should be followed by all sportsmen's clubs everywhere; but when you get a stream or a lake well-stocked, it is not policy to turn around and put up a prize to induce every man to do his best to clean it out.

Editor.

SOME MORE MINNESOTA SWINE.

You will see by the attached that we have in Minneapolis some of the worst fish hogs in the country. Give them a roast and possibly they may reform.

Subscriber, Minneapolis, Minn.

E. N. Martin and 3 others came in from Cass lake yesterday. They were out 5 days and caught over 250 pounds of bass. The party returned to Minneapolis yesterday morning, bringing in fish enough to supply the eighth ward.

A letter to W. H. Rendell from E. Elston, Cass lake, says:

"I have just returned from Lake 13 with W. P. Finnegan and we brought in 70 black bass weighing in the aggregate 212 pounds. I have just had them photographed. We also caught 24 pickerel that would average 4 to 8 pounds each; but these we threw away."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

I wrote Mr. Elston to ask if he had been correctly quoted, and here is what he says:

Replying to yours of the 16th: On June 4th after dinner, W. P. Finnegan, a conductor on the Great Northern Railway, and I left here for Lake 13, which is 9 miles Southeast of town. We returned next morning, after having had the evening and morning fishing, with 70 black bass weighing 212 pounds. We also caught 24 pickerel ranging in weight from 5 to 8 pounds. These fish we never keep, but kill and throw them away.

This lake is a beautiful spot and the water is as clear as crystal. I have established a camp at this place where a man may enjoy some of the comforts of life as well as an outing. There have been several parties fishing in this lake, who have enjoyed equally as good sport as we did.

Cass lake is about 6 miles wide by 11 miles long, through which the Mississippi river runs. This lake is full of pike, perch, pickerel, white fish, muscalonge, the latter weighing as high as 32 pounds. In the center of this lake is an island containing 1,300 acres, with 3,000,000 feet of pine, and every tree known to the state of Minnesota growing there. In the center of this island is another lake containing about 400 acres. The lake is inhabited by small black bass of about a pound to a pound and quarter, as well as perch and rock bass.

The bass in this lake are not gamey, which is a surprise to every one. From Cass lake one can go by boat up the Mississippi river, passing through a number of lakes, all of which contain unlimited numbers of fish such as are known to Cass lake. One can also leave Cass lake by boat, go up the Turtle river nearly to the Lake of the Woods, passing through many lakes, and enjoy equally good sport fishing.

The country through which these rivers run is the hunter's paradise; the woods abound in moose and deer as well as small game of all kinds, and ducks without number.

Three miles West of Cass lake is a lake known as Little Wolf, about one mile wide by 3 miles long, where one can get pike, pickerel, perch, croppies, silver bass, rock bass and some large mouth black bass. The country through which one travels to reach these lakes is beautiful; great forests with beautiful flowers, blue berries, wintergreen berries and strawberries in abundance. Nature has well provided for her children here.

Ed. E. Elston, Cass Lake, Minn.

It is gratifying to know of the great supply of fish in these waters, but if you and your friends continue such slaughter as that recounted above your lakes will soon be as barren as are the alkali ponds of the Arizona desert.

EDITOR.

The accompanying photo shows the biggest catch of the season in this vicinity, and one of which we feel justly proud. After 4 hours' fishing W. W. Reul, Frank Roth, and I surprised the natives by displaying this string of black bass, mostly small mouth, which were all decidedly "gamey" and furnished us exciting sport.

We are enthusiastic enough to assert that 43 bass weighing one to 4 pounds each would make any fisherman forget that there was any other sport in existence.

If you can find a place in your columns for this picture it would please us, and would show the readers of RECREATION that the Auglaize, unknown and unsought by sportsmen, deserves favorable mention as good fishing water.

F. H. King, Delphos, O.

ANSWER.

You and your friends caught at least twice as many fish as any 3 men should ever catch in one day. The time is long since past when any man can gain credit by slaughtering a big lot of fish or game in a day, for the mere sake of making a record. The thousands of letters I get from all over the United States and Canada, commending my criticisms of such slaughter show that the sentiment of all decent sportsmen is against it.

It would not be good advertising for the Auglaize river to publish this picture. It would simply say to other sportsmen that while there may be plenty of fish there now, the supply cannot last long if you and your friends continue this kind of work. If you wish to induce anglers from other points to visit that stream, the way to do it is to tell them there are plenty of fish there, and that the people who live in the vicinity take only a moderate amount of fish and leave the rest to breed.

EDITOR.

I was glad to see in July RECREATION the pictures of 2 of our Iowa game hogs. One of them was pretty mad in the start. He said he was going to see a lawyer and see if a man could be called a hog in print, before the world. Then he cooled down a little and was going to write you a saucy letter and tell you what he thought of you. He may do so yet; but if he does please roast him so he won't know whether his name is "Anderson," "hog" or "swine."

John J. C., Lansing, Ia.

P. S.—Since writing the above, John Anderson asked me what was the subscription price of RECREATION. I guess the more he thinks of it the better he feels. J. J. C.

If John feels that he is not yet well done let him advise me and I will give him another turn on the fork. EDITOR.

My club is thinking of stocking a fresh-water pond with salmon, and we are not well posted on this subject. Would like some information.

Recreation Gun Club, Rockland, Mass.

The land-locked salmon (*Salmo salar sebago*) is the only salmon likely to do any good in your pond; and whether it will do well or not will depend on the character of the water. The pond should have considerable depth and the water should be cold. Fry for stocking the pond can probably be secured through your state fish commissioner.

The constables along the streams which have just been stocked anew with trout are advised that under the law they are now fish wardens, each and every one of them, charged with the duty of preventing illegal fishing and liable to penalties for failing to perform that duty. It is to be hoped that all will have sufficient public spirit, to say nothing of regard for their public obligations, to enforce the law, but for the benefit of those who are indifferent or lacking in public spirit, we will say that arrangements have been made to bring them to book for failure to perform their duty.

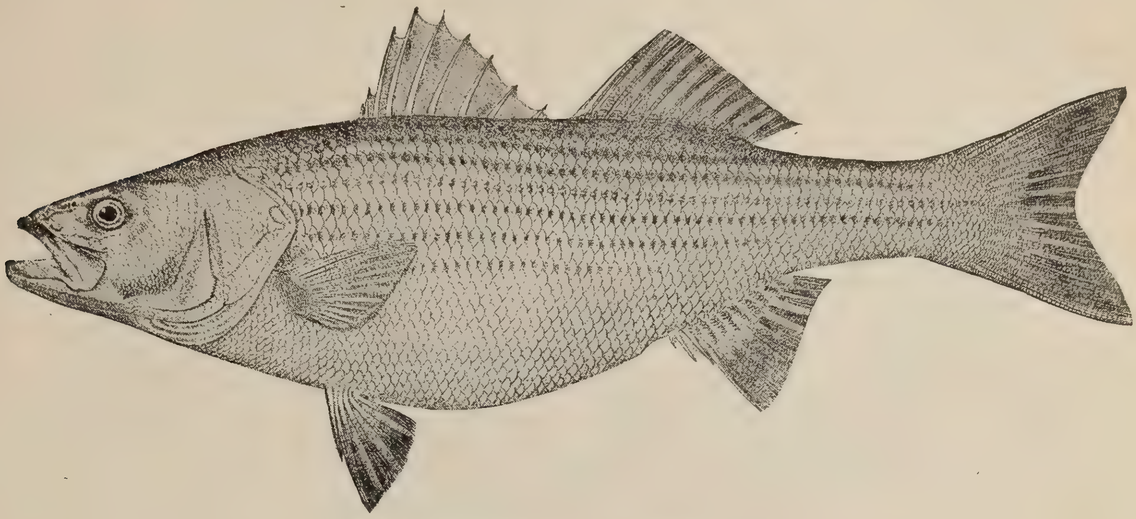
This is one of the best laws ever yet enacted in any state for the protection of fish and game, and I hope many states will follow the example of the Keystone state in the near future.

THEIR CORRECT NAMES.

Key West, Fla.

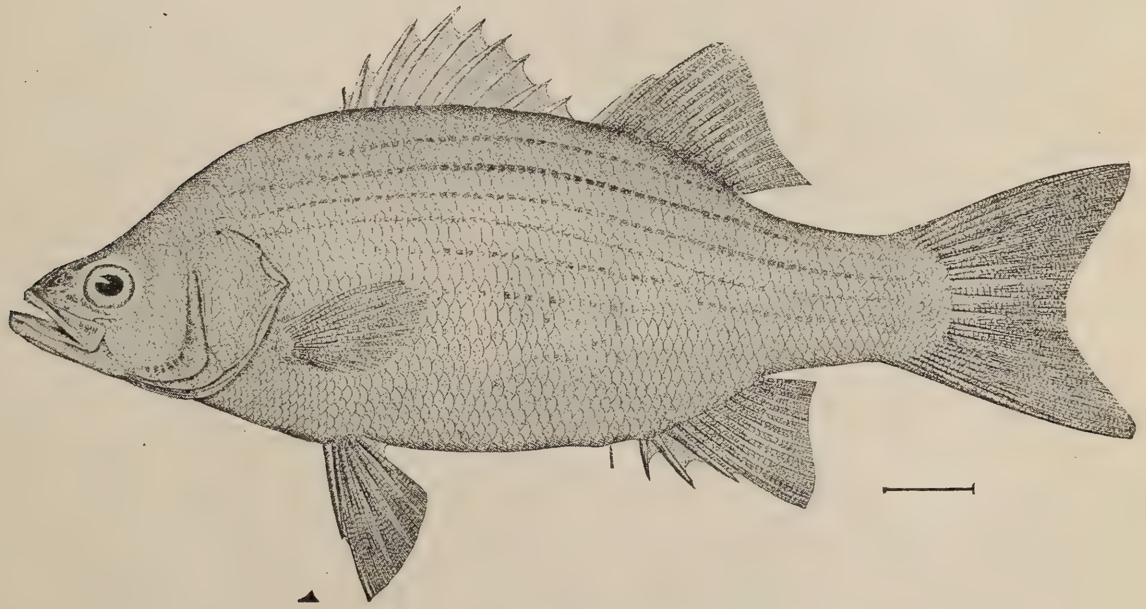
Editor RECREATION:

Does the striped bass of the ocean ascend fresh water streams to spawn, or for any other reason? I have caught them around St. Paul, in both the Minnesota and Mississippi rivers. They are gamey and hard to kill. The largest I ever heard of being taken in the Minnesota weighed 6 pounds. The stripes and markings are identical with those of the sea bass, and the habits are the same.



ROCCUS LINEATUS (Bloch). *STRIPED BASS; ROCKFISH.*

In early summer striped or silver bass, as they are called at St. Paul, can be caught in large numbers. Fish hogs catch hundreds in a day.



ROCCUS CHRYSOPS (Rafinesque.) *WHITE BASS.*

Then there is another fish which is known as the golden eye or moon-eye. Inch for inch and ounce for ounce I believe it is gamier and a better fighter than the large mouth bass. I have seen old sportsmen try to catch the golden eye with flies. They seldom strike, but with a grasshopper you are always sure of a bite. Unless you are unusually quick you will lose the fish. I should like to know the correct name of this moon-eye and another fish commonly called sand-pike. It is nearly identical in habits with the wall-eyed pike. Except for its darker color and the absence of the light spot on the tail it is sometimes mistaken for a wall-eye. The sand pike does not grow large, 3 pounds being the largest I have ever heard of. It is superior in taste to the wall-eye and gamier for its size.

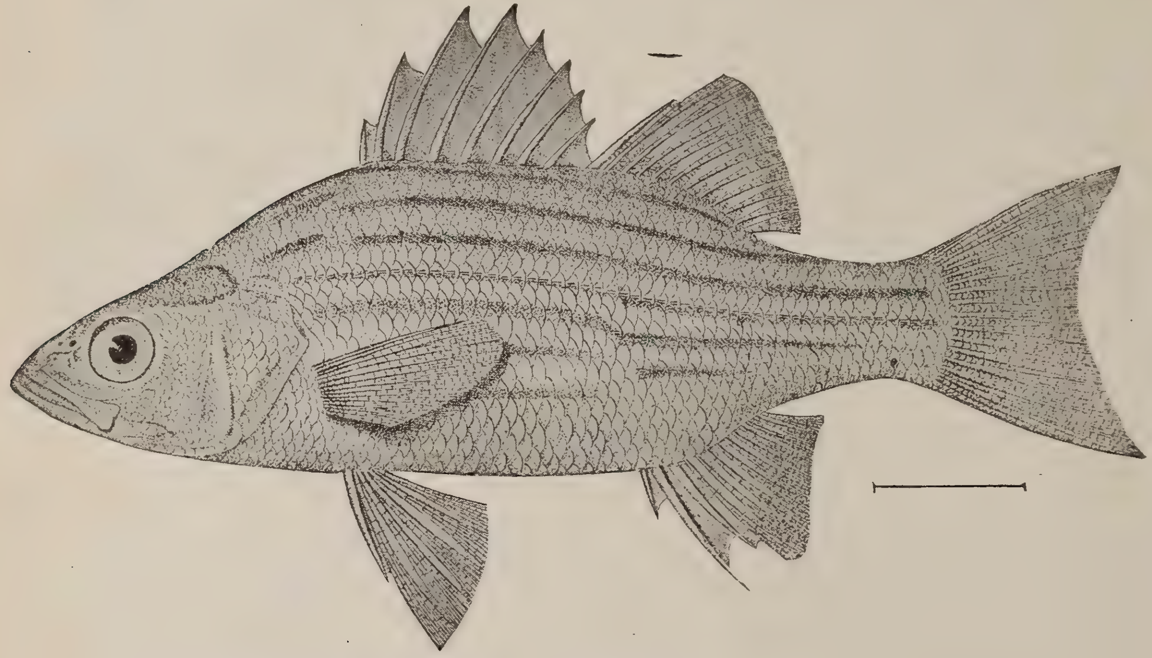
C. H. Scholer, Key West, Fla.

ANSWER.

The "striped bass of the ocean," to which Mr. Scholer refers, is the striped bass, rockfish, or rock, *Roccus lineatus*, which occurs along the Atlantic coast of the United States from New Brunswick to Pensacola. It is perhaps most abundant on the North Carolina coast. It is an anadromous fish, living in salt water most of the time but entering fresh water to spawn. It attains a great size, examples of 100 pounds or more having been recorded. Several years ago it was introduced by the United States Fish Commissioner into San Francisco bay, where it is now one of the most abundant and most valued food fishes.

It is not known from the Mississippi river or any of its tributaries. The fish which Mr. Scholer caught at St. Paul was not this species, but the white bass, or white lake bass, *Roccus chrysops*, a species somewhat resembling the striped bass. The principal differences are shown in the accompanying illustrations.

The white bass is found throughout the Great Lakes region, the upper Mississippi and Ohio valleys, and South to Arkansas. It is not found East of the Alleghanies, nor in salt water. It seldom exceeds a foot in length. The yellow bass, of which a figure is also given, may occur as far North as St. Paul, though its usual range is the lower Mississippi valley, North to the Ohio and Wabash. It may be most easily distinguished from the striped bass or the white bass by the interrupted or broken black lines.



MORONE INTERRUPTA (Gill). *YELLOW BASS.* ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

The "mooneye" which Mr. Scholer mentions is one or the other of the 2 common species of *Hiodon*, most likely *Hiodon tergisus*, usually known as the mooneye or toothed herring. It occurs throughout the Great Lakes and Mississippi valley, and North to Assiniboia.

Sand pike or sauger is the correct name for the last fish Mr. Scholer mentions. Its scientific name is *Stizostedion canadense*, and it is found from Vermont to Montana and South to Tennessee and Arkansas. It is especially abundant Northward. Mr. S. rightly distinguishes it from the wall-eyed pike which it closely resembles. The surest way of distinguishing these 2 species, however, is by the number of pyloric cœca attached to the stomach. There are but 3 in the wall-eyed pike and they are about of equal length; while in the sand pike there are 4 to 7, and they are of unequal length.

B. W. Evermann,
U. S. Fish Commission.

Why don't **you** join the L. A. S? Are you not willing to contribute $1 a year to increase the supply of game and game fishes, of song and insectivorous birds? **Please answer.**

PUT THE SMALL ONES BACK.

Replying to your letter asking details of my recent fishing trip: Cass lake is on the line of the Great Northern railway, about 125 miles Northwest of Duluth. It is surrounded by an Indian reservation by the same name. This lake has about 75 miles of shore line, a number of small islands, is surrounded by dense pine forests, and is a most enjoyable place to spend an outing. The recent order of the government, however, excluding all whites from the reservation, may tend to discourage camping parties from entering there in the immediate future.

In order that the cognomen "game hogs" shall not attach to our names, I desire to say that with the exception of a few fish for eating, all of ours were returned to the lake as soon as taken from the hook.

Geo. B. Norris, Minneapolis, Minn.

I am delighted to know you did not kill all the fish you caught. Your report gives an entirely different color to the story. Still I do not believe in these large catches, merely for the sake of making a record, even though the fish be returned to the water. The catching of such a number of fish as you admit having taken turns the sport into labor and puts the angler almost on a level with the market fisherman, who works for money and not for sport. Another bad effect of such fishing, and of sending out such reports, is that some other party, or perhaps a dozen others, may go to this lake or some other one with the determination of breaking your record. These other fellows may not be so considerate as you, and may dump all the fish they take into their boats and let them die.

The previous report did not state, nor does the clipping you now enclose, that you returned the fish to the water. Hence the men who may undertake to beat you would naturally assume, as I did, that you had killed all your fish and that it would be entirely proper for them to do likewise.

The modern idea of genuine sport in angling or shooting is to take a reasonable number of fish, or a reasonable quantity of game; then to quit, even if this only takes an hour. The rest of the day, or of each day while you camp, may be spent much more delightfully in strolling through the woods, studying nature, swimming, rowing, etc., than in fishing and hunting as hard as you can, all day long, in order to make a big record and send it to the newspapers after you get home. I trust you will pardon me for talking frankly. I am doing it for the good of the cause in general and not from any selfish motive. I do not ever expect to wet a line in Cass lake, and personally it would make no difference to me if every fish were taken out of that lake within a week. But I am anxious to see the game and fish preserved and increased everywhere, for the benefit of all good sportsmen and nature lovers. This is the only object I have in criticising any man who takes more fish or game than he should.

EDITOR.

Yours of 17th received and contents carefully noted. So far from feeling offended at your remarks, I agree with you heartily, and desire to offer further explanation. It is doubtful if any one of our party wet a line between the hours of 9 a. m. and 5 p. m. during our entire trip, and instead of being elated over a big catch, or trying for a record, it was annoying in the extreme to hook as many fish as we did. We were after muscalonge. We used light tackle and fished almost entirely by trolling; and you can imagine that, when passing over the best muscalonge ground, there was more disgust than pleasure in reeling in 30 to 50 yards of line, with an undersized pike or pickerel on the hook. If it had been our desire to make a big catch, I believe we could have killed 500 game fish a day.

Regarding the newspaper article, it was faked to a large extent. The reporter came to me to get the story. I gave him the points and particularly impressed upon him the fact that we killed but a small proportion of the fish we hooked. This fact was omitted in the publication, and the following day I took steps to have a correction made.

Every man in our party is a sportsman and all agree with your views, thoroughly. The Minneapolis portion of the party are members of our State Game and Fish Preserving Association. They subscribe to and working for what you term "The modern idea of genuine sport."

THERE WERE CIRCUMSTANCES.

Goldendale, Wash.

Editor RECREATION:

I have stood a lot of guying over the roast Dr. Stewart, of Goldendale (may his shadow never grow less), gave M. F. Dirting and Jones, the Tombstone man, in RECREATION, for taking an unsuspecting old gentleman out for a day's fishing and taking 302 trout. (The old gentleman caught the 2.)

When Dirting counted the fish by the stream and asked what RECREATION would say, we agreed that you would pen us on sight. But there are circumstances that mitigate our offense. Of course we plead guilty and have taken our skinning.

Now I want to say we were not fishing in a stream that will ever need artificial stocking. It is the only tributary of the Klicketat river that is fished; is a typical mountain stream, over 100 miles long, practically unfished and miles of it unfishable. Tons of trout of 2 or 3 varieties, from the fingerling to 2 feet long, are taken from this stream and they come like the salmon up the Columbia. When the spring floods come down from the mountains the fish push on up to the smaller tributaries to spawn and grow fat on the many kinds of flies, caddis worms and grasshoppers, the larger fish stopping in the Klicketat to spawn on the riffles and feed on the small fry of the chubs and squawfish. I fear they also gather in many small trout.

In the winter these big trout drop down the streams to the river and deeper holes in the large streams. The only tributary of this river that is fished is the Little Klicketat, and it is fished industriously from the opening day to the last of the season; yet that we caught 300 the last day but one of the season shows there were plenty for all.

There are as many as ever this year, as the supply comes from tide water and the Columbia river, and is nearly inexhaustible. Again, 150 fish to the rod is a very ordinary day's fishing for that stream, as any of the 25 or 30 of your subscribers who fish it will tell you. I have fished it with the doctor when I have taken more, and he will catch about 2 to my one. Now he will say that was before he read RECREATION, and it is a fact that we never fish for count and seldom count our catch. We seldom catch all we could, and always throw back the small ones. The light rod and small flies injure them very little. The doctor knows all this, but his practice is large and his health poor, so he fished little or none and for sport read the only sportsmen's magazine, RECREATION. He baited his friends by lending them his rod and tackle and then skinned them alive because they took more than the ethics which obtain on your Eastern preserved, restocked, and cultivated streams would permit. I am tired of explaining this to people whom I meet in my peregrinations, and I trust this will close the incident.

W. T. Jones.

Your plea will be considered in mitigation of sentence, but does not acquit you by any means. A man should never take a big lot of fish just because he has a chance. No matter how abundant fish or game may be you should always quit when you get enough for present use.

EDITOR.

CALIFORNIA NOTES.

The large game fish, such as sea trout, yellow tail and barracouda, ran at least a month earlier this season than usual, and some fine large fish have been taken at Catalina and Redondo. Tuesday, May 9th, was a great day for the anglers at Avalon, Catalina island. Probably the largest run of silver sea trout (also called white sea bass) came into the bay on that date and made things interesting for the lucky anglers who were fortunate enough to be there. Over 50 of these large sea trout were taken, averaging 35 to 45 pounds. The largest fish was taken by Mr. H. V. Boggs, and weighed 58 pounds. Mrs. F. V. Rider, after a long struggle, captured a 50-pounder. Professor Holder and F. V. Rider have taken several of these gamey beauties during the past month. The silver sea trout is a most beautiful fish, the colors radiating into gold, silver and bronze on the back, while on the sides and belly they are a white silvery color. A 35 or 40 pound fish makes a very gamey fight, sometimes leaping 3 feet out of the water. It takes an expert fisherman to bring a 40-pound fish to gaff, using the proper tackle. There was a large run of big fish at Redondo May 12th and 13th. Several silver sea trout were taken, also many yellow tail and halibut. I saw 2 sea trout taken from the wharf that dressed 42 pounds. May 20th there were 35 silver sea trout taken from the wharf. The halibut are running large this season, most of them averaging 20 pounds or more. King fish are being taken in large numbers and mackerel are just beginning to run.

B. C. Hinman, Los Angeles, Cal.

THE LANSING FISH HOGS AGAIN.

The editor of the Alamakee Journal, published at Lansing, Ia., asked me to lend him the fish hog picture printed on page 20 of July RECREATION. I did so and he prints it with this comment:

TWO IOWA FISH HOGS.

Their other names are John and Paul Anderson, and they live at Lansing. They slaughtered in this case 44 black bass, total weight 65 pounds, dressed. A neighbor of theirs writes me they make such catches nearly every day when the fish bite.

The above cut from the current issue of RECREATION, a monthly magazine devoted to everything its name implies and published at 19 W. 24th St., New York, are kindly furnished us by the editor and manager of the interesting publication, G. O. Shields, and are not inappropriate at this time, as the fishing season has just opened, being several weeks late on account of unusually high water. Paul Anderson and his father made their first catch Friday, of 32 bass, following it up next day with 24. John Anderson, the champion fish hog, has not been out yet, or if so, has not reported. He has taken as high as 92 black bass in one day's casting, and the catch above pictured is only an ordinary day's work. There is no better fishing anywhere along the Mississippi river than here, and John and Paul are prepared to make it interesting for anglers that come this way.

Yes, and wise anglers will steer clear of Lansing. No real sportsman cares to fish where such swine as these have their regular wallow, nor do true sportsmen care to employ notorious hogs like the Andersons to guide them.

EDITOR.

I SHOULD SAY IT WAS.

Your letter of the 24th at hand, inquiring about a catch of fish. My brother and 2 friends were the fishermen. The fish caught were trout, such as we get in the mountain streams flowing into the Walla Walla valley. This catch, as the paper reported it, was a trifle large, 549 being the exact number for the day and a half.

The trout in this vicinity are no longer, if as large, as they were 10 years ago. There is an Oregon law making it unlawful to retain trout measuring under 5 inches, and it would be a good plan for Washington to enact a similar law. In central Washington, at the head of Lake Chelan, trout fishing is all any one could wish. Both lake and mountain species attain wonderful size.

Robert L. Moore, Walla Walla, Wash.

And you admit the catch was "a trifle large"! It was at least 5 times as large as it should have been.

And the trout no larger in your streams "than they were 10 years ago?" The wonder is there are any left, of any size, when we read of such slaughter as this.

And you think Washington should pass a law to prohibit the taking of trout under 5 inches long! She should pass a law that would land fish hogs in jail every time they show themselves on a trout stream.

EDITOR.

A BUFFALO SHOAT.

Bradley Deuel, a clerk in the postoffice, yesterday had a day off. He took his rod and reel and journeyed to Lewiston to do a little fishing. He spent 4 hours between Lewiston and Queenston, and when he returned to town he had a basket containing 310 perch. The market price of perch is low.—*Buffalo paper.*

Yours of the 8th inst. to hand, and contents noted. The report is true in regard to time spent fishing, also to number of fish caught, but they were not all perch, nor did I catch them all alone. My cousin and myself caught the fish, among which were about 15 rock bass. The fishing at this point is fine, the fish being very large and fine for the kind. We intend going again in a few days, and when the bass season opens we expect to have some big "fish stories" to tell.

B. S. Deuel, 552 W. Utica St., Buffalo, N. Y.

I hope you may never have another such story as this to tell but that you may take a hint from the caption of this item and in future quit when you make a decent catch. Remember there are others who would like to take a few fish occasionally, but that if a few such as you precede them they will stand a very poor show of getting any.

EDITOR.

NIBBLES.

At Gogebic H. R. McCullough and J. B. Carlin recently caught 9 bass and 3 pickerel, one of 5½ pounds, one 2½ pounds, and later F. M. Carlin caught 13 bass, Fuller 3 bass and one 5½ pound pickerel.

Station Camp creek, about 20 miles from here, is one of the best fishing streams in Kentucky. A great number of bass, newlite and pike are caught annually.

A. D. Miller, Richmond, Ky.

Adolph Pfister, Sheboygan, Wis., recently caught a 30 pound muscalonge and Dr. E. C. Williams, Chicago, one weighing 15 pounds.

B. K., Pelican, Wis.

Our game warden, Thomas Murray, recently arrested a violator of the fish law and the justice fined him $25 and costs.

Howard Criss, Great Falls, Mont.

H. R. McCullough, Chicago, recently caught a 31-pound muscalonge near here.

W. B. K., Pratt Jct., Wis.

Marvin Hughitt, Jr., of Chicago, caught a 25-pound muscalonge June 17th.

W. B., Pelican, Wis.

Mother: "Johnny, you said you'd been to Sunday school.

Johnny (with a far-away look): "Yes'm."

Mother: "How does it happen that your hands smell fishy?"

Johnny: "I—I—was readin' that Bible story about Jonah an' the whale."

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to RECREATION and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

AN EXCHANGE OF OPINIONS.

Pueblo, Colo.

Mr. Perry Selous.

Dear Sir: I saw your letter in RECREATION with regard to heart shots and thought I would disabuse your mind with regard to the small bore smokeless rifle. I have been using the Savage ever since it was put on the market and want to say this to you and every other big game hunter: Try it! Don't condemn it until you have given it a thorough test; then if you go back to your .45-60, I shall be surprised indeed. I was a .45-70 man at one time, but that time is gone for good. Your lack of weigh to carry all day, the confidence you can put in your gun, once you have become accustomed to it, and the perfect balance when it is at your shoulder will convert you for all time. As to the gun being "dangerous to other hunters," I cannot see why. All guns carelessly handled are dangerous to other hunters. They are more merciful to the man on account of lightness; more merciful to the beast because they kill quickly. Now as to the question of instantaneous killing from a heart shot: Last fall I killed a buck with my Savage, as clear a heart shot as I ever saw—no heart worth speaking of left. Still he ran 50 yards up hill and dropped dead; so I shall have to be shown before I am willing to believe. The same shot accidentally hit a fawn, broke its hips and it didn't move out of its tracks. As to game shot with a Savage, I have never yet crippled an animal and never shot but one twice. I put a bullet through the flanks of that one and put the second in the backbone. That is better than I can say of other guns I have used. Of deer and antelope I have killed 9 since I began using a Savage. Last fall my hunting companion used a .45-90 and crippled 3 deer that escaped from him and the one he got he shot several times. Three years ago last fall my companion used a .38-55 and crippled 3; while I had no such ill luck. Now my advice is: get a Savage; use it, and you will never have cause to abuse it.

F. D. Green, A.M., M.D.

Greenville, Mich.

F. D. Green, A.M., M.D.:

I have your interesting letter and am glad that with respect to heart shots, you are of my own opinion entirely, but with regard to the caliber and "danger to other hunters," I think you fail to grasp my meaning on more than one point. I concede the advantages of such weapons under certain conditions, but remain firm against their use under others, certainly in the Michigan woods. Most assuredly if the older rifles were dangerous in the hands of unskilful hunters, these are much more so, for a variety of reasons. Every year there are hundreds, I might almost say, thousands of quondam hunters swarming in our North woods, who really ought not to be allowed the use of a gun at all until they had gained some experience under easier conditions. They never saw a live wild deer and as they go to work, they are hardly likely to do so, except by mere accident. They certainly could not hit one; but they blaze away indiscriminately at everything that moves and at much that does not, while the low trajectory, long range and great penetration of the bullets which will go through a fair tree and kill on the other side does not enhance their safety in such hands. Another reason is the noiseless discharge which makes it extremely difficult to locate the shooter. This gives an unprincipled person an easy means of revenge and when I assure you, that the conviction that many of the numerous hunters killed up North each year are not killed accidentally at all is shared by a large number of men well qualified to form an opinion, you will see that there is room for objection. A man who goes into the Northern woods now in November carries his life in his hands, more so than he who hunts really dangerous game with modern firearms. If you were to come and spend a hunting season here and see and hear for yourself, you would probably be surprised. Since these weapons have been introduced you may constantly meet hunters in flaring red mackinaws and gaudy colored clothing; donned in hope it may prove some slight protection. Were it not for the gravity of the situation it would be ludicrous. It is interesting to note that many men who tried the small bores have come back to the larger black powder guns. I could name several of my own acquaintance; men who have no need to use a better arm than a .45-90 or 70 or 60 in order to secure their game. Some men continually paunch their deer and this means a track more or less long if you are not a skilled hunter besides being a poor shot, and press your animal. But as few shots are at more than 20 rods it seems to me the larger bullet will do the needful; in fact it does and the small one too with the black powder if it is sent out straight. I am strenuously in favor of merciful killing, but I had reference not to this, but to the fact that an animal has less show than ever in front of such guns. I like to see a deer drop in his tracks from a neck or spine shot, but I must confess to a pleasurable feeling of excitement when on walking up to the place at which the deer stood or galloped when I fired, to find the blood and the wad of hair which usually tell their own tale. Then I am sure to find my deer lying dead 40 or 50 yards farther on.

Percy Selous.

POWER OF RIFLE CARTRIDGES.

HAWKEYE.

Recent numbers of RECREATION have teemed with discussions regarding the effectiveness of different rifles and cartridges. As to rifles it is absurd to claim any great superiority of one make over another. All standard American rifles are accurate and reliable, and the choice between them is mostly a matter of taste. The choice of calibers and cartridges is, however, no such simple matter. There is much misapprehension concerning the actual power of the new smokeless powder cartridges. On the one hand impossibilities are claimed for them, and on the other the plainest facts are denied. The velocity and weight of the bullet fired from any standard cartridge may be found in the tables published by the arms and cartridge companies. From them may be easily calculated the actual striking energy of the bullet when fired from the rifle for which it was made. This energy is expressed in foot pounds; a foot pound being the energy required to raise an object weighing one pound one foot in one second.

The energy of the most common smokeless cartridges is as follows: .25-35 Winchester, 1,050 foot pounds; .30-30 Winchester, 1,386 foot pounds; .30-30 Savage, 1,647 foot pounds; .236 U. S. N., 1,626 foot pounds; .30-40 U. S. A., 2,096 foot pounds.

A writer in April RECREATION claimed for a certain .40 caliber rifle a velocity of 3,000 feet a second. If this were true, the 300 grain bullet would have more energy than is required to raise 2½ tons one foot in one second.

For purposes of comparison the striking energy of a few of the most common black powder cartridges is given below: .22 R. F. short, 65 foot pounds; .22 C. F. Winchester, 220 foot pounds; .25-20, 326 foot pounds; .32-40-165, 707 foot pounds; .44-40, 696 foot pounds; .38-55, 940 foot pounds; .40-60, 1,170 foot pounds; .45-70-330, 1,320 foot pounds; .45-70-405, 1,440 foot pounds; .45-70-500, 1,550 foot pounds; .50-100-450, 1,700 foot pounds.

It will be noticed that the .25-35 smokeless is more powerful than the .38-55, 1½ times more so than the .32-40 and a little less than the .40-60. The .30-30 has about the same actual power as the .45-90. It is a little more powerful than the .45-70 when used with 330 grain bullet; but little less so than the regular government .45 caliber. The .236 navy and the .30 Savage are of almost the same power, and their striking energy is between that of the .45-70-500 and the .50-100-450. The .30-40 army is by far the most powerful cartridge in use in this country for hunting purposes. Its power has, however, been much exaggerated. It develops 3 times the energy of the .32-40 and 1 1-3 times as much as .45 government.

All of the high power smokeless cartridges have certain characteristics in common. They will penetrate plates of steel or boiler iron or shatter the skull of a grizzly bear. When used at short range with expanding bullets they tear big holes, but at longer ranges the holes which they make are small. The shells can not be reloaded with regular charges; but their short range loads are convenient and effective. The recoil is in all cases much less than that of black powder rifles having the same actual power, and the new rifles can therefore be made lighter. The trajectory is flatter and much less allowance need be made for distance. On the other hand these rifles are difficult to clean, their barrels "shoot out" in a comparatively short time and they do not yet seem to be equal in accuracy to the best black powder guns. All of them now made are too powerful for small game, and are unsafe to use in a thickly settled country. Nor is it certain any of them are equal in effectiveness on large game to large caliber rifles having the same actual power. Smokeless powder is no doubt the powder of the future, but the modern high-pressure repeater has not yet reached perfection.

PREFERS THE WINCHESTER.

Armington, Mont.

Editor RECREATION:

I have owned and used a great many Winchester and Marlin rifles of all models. From what experience I have had, which embraces several years, I have come to the conclusion that the Marlin is not to be compared to the Winchester as regards ease, rapidity or certainty of action, beauty of outline, finish, and all that goes to make up a first-class weapon.

I consider the first model Winchester a more reliable weapon than the latest Marlin. Some one will ask, Why? And I answer: Because they handle the cartridges perfectly, and as rapidly as the lever can be worked by the operator, under any circumstances; while the Marlin might fail to handle a cartridge if worked with ½ the rapidity of the Winchester.

Now, some Marlin crank will jump in the air, crack his heels together and swear he once shot his Marlin a certain number of shots in a given number of seconds, and the gun never failed during the operation. Yes, of course, my friend; but how about that time when you tried a quick second or third shot and by your Marlin clogging on you, lost that magnificent buck? "Oh, well," you say, "such a thing is liable to occur in a Winchester." No, not if you are using the right cartridges and your gun is in as good condition as it should be, even as good condition as your Marlin has been many a time when it has failed. The Marlin has a faulty extractor and ejector. I have used Marlins which failed to extract shells I could easily draw from chamber with my finger-nail; and others that, though they might extract with fair regularity, would fail to eject the shell extracted.

The gun is so constructed that the cartridge in magazine follows the bolt to the rear as gun is opened. There is no hook attached to finger-lever, as should be to draw cartridge out of magazine into carrier, and often in rapid shooting the magazine spring is not quick enough; the cartridge does not come clear into the carrier, and the latter being raised by the closing motion, catches against the cartridge which is partly in magazine. In attempting to close the lever the carrier is broken or bent, the cartridge badly deformed, or trouble is sure to arise that could not occur in a Winchester. In rapid shooting I have had cartridges nearly cut in 2 in this way. Another cause of the cartridges failing to enter the carrier quickly enough is, the carrier is depended on as a magazine cut-off and sometimes raises too far, not allowing the cartridge to escape to the rear, as it should.

Here is an extract from a well-known Northwestern gun dealer's catalogue which has been in circulation several years:

"I do not manufacture, recommend, or guarantee Marlin rifles. If they chew up the heads of the cartridges, clog up in the action and magazine, it is not my fault; so do not ship them back on my hands. I have Marlin rifles for sale for those who want them, but when sold and delivered my responsibility ceases."

A good advertisement truly. I consider any gun that leaves the Winchester factory perfect in every respect, both as regards accuracy and manipulation.

Coyote.

THE .25-20 WINCHESTER.

In reply to H. H. Larkin and F. L. Bringhurst: I have experimented in the last year with my .25.20 Winchester, single shot, and have found it excellent in every way.

For most small game shooting the .25 is away ahead of other calibers, especially as regards accuracy. I have used this rifle on woodchucks, wild turkeys, squirrels, rabbits, hawks, and all our small game, and everything I have shot so far has been killed clean without requiring a second shot. Moreover, my game is never mutilated, as it would be if I used a larger rifle. Grouse may be shot through the body with this cartridge and the meat not spoiled in the least. I have frequently shot hawks and crows at ranges close to and sometimes exceeding 300 yards. I use a 75 grain hollow point bullet, cast in an Ideal mould, on woodchucks, and it is seldom indeed that one has strength after being shot to struggl into its hole. This bullet mushrooms nicely on contact, making a wound similar to that of a .38 caliber bullet. For grouse the 84 grain, pointed bullet has given great satisfaction. It kills clean and makes a wound even smaller than that of the .22, with no tearing of the meat.

I can with this rifle place all my shots in a 3 inch circle at 100 yards, which is excellent for a hunting rifle. I load my own shells, having found factory ammunition unsatisfactory unless when fresh. For target shooting and ordinary hunting I use U. M. C. shells, U. M. C. No. 1 primers, 20 grains of King's semi-smokeless F.F.G. powder and an 86 grain grooved bullet, cast 1 to 40 in a Pope mould and lubricated in a Pope pump. This load will give excellent results with either the sharp or hollow pointed bullet, making with the latter a fine express charge. The semi-smokeless powder I have adopted after trying all kinds, as I find it cleaner and more accurate than any other. It does not require nitro primers and will not make the shells brittle nor spot the barrel. I do not crimp my shells as this destroys the accuracy to a great extent. Bullets cast in the Pope mould are exceedingly accurate as they have a perfect base and do not need resizing. I resize the muzzle of my shells about every 3 shots. If this is not done the bullets are liable to be loose in the shell.

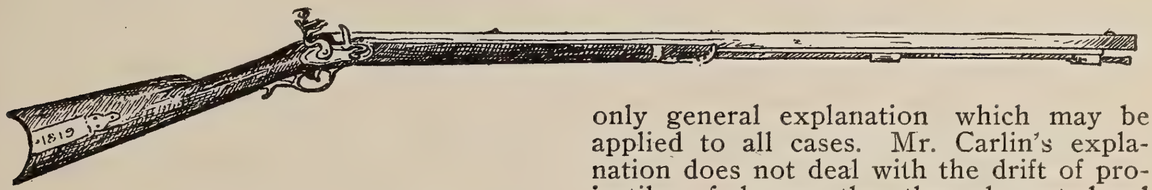
I believe this cartridge is good up to 350 yards. I have tried it on the Creedmoor target at 500 yards, on a still day, with target sights, but could not get good results although most of my shots were in the 3 ring. The .25-20 is not large enough for deer; it would be cruelty to shoot them with this weapon. For such game I use a .30-30. By the way, I have never found any trouble cleaning my smokeless powder rifles, probably because I always carry a field cleaner with me when shooting and immediately after the last shot of the day is fired I run the cleaner through the barrel several times before the residue is dry. Then on arriving home clean well with good gun oil and my rifles to-day are as bright inside as when they left the factory.

Townsend Whelen, Philadelphia, Pa.

AS DID OUR FOREFATHERS.

B. A. BROOME.

I have hunted the large and small game of Mexico, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and the Cherokee strip with an armament consisting of a .44 caliber, '73 model Winchester, a 12 gauge Parker double barreled shotgun and a .45 revolver. But never have I enjoyed a season's shooting more than I did last fall when I used almost exclusively an old flintlock rifle made in 1819.



During a few weeks' hunting in the Connecticut valley I managed to get several squirrels, a few ducks, a big blue heron and one rabbit.

The true love and fascination of a hunter's life came to me when I found myself hurriedly examining the powder in the pan of my ancient gun, while overhead a long string of black duck flew toward the marsh. When a big gray squirrel, startled from his search for fallen nuts, scampered to a high limb of a chestnut or birch, and I—in spite of the weight of my gun and the disconcerting flash almost under my nose—knocked his head off with a .52 caliber round bullet—then I felt that I was indeed a hunter.

It was at such times that I realized why old Leather Stocking loved his "kill-deer."

Once in a while only the powder in the pan would flash and again only a few sparks from the flint would follow the fall of the hammer. On these occasions the squirrel or the duck would disappear long before I could reprime my weapon. But I bore them no grudge and their good fortune only prolonged my pleasure, for I knew a time would come when more than the pan powder would flash.

So through the fall I went, my old friend of 1819 on my arm, a big powder horn and a buckshot pouch over my shoulder, one time using shot, the next a patched bullet; and it was strange how rapidly my trophies accumulated and my longing for game was satisfied.

When my vacation was over I packed with my gun, powder horn and shot pouch a fine heron skin and a little mat of rabbit skin with a border of gray squirrel fur. On leaving my hunting ground I felt I had come nearer to living the natural life of those days when there were "mighty hunters before the Lord" than if I had carried a .30-30 and succeeded in sending a steel bullet crashing through every wild thing I saw.

THE THEORY OF DRIFT.

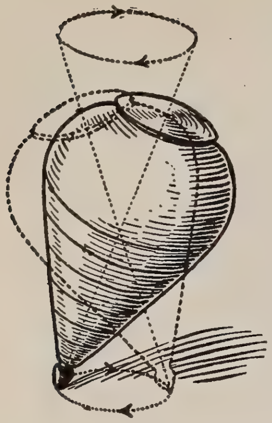
GARRETT P. SERVISS, JR.

In April RECREATION, under the caption "The Theory of Drift," Mr. Carlin criticises my letter in the February number.

My explanation was incomplete only, and not incorrect; and, moreover, it is the only general explanation which may be applied to all cases. Mr. Carlin's explanation does not deal with the drift of projectiles of shapes other than elongated and pointed, while mine applies to any possible form; and in all bullets the action which I describe may have more to do in producing drift than my critic imagines. Especially would it do so in trajectories with a high angle of elevation. The fact that the bullet tips backward in its flight only helps the action which I describe by increasing the resistance on the under side.

Mr. Carlin makes the somewhat amazing statement that the trajectory of a bullet is an ellipse. It is easily proved that the course of a body *in vacuo* is a parabola; but careful experiments have failed to determine any law for air resistance. Bowser says that at low velocities the resistance varies directly as the velocity, but as the latter increases the law changes to a variation as the square of velocity. This in turn becomes a law of variation as the cube of the velocity, until at 1,200 feet per second the law goes back again to the square. If the curve was an ellipse the question of air resistance could be immediately settled by means of the calculus; so it is evident that the curve is not an ellipse. Possibly it is a curve of a much higher order, or else a series of different curves.

Mr. Carlin's explanation is clear except at one place. He shows how the 2 rotations tend to take place at right angles and then says it is easily proved that the projectile will not yield fully to either of the forces. This is not so easily proved, and a word on this point may be of interest. This principle is that of the gyrostat and has been investigated by such eminent men as Lord Kelvin and Professor Blackburn, and a mathematical explanation has been given by Professor Jellet. A simple illustration will answer our pur-



pose, however. We have all seen a boy spinning a string top and noticed how, when it first struck the ground, it wabbled and then finally straightened up and spun smoothly. If then it is struck a horizontal blow it will wabble once more. After a time, if it has sufficient energy, it recovers itself. This is exactly what occurs with a bullet; the rotating projectile is the top, and the air resistance tending to overrun it is the push which we give to the top. Only, with the bullet the push of the air is continuous and so is the wabbling caused by it. The wabbling top is shown in the figure.

COMBINATION WINCHESTER AND MARLIN.

Newport, Ore., Feb. 8, 1899.

Editor Recreation:

In my February issue of Recreation I read with interest the views of M. T. Wire, Albany, Ore., on the Marlin and Winchester rifles. I agree with Mr. Wire as to a Marlin barrel on a Winchester frame.

Were the Winchester people to take the '86 model frame and make it light for a .38-55 barrel and then have a .38-55 Marlin barrel fitted, it would in my mind be the ideal gun for general work for the man who can not afford a .30-30 or other late arm. I've used Marlins a good deal and was always bothered by the side ejector. It is no good and the extractor in a Marlin is a little weak. You will be in trouble with it half the time, as it will always slip at the wrong time and the ejector being on the side you will not know exactly whether the shell is ejected or not. If not, when the next cartridge comes up 9 times out of 10 it will be jammed so hard against the top of the receiver and head of empty shell it will refuse to be shaken out and as you can not push it down with your finger, as you can in the Winchester, you must dig up your knife and pry it out while your game quietly "hikes" away, unless you got him the first shot.

Like Mr. Wire, I know of Winchester rifles "shooting out" quickly. I've got one of them myself, a .45-90, '86 model.

Is it possible now the W. R. A. Co. have got their reputation established, that they are not putting as good material in their guns as they did years ago? It seems to me such must be the case as some of the old '73 model Winchesters will outlive 2 or 3 '86 models.

G. B. Dennick.

SEVERAL ANSWERS.

I would say to F. P. Ross that I have reloaded both Winchester and U. M. C. shells for my .30-30 and by using the Ideal universal powder measure I get just as accurate shooting as with the factory loaded and at a cost of about one cent a load. I have had no trouble with the shells. The accuracy is greater than I supposed could be had with such a powerful load. I note F. D. McQueen is getting gray over trying to keep his .30 caliber from rusting. I use a little turpentine to cut the grease (it is more like that than anything I know of) out of the grooves and then wipe dry,—use Winchester gun grease and have no trouble from rust.

If J. W. B. will roll some writing paper wet with mucilage several times around a common lead pencil, thus making a strong paper cylinder, and cut it into short lengths the depth of the shot charge, and push one down into the center of the load before he puts on the top wad he will find that his choke bore will make a beautiful open pattern at 25 yards.

My friend, W. J. Wing, of Carson, Ia., ought to patent it as it is his "way" of doing and a great success.

L. K. Mason, Hastings, Ia.

STICK TO ONE CARTRIDGE.

Will some reader kindly tell me if a .22 cal. rifle will handle either long or short cartridges and what is the point blank range of the .22 long?

E. F., Pensacola, Fla.

If your rifle is chambered for a short cartridge you could not use a long. If chambered for a long, you could use either long or short; but you can only get the best results by using the cartridge for which the rifle is chambered.

The expression "point blank" has practically no meaning in modern rifle shooting. There is no point blank to any rifle or cartridge. If you mean the maximum range at which the gun may be sighted on an object say 2 inches in diameter, that may be hit at any point of the trajectory, I should say that the distance in the case of the .22 short cartridge would be 50 to 60 yards.—Ed.

SMALL BORES AND HEART SHOTS.

The arguments for and against small-bore rifles interest me. I have lived in a good game country all my life, and have killed as much game as any one of my age in this vicinity.

I used to shoot a .40-90 Remington, and for a black powder gun it could not be beaten. I killed one antelope at ½ mile; an accidental shot, for I did not expect to get him.

Last May I bought a box magazine Winchester .30-40. When I became familiar with its flatter trajectory and higher velocity, and had arranged the sights to suit me, the old Remington was not in it. I used the .30 all summer; killed 25 or 30 antelope and a few deer. None of them ran so far after being struck as did those I shot with the big gun.

This spring I got a single shot Winchester to use the .30 government cartridge, and although I have had no chance to test it on game, I think it will prove a much better weapon than the other, as the barrel is heavier and the gun better balanced.

I have killed both deer and antelope and had them drop in their tracks when shot through the heart, and that with either the .40-90, .30-40 or .40-82. I have also had them run 200 or 300 yards when shot in the same way. An old hunter says if the animal has just exhaled its breath and the lungs are empty at the time the bullet strikes the heart the animal drops dead. If the lungs are just filled, he runs. Another says if the heart has just expanded and is full of blood, when the ball strikes it the game drops dead; if just contracted, he runs. I think the latter theory the correct one.

F. H. Ferris, Rawlins, Wyo.

SHOOTING FOR RECREATION PRIZE GUNS.

I enclose the scores made at the second shoot for the Parker prize gun awarded by Recreation and won by our team at the Sportsmen's show:

Shooting League.

Neilson	18
Parish	18
Paul	14
Singer	13

Shootoff: Neilson, 7; Parish, 5.

Oglesby Paul, captain, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa., May 8, 1899.

We held the third competition for the Parker gun awarded us by Recreation on April 22d at Keystone Shooting Grounds. Following is the score. W. C. Neilson won this as well as the 2 preceding competitions. Cooper and I tied him but were beaten in the unknown angles. Conditions, 5 traps, unknown angles.

Neilson	19
Paul	19
Cooper	19
Singer	16
Parish	15

Shootoff: Neilson, 8; Paul, 7; Cooper, 2.

Neilson therefore becomes the owner of the gun.

Oglesby Paul, Captain University of Pennsylvania Gun Club, Philadelphia, April 24, 1899.

Following is the result of first shoot for Recreation prize gun which our team won at the Sportsmen's show. Winner of gun has to win 3 times 2 of the 3 to be in succession in order to become the owner of the gun. The ties to be shot off to-morrow at 15 or more clays.

Kendall	20
Young	20
Laughlin	18
Elbert	18
Findley	17
Stockley	16
Chichester	15

There was a high wind directly from the quarter.

W. W. Young, Princeton University Gun Club, April 10, 1899.

SMALL SHOT.

R. Slade, in October Recreation, and J. L. R., Jr., ask which is the best all-round gun—the Ithaca, Forehand or Syracuse. In your January number W. S. Moorse volunteered his favorite gun, as did W. S. Mead, and T. E. M., Pittsburgh, Pa. If J. L. R. will study comments on guns in Recreation columns he can soon select the gun he is after, i. e. a serviceable gun, neat in appearance, material as good as any other gun, workmanship perfect, and at moderate cost.

Visit gun stores, compare the different makes, ask some friend that uses such guns as J. L. B. thinks will suit him; then ask another friend who uses a gun, which J. L. R. would not have at all; the man who uses that gun will swear it is the best gun made.

I don't go into a controversy about any particular make; every gunmaker claims some advantages over all others. That is natural.

I have used many different makes of shotguns, foreign and domestic, W. C. Scott & Son "Premier" included. I use none but domestic make now. There is a wide range in prices, and the fact of paying 20 or 25 per cent more does not necessarily make it better.

I do not wish to injure the reputation of any gun made in this country, but if J. L. R. or any other man in his predicament wishes to correspond with me on the subject, one letter will suffice. If he will purchase a gun as I suggest, he will not only be satisfied but profit by it. I have no guns to sell. I am only a miner in Colorado, but I have severely tested the merits of guns.

J. A. Logan, Crested Butte, Colo.

In a recent issue of RECREATION some one scoffs at the idea of a bullet's passing through the hide of an animal (a moose, I think) and then mushrooming; implying that it would mushroom on impact, instead of against the muscle under the skin.

Some years ago I assisted in skinning a large elephant, into which had been fired, from point-blank range, 10 or 12 shots from a .45 Winchester. The points of entrance were but large enough for the bullets to enter, but as the skin was removed we came upon the bullets, between the skin and the first layer of tissue underneath, flattened as large as a 25-cent piece, with a wide bruised area around each, though they were leaden and unjacketed. Not one had penetrated beyond the inner surface of the hide.

Could not the mushrooming, in this case, be accounted for as follows: The outside of the bullets, in passing through the tough hide, 3 inches thick, met such great resistance in forcing its way, that it was held back, allowing the core to pass on, until, when through the skin, the mushroom was formed by the bullet opening from the center as a rosebud does, until the lead at the back of the bullet passes to the front?

This would account for the mushrooming just when through the skin, and not the toughness of the muscle underneath.

"Sepia," Philadelphia, Pa.

Will the rifling of a Winchester .38-55 (common barrel) be injured by the use of a smokeless powder cartridge, with soft point, jacketed bullet? The Winchester people claim the gun is capable of handling this cartridge, but whether it is harmful or not they do not mention. I have heard men say the jacketed bullet was ruinous to the rifling and to the accuracy, unless used with the nickel steel barrel. No doubt many of RECREATION's readers would like to use this more powerful cartridge in their now accurate rifle, but for the liability of their being ruined. Please let me hear the experience of some of the friends of RECREATION.

R. C. G., Merriam Park, Minn.

I referred this inquiry to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co., and they reply:

Our .38-55 rifle will not be injured when .38-55 smokeless cartridges of our make are used. The bullet will not harm the rifling. Smokeless powder is more difficult to clean than black. Where smokeless powder cartridges are made to take the place of black powder cartridges in guns which were intended for black powder, such smokeless powder is used as will give the same pressures and same velocities as were obtained with black powder in the black powder cartridges intended for the gun originally. We do the best we can to have the combination gave the same velocity as before, without which it would be difficult to get the same accuracy.

The Guns and Ammunition Department in RECREATION is very interesting, showing the honest prejudice of each writer for his favorite gun. As a descendant of the Pilgrims I would say purchase an American gun. It will outlast and outwear a foreign weapon, is more easily repaired, and is cheaper.

Any one wanting a double gun can not go amiss in buying a Baker, Ithaca or Remington. I prefer a takedown repeater for an all-round gun. The Winchester 1897 takedown shotgun is hard to beat at the trap or in the field, and has been so popular that the company could not supply it fast enough.

There is another gun well worth looking to which has not been advertised in RECREATION, which I chanced to hear of through the kindness of the Ideal Co., of New Haven; but it is not advertised in RECREATION and so I will not name it. It is a splendid gun, so nicely balanced, so easily sighted and such a splendid action that I fell in love with it at once, and sent the barrel to the Gun Bore Treatment Co. for treatment, saying to myself, Warner, this gun you keep for your own use. Perhaps I am mistaken in my choice between the 2 repeaters; and others might differ from me, but I am satisfied.

S. L. Warner, Lanesville, Conn.

How can I take lead out of a rifle barrel; and how can I blue parts that have been worn bright?

Milton E. Murphy, Wyandotte, Mich.

ANSWER.

To take the lead out of the barrel of either rifle or shotgun, cork the barrel at one end; fill it say 1/4 full of quicksilver, then cork the other end and turn the barrel back and forth several times. The quicksilver will amalgamate and remove the lead.

Blueing steel is a trade of itself and I would not advise you to undertake it. If you do, you are liable to rust and corrode the parts. The best way is to send them to a gunsmith, or to the Gun Bore Treatment Co., 7 and 9 Warren St., this city

These people would treat the parts with the same process as they use in treating the inside of gun barrels, and which gives them a handsome brown tint and renders them absolutely rust proof.—EDITOR.

I have lately received from Charles A. Hayden, Oxford, O., a gun that is believed to be one of the first breech-loading shot guns made in this country. It was made by Joseph Hayden, of Oxford, in the early 50's. Joseph Hayden, Jr., writing of this gun, says:

It was patterned after an old English gun which General Yorke, of Cincinnati, brought over. Father decided to make one like it and at once sent to England for the barrels, which in the rough cost him $65. He made the other parts by hand from the raw material.

This gun was originally a pin-fire, and when the centre fires came out father changed it to that type, adding a new stock. As far as we know it was the first breech-loading gun made in this country. It has trailed from Maine to California, and from Canada to Florida. I used it in Florida; my cousin used it in Kansas and James Smith used it on a hunting trip in Oregon.

Jno. J. Harris asks in March RECREATION how the Baker will do as a trap and match gun. In reply I would say: For long range, close, hard hitting qualities no gun is superior to a Baker. Get a 10 gauge, 32 inch barrel, 10½ pound Baker of any grade, choke bored to target about 85 per cent in a 24 inch circle at 35 yards, and you will beat the whole shooting match. Baker guns always shoot closer than the factory tag indicates. I have a 12 gauge, 32 inch, 9 pound Baker, right barrel 80½, left barrel 83 per cent, that can not be beaten for closeness of pattern or depth of penetration. I often shoot it against 10 gauge guns targeted to make a 90 per cent pattern. If it were a 10 gauge and weighed a pound or 2 more I would back it against a Gatling gun and a bushel of grape.

J. W. Walker, Jr., Mt. Pleasant, W. Va.

Will some rifleman of experience kindly throw a little light on the following proposition?

I have a Winchester express rifle, .50-95-300, model '76.

I desire to use a lighter charge in it than the regular one, and have devised a bullet weighing about 205 grains with a good bearing surface. Will it be safe to put 40 to 60 grains of black powder loose in the shell behind it, instead of the regular full 95 grain charge?

If safe, can I expect accurate shooting from shells so loaded?

Y. M. A.

This has frequently been done with different rifles and excellent results secured. You may have to experiment a little to find the powder that will give you the best results.

Re pump gun; a prominent sportsman writes me as follows: "I agree with you, the pump gun is the pot-hunters' tool, the exterminator of to-day, and 9 out of 10 men who shoot a pump gun would delight in getting a covey of quail in a ditch and potting them on the ground. I can not realize how a man who is a sportsman and a lover of nature, one who shoots for recreation, can use one of the vile things. I would as soon catch trout with a net as to shoot quail or grouse with a pump gun."

And then he refers to our proposed national park. "That part of your letter relating to the Cass county preserve I have taken up enthusiastically. Have had 12 copies of it made and am sending them to friends in different parts of the country."

Charles Cristadoro, St. Paul, Minn.

In April RECREATION Mr. Borem gives Grizzly Pete a slap to add to the many he has received through your columns. There are now hanging on my gun rack a .45-70 Winchester and a .30-40. While there is little likelihood of my hunting again with the .45, I must say that when loaded with 75 grains of powder and a 350 grain bullet it is as effective as any other black powder rifle. So I think Mr. Borem shows as much prejudice in abusing the .45 as Pete did in denouncing the .30. E. H. L. speaks gospel when he says too many condemn hastily and without sufficient experience. A lot of fellows rush into print with their little ideas, not realizing how ridiculous they appear. The less venom one shows in his attacks on the views of a fellow sportsman the more likely he is to make converts.

F. A. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Your "Gun and Ammunition" department affords me many happy hours. One man says this, and another that; for instance, everybody knows that a 16 gauge gun shoots harder than a 10 or 12. Then again, there is only one bore in the world fit to use and that is a 28. So Mr.——, of Rossland, B. C., says, and that settles it. Well, one thing I know, that Mr.—— never stood in front of a 17 pound, 8 gauge. I do not say I want to carry that 17 pound gun around all day, but I do say it will do more business at 15 rods than any 16, 20, or 28 gauge ever could, using old-fashioned black powder.

Saying a little 28 gauge can do as much work and as far off as an 8 gauge, all things being equal, as manner of boring, loading and ammunition, borders on the ridiculous, to my mind. Of course I don't know it all. I don't believe my 28 gauge friend does either, though he has shot over all creation.

I want to ask my brother sportsmen, if at the bottom of their hearts they believe a 28 gauge can do as good work and as much of it at short or long range, as an 8 gauge.

Veteran, Oneida, N. Y.

In answer to L. G. Millen regarding different loads for a .22 caliber rifle, would say: After using nearly all styles of .22's I prefer the U. M. C. .22 long rifle cartridge for all-round shooting. It contains 5 grains special black powder and a solid lead bullet weighing 40 grains, which is 10 grains heavier than the .22 long. While the shell is exactly the same length, the extra 10 grains of lead slightly increase the length of bullet, thus making a longer cartridge. The shell is not heavily crimped, thus giving greater accuracy. The powder charge being the same, and the bullet heavier, of course the velocity is lessened, and the trajectory made higher, yet the penetration is much greater and the effective range is more than double that of the .22 long.

If the long rifle cartridges were loaded with smokeless powder, the velocity would be increased, the bullet would hold up higher and the rifle barrel would not foul so quickly.

El Sol, Franklin Falls, N. H.

I promised to let you know how the .30-30 acted last fall. Our camp was near Akeley, Minn., on the Crow Wing lakes. a chain abounding with fish and ducks. A catch of 10 fish weighing 40 pounds—2 small-mouthed bass and 8 pickerel.

Our hunt was very difficult, on account of dry weather and absence of snow. However, I got a 2-prong buck which I dropped in his tracks, hitting him 2 inches back of the ears, between throat and spinal column. The bullet made a hole into which I could place my first finger where it entered and my 3 fingers where it came out. Distance, 80 yards.

I have carried .45-90, .45-60 and .44-40 10 pounds. I am now going to the .30-30 Winchester. It beats anything I ever used and the beauty about it all is, I got it for a club of subscribers to RECREATION. Thanks, and here is another subscription. I did not know they used RECREATION as a text-book in schools, but they do. Mr. Ward says he wants it for his daughter, as it helps her to find many rivers, lakes, etc.

C. C. Kline, Lima, O.

In answer to W. G. B. in March RECREATION:

1. A type-metal bullet same size as 168 grains lead bullet would weigh slightly less, but not enough to make any appreciable difference I do not know the exact weight, but think it would not be more than 10 or 15 grains.

2. Have not used metal patched bullets with low-pressure smokeless powder to any extent.

3. Have used King's semi-smokeless powder in .30-30, but can not see that it is superior, in cleanliness, to black. It gives accurate shooting.

The type-metal bullets are very hard, harder than any lead and tin combination. Have often shot them through trees one foot thick, and the bullets were uninjured except for the point being slightly flattened.

If W. G. B. has a .32-40 he would better stick to it. It will give him more satisfaction than some of the others.

J. S. B., Jr.,
Baltimore, March 8, 1899.

I would like answers to the following questions through RECREATION: While loading 12 gauge shells last fall with 3 drams of smokeless powder I accidentally loaded one shell twice, making 6 drams of powder. Before discovering my mistake I had mixed the shells. I have a 12 gauge Winchester repeating shotgun, blued barrel, model 1897. Would it be dangerous to the gun, or to the shooter, to shoot this shell?

2. Can E. C. smokeless powder be shot in a .38-55 Marlin, and with what results?

R. B. P., Windom, Minn.

Does the breech-block of the No. 3 Remington rifle blow back after the gun has been used and becomes old? What cartridge is best for mink, musk rats, foxes, coons, 'possums, rabbits, squirrels and woodchucks?

Please give me a recipe for curing mink, fox, muskrat and coon skins, with the fur on.

When is the best time to trap them?

I referred the above to the Remington Arms Co., who reply:

"We have never had submitted a Remington rifle, model No. 3, of any age, on which it was possible for the breech-block to 'blow back,' as Birch Bark expresses it. The only way we can conceive of such an accident occurring would be by exploding the frame of the rifle and tearing the gun all to pieces. Nothing of this kind has ever been brought to our attention."

As to your other questions:

Good cartridges for the animals you mention are, the .22 long r. f.; the .22-7-45; the .22 long rifle and the .25-20.

A recipe for tanning small skins with the fur on has been published in RECREATION several times and a copy has been mailed you.

What is the snipe law in Kentucky?

What is the value of the cured skins of the mink, muskrat, coon, 'possum and fox?

Is there any law on these animals?

What is the killing power of the .32 Ideal?

Birch Bark, Covington, Ky.

For a copy of the game laws of your State address the Secretary of State, at Lexington.

As to value of such skins write B. Bernard & Co., 3 West 3d St., this city.

The .32 Ideal is good up to 200 yards.—EDITOR.

Will you kindly inform me through RECREATION whether a 16 bore shotgun with 34 inch barrels will carry farther than the same gun with 30 or 32 inch barrels, using the same charges? Also on what principle is the carrying power of any gun affected by the length of the barrel?

A. B. C., Grass Valley, Calif.

Referred to my readers.

EDITOR.

Will Mr. Horace Brooks, of Redding, Cal., tell RECREATION how much venison he spoiled by shooting his 5 bucks with a .30-30. The question is not whether the .30 is big enough, but whether it is not too big. For bear, deer, or anything smaller I think the .25-35 ought to be just the gun.

Geo. Monroe, Hyampon, Cal.

Since I owned a 10 gauge, lever action, Winchester, I have no use for a double gun. Deer are abundant in New Hampshire. Grouse are not plentiful; too many are killed. We have a few gray squirrels, ducks and foxes.

A. T. Page, Littleton, N. H.

I have been using the ePters cartridges in my .22 rifle, and must say they are ahead of anything I have used yet, in the line of .22 cartridges. Have just bought some of King's Semi-Smokeless powder to try in my .32-40.

S. L. Spencer, Covina, Calif.

In reply to the inquiry of S. W. Owen in June RECREATION regarding the Lefever gun: It is the best gun I ever used, and I have used a number of guns from leading American and foreign makers.

B. J. Clark, Chehalis, Wash.

Tell J. J. Harris he will find the Baker hammerless, A grade, as fine a gun for the money as he can get. I use one and am well satisfied with it, both as to shooting qualities and appearance.

A. E. M., Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Wabash—Will you have this glass of ice water?

Miss Van Beenz, of Boston—With a "d," please.

Mr. W.—Eh? I beg your pardon.

Miss V. B.—I said with a "d," please.

Mr. W.—Is—is it swearing?

Miss V. B.—Of course not. Don't you know what a "d" is?

Mr. W.—Perhaps I do; perhaps I don't. Is it anything like a—a stick?

Miss V. B.—A stick?

Mr. W.—Yes. Something in the spirit line. Sometimes whisky—generally whisky.

Miss V. B.—Most assuredly not. When I said with a "d" I meant with a "d."

Mr. W.—Oh! I see. But what did you mean?

Miss V. B.—You said "ice water."

Mr. W.—It was some time ago, but I believe I did.

Miss V. B.—You should have said "iced water"—with a "d," you know.

Mr. W.—Oh! of course. And will you have some iced water?

Miss V. B.—If you please.

Mr. W.—Too late—the ice is melted!—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Our page advertisement in RECREATION is bringing us the usual first-class returns.

W. L. Agnew, Adv. Agt., Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

I will esteem it a personal favor if you will send me the names and addresses of all the sportsmen you know, who are not yet readers of RECREATION.

NATURAL HISTORY.

MEDDLING WITH NATURE.

An important zoological paper by Dr. T. S. Palmer, Assistant Chief of the Biological Survey, has recently been published in the Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture. Its title is "The Danger of Introducing Noxious Animals and Birds"; and it is indeed high time this subject should be brought prominently into notice. The world has had enough of fool experiments in the introduction and colonization of various species of birds and mammals, designed for the accomplishment of specific purposes.

Aside from rats, mice and cats, which are to be considered apart, it appears that nearly all efforts that have been made to introduce foreign species for the accomplishment of specific purposes have resulted disastrously. The common rabbit of Europe promptly became in Australia an uncommon calamity. The mongoose of India soon became in Jamaica a pest far more serious and destructive than the rats they were intended to destroy. The ferrets, stoats and weasels, introduced in New Zealand to destroy the rabbits, are rapidly exterminating the game birds. as well as other species. The English sparrow we have with us always, and at present he is practically without a defender.

The starling, which was planted in New York City about 1877, and has actually become established, promises to be a worse infliction than the English sparrow. In Australia and New Zealand, where it was introduced for the destruction of insects, it promptly adopted a fruit diet to such an extent that it has become a great pest. The government of Western Australia, after due deliberation, has declared the starling a destructive bird, and absolutely prohibited its importation into that province. Because of its depredations on fruits generally, and wheat, it has also been condemned in Tasmania; and measures for its extermination in South Australia are under consideration.

The ferret introduced into this country has become as dangerous a weapon in the hands of the game hog as dynamite is in the hands of the train-wrecker.

Beyond all question, it is without the rights of either a private individual, or any society or corporation, to introduce in this country and set free without let or hindrance any species of wild bird, mammal, insect or reptile. The world has had sufficient warnings on this subject and any individual or acclimatization society which proposes to assume the responsibility for the introduction of a wild species of any kind to this country should be laid under proper restrictions. Twelve years ago Dr. C. Hart Merriam urged the necessity of restricting the importation of exotic species, and recommended that all such experiments should be conducted by or under the control of the department of agriculture. The wisdom of this recommendation is beyond all doubt. At present the absence of regulations permit any crank to introduce into this country any zoological nuisance which he takes a notion to import and set free. Even now, we are informed, starlings are being imported and bred in Pittsburg and Allegheny, with which to stock the parks of those cities; and in this connection, one of Dr. Palmer's conclusions is pertinent:

"The gradual increase of the starling, and the efforts to introduce the kohlmeise, require prompt measures to prevent species of such doubtful value from gaining a foothold in this country. The acquisition of new territory has also brought us face to face with new problems. Not only should the mongoose be prevented from reaching the United States from Hawaii and Porto Rico, but the native fauna of these islands should be preserved, and all our island possessions protected from ill-advised acclimatization, which has caused so much loss in Australia and New Zealand."

There is no occasion whatever for the introduction to this country of the European starling. Our own birds are amply sufficient for the destruction of insects, and for woodland melody, if protected from the guns of miscreants. If the Acclimatization Society of Cincinnati, which during the years 1872-73 and 74 expended $9,000 in the importation of 4,000 European birds, had expended that sum in the protection of American birds, the good accomplished would have entitled the organization to the gratitude of American people generally. W. T. H.

BIRD PROTECTION.

A paper read before the Detroit section of the Agassiz Society.

For the purposes of the present discussion birds may be divided into 2 classes:

First: Game birds.

Second: Birds that are not considered game. By game birds I mean edible birds, the pursuit and taking of which affords sport for the gunner. There are several species of birds, however, that are edible and that never should be killed by sportsmen because of their beauty, or their quality as songsters, or their value to agriculture as insect eaters. The birds which may be properly classed as game birds, and which are found in your state are:

Web-footed wild fowl,
The grouse family,
The sandpipers,
The plover family,
The snipe family,
The quail,
The curlew family,

The wood duck is usually classed as a game bird and is eagerly pursued by sportsmen, but as a matter of fact, it should never be killed. Within the past few years it has become exceedingly rare and is threatened with early extinction. Still, it is one of the most beautiful plumage birds on this continent. Its economic value as an article of food is so small that it should never be hunted or shot at by any true sportsman. I hope to live to see the time when all states will have laws protecting the wood duck at all seasons.

In fact all migratory water fowls are threatened with extermination and unless all the states and all the Canadian provinces speedily enact and enforce protective laws, a dozen species of ducks will disappear from the continent within 10 years. The Indians in the far North hunt the nests of the mother birds and destroy the eggs by thousands. Almost as soon as the young are hatched, and before they are able to fly, these savages pursue and kill them with clubs. A native will eat, at a single meal, a dozen young wild geese, none of which are perhaps larger than his fist; while if they were let alone any one of them would make him a meal 6 months later.

As soon as the young fowls are able to fly they, with their parents, start on their Southern migration. When they cross the border into Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana or Washington, an army of sportsmen assails them. As the winter season advances, the birds move South and at every stopping point they encounter a new division of this army of shooters. Even when they reach their winter feeding grounds, about the Gulf of Mexico, they are still pursued and slaughtered.

A still more savage enemy greets them at the international boundary. I refer now to the market hunters. These men move South with the birds, clear into the Gulf States; camp with them all winter and then follow them North to the international boundary line again on the spring flight.

A game dealer in Chicago, for instance, receives a shipment of wild geese and ducks from a market hunter in Minnesota or North Dakota in August. In September he receives other shipments from the same man 100 miles farther South. He keeps on receiving daily or weekly shipments from this same man clear down the Mississippi Valley into Louisiana or Texas, all through the winter. Then the shipments begin to come from the same man from points farther North, and continue with unceasing regularity through March, April and up into May, the last shipment coming again from North Dakota or Minnesota.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that between the warfare kept up by sportsmen and their guerilla allies, the water fowl should steadily decrease from year to year? The wonder is they have been able to withstand these terrific onslaughts so long. It is only because they are such prolific breeders; and in spite of this they are doomed, under existing conditions. The remedy is:

First: Shorter open seasons. These should be limited to 30 days.

Second: The season should open on the same day and close on the same day in all states within given parallels of latitude. For instance, in all States North of the 40th parallel the season should open September 1st and close September 30th. In all states South of the 40th degree, and North of the 35th degree, it should open October 1st, and close October 31st. In all states on or South of the 35th parallel it should open November 1st and close December 31st. I would accord the extra 30 days of open season to the Southern states because in some instances the water fowl would not reach these states until late in November, or even in December.

Third: All states should pass laws limiting the bag for any one shooter to 10 ducks or 3 geese for any one day, and to 50 ducks or 15 geese for any one year.

Fourth: The sale of game of all kinds should be rigidly prohibited at all times. The broad principle should be established that game is and should be the property of the man who can go afield and kill it. He should be permitted to give to his friends, to a reasonable extent, but not to sell it to any one.

Fifth: The entire prohibition of Spring shooting.

Sixth: A rigid and impartial enforcement of game laws everywhere and at all times.

Much that has been said as to the protection of water fowls applies with equal force to all birds of the grouse family, to woodcock, quail, and to the snipe and plover families.

Laws should be made to open on all

kinds of game on a given day and close on all kinds 30 days later, and if a man be found in the woods, in the fields, or on the waters with a gun, at any other time of year, that fact should be considered as *prima facie* evidence that he has violated a game law or is trying to do so, and he should be liable to a fine of not less than $25 on conviction.

The following species of birds, while habitually pursued by many sportsmen, are not game birds, and (with the exception of 2 species of hawks) should never be killed:

Hawks,
Owls,
Blackbirds,
Gulls,
Pelicans,
Cranes,
Loons,
Ibises,
Egrets,
Cormorants,
Bitterns,
Herons,
Doves,
Eagles,
Woodpeckers,
Robins,
Meadow larks.

Much that has been said as to the protection of game birds applies with equal force to song and insectivorous birds. Many of these are killed and eaten—not, I am glad to say, by real sportsmen; but in many cases by men who pose as such. The greatest enemies of song, insectivorous and plumage birds are the Italians and other foreigners who live in the great cities. An army of these men go out of every great city every Sunday morning during the last 8 months of the year, with cheap shotguns, and kill every bird they can find, no matter of what kind. Robins, thrushes, orioles, tanagers, bluejays, pewees, song sparrows, bluebirds—all go into the Dago's bag; then into the pot, and from there to his rapacious maw.

Many states have enacted laws prohibiting the killing of song birds at any time of year; but unfortunately such laws are not enforced as they should be. The remedy for this lies in a greater number of game wardens, and of more vigorous action on the part of all bird lovers. There should be at least one warden in each county of each state, and if one could be provided to each township, so much the better. The minimum fine for killing a song bird or an insectivorous bird should be $25. Half of this should go to the game warden, and in addition he should be paid a salary which would warrant him a comfortable living.

Another great enemy of song birds, and especially of those classed as plumage birds, is the market hunter. This man kills and skins the small birds for millinery purposes. He also kills thousands of plumage birds, such as egrets, and ibises, plucks a few plumes from each and leaves the bird to rot. In many cases he kills the mother bird and a brood of young are left on the nest to starve to death. All this infamous traffic should be suppressed at once.

All states should prohibit the wearing of the skins or plumage of birds on hats. A few of the states have already passed laws to prohibit the killing and selling or wearing of such birds, but this does not cover the case. The way to remedy an evil is to strike at the root of it. Let us destroy the market for bird skins, and bird feathers. Then the vandals who are slaughtering these birds, finding their occupation gone will have to go at something else. If they are too lazy to work, let them go to stealing horses and they will soon land in the penitentiary, where they should have been long ago.

The signs of the times point in the right direction. Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, recently introduced a bill in Congress to prohibit the importation and sale of the plumage or skins of birds for millinery purposes and, to the honor of the United States Senate be it said, his bill passed that honorable body, under a suspension of the rules, without a dissenting voice. It went to the house where it was amended and passed with only one negative vote. Then it went before a conference committee of the 2 houses and was buried there in the accumulation of urgent bills. Let us hope this or some similar measure may be passed by the next Congress.

Let every friend of bird protection make it his or her special duty to write to at least one member of Congress, or of the United States Senate, imploring him to do everything possible to secure the enactment of a law prohibiting this infamous traffic.

Let it be considered the duty and privilege of every friend of bird protection to condemn and decry, at every opportunity, the habit of certain women of wearing bird skins or plumage on their hats. The only hope of saving from total extinction the many species of birds in this country lies in the rapid creation of a strong public sentiment against millinery traffic in bird skins.

This warning is not the result of imagination or of speculation. It is the result of a careful and thorough study of the subject extending over a period of 30 years.

I have travelled over nearly every state and territory in the Union, and have personally seen the prairie chicken and the turkey swept almost entirely from the great state of Illinois. I have seen the ruffed grouse and the quail almost entirely wiped out of the State of New York. I have seen the woodcock driven to the verge of extermination throughout all the New England States. I have seen the wild pigeon swept from the whole United States and have seen practically all species of birds reduced in numbers from 25 to 50 per cent all over the continent.

It was principally and primarily for the purpose of arresting this terrible slaughter that the League of American Sportsmen was organized and the hope of the bird lovers lies largely in the work of that body. Its platform is as follows:

The League of American Sportsmen is organized for the purpose of protecting the game and game fishes; the song, insectivorous and other innocent birds, not classed as game birds.

Its prime object is to enforce game laws, where such exist, and to secure and enforce such laws where not now in existence.

It aims to promote good fellowship among sportsmen; to foster in the minds of the people a love of nature and of nature's works; to encourage the propagation of game and game fishes, and the re-stocking of game fields and public waters. To these ends it will act in unison with State, county and municipal authorities who aim at similar ends.

The league of American Sportsmen will not compete with any other organization that has similar objects in view. On the contrary, it desires to enlist the sympathies of, and to co-operate with, all such.

The League of American Sportsmen is opposed to excessive slaughter of game and fish, under the name sport. We are opposed to the killing of any innocent bird or animal, which is not game, in the name of sport, or in wantonness, or for commercial purposes.

We are opposed to the sale of game and game fishes, at all times and under all circumstances.

We believe in reasonable bags. We believe the killing of game and the taking of fish should be limited by law, not only as to seasons, but that the bag for any one man, for a day, and for a season, should be defined by law.

We believe in a gun-license law, with severe penalties for violations thereof.

We, as individual members of this League, pledge ourselves to work for the education of the public, and especially of our boys, on the lines indicated above; to co-operate with our officers, and with State or municipal officers, in the enforcement of game laws, whenever an opportunity offers.

Men, women and boys are eligible to membership in this League, and all such, who desire to see our beautiful feathered creatures remain on the earth, should join the League at once and aid us in saving them.

MORE RED DEVIL TALK.

Augusta, Wis., March 1, 1899.

Editor RECREATION:

I find articles in February number of RECREATION claiming that the red squirrel mutilates the grey males. Mr. Alfred Smith has demanded proof. In making this demand Mr. Smith is not entirely fair for he has requested an impossibility and I will suggest that we investigate and find the facts in this matter and that these shall be the proof and explain the causes and appearances that have misled so many. For instance, we will go out in fall or winter, where greys are to be found. When we have secured one or more males we will find that every one of them has been changed. No one can deny this fact, but by further investigation we will find that this has been done so skilfully that there are no scars. Let us go farther. We will open up the bowels and make internal examination. We will find tiny cords curling along the back, near the kidneys, and at the ends of these 2 tiny kernels or glands. They have never been mutilated. Male squirrels are never changed by mutilation; it is done by an all wise provision of nature that foresaw the necessity of such a change.

It has been said by some hunters that an average of only one in a dozen male greys escape mutilation by the hated red. They seem to think it necessary to have some spared, but the all wise Creator has spared none.

Winter has passed and spring has come. It occurs to us that this is a proper time to make a further investigation regarding his changed condition of the previous winter. With our guns we seek the forest. The squirrels are at home for we soon hear their well-known bark. If we secure a male we will not be compelled to make a very scientific examination to convince you that he is a perfect male, his organs in their proper place and well developed.

If you are not satisfied with this one specimen you can secure more, but you will find them in proper condition. Of course, male greys are liable to permanent change from accident, but these cases are very rare.

Now, gentlemen, what shall we do with that red robber, having cleared him from his one crime? It is not necessary to charge him with crimes he has not committed. The Creator has made him perfect. He has even extended to him this necessary provision, that changes the male grey at the proper season. If we investigate the red we'll find his condition is identical with the grey. Chas. S. Martin.

I have bought copies of your magazine quite regularly from the newsdealer for the last 2 years, and enjoyed reading nearly all the departments, especially "From the Game Fields" and "Guns and Ammunition." The wolf and red squirrel question interested me greatly.

While trying a small bore shot gun last September, I killed a chipmunk running along on the bottom rail of a fence, and a very lively little bob-tailed fellow he proved to be before I got a shot at him. When I picked him up I noticed a black spot on the end of his scrotum. The hole had a black-

and blue color. I said: "Red squirrel," at first; but on closer investigation I found two black grubs, which I send you herewith. They were inside the testicles and had eaten or absorbed those organs almost entirely, in fact had taken their place with this difference, one end was exposed. If these grubs or gad flies work on chipmunks, why not on the fox and red squirrels; but I never heard of a male red squirrel being shot and that would lead me to think he still had a tooth in the game. I once had occasion to remove a grub of this kind from a cat's nostril, but tabbie, unlike chip, had grown very poor.

What conclusion would you draw from the above instance? Can you give us a clue to the insect that laid the eggs?

H. B., Chicago, Ill.

MORE WOOD RAT LORE.

I have a small cabin near Colorado Springs, Colo., where mountain rats frequently become troublesome by making nests and carrying off valuable articles. I was asked for a live mountain rat by a distinguished anatomist in New York; so I baited a large rat trap and left it in the cabin. I was detained and did not return to the cabin for 7 days. Then I found a black squirrel in the trap, alive and savage. There were some scratches on his face but he was practically unharmed. On the floor of the cage were the scattered remains of 2 large mountain rats. I found 7 feet, 2 heads, etc., but all the flesh had been eaten. The squirrel's excreta showed hair in it. The rat bones showed marks of small incisor teeth. I let the squirrel go for I believed he had won his liberty. What happened in the cage I do not know; I merely judge from circumstantial evidence. The rats could scarcely have eaten each other. It is possible they fought until one or both died and the squirrel may have eaten their bodies; or he may have killed them both. It was too short a time for them to have died of starvation before the advent of the squirrel, 7 days, and I believe he killed and ate both of them.

Chas. Gardiner, M. D., Colorado Springs, Colo.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

Mr. Rufus Kendrick, of this place, a member of the L. A. S., is doing a grand work in suppressing the English sparrow. He has offered a bounty on their eggs or heads and has had over 2,400 eggs and heads brought in. It is proposed to form a society for the suppression of the sparrow. Mr. Kendrick has secured, as he calls it, "about 18 indictments" against the English sparrow, any one of which would be sufficient to send a human being to prison if he was convicted of it. We know they kill song and insectivorous birds, dump their eggs and nests on the ground and kill and destroy the young. It is high time the whole country should arise and stamp out the sparrow pest.

Arthur S. Aborn, Deputy Game Warden, Wakefield, Mass.

When you asked, some time ago, for information in regard to red squirrels, I wrote an article which appeared in October, '98, RECREATION. To this Alfred Smith takes exception in the February number. He says that I said the tree from which the squirrel jumped "stood" 50 feet from the water. I said nothing of the kind, neither did RECREATION print it so. What I meant was that the squirrel was 50 feet above the water when he jumped. As a matter of fact, the tree stood close to the river bank.

Paul Scheuring, West De Pere, Wis.

To settle a controversy please tell me, through RECREATION, what is astrakhan fur, and where is it obtained?

C. M. Allen, Wheeler, Wis.

True astrakhan fur is the pelts of young lambs bred in the province of Astrakhan, Russia. The finest quality is from the unborn lamb. It is very expensive, and many imitations are on the market.

EDITOR.

While prospecting on the North shore of Lake Superior in 1895-96 I saw several small flocks of wild pigeons. There were 20 to 30 in each flock and they were so tame I could have knocked them off the trees with a fishing rod. I saw a stray one here last week.

James B. Jarvis, Rossland, B. C.

I noticed the first robin of the season February 23d. It looked lonesome, as there was no bare ground, and it hopped disconsolately about on the ice and snow. It is not remarkable to see a robin so early in this latitude.

W. C. Baker, Searsmont, Me.

Join the L. A. S. The membership fee is only $1. Sixty cents of this goes back into your own state to be expended there in the work of game protection.

I will esteem it a personal favor if you will send me the names and addresses of all the sportsmen you know, who are not yet readers of RECREATION.

THE LEAGUE OF AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

OFFICERS OF THE L. A. S.

President, G. O. Shields, 19 W. 24th St., New York.

1st Vice-President, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, Washington, D. C.

2d Vice-President, E. S. Thompson, 144 Fifth Ave., New York.

3d Vice-President, Hon. W. A. Richards, General Land Office, Washington, D. C.

4th Vice-President, W. T. Hornaday, 69 Wall St., New York.

5th Vice-President, A. A. Anderson, 93 Fifth Ave., New York.

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General Counsel, Julius H. Seymour, 35 Wall St., New York.

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PENNSYLVANIA DIVISION

C. F. Emerson, Chief Warden, 189 N. Perry St., Titusville.

NEW JERSEY DIVISION.

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COLORADO DIVISION.

A. Whitehead, Chief Warden, 17 Bank Block, Denver.

Applications for membership and orders for badges should be addressed to Arthur F. Rice, Secretary, 19 W. 24th St., New York.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW YORK.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
New York,	Conrad L. Meyer,	46 W. Broadway.
Livingston,	M. De La Vergne,	Lakeville.
Nassau,	Willett Smith,	Freeport, L. I.
Albany,	C. D. Johnson,	Newtonville, N. Y.
Allegany,	J. D. Holden,	Belmont, N. Y.
Broome,	M. A. Baker,	Whitney's Point, N. Y.
Cayuga,	H. M. Haskell,	Weedsport, N. Y.
Chemung,	Fred. Uhle,	Hendy Creek, N. Y.
Erie,	E. P. Door,	103 D. S. Morgan Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
	Marvin H. Butler,	Morilla, N. Y.
Essex,	W. H. Broughton.	Moriah, N. Y.
Montgomery,	Charles W. Scharf,	Canajoharie, N. Y.
Oneida,	E. J. Breeze,	Forestport, N. Y.
Orange,	Wilson Crans,	Middletown, N. Y.
	J. Hampton Kidd,	Newburgh, N. Y.
Rensselaer,	Capt. J. B. Taylor,	Rensselaer, N. Y.
Richmond,	Lewis Morris,	Port Richmond, N. Y.
Schenectady,	J. W. Furnside,	Schenectady, N. Y.
Suffolk,	F. J. Fellows,	Islip, L. I.
	P. F. Tabor,	Orient, L. I.
Tioga,	Geo. Wood,	Owego, N. Y.
Washington,	C. L. Allen,	Sandy Hill, N. Y.
Westchester,	George Poth,	Pleasantville, N. Y.
Essex,	H. E. Braman,	Keene Valley, N. Y.
Rockland,	A Woodward,	Ramapo, N. Y.
Sullivan,	Ernest W. Kenne,	Mongaup Valley, N. Y.
Dutchess, Columbia,	A. B. Miller,	Jackson's Corners, N. Y.
Broome,	John Sullivan,	Sanataria Springs, N. Y.
Orange,	Thomas Harris,	Port Jervis, N. Y.
St. Lawrence,	J. W. Aitchison,	Madrid, N. Y.

LOCAL WARDENS IN OHIO.

Stark,	A. Dangeleisen,	Massillon.
Franklin,	Brook L. Terry,	208 Woodward Av., Columbus.
Cuyahoga,	A. W. Hitch,	161 Osborn St., Cleveland.
Clark,	Fred C. Ross,	169 W. Main St., Springfield.
Erie,	David Sutton,	418 Jackson St., Sandusky.
Fulton,	L C. Berry,	Swanton
Allen,	S. W. Knisely,	Lima.
Hamilton,	W. C. Rippey,	4465 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati.
Knox,	Grant Phillips,	Mt. Vernon.
Lorain,	T. J. Bates,	Elyria
Ottawa,	Frank B. Shirley,	Lakeside.
Muskingum,	Frank D Abell,	Zanesville.
Scioto,	J. F. Kelley	Portsmouth.
Highland,	James G. Lyle,	Hillsboro.

LOCAL WARDENS IN CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield,	George B. Bliss,	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park St., Bridgeport, Ct.
Hartford,	Abbott C. Collins,	783 Main Street, Hartford, Ct.
(County Warden, care Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co.)		
Litchfield,	Dr. H. L. Ross,	P. O. Box 100, Canaan, Ct.
New Haven,	Wilbur E. Beach,	318 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW JERSEY.

Morris,	D. W. Clark,	Newfoundland.
Somerset,	G. E. Morris,	Somerville.
Morris,	Francis E. Cook,	Butler.
Passaic,	L. M. Lefevre,	Pompton Plains.
Sussex,	Isaac D Williams,	Branchville.
Morris,	Joseph Pellet,	Pompton Plains.
Union,	A. H. Miller,	Cranford.
	C. M Hawkins,	Roselle.
Warren,	Jacob Young, Reuben Warner,	Phillipsburg.

LOCAL WARDENS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
Venango,	G. D. Benedict,	Pleasantville.
Northumberland,	W. A. Reppard,	Shamokin.
Potter,	Byron Bassett,	Coudersport.
Crawford,	Jasper Tillotson,	Tillotson.

LOCAL WARDENS IN MICHIGAN.

Kalkaska,	W. H. Dunham,	Kalkaska.
Kalamazoo,	C. E. Miller,	Augusta,

LOCAL WARDENS IN WYOMING.

Fremont,	Nelson Yarnall,	Dubois.
Uinta,	S. N. Leak, W. L. Simpson,	Jackson.
Carbon,	Kirk Dyer,	Medicine Bow.

DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of from 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Boston, Mass. Photographic goods.
Folmer & Schwing, 271 Canal Street, New York City. Photographic goods.
The Bostwick Gun and Sporting Goods Co., 1528 Arapahoe St., Denver Col.
W. H. Longdon, Bridgeport, Conn. Sportmen's goods.
New York Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson Street, New York City. Condensed products.
Oneida Community, Kenwood, N. Y. Traps.
Metz & Schloerb, Oshkosh, Wis. Moccasins, hunting shoes, etc.
Novelty Cutlery Co., Canton, O. Pocket cutlery, ink erasers, etc.
M. A. Shipley, 432 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa., Fishing, tackle.
Willis Arms & Cycle Co., Kansas City, Mo. Bicycles, athletic and sportsmen's goods.

Southport, Conn.

Editor RECREATION:

As I promised you at the sportsmen's show I would inform you in regard to the game laws enacted by our present legislature, I take this opportunity of doing so. Some of the bills proposed by the League of American Sportsmen were not favorably received, as they were too advanced for a legislature with the make-up of ours. We had an excellent fish and game committee, composed of gentlemen who tried to give the state what they thought was best, and they would have given us much better than they did if it had been possible to get the bills through the general assembly.

We tried hard to pass the bill prohibiting the sale of game, but that was impossible. We succeeded, however, in passin a law prohibiting the snaring of game, which is a long step forward.

We changed the opening of the hunting season to the 1st of October and the closing to the 1st of December, thinking in this way to save a good many birds from the pot hunter during that time of the year when they can be easily tracked in the snow.

We made the closing season on rabbits as on other game, not because we thought the rabbits needed protection, but under the new law no man will have an excuse for carrying a gun in the woods at any other time than during October and November.

We succeeded in getting a limit to the number of grouse to be shot in a day during the season. We could not get a bounty on foxes, nor could we get any change in the ferret law.

On the whole, we think we have made considerable progress. There is undoubtedly a great desire in this state for some stringent measures in regard to game protection, and I hope before another 2 years has passed by that public sentiment may be such that we can pass a bill prohibiting the sale of game.

In regard to fish, there was a number of minor bills passed, but the only important one was that which prohibited the taking of more than 30 trout in one day. This was somewhat ridiculed by some of the members of the legislature, but I think it will have a good deal of moral, if not so much legal effect.

F. P. Sherwood.

Mr. Sherwood is a member of the legislature and I trust may be reëlected as often as he wants to be. The cause of game protection will always be safe in his hands. EDITOR.

A VERMONT KICKER.

Replying to several circular letters you have sent me: My failure to renew my membership in the L. A. S. is not due to oversight, as you suggest, but is intentional. The reason is this: Some time ago a game warden in New Jersey shot an Italian, and, if we may believe the report in RECREATION, purely in self-defense—an act justifiable the world over. The warden was, I learn, sentenced to 20 years in prison, and is still serving sentence. I have not been able to learn that the League gave him any assistance. In fact, it appears he got the cold shoulder.

There are men in the League powerful enough to prevent so gross an injustice if they chose; but it seems nothing is to be done. It is a disgrace to the state of New Jersey, and especially to the L. A. S. I believe I was a charter member, and have induced some few people to join. I am heartily in sympathy with the objects and purposes of the League; but while that warden is in prison don't ask me to renew my membership.

H. G. Davis, Bridgewater Corners, Vt.

ANSWER.

I must say I have never seen more falsehood crowded into a few lines than is contained in this letter. I hand you herewith 5 clippings from as many issues of RECREATION, containing various reports of the action of the League in the Tooker case, and several appeals to League members and to sportsmen generally in Tooker's behalf. While several of us contributed $5 each, and many others $1 each to aid Tooker's defense, and to aid in supporting his family during his imprisonment, I fail to find that you have ever put up one cent for this cause. Now you get up on your hind legs and roar because we have not released Mr. Tooker.

As stated in one of the clippings herewith, we have made strenuous efforts to get a hearing before the pardon board in New Jersey. This we were denied but we drew up a strong petition, which was signed by all the officers of the League, reciting the cruelty and the injustice that had been done Mr. Tooker, and sent it to the court of pardons. We also drew up 2 general petitions which were widely circulated and numerously signed and which we also sent in.

Mr. Tooker is not a League warden, as you state, and is not even a member of the League; but that has made no difference to us. We have done all we could for him because he got into trouble while enforcing a game law.

Now, with this evidence before you as to what has been done by the League, and in view of your contemptible conduct in the matter, you should feel heartily ashamed of yourself. If you are any part of a man, you will apologize to the officers of the League for the injustice done them.

EDITOR.

A FRIEND OF THE BIRDS.

I recently learned that Mrs. Redding of this city was deeply interested in bird protection, and wrote her as follows:

Dear Madam: I understand you are interested in the cause of bird protection and beg to send you documents explaining the nature and aims of the L. A. S. This body was organized primarily for the purpose of protecting the game and the song birds of this country and I should like to have you join us. We have a number of lady members but not nearly so many as we need.

To which Mrs. Redding replied:

In reply to your courteous note permit me frankly to state that I am not in sympathy with the main object of your League, as set forth in your letter-head. Viewed from the standpoint of non-cruelty I cannot see any difference between slaughter at indiscriminate times and slaughter by indiscriminate persons. Any one, however inexpert in handling firearms, has free title under game laws to go on his blundering way inflicting incalculable misery on innocent creatures. Sport that kills is a survival of savagery—please pardon my directness—and before I die I hope to see Charles Dudley Warner's feeling toward the shooting of Adirondack deer shared by the majority of his countrymen, not only in relation to deer but to include all present objects of the sportsman's aim.

If I can be identified with some branch of your work that aims at protecting birds, fish or game animals, for life, and not merely for seasons, I shall be glad to be associated with it.

Very truly yours,
Josephine Redding, Bayonne, N. J.

ANSWER.

I appreciate your position fully; yet you are, of course, aware that all great reforms must be accomplished gradually. An attempt to force a radical and sweeping change suddenly, often has the opposite effect of driving people to greater extremes in the wrong direction. I therefore consider it a better plan to go among sportsmen, some of whom are the worst offenders against our birds and animals, and instead of trying to shut them off entirely and absolutely from customary sport, to educate them, limit them and check them. This League has accomplished more for the protection of game, fishes, song and insectivorous birds than any other body ever formed in this country. Because of this working for the protection of birds and mammals, everyone who desires that end accomplished should support the League, even though unable to agree fully with all its aims. I hope you will reconsider the matter, and decide to favor the League with your application for membership at an early day.

We have many members who are not sportsmen in any sense, who never fire a gun and who are opposed to all killing in the name of sport. Among these are Dr. C. Hart Merriam, one of our vice-presidents. If we can induce a man who formerly killed 100 quail or grouse in a day to join us, to conform to our views and in future to always stop when he has killed 10 birds, it seems to me we are accomplishing a great reform and that we thereby merit the sympathy and coöperation of all such good women as you.

We have already reformed thousands of men who were formerly the most bloodthirsty bird destroyers, but who now quit when they get game enough for a meal, and who have quit killing song and insectivorous birds entirely. EDITOR.

REYNOLDS' PREDICTION AGAIN PROVES FALSE.

The L. A. S. has achieved another important victory, notwithstanding the prediction of the Ancient Defender of Game Hogs to the effect that it would never "accomplish" any important "achievements."

Under date of July 7th Mr. R. A. Osborne, of Rea, Fremont Co., Idaho, wrote me that John Sherwood of Henry's lake and Mr. Sherman of Butte, Mont., had employed a lawyer in Boise, Idaho, at a fee of $2,000 (if successful), to procure for them a lease, authorizing them to fish for trout with nets in Henry's lake, and to sell the trout in violation of law.

I at once took up this matter with the secretary of state and after some correspondence he advised me that no such lease would be given to these or any other men, to net, ship or sell trout in Idaho in violation of law. He furthermore advised me that he had instructed the surveyor general of the state to locate all the public lands bordering on Henry's lake and its tributaries as state lands, in order that the state might be in a still better condition to prohibit illegal fishing in these waters.

With his letter the secretary of state sent his application fee for membership in the League.

THE SCHENECTADY CHAPTER IS AT WORK.

An interesting meeting of the local chapter of the League of American Sportsmen was held recently in Carpenters' Hall. Plans were discussed for the future with reference to breeding and protecting game.

The local league has obtained the use of a tract of land just below the Aqueduct. This tract is about 5 miles in circumference and is already stocked with ruffed grouse. The league intends to post notices throughout the grounds so as to protect the birds, and in the near future, they are going to stock this track with Belgian hares. These are larger than the common gray rabbit and are able to take care of themselves when left alone. Dr. Reynolds is breeding the stock and will liberate about 40 in the preserve.

Other tracts of land in various parts of the neighborhood will be obtained, where birds may be allowed to multiply unmolested by hunters. The prospects for shooting are excellent.

Owing to the work of L. A. S. Wardens there is far less illegal fishing this season than in former years. Many plans were suggested for stocking the various streams in the vicinity with fry and they were met with much enthusiasm.

The league will take vigorous and decisive action with regard to the game laws and any violators will be speedily prosecuted.—Schenectady (N. Y.) paper.

On August 2d Wm. Jackson, of Piney, Wyo., was convicted before Justice Wallace in this city of selling elk skins. The fine and costs amounted to $78.50, which was paid. W. C. Pyle, L. A. S. warden, made the arrest and confiscated 35 elk hides which Jackson had in his possession.

This is the first conviction we have been able to secure in this county and shows that popular opinion is with the game and the game protectors. We have some more cases which we are watching and will pull the string as soon as we can secure the evidence. It takes more evidence to convict a man of illegal game slaughtering than it does to hang a man on a charge of murder.

Frank Dunham, M.D., Chief Warden Wyoming Division, Lander.

Local Warden Thomas Harris, of Port Jervis, N. Y., is doing some vigorous work in the interest of game protection. He has killed a number of dogs that he has found running deer. In fact 3 of these dogs were eating a deer they had killed. Mr. Harris has notified a number of other dog owners in that vicinity that if he finds their dogs at large he will kill them. He has scared a lot of people in Orange county so badly that it is said no violations of the game laws have been committed there for some months past. I wish we had 10,000 such wardens as Harris, scattered all over the United States. Then we should soon see game increasing rapidly everywhere.

Mrs. Martha F. G. Martin, editor of Demorest's Magazine, has recently joined the L. A. S. She is especially interested in the protection of song birds, and realizes that the League is doing important work in that direction. Mrs. Martin's literary and social prominence make her a valuable acquisition to the League and her example in joining should be followed by every woman in America.

I enclose check for $1.25 for renewal of L. A. S. membership and bronze badge. You can count on my dollar for this object every year, as long as I am able to earn one. I am disgusted with the kind of sportsmen who spend $50 for a dog, $75 for a gun and nothing for game protection.

Rev. J. N. Parshley, Lawrence, Mass.

Mr. W. L. Marble, Gladstone, Mich.

Dear Sir: The axe came duly to hand, and is a dandy. A man who can conceive such an improvement on a sportsman's axe as you have done must be a sportsman himself or had one at his elbow when he made the first axe. Yours truly,

S. T. Davis (Shongo), Lancaster, Pa.

Good Man: "Do you know what becomes of little boys who use bad words when they are playing marbles?"

Bad Boy: "Yep! Dey grows up and plays golf."—Chicago News.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

HOW IT IS DONE.

I have often wondered how the International Correspondence school, of Scranton, Pa., carried on its work and have lately taken measures to find out. Here is a brief outline of the method:

These schools were established in 1891, have a capital of $1,500,000 and over 100,000 students and graduates. There are over 50 courses in mechanical, steam electrical and civil engineering; architecture; plumbing; chemistry; metal work; English branches; bookkeeping and pedagogy.

Regular text-books are not suitable for teaching by mail and in place of them these people use instruction and question papers and drawing plates prepared by their own writers.

These papers have been prepared by educated engineers of practical experience, on the assumption that each student enrolled has no education beyond the ability to read and write English, and that his time for studying is limited. The principles taught are explained in the most concise manner and in the plainest language. Each course begins with the most elementary subject and progresses by easy steps to the end. Each student is a class by himself and his progress depends entirely on the time he devotes to study. If, through press of work, he cannot find time during a certain period for study, he can lay his lessons aside, and take them up when able to do so. He is given special personal assistance by the instructors whenever he fails to thoroughly understand a principle, rule or formula. When a student enrolls he is sent the first 2 instruction and question papers of his course. After studying the instruction paper he writes out the answers to the questions and sends them to the schools for examination and correction and begins to study the second paper. If his first lesson earns a passing mark (90 per cent or higher) the third instruction and question papers are sent him with his corrected lesson. If he fails to receive a passing mark of at least 90 per cent he is required to drop the advanced lesson and study the first. He is not allowed to advance from one paper to another unless he thoroughly understands the first. Special blanks are furnished him on which to ask questions on any principle, rule or formula, which he may not thoroughly understand. These requests are answered in the plainest possible manner by return mail. On completion of the course and passing an examination the student is granted a diploma signed by the instructors and certifying that he has successfully completed the study of the subjects in the course and has satisfied them of his proficiency therein. These diplomas do not carry with them degrees.

The Gundlach Optical Company affords another striking illustration of what judicious advertising and management will do.

Five years ago when I visited this company's works in Rochester they occupied a small building on the rear end of a residence lot and employed perhaps 25 men. A month ago I called there again and found a brick building, 4 stories high, covering 2 of the ordinary residence lots, with a total floor space of 40,000 square feet. I was shown through the building from cellar to garret and was astonished at every turn at the marvelous completeness and adequacy of the machinery in every department. Five years ago the company was making nothing but microscopes and photographic lenses, and only a small line of these. Now it makes an immense line of both and one of the most complete lines of cameras turned out of any factory in this country. Furthermore every part of each of these articles is made under this one roof, except possibly the bulbs and hose used on the camera shutters. Every piece of machinery and every tool used in this factory is of the best quality that can be made at any price.

The company employs about 250 men and every one of them is made as comfortable at his work as is possible for him to be. Lighting, ventilation and sanitary conditions have been looked after as carefully in this great factory as they are in any residence or hotel in the country. I should hesitate to state the number of cameras turned out of this factory every working day in the year, lest some people who think they know might doubt my word.

The Gundlach people have been liberal advertisers in RECREATION almost since its first issue, and for this reason I feel a personal pride in the wonderful growth of their business. I also feel a personal pride in the high character of the work turned out by these people.

The Korona line of cameras is now as fine a line and as perfectly equipped in every way as any produced in the world and a conclusive proof of this is found in the fact that this company is exporting thousands of cameras, lenses and shutters to Europe every year. Mr. H. H. Turner, the founder and president of the company, may well feel proud of his success.

ANOTHER SNAKE SHOW.

The one held in New York last November will be repeated on a much larger scale this year. It will be held October 2nd to 14th inclusive, at Lyric Hall, 6th avenue and 42nd street. Rare and interesting specimens of reptiles have been promised, from many sources. Amateur naturalists who were inspired at the last snake show to attempt to construct and stock home ophidariums, are expected to report their experiences.

One American collector of serpents recently wrote Mr. Allen S. Williams, the snake show's originator and director, who has an office in the St. Paul Building, that he had so far secured only 900 specimens, including rattlers, elaps, Gila monsters, and cotton-mouth moccasins, but would be able to ship many more before the show opened.

It is proposed, this season, to take the collection of reptiles to other cities, opening in Brooklyn immediately after closing in New York, and then going to Boston.

QUICK TRANSIT TO THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

The magnificent steamers "Prince George" and "Prince Arthur" are winning great praise from the traveling public for their clock-like regularity in running between Boston and Yarmouth, and are pronounced by all the most magnificent steamers plying to the provinces.

They now perform daily service (except Saturday) Boston to Yarmouth, connecting there with "Flying Bluenose" trains with which sure connection is made for all points. Steamers leave Long Wharf at 4 p. m. The steamship "Prince Edward" is proving extremely popular on the direct St. John service, and is carrying full lists of passengers. She leaves Long wharf for St. John direct, Wednesdays at 11 a. m., and Saturdays at 4 p. m.

The time to visit the provinces is now, when the foliage is most luxuriant, climate bracing and delightful, and the invigorating ozone makes it the ideal vacation land.

For information as to sailings, tours, etc., write to or call on nearest ticket agent, or J. F. Masters, New England Superintendent, Boston.

AMERICAN QUAILS UNDER THE EQUATOR.

Wellington, New Zealand.

Mr. Chas. Payne, Wichita, Kan.

Dear Sir: You will be pleased to know that the 2 lots of Virginia quail I got from you have been a great success. They arrived here with very little loss, and were turned out in different parts of both North and South Islands. Our leading sportsmen are pleased with them as a game bird, and that they arrived here in such good order. To stock the country quickly and well we should have several consignments. I have had inquiries and offers from 2 different parties to buy another lot next season, and think it about certain we shall order 1,000, but will advise you later, after consulting with the government and some private parties.

The coops you supply are splendid and were admired by our bird men here. For convenience in feeding, watering, cleaning, etc., they are the best I have seen.

Please give me a quotation for prairie chickens, California mountain quails, wood-ducks, red-head and canvas-back ducks, landed at San Francisco. Also state which is the best month to ship from America.

I am very proud of getting the quail here in such good shape, but to you most of the credit is due, as you sent me nothing but good, healthy birds, splendidly cooped, and full information as to how to look after them. Yours sincerely,

L. F. Ayson, Fish and Game Commissioner.

A CLEAN ROAD.

The Boston & Albany Railroad, the pride of New England, as a railway system, possesses incomparable advantages that entitle it to the patronage of the public. It would be hard to suggest anything that would add to the advantages of the traveling public that have not been adopted by the B. & A., many of its features being exclusively its own. The sprinkling of its tracks with oil, whereby at all seasons of the year, no matter how dry and dusty the country generally may be, it ensures absolute freedom from this annoyance in the cars, is a feature that has not been made use of by any other New England road. Then with its unequalled roadbed, officially recognized as superior to any other in the United States, together with its fast and punctual service. it is little wonder that its patronage is so constantly increasing.

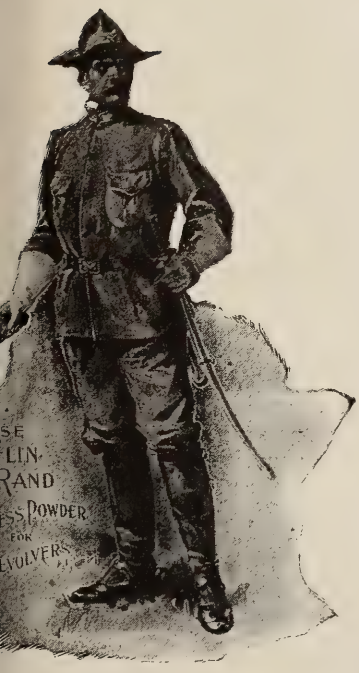
To my mind the Boston & Albany Railroad is one of the most perfect in the world, and in all travel to New York and the West it is so incomparably superior to any other.—Exchange.

THE ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS AND HOW TO REACH THEM.

No. 20 of the "Four-Track Series" is a 48-page folder illustrating and describing in a brief way the more prominent resorts in the Adirondack mountains, together with a synopsis of the time required to make the trip from any large city in the United States.

It contains also a large map in colors of the Adirondack region; also a full and complete list of the hotels, boarding-houses, camps, lakes, rivers, etc., and giving their exact location in the mountains. There is also a complete list of stage lines, steamer routes and other modes of conveyance in the mountains, together with the rates of fare for same.

Call on any ticket agent of the New York Central, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, Michigan Central, Big Four Route, or Boston & Albany railroad for a copy of this folder.



The Laflin & Rand Powder Co. is issuing a series of beautiful water-color pictures representing out-door sports and military life, which are sold at 25 cents each. They are framed and packed ready for shipment, and this price barely covers the cost of framing.

They have one unframed picture representing a ducking scene which will be sent free to any one asking for it and mentioning RECREATION. The cut herewith represents one of the military pictures reduced. The others are equally attractive and life-like.

The New Departure Trunk Co. has established a branch at 294 5th avenue, New York, which is under the personal supervision of Mr. J. E. Hicks, vice-president of the company. He is a courteous, agreeable gentleman, and it would be greatly to the interest of all sportsmen in or about New York, or those who visit this city, to call on Mr. Hicks and see the excellent trunks the company makes for sportsmen.

TRADE NOTES.

Nova Scotia has been the scene of considerable steamship competition during the past season. Yarmouth, Digby, Halifax, and other places along the coast and bay have been kept busy with the arrival and departure of the thousands of tourists who have discovered this charming summer resort. Amid all the attractions it is pleasant to see our old friends the "Boston," "Yarmouth," and "City of Monticello." Their long established record has not been broken by the newer boats. The safety, comfort and care exercised by the officers of the ships, good table and well kept rooms, have held their own against all competitors. Mr. H. Hammond, agent at the Boston end of the line, and Mr. Baker, president of the company, at Yarmouth, give personal and satisfactory supervision over the passenger service.

W. H. Mullins, Salem, O., has issued a new catalogue of metal boats, which is elaborately illustrated with half-tone cuts. Some of these represent ducking scenes which will make any duck shooter's mouth water. Most of the photos were made by T. W. Ingersoll, of St. Paul, and show what great sport can be had in this line by men who use the "Get There Boat." Then there are a lot of cuts showing the different models of boats made by Mr. Mullins and the proper methods for planting them in the marshes.

Every duck shooter and every sportsman who is fond of the water should have a copy of this catalogue. In writing for it please say you saw it in RECREATION.

I thank you for the beautiful Bristol steel fishing rod you sent me, as a premium for 10 subscribers to RECREATION.

Since I received it many of my friends have bought Bristols and think they are the only rods on the river.

A party of gentlemen from here went on a fishing trip and among them was one who was fortunate enough to have a Bristol rod. It was the only rod that came home in good condition, and immediately on their return several members of the party equipped themselves with new Bristol steel rods.

We could not be pleased any better than we are with RECREATION.

Marie Platner, Council Bluffs, Ia.

Kalkaska, Mich., May 26, 1899.

E. G. Chatfield, Oswego, N. Y.,

Dear Sir: I received your letter and sample fly. Went out on Great Canyon creek yesterday and caught 49 trout on this one fly in 3½ hours. I enclose the fly and you will see it is still in good condition.

Have you such a thing as a web winged insect of the color of wood ashes? The insect is about the size of the No. 8 fly? These come on the water at about sunset, hovering above the surface. They keep falling until they touch the water, when they rise again; this motion being kept up rapidly until dark.

W. H. Dunham.

My ad in Recreation brought great returns. I have heard from 12 different men in regard to my dog and only wish I had one for each; but of course could trade with only one as I had but one dog. Recreation is the magazine to advertise in, if you desire quick answers and a wide field. I had letters from Michigan, Ohio, Maine, Iowa, Connecticut, New York, Maryland and other states.

Fred. L. Tuft, So. Framingham, Mass.

The Stevens Arms Company has made some important improvements in the Favorite rifle which will be appreciated by all riflemen. They have fitted to it a shotgun rubber butt-plate, of neat design, which adds greatly to the appearance of the arm, and are improving the general finish of the rifle.

The Racine bath cabinet advertised in this issue of Recreation is a luxury which no family, no bachelor or bachelor maid should be without. Read carefully the description contained in the ad, and you will readily understand that this cabinet is a most valuable adjunct to every home. Send for illustrated catalogue and say you saw the ad in Recreation.

The Union Metallic Cartridge Co. has issued its '99 edition of game laws of the United States and Canada, which will be mailed free to any one asking for it and mentioning Recreation. Address Capt. J. A. H. Dressel, Mgr., 315 Broadway, New York.

Anyone who may think of spending a winter in Florida, where good fishing and hunting can be had and where expenses are low, would do well to write C. R. Bridges, North New Salem, Franklin Co., Mass. He issues a booklet describing a certain region in Florida that gives full information on that subject.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

A ONE MAN CONVENTION.

The meeting held in Chicago on July 25th for the purpose of inaugurating a movement for a Minnesota National Park was a complete failure.

A month or 2 ago one John S. Cooper, of Chicago, came to the front as champion of the movement and undertook to engineer it. Mr. Cristadoro, being a modest man, gracefully handed the reins over to Mr. Cooper and took a back seat. Mr. Cooper accordingly attempted to conduct the meeting and soon demonstrated his entire incapacity for any such work.

He started in by saying to the gentlemen assembled at the Athletic Club, "I move that this meeting be now called to order." There was, of course, no second to his motion, so Mr. Cooper named E. W. Blatchford as chairman of the meeting.

Mr. Blatchford made a few graceful remarks on taking the chair and then Mr. Cooper got up and made a long, rambling talk in which he started a dozen sentences he never finished. He told of a fishing trip to Cass lake, and said: "I will give you a little reminiscence of the trip." Then he rambled off again, on some other theme, and failed to give the reminiscence. In fact he failed to say anything of importance, or that gave any direct or tangible information about the plan and scope of the undertaking.

He later proposed the appointment of a committee of 50 men, 30 of whom he said were to be named by the commercial clubs of St. Paul and Minneapolis, and the other 20 he stipulated were to be named by a committee of 3, to be appointed at the present meeting. Mr. Blatchford appointed Mr. Cooper and 2 other gentlemen as this nominating committee. They retired and in a few minutes returned with a list of 20 names, *including their own.*

Mr. Cristadoro was entirely ignored throughout all these proceedings, so far as chief engineer of the meeting was concerned, but a man in the audience who knew of the good work Mr. C. had been doing, called on him for a speech. "Cris" in a clear, straightforward statement of the purpose of the movement, outlined in brief, terse language the plan, from its inception, and told in an eloquent way what the park was destined to be and to do for the country in general if once established.

Dr. Bracken, secretary of the Minnesota health board, made a similar speech and between the 2 the audience was thoroughly enlightened as to what it was there for.

Another meeting was held in Chicago in August at which a permanent organization was effected.

The scheme is a great one and will eventually succeed, but the sooner competent men take charge of the movement, and relieve Mr. Cooper from his self-appointed position as leader, the better it will be for the country.

THE POET SPORTSMAN IS GONE.

Dear old Isaac McLellan, known and loved by all sportsmen, passed away on

August 20th. He was 94 years old and his death was due to general exhaustion. He had been seriously ill for only a few days. It had been his hope to live to complete his one hundredth year, but in the last interval of consciousness, a few hours before he died, he told his friends that his end was near.

Isaac McLellan had numbered among his intimate friends Henry W. Longfellow, N. P. Willis, Nathaniel Hawthorne and S. S. Prentiss, and was on friendly terms with Daniel Webster, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Cullen Bryant and other great men.

Among his published works were "Poems of Rod and Gun," "The Fall of the Indian," "Notes of the Birds," "The Trout Brook," etc.

Mr. McLellan was extremely fond of the forest and of country life. His desire for the country led him to select Greenport, Long Island, as the place in which to spend his declining years.

Up to a year ago he was a frequent contributor to Recreation and other periodicals, his poems always dealing with Nature and her works.

He will be sorely missed by thousands of people.

ZOO SPECIMENS ARE COMING IN.

My appeal to the readers of Recreation for birds and mammals for the New York Zoological Park is meeting with liberal responses. Here is a list of specimens already received:

July 11 Sciuropterus volucella—Flying squirrel. One specimen, presented by J. E. Bosworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.

May 27 Bubo virginianus—Great Horned Owl. One specimen, presented by V. I. Cook, Belfast, N. Y.

July 13 Buteo borealis—Red-tailed hawk. 2 specimens, presented by Robert Smith, Greene, N. Y.

July 29 Megascops asio—Screech Owl. One specimen, presented by A. W. Perrior, Syracuse, N. Y.

Aug. 23 Buteo borealis—Red tail hawk. One specimen, presented by F. H. Williams, Greene, N. Y.

Aug. 25 Haliætus leucocephalus—Bald eagle. 2 specimens. Dewey and Columbia. Hatched June 13, 1899, at Sucker Lake, Mich., presented by A. B. Pain and L. C. Fletcher, Paulding, Mich.

A number of other specimens have been offered and are to be shipped in as fast as the cages are ready to receive them. This work is progressing rapidly and Mr. Hornaday will soon be ready for anything and everything that comes. My readers are again urged to report to me, or to Mr. Hornaday at the park, any specimens they may have in hand that they are willing to donate to this great institution.

Remember that any specimen you may send will be credited to you first, and then to the Recreation group. In years to come it will be an honor to any man or woman to have donated a specimen to the New York Zoological Park in its early days. The names of all donors will be permanently registered in the records of the park and placed on the cages containing these specimens. All animals received at the park will be acknowledged by mail, and through Recreation. We want everything in the way of birds, mammals and reptiles. If you have anything in either class that you are willing to give, let me hear from you at once.

A Milwaukee paper prints a long winded article criticising the Wisconsin game law which requires each person hunting in that state to take out a license at a cost of $1.

The reporter claims that many people object to this law. No doubt the hordes of ignorant Italians, Bohemians, and other foreigners who go out every Sunday and slaughter song birds will consider this law a hardship, but I wish the license fee had been placed at $10 instead of $1. This would shut off a lot of these men, and decent sportsmen would be willing to pay the additional price for the sake of having these hunters muzzled. I hope soon to see the day when every state in the union will have a license law that will materially reduce the number of shooters. Then there will be more game for real sportsmen.

Carl Rungius, one of Recreation's staff artists who spent the summer and autumn in the Green river country, of Wyoming, met with a painful accident some weeks ago. While on the trail of the U. P. train robbers, with 2 state officers, his horse fell with him and Mr. Rungius had a leg broken. He was 100 miles from his camp at the time and had to ride this distance before he could get medical aid. This was a hard trial for him but he writes that he has recovered and is again on the trail. On August 20th he killed a big grizzly and has the skin staked out near his tent.

> "Things have come to a pretty pass if these people may not undertake to secure the enforcement of righteous laws without finding themselves the butt of cheap ridicule. In this resort by its opponents to such arguments, the League may find encouraging assurance that its growing influence is something with which illegal netters must reckon in New York waters."—*From the A. D. G. H.*

This is how Reynolds talks about one League. He predicted the other one would fail; but it has succeeded in spite of him. Now he vents his spleen on the president of that League by roaring about some game he killed 25 years ago.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

WHAT TO EAT.

C. B. MENTE, M.A., PH.D.

Someone has said "The study of what we eat is man's strongest castle of health." A few observations are intended along this line, clothed in language easily understood, since technical terms will be as far as possible omitted.

A person in good health may eat almost anything that is relished, if the taste be not previously perverted. A person of average weight, who exercises sufficiently to maintain good health, requires 5 ounces a day of nitrates for the muscles, 20 ounces of carbonates for heat, 2 or 2½ per cent of phosphates for the brain, nerves and bones, with waste to accompany it for bulk, which may consist in part of water and natural acids, to enable the liver to eliminate the effete matter from the blood.

The greatest danger lies in eating too much carbonaceous food which overheats and inflames the blood, and is a fruitful cause of disease. The danger of eating food containing an excess of nitrates and phosphates is not great, be cause such food is not sufficiently abundant to overstock the system. The class of food overrich in nitrâtes is cheese, Southern corn, beans, peas, fish, lean meats, fruits, and vegetables. The best of common phosphatic, or brain foods, are lean meat, fish, cheese, whole wheat, oatmeal, almond nuts, beans, peas, potatoes, figs and prunes, while the most common carbonaceous or heat-producing foods are fat, sugar, butter, rice, rye, chocolate, dates, buckwheat and white bread. Among the most common nitrogenous or muscle-producing foods are cheese and vermicelli; in fact, they are among the best muscle producers known for use in modern life.

Persons of strong mentality, who study much and whose habits are sedentary, such as clergymen, lawyers, physicians, writers, and some classes of business men, require a larger proportion of phosphorus than others not so employed. School girls grow pale, and the cause may be ascribed quite often to the loss of phosphorus and the lack of foods which contain that element. One of the most nourishing drinks for the brain and nervous system, as well as for the general vitality, is bran water. Owing to the great predominance of phosphorus in bran the nervous system, as well as the vitality of body and brain, are quickly nourished by it; weariness vanishes and the eyes become bright. The digestive organs require that kind of food which creates energy and strength of action. Weak stomachs hardly capable of digesting anything stronger than rice can gradually acquire power by careful training to digest the most difficult food. Food which contains the most nourishment is usually the least wholesome, when taken alone; waste matter is necessary to distend the stomach and intestines and to produce an excitement of good digestion and a stimulant to the bowels to throw off their excretions. The use of condiments, such as mustard, cloves, horse radish, sauces and pungent spices has been proved to be injurious to the stomach, liver and especially to the heart, yet taken in small quantities seem to do no harm to strong stomachs. Meat ought not to be eaten by very young persons, as it often causes nervous derangements, fits and other kindred ailments. Potatoes sliced thin and fried are indigestible. They afford no real nourishment, but injure the process of digestion as to other food. Cake clogs the stomach. All rich pastry is poison to the liver. Glucose, prevalent in soft caramels and creams, syrups, jellies and similar things, is to be shunned. The rapid spread of Bright's disease is attributed by some physicians to the use of glucose. Hearty and ruddy-cheeked persons, full of health, to whom neuralgia and rheumatism are entirely unknown, should avoid buckwheats and syrups, white flower cakes, butter-biscuits, white bread, bacon, coffee and the like,—all heaters and all without brain or nerve foods, unless they would invite headaches, dull, stupid days, tired feelings and a disposition to lounge about and do nothing. Milk is undoubtedly the simplest and most closely allied to nature of all means for sustaining the body, while eggs and milk have been known to sustain life for many years. Care should always be taken that both should be fresh. The apple is an excellent fruit and should always be kept where it can be partaken of at any hour of the day. An appetite for apples should, if necessary, be cultivated, but they should be fully ripe. Grapes are generally very good, but should always be on the bunch and not split open, for they quickly absorb the poisonous life in the atmosphere. Raisins, if large and not decayed, and if they contain no worms, are a more powerful stimulant to the body than wine, and exhilarate the nervous system without any fear of intoxication. All pears are exceedingly beneficial, if not decayed or specked with decay. Nuts are so rich in phosphorus that a few should be eaten after each dinner, and almonds are especially recommended. Every kind of vegetable has its value and is more to be preferred than meat. Animals like the horse, ox and mule, which perform such wonderful feats of strength, get their great power from the common grains, vegetables and grasses. Persons who live mostly on vegetables have the best health, the best nerves, and the best complexion. The value of red pepper on the liver cannot be fully understood until one has used it. The pure red pepper ground into powder has its proper place on the table.

Ill health is caused by improper food, and by improper disposal of it after reaching the stomach, or by food which is in a bad condition when eaten. No foods should be put into the stomach in a condition of decay or adulteration, so as to clog the system and hold the process of disintegration there.

BARBECUED "SHOTE".

We should never "make fun" of any one's learning, be he, seemingly, ever so ignorant. For many years the writer could never see any good in hog-meat, unless it was the sugar-cured breakfast bacon that is to be obtained in any meat shop. Yet, an ignorant negro field hand, a man whose ignorance, illiteracy, greenness, and general absence of mental quickness would place him, in the opinions of the majority of his judges, among the incapables, the imbeciles, recently cooked a "shote" in such a way as to clearly demonstrate that hog meat is one of the most delicious viands ever set before a hungry man. Down in Kentucky, as well as in many other Southern states, the barbecue is a favorite social institution, and the man who visits the South and does not attend at least one barbecue has made his trip in vain. It is not my purpose to describe all of the delights of a barbecue; I merely wish to call attention to one dish—fit for the gods, aye! any and all of the gods—namely, "barbecued shote." "Shote" is negro for any kind of hog, yet, in the case of the barbecued individual, the negro chef who serves him means a yearling "barrow." This hog must be fat—this is a *sine qua non*—and he must be butchered, cleaned and prepared for the fire *secundem artem.* When every hair has been removed from his body, and after he has been thoroughly washed in cold spring water, a stake is driven through his body from neck to tail. He is then suspended above a bed of red-hot hickory coals (the ends of the aforesaid stake resting on the edges of the trench-oven, which has been dug to hold the coals) and ceaselessly turned over and over by the vigilant and skilful cook. His rapidly browning and crisping body is drenched every now and then with "drip"—a most delicious and appetizing gravy. The whole secret of this culinary success lies in the fact that the meat is cooked so rapidly that it loses none of its sweetness; or, in other words, pork and mutton (and mutton is cooked in the same manner and is likewise a most delightful dish) being deficient in nitrogenous extractives, what flavor they possess is due largely to their fats. When these fats are quickly cooked and are not allowed to drain away in the cooking, these flavoring extractives are retained. Try a barbecued shote some day, and you will never again deride the "ignorant nigger" who cooked it. Or, what is equally to the purpose, do not allow your cook to cook the "life" out of your pork and mutton!

EAT SLOWLY.

The Americans have been called by some writers " a nation of dyspeptics." This lamentable state has been brought about mainly through our habit of "bolting" our food. We sit down to our meals and the quicker we get through with them the better we are pleased. Dr. J. H. Hanaford, writing in Popular Science, says:

"I would suggest that an hour be given to each meal, half of the time to eating, thoroughly chewing every morsel, combining it with the saliva—as the ox does—never swallowing it till it is thoroughly moistened—not washed down with hot drinks, none of which should be taken while eating—really preparing the food for the stomach, insuring good digestion. During the rest from eating, cheerfulness will be safe and profitable, aiding in the subsequent digestion. When the 2 processes are closely connected, there will be danger of choking, of hurrying the food into the stomach but partially chewed and unsalivated. I suppose the swine eats in great haste, with no regard to salivation, while he is too often imitated by a creature with fewer feet."

I advise, where possible, a still longer seance at the table—say an hour and a half. Many of us cannot spare this amount of time, but, when we can, we should do it.

THE MINNESOTA NATIONAL PARK.

CHAS. CRISTADORO.

Those asking for this reservation are simply asking the government to do its plain duty to the Nation at large, and to the inhabitants of the Mississippi valley. We are asking the government not only to say that no more government timber land shall be sold, but we are also asking the government to see that, by a system of patrolling, no more timber be burned or stolen.

To sell the standing timber in this Itasca region would be simply to denude the headwaters of the Mississippi, and what that would mean is written in the history of the Ohio, the Monongahela, the Wisconsin, and scores of other American rivers whose timber covered sources have been turned over to the axe and the saw.

No specific territory is being asked for, but the thinking lumberman, settler, and city resident will, if far sighted enough, ask that the government extend its protecting arm over them all. There is no seizure or condemning of land involved in this park plan.

We know what government and state control has done for the forests of Montana, Minnesota, and elsewhere. We know what a terrible scourge fire is to the pine land owner. It is worse even than the timber thief, who buys one 40, cuts the timber from 20, and then, to cover his felonies, burns the tops left in the woods, doing further damage to the standing timber, which he dared not steal.

Timber owners in that country, could they be assured of the protection of the government against fires and theft, would be glad to enter into an agreement to market their product under some plan of graduated cutting.

Since this park agitation has started, there is already one instance where a pine land man, in the midst of a deal to cut and sell his stumpage, cut short the negotiations and added $2 a thousand to the price of the stumpage. This is a straw in the wind for the thinking timber owner.

As to the residents, settlers, etc., it is estimated that with cheap steamship rates to Duluth, and low railroad rates from St. Paul, Chicago, and other cities, over 200,000 tourists, campers, fishermen, canoeists, bicyclists and invalids would seek this favored country every year. This being so, there are not white men, women and children, and Indians enough living in that territory to-day, to grow the vegetables, make the butter, cook the meals, wait on the tables, wash the clothes, row the boats, drive the teams and guide all these tourists.

It is the custom of commercial bodies to go to great expense to secure conventions to their own cities—conventions whose members frequently sleep 6 or 8 in a room, eat 15 cent lunches, and ride on trolley cars. Now figure up, in comparison with such a meeting, what 200,000 people, bent on pleasure, with money to spend, would mean passing through St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, and outfitting in these cities for a month's, and in some cases, a whole season's sojourn in the park.

Duluth, with her usual short-sightedness, howls down the whole park scheme as a blow coming from Chicago at the supremacy of Duluth. It cries out that in reserving the great forests tributary to Duluth the main source of her future prosperity is destroyed. Let us take Duluth at her word. If she insists on being a lumber town, dependent on her surrounding forests for her prosperity, you can with a pencil in 5 minutes work out her finish 10 years from now, when the last stick of timber has fallen. And this will be the case as to the timber, unless congress acts for the interests of the whole country in this matter, and refuses to put another acre of pine land on the market.

Duluth a lumber town! Stumpville, Mich., 10 years ago was a lumber town of the liveliest kind—a town second to none in Michigan. We are told that to-day the country around is one great vista of pine stumps, and that a cannon, placed at the head of her principal business street, could be loaded with grape and canister and fired every 15 minutes for a whole day without hitting any one.

If Duluth, on her own statement, has no resources but the timber lands near her, then her speedy doom as the Zenith City of the Unsalted Sea is written in big letters on the wall.

A government park means good roads, improved connecting waterways, substantial and well equipped hotels, and unlimited camping grounds, for those who prefer to live outdoors.

These improvements accomplished in the lake region, the patronage of the park would be beyond the dreams of its most enthusiastic friend. The angler would here be able to fish a new lake twice each day. The canoeist could keep on traveling over the silvery bosom of the lakes, and in a month's trip would not see the same bit of shore twice. The bicyclist would here find nature unadorned, in all her freshness and beauty.

The invalid and the consumptive in this region of fir and balsam, 1,300 feet above the level of the sea, can drink in disease-destroying ozone until, revived in health and strength, he can return to his home with tanned skin and sparkling eye, a surprise to his family and friends.

To the explorer this country is as fertile as were the West Indies to Columbus.

As an instance of what is in store for those who like new and changing scenes—You can take a team, boat, tent, and suppiles from Bermidji, and going West 6 miles, you reach Grant creek. Here you slip your boat into the water; load it with tent and supplies, and dismiss your wagon. You float down stream, surrounded by the wildest and grandest forest scenery, for miles, until you strike the Mississippi and continue down that. For 60 miles you keep on this journey, camping by the way, rarely putting oar into the water to propel the boat, except where lake or lagoon is encountered. At every turn new scenery opens to you, and at numbers of quick bends in the streams you come face to face with moose or deer, standing knee deep in the water. Wild ducks are constantly taking wing ahead of the boat, or rising in clouds from the surrounding wild rice. Ruffed grouse are heard or seen along the banks, and vast muscalonge and pike are freely taken from the waters. The trip can be made in 2 days or 2 months, and when your journey ends you row your boat up to the landing stage at Bermidji, the very spot from whence you started. That you have covered these 60 miles in the wildest and grandest country one could think of, drifting nearly all the way, and have landed at your starting point without a single portage or carry, seems almost incredible.

What will be done with the Indians? Leave them where they are, undisturbed, to earn their living by weaving baskets, raising garden truck, picking berries, gathering wild rice, fishing, and paddling canoes for the visitors. They will all be needed when the great Minnesota National Park becomes a fact.

AGAINST THE "COOPER SCHEME".

Duluth, Minn., Aug. 14, 1899.

Editor Recreation:

A short time since I received a circular addressed to members of the L. A. S., of whom I have the honor to be one, calling a meeting in Chicago to organize for the purpose of pushing a certain plan for a park in Northern Minnesota. The circular is written in very glowing terms, calling on all sportsmen as a duty to stand behind the movement. This meeting has since been held, with perhaps hardly the enthusiasm for the park project that was anticipated by the projectors. Nevertheless, the organizers of the movement still intend to enlist the aid of all sportsmen to bring pressure to bear on congressmen and others to carry the project through, and plan to give congress, and all government officials who will go, a free junketing trip to the woods.

It might be well for sportsmen who have taken this matter seriously, or who have favored this project for a game and timber preserve, to look a little more closely into the reasons for this movement.

It is well known that this plan originated in Minneapolis, and has been endorsed by commercial clubs of that city and St. Paul. What is the reason for this intimate connection between commerce and game preservation?

Many of the readers of Recreation will remember in connection with the Indian trouble at Leech lake last year, that the cutting of "dead and down timber" was an important factor in the cause of the trouble. This is no place to discuss this practice. It is sufficient to say that congress was prevailed on to allow permits for cutting such timber, the ostensible purpose being the just one of saving to the Indians the value of timber which had been scorched by fire and killed; that out of this has grown one of the most systematic and scandalous steals ever perpetrated under the guise of justice. It is a matter of common knowledge in this vicinity that fires are intentionally set by Indians in the employ of the lumbermen, in order that the timber may be cut by them, the price paid being a fraction of what the stumpage is really worth. These "dead and down" lumbermen are known to be behind the park project, with the evident intention of carrying on these same operations in peace, without having to buy the stumpage from settlers. It would be interesting to see how long the forests of the "forest preserve" would last under these practices. Almost all the timber in the district designated in the Cooper plan is tributary to Minneapolis, by means of the Mississippi river.

On the other hand: This same country consists largely of good farming lands, only awaiting the clearing of the timber to develop into a rich farming country, which would naturally be tributary to Duluth by rail. What more natural than that Minneapolis should try to kill 2 birds with one stone, at once helping her lumbermen to a snap and at the same time hindering the growth of a rival town by preventing the development of her immediate territory? I do not mean to say that Minneapolis as a city, or her newspapers, are trying to do this; but some of her people have endorsed the movement, and these motives are certainly evident.

There has been suggested by certain Duluth parties an alternative project for a park, which will, if a park in Northern Minnesota is desirable, be open to fewer objections than that discussed at Chicago. Instead of taking from the heart of the Northern part of the state a tract of 7,000,000 acres of land which, if left to settlement, would become a magnificent farming country, these parties propose that the government should take for this purpose Isle Royale in Lake Superior, and a part of the counties of Lake and Cook, Minnesota, immediately adjoining Isle Royale. The island of course belongs to Michigan, which would involve the consent of 2 states to form the park proposed, and is entirely owned by private corporations; but the purchase of it would involve, I am told, dealing with only 7 corporations, as there are no settlers owning land on the island.

On the main land opposite the island about 70 per cent of the land still belongs to the government, and it is safe to say most of this will continue to remain in its hands, as over the greater part of these 2 counties the land is absolutely unfitted for cultivation, being rough, broken, and rocky. There is a large amount of magnificent pine timber still standing, but most of it is under present conditions inaccessible for the lumbermen. The land owned by private owners could be bought for the value of the pine stumpage.

The beauty of Isle Royale and its advantages as a resort for sportsmen are doubtless well known to most readers of Recreation, as well as the fame of the trout streams of the North shore of Lake Superior; but I doubt if many of your readers know of the beauties of the lakes in the country immediately adjoining the international boundary in these 2 counties and in St. Louis county. I have passed many of the most enjoyable days of my life canoeing in these waters, and have hunted on the Bowstring lakes and on Winnebegoshish in the other proposed park, and I would not give one of the magnificent clear water lakes on the boundary for all the shallow, marshy lakes on the Bowstring and the Mississippi. This North shore country is a grand stamping ground for moose, caribou, and deer, while the lakes are full of bass, pike, trout, salmon, sturgeon and whitefish. Ducks are plentiful in season, though not as numerous as in the country farther West, on account of the lack of marsh.

When a canoe voyageur has launched his canoe in one of the lakes near the terminus of the Duluth & Iron Range railroad, 100 miles from Duluth, he can travel thousands of miles, back and forth, across country, North, East, or West. He can go to Lake Superior by 2 routes; to Hudson's Bay, the Arctic Ocean or the Mississippi. He can travel by direct route to Rainy lake, the Lake of the Woods, and Lake Winnipeg, or by turning a little aside from the old beaten tracks of canoe travel, can go across country indefinitely through lakes which are seldom if ever seen by a white man.

This is a country over which the Indians have hunted for ages, and in the travelled routes every portage is like a high road.

I have often seen in sportsmen's papers stories of marvelous shoals of fish, but always thought they were fish stories, until in 1893 I saw such a sight myself, where the fish were so thick they could be caught, and were caught, with the hand. These were not common trash, like pickerel, but were land locked salmon. I think I am right in the term, though many call them lake trout. This was in the lakes on the boundary, at the head of the Pigeon river system, which heads close to the waters emptying West into Rainy lake.

As to the healthfulness of this country, compared with the marshy country selected by Mr. Cooper, there is no comparison. In hunting in the country proposed by him I have travelled for days without getting water fit to drink, and have had the whole party sick from drinking bad water; while in the country I describe, good water is everywhere. There is some swamp of course, but no marsh. It is all cedar and tamarack swamp.

I do not mean to be understood as claiming that a park such as proposed in this state is necessary, but if it be desirable, and L. A. S. members and other sportsmen are asked to endorse the movement, I should like them to know something of the aspects of the case, before any final action is taken toward cutting out of the productive part of a young country a territory almost as large as the state of Rhode Island.

I wish to add that, if any readers of Recreation are planning trips in the Northwest, I could not recommend to them a better trip than in the region I have been talking about; and to any such I should be glad to give any information in my power, or assistance on the spot.

Ross L. Mahon.

COLORADO, THE HAVEN OF THE HUNTER, THE ELYSIUM OF THE KODAK FIEND.

W. H. N., MOFFATT, COLO.

Colorado was intended by nature to be the home of all kinds of game which have their habitat in the temperate zone. When the white men first came into these mountains they found them swarming with elk, deer, antelope, bear, turkeys, grouse, sage hens, and rabbits. The elk have been almost exterminated. Only a few remain, and they are in the Northwestern corner of the state. In a few years, unless stringent measures for their protection are enforced, the last one of them will have passed into that region which the murderer, man, can never enter.

Deer have been driven into limited ranges in almost inaccessible mountain parks. Antelope are only a memory. Turkeys have passed "across the divide"; grouse are but flitting ghosts, and I do not suppose there is even the track of a sage hen within 100 miles of where I sit. The jack rabbit alone survives the fiery crusade, and he because nothing short of a starving coyote could masticate his leathery carcass.

I can not give you the results of personal observation, for, unfortunately for me, I have been shut in ever since my arrival. My rifle stands unused in the corner, its spiral heart fairly pulsating with disgust at its "innocuous desuetude," What I say, then, is what I have learned from diligent inquiry of those who chance to come my way.

Ducks, geese, brants, and an occasional sand-hill crane are still found. Men were hunting ducks after I came—with what success I could not learn—and indeed, they seem to shoot them at any time, whenever they can find them.

The streams and such of the lakes as have been stocked—and protected—abound in mountain trout. A clipping will tell this better than I can. It is taken from a folder issued by the D. & R. G.:

> As to fishing, there are in Colorado 6,000 miles of trout streams and 500 lakes that lie high up in the mountain ranges, mesas and parks. These streams abound with several species of native trout. such as the black spotted trout *(salmo spilurus)*, which has a pure white flesh with fine fibre; the *salmo purpuratus*, sometimes called *salmo virginalus*, which has red flesh. There is also the yellow-finned trout *(salmo mykis)*, found in Twin Lakes, Lake County, and there are several other native varieties found in the Bear river, the White river, the Grand river and other streams.
>
> For 10 years past, Colorado has had a State fish hatchery near Denver, and more recently branch hatcheries at Twin Lakes and Gunnison. The United States Government has also established a large hatchery at Evergreen lake, near Leadville. From these establishments nearly a million young fish are turned into the streams of the State every year, and among the varieties which have been so introduced are Eastern brook trout, now regarded by some as a char *(salmo* or *salvelinus fontinalis)*, a red and yellow speckled trout: the European brook trout *(salmo fario)*, the common trout of Great Britain, which have been caught in Colorado, 7 pounds each; the Rainbow or California trout *(salmo irridea)*; the yellow salmon trout *(salmo sebago)*, introduced from Maine; the Mackinaw trout *(salmo confinis)*; the Loch Leven trout from Scotland; and the famous Lake Tahoe trout from Nevada.
>
> The streams of Colorado equal those of Maine for sport, while the superiority of scenery, climate and comparative freedom from mosquitoes give Colorado a decided advantage for a fishing holiday.

A Mr. Stone, of Creede, tells me a trout has been taken from Lost lake, near timber-line, 25 miles from Creede, weighing 9 pounds. It was put back. Some years ago the state stocked the lake with trout, using large fish instead of fry. They have multiplied incredibly, and now swarm in the lake.

The catch alluded to was one of the fathers. He was caught in a net. Let your kodak fiends, your artist readers, and all who love Mother Nature in all her varying moods, tender, solemn, sublime, come to Colorado. Here is all that can make glad the heart of the artist, and shroud his soul with that worship which seals the lips in silence while the man behind their closed doors worships.

In a future letter I shall try to point to some of the most striking features in Colorado's mighty panorama. For the present I shall only dare to say to the artist: You cannot approach the mountains of Colorado in a tame spot. Wherever you may plant your easel, pitch your tent, and erect your shade, you are in the bosom of Nature—and in the presence of God.

One word to him who suffers from asthma, whose lungs have become tainted with incipient consumption, or whose joints are tortured with rheumatism, whose stomach agonizes with dyspepsia, or whose kidneys are rotting from Bright's disease: If there be earthly help for you it is here.

Pouring down these pine-clad mountains come rivers of air whose currents carry no taint, whose breath is fragrant with the odor of balsam, and whose billows have been purged of bacilli as they rolled over the waterless plains of Utah and Nevada, or sifted through the icy filters on the summits of a hundred snow-capped peaks. The mighty laboratory which medicates the waters of these springs and purifies the breath you breathe here is inexhaustible in its material, measureless in its power. "Come ye to the waters."

To the hunter, the artist, the invalid, then, I would say: Come to Denver; place yourself in the hands of the D. & R. G. officials. Wait a day or 2 in Denver while you consult them. Make known the object of your journey and they will take care of you. Are you a hunter? They will tell you where to go for any game that can be found and will take you to it. Are you an artist? They will take you and your jim-cracks right to the spot you desire. Are you an invalid seeking relief from suffering? They will take you to the Mecca you need to visit, and use you well en route.

BOOK NOTICES.

A TIMELY BOOK.

The "past performances" of the former cup defenders and challengers are most spiritedly shown in Mr. L. A. Shaffer's drawings published under the title "The Cup Races."

Mr. Shaffer has taken for his subjects the most interesting episode in each of the nine series of races. The fouling of the Genesta by the Puritan, when the challenger's owner generously refused to take advantage of his right to the race and resailed it; and that later but more unfortunate accident, the fouling of the Defender by the Valkyrie III, are two of the most interesting scenes, historically and artistically.

Sixteen full page (10 x 14 inches) drawings, including splendid portraits of the Columbia and the Shamrock, are accompanied by terse explanatory notes.

On looking over these accurate pictures of racing yachts of modern and bygone models one is struck by the vast difference between them. The boats of the Mischief and Sappho class resemble in a marked degree the smart working boats, oystermen, fishing sloops, and the pilot boats, to be seen in and around our Eastern ports; while the later yachts are unmistakably racing machines, graceful, delicate craft, speed in every line of their shapely hulls but showing no sign of usefulness.

Mr. Shaffer has managed to catch the picturesque without sacrificing accuracy and has moreover selected his subjects with rare good judgment. I do not hesitate to recommend this book to all lovers of this royal sport.

"The Cup Races." By L. A. Shaffer. R. H. Russell, 3 West 29th Street, publisher.

OBER'S PORTO RICO.

Of the several books on Porto Rico which have resulted from the Spanish-American war, this is easily the most racy and most entertaining. The author went to Porto Rico at the time of the invasion by the American army, as a newspaper correspondent, and remained there some 2 months. During this time he traveled over the island somewhat, and seems to have made excellent use of his eyes. He saw things with the eye of the experienced observer, and records his observations and impressions in a very interesting way. His is by far the best written of the several books on this island that I have read. Mr. Robinson's impressions of the island, its scenery, resources, people, and possibilities are, in the main, justified by the facts, though a more extended acquaintance with the island would modify some of his conclusions. His chapters on "Highways," "Railroads and Telegraphs," "Industrial Possibilities, and the "Commerce of the Island" are full of valuable information and advice, and should be read and carefully considered by anyone contemplating a business trip to Porto Rico.

Barring a few typographical errors, the book is well gotten up, has 3 good maps, a useful index, and some 25 excellent half-tone illustrations.

"The Porto Rico of To-day," by Albert Gardner Robinson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, $1.50.

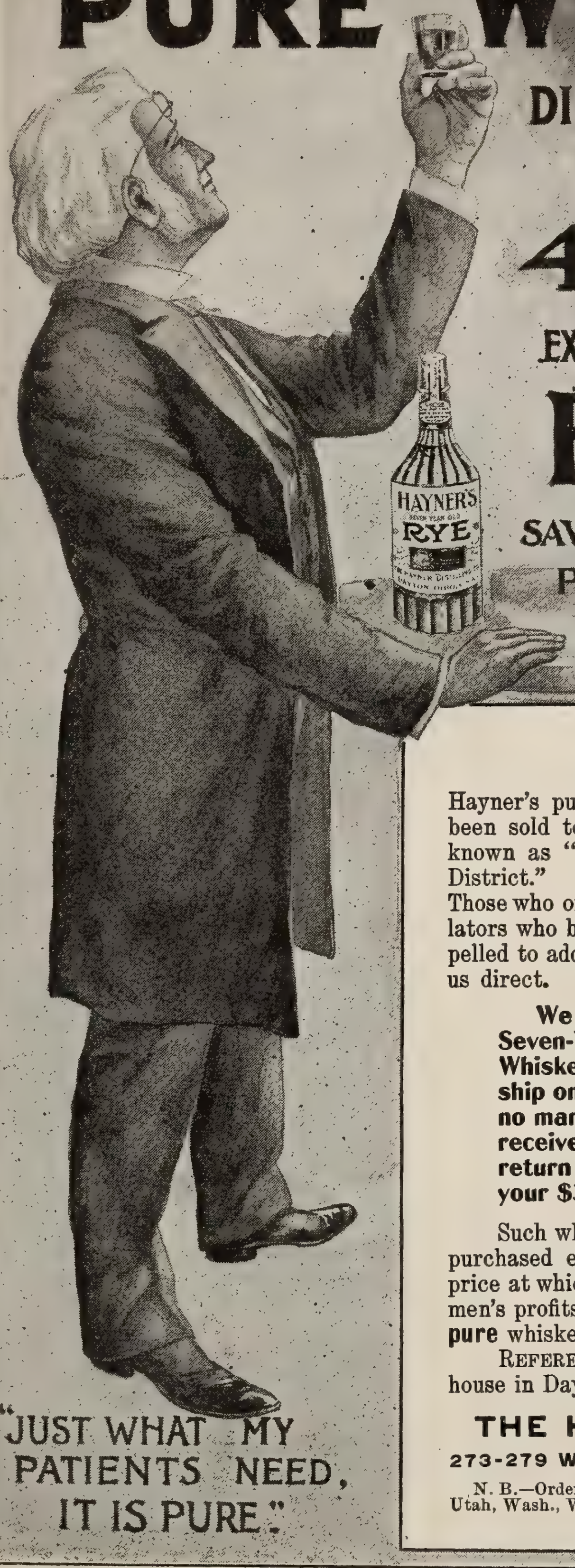
AN ENGLISH FLY FISHING.

This is the initial volume of the Haddon Hall Library, a series of books on British sport, natural history and country life, edited by the Marquess of Granby and Mr. George A. B. Dewar.

If the high standard of excellence shown in this first volume is maintained through the series the Haddon Hall books will deserve a place in the library of every lover of outdoor sports. We have seldom read a more delightful book. The author shows himself an earnest lover of all things out doors. He is a true naturalist. When he goes fishing he does not go for fish alone, but he sees beauty in the stream, the sky, the trees, the birds that inhabit them, and is uplifted and made happy in contemplating them. It is not all fish to go a-fishing; the true angler is a lover of nature and enjoys most the fish he does not catch.

The pleasure and happiness and restfulness which come to one in the study and contemplation of nature, are the things the author wishes to tell you of and he has done it in a most delightful and fascinating way.

"Fly Fishing," by Sir Edward Grey. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price $3.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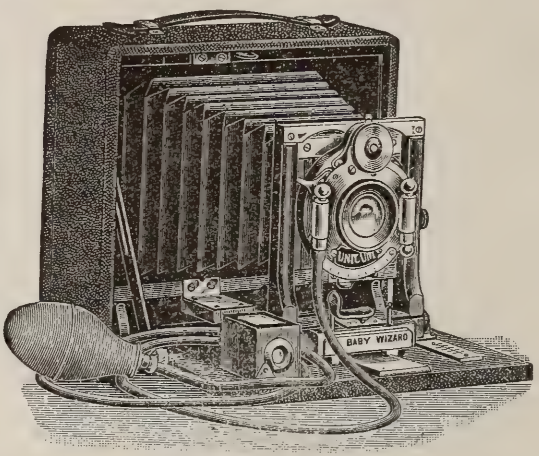

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

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RECREATION'S FOURTH ANNUAL COMPETITION.

RECREATION has conducted 3 amateur photographic competitions, all of which have been eminently successful. A fourth is now on, which it is believed will be far more fruitful than either of the others. This one opened on January 1, '99, and will close September 30, '99.

Following is a list of prizes:

First prize: A Reflex camera, 5x7, made by the Reflex Camera Co., Yonkers, N. Y., with Zeiss anastigmat lens, and listed at $80;

Second prize: A wide angle Wizard camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., Cresskill, N. J., with double swing, size 6½ x 8½, and listed at $60;

Third prize. A Korona camera, series 2, size 5x7, manufactured by the Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y., and listed at $27;

Fourth prize: A split bamboo fly rod, listed at $25;

Fifth prize: A lady's or gentleman's hunting case gold watch, listed at $20;

Sixth prize: An Acme Rotary Burnisher, made by the Acme Burnisher Co., Fulton, N. Y., and listed at $12;

Seventh prize: A Bristol steel fishing rod, made by the Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol, Ct., and listed at $8;

Eighth prize: A Baby Hawkeye Camera, made by the Blair Camera Co., Boston, Mass., and listed at $6.

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one gross Eastman Solio paper, made by the Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.;

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded one dozen carbutt plates, made by the Carbutt Dry Plate Co., Wayne Junction, Philadelphia, Pa.;

The 10 next best pictures will each be awarded a year's subscription to RECREATION.

Subjects are limited to wild animals, birds, fishes, camp scenes, and to figures or groups of persons, or domestic animals, representing, in a truthful manner, shooting, fishing, amateur photography, bicycling, sailing, or other form of outdoor or indoor sport or recreation. Cycling pictures especially desired. Awards to be made by 3 judges, none of whom shall be competitors.

Conditions: Contestants must submit 2 mounted prints, either silver, bromide, platinum, or carbon, or Solio, of each subject, which shall become the property of RECREATION. The name and address of the sender and title of picture to be plainly written on back of each print. Daylight, flashlight, or electric light pictures admissible. Prize winning photographs to be published in RECREATION, full credit being given in all cases.

Pictures that have been published elsewhere, or that have been entered in any other competition, not available. No entry fee charged.

Don't let people who pose for you look at the camera. Occupy them in some other way. Many otherwise fine pictures failed to win in the last competition, because the makers did not heed this warning.

Write on back of each print the title thereof; your name and address; name of camera, lens, and plate used; size of stop and time of exposure.

My interest in RECREATION is confined chiefly to the photographic department. I therefore regret that there is not more space devoted to this very popular art or pastime. My ignorance of the subject is profound. The necessity for the following questions would alone indicate that I am a novice.

1. What is meant by spotting and how is it done?

2. What is the formula for the citric acid and alum hardening solution?

3. Is it possible to remove exposed plates from the featherweight double plate holders, with rubber slides, without using a chisel or a jimmy?

4. In making Sepia prints is it necessary that the negative should be developed in any special way?

What is the simplest and easiest method of toning and fixing sepia prints?

F. I. Morgan, M. D., Pantego, N. C.

ANSWER.

1. Spotting a negative is taking a small camel's hair brush and water color paint of a dull leaden color and filling up small holes in the surface of the plate, caused by air bubbles under the emulsion; or that develop in holes or tiny specks of dirt or dust on the plate, that cover it up and prevent the lens from cutting that part of the plate in exposure. Spotting a print is filling that part of the plate in the same way on the print, instead of on the negative.

The best way to do successful spotting is to avoid all necessity for it by extreme caution in the beginning.

Of course, an air bubble between the glass and the emulsion is out of my province, but a modicum of care removes all other necessity for spotting. Provide yourself with a half dozen small camel's hair brushes; bind them in a bunch with a rubber band, and dust your plate holders inside and out, every time you use them.

Dust the plates when you put them in, and when you take them out. Have at hand a box of absorbent cotton, genuine surgeon's cotton (none other is sufficiently fine), and before you develop slide the plate in a tray of water, and swab the surface over and over with the cotton. This will not only displace every speck of dust, but it is also well to wet the emulsion surface of the plate, so that the developer will flow evenly over it.

2. In the absence of specific statement as to whether you want hardener for plates or prints, I take it you mean an acid fixing bath that will have a hardening effect on the plates.

The following bath is used by many professionals, and there are many variations of it that produce the same desult:

Hypo	8 oz.
Citric acid	½ oz.
Alum crystals	½ oz.
Water	24 oz.

If you are really making pictures in earnest, and want fine results, get a new gallon jug (see that it has not been used to deliver vinegar or molasses in), and multiply the formula to make up a gallon. Pulverize the ingredients, dissolve separately, filter into your jug and set away in a cool, dark place.

If plates are washed thoroughly after development, it will keep for weeks, and can be used over and over till it becomes discolored from developer. Shake up the jug, and use it all at once in a stone crock, or metal fixing box, and leave plates in as long as you please. On removing, wash, and go over lightly but thoroughly with wet absorbent cotton, to remove the milky deposit. Then wash as usual in running water.

3. Is it possible to remove exposed plates from double feather weight plate holders, with rubber slides, without using a chisel or jimmy?

Yes, more quiet methods will be better. Juggle with your plate holders till you learn the trick, before you expose plates in them. In the end of the holder opposite where the slide goes in there is a groove in the wood and a steel spring.

To put in a plate take the holder in the left hand, and the plate in the right. Slip the end of the plate in this groove, press the spring back, drop down in holder, and the spring will push it back toward you in the groove at the end where the slide enters.

To take it out, turn holder over, slide, end next you; catch plate in left hand by pressing back spring with right. Simply catch spring with your nails, and draw it from you; jar holder a little and plate will drop out. Take an old negative and work it in daylight till you are sure of it before you put in good plates.

4. In making sepia prints is it necessary that plates be developed in any special way?

(b) What is the simplest and easiest way of toning sepia prints?

(a) No. Any negative that will give a good print on any paper will make a good sepia print.

(b) The simplest and easiest way of toning a sepia print is to follow the instructions sent out by the makers of sepia paper. Any make of this paper will produce a sepia brown by proper toning, but pure blacks and whites, or a faint greenish tone, are more popular.

In a gelatine paper quit toning at the shade you want and put in hypo, ½ the usual strength.

In Aristo Platino use gold bath ½ the usual strength, take prints out at the shade desired, and put in hypo, ¼ strength, with the usual washing between.

In carbon, Velox and bromide papers, use more bromide in the developer, tone less, and fix same as other papers.

Vera matt paper gives a good sepia by placing print directly in ½ strength hypo, and washing well afterward.

Platinotype paper gives warm tones treated as follows: Make a stock solution of saturate oxalate of potash. For use take one part stock solution to 6 of water, for developer. To this add one dram of saturate solution of bi-chloride of mercury; mix well and use at once. The bichloride has a tendency to destroy fine half-tones; therefore a negative that is full of good gradation of tone is best for this. After development place in a weak solution of hydrochloric acid, one part acid to 200 water, and keep moving for 10 minutes.

Full directions accompany the sepia papers, and you will no doubt find these the most satisfactory papers to use for sepia tones. J. S. P.

A FEW HINTS.

C. A. DARLING IN PHOTO-AMERICAN.

During the past two months I have done considerable copying and have found the work very interesting. Oil paintings, engravings, etchings, photographs, and even proofs that had not been toned found their place in front of the camera. Some were enlarged a trifle, some reduced and others copied the exact size of the original. There is nothing difficult about the process—the most important essentials being a fairly bright but diffused light, camera with extension bellows, rectilinear lens and proper judgment of the exposure—all of which I think most amateurs are equipped with. Procure a board about 1½ feet wide by 6 feet long (an old mantel board is just the thing); place it on some support so that it will be level and near a window. On the end of the board nearest the window place the camera and facing the camera, supported by a book or two or a pasteboard box, the picture to be copied, which must be exactly parallel with the lens and front board of the camera. Have the lens at full opening and obtain on the ground glass an image the required size of the copy by sliding the camera nearer to or farther away from the picture. Having obtained the correct size focus in the usual manner—securing the sharpest definition possible. After which considerably reduce the size of the diaphragm and make the exposure. It may be of some assistance to those who read this to know that with the exposures made on a cloudy, bright day, using a Goerz lens, 6½ x 8½, stop 64, and a fast plate, I have found 15 to 20 seconds about right to copy a cabinet photo. Of course the exposure will vary somewhat with the quality of light used, the lens, rapidity of plate, etc., light subjects taking much less time than those having darker tones, and if a painting is to be copied an orthochromatic plate should be used which can also be greatly assisted by the use of a color screen, and in this case the exposure would be increased from three to five times. Develop the plate with your favorite developer and after a few trials, or even perhaps on the first, a good copy will be obtained. In copying photographs be careful not to enlarge much beyond the size of the original, for in so doing the grain of the paper will show, giving a roughness to the picture which at once stamps it as a copy. I prefer to reduce a trifle rather than enlarge for the above reason. The development will be somewhat prolonged, at least I have found it so with metol, which I use of normal strength. Keep the trays covered while developing, and do not examine the plates too often. If the copy is made from a portrait finish it up on matt paper and mount on gray cardboard, leaving a margin of at least 2 inches. A very artistic effect can be obtained as follows: Assuming that the copy is of a cabinet photo, exact size, and the subject ¾ length, prepare a mask of black paper the size of the plate, with an opening 4⅜ x 2 inches wide or of size in proportion to introduce the portrait. Place the mask over the negative in the printing frame and on it the matt paper. Print to the tint required. The picture will then have a white margin of about one inch, and when mounted on a suitable card will prove very attractive. In fact, a neat white margin will in many instances enhance the artistic value of a print, and especially is this true of some landscapes and marine views. Composition can often be greatly assisted by trimming the print down, cutting off part of the foreground or a portion of the sky, etc. Instead of sacrificing so much of the paper why not keep the original size by masking out the objectionable features, and thus secure a margin at the same time? Masks are very easily made with the aid of a sharp penknife, ruler and some black paper; the latter can be bought in sheets at any stock house. Prepare each mask so that it will be the full size of the negative, and so that it will fit exactly in the printing frame. Then as occasion demands, cut the openings very accurately so that only the required part of the picture will show through and in such manner that the cut-out will be parallel on all four sides with the edges of the mask. Those who have not tried this will be amply repaid for the small amount of time and trouble taken in preparing the masks. I have occasion to make these masks and cut-outs very often and they can be used repeatedly on a variety of subjects. Platinum prints—portraits especially—are greatly improved in appearance by masking slightly instead of vignetting. The white margin may be still further reduced after printing, say to 1-16 of an inch, by using either a trimming board or the ruler and penknife. A platinum print or any other matt surface print will look much better on the mount if the paste is applied to the extreme edges only, leaving the center free. Apply the paste to the edges of the print with the finger, then center the print on the mount and rub down. The mounts will never warp if the prints are applied in this manner and the picture will appear to have a finer grain or finish than when in perfect contact with the support.

After an extended pilgrimage with reference to numerous developers I have returned to roost with my first love and find that pyrogallic acid more than holds its own. I still have use for some of the others, but for all around work pyro is good enough for me. The following formula will be found very satisfactory:

A—	Sal Soda..................	2 oz.
	Sulphite Soda (cryst.).....	2 oz.
	Water	18 oz.

Take of A one ounce or less, as needed; four ounces of water and six grains of dry pyro. Make up fresh for every plate and alter the proportions to suit the exposure.

A 10 per cent solution of potassium bromide goes with this very modest outfit, to be used when required. The bromide solution can also be used locally on plates taken of interior views; take the plate out of the developer as soon as the windows or other strong lights are fairly outlined and then with a soft brush dipped in the bromide go carefully over these quick appearing spots, allowing the solution to sink well into the film, then go on with the development, and after fixing the halation around the windows, for instance, may be considerably reduced, even in most cases entirely removed. The brush can also be used to advantage in flashlight work. If the faces and intense parts of the negative are gone over as soon as they make appearance the plate will have a much better printing quality and the faces will be totally free from the white glare one sees in so many flashlight groups.

I often wonder why the Eastman kodaks—those of the cartridge order—are so constructed that one has to make the complete dozen exposures before being able to develop one of them. Necessity at one time compelled me to find a way to cut off one or more exposures and then attach the remainder to the roll. Take the camera into the dark-room, open it, and remove both reels—just as they are found. Unroll the exposed film and cut it off without removing or cutting the black paper. Before doing so, note where the white lines are and make little incisions on the edge of the film opposite to them, so that the proper place to cut the film up may afterward be found. Then with 2 small pins secure the new edge of the unexposed portion to the black paper in its proper place with reference to the white line and number. Place the pins in the film and paper vertically, one at the top, the other at the bottom, then roll up the black paper on the exposed side to meet the edge of the unexposed film. Replace the reels in the camera and it is once more ready for use.

SOME THINGS I HAVE LEARNED.

A. B. LUCE, IN PHOTO-AMERICAN.

To the average amateur the acquirement of photographic knowledge, like cutting teeth, is an operation equally painful to the individual and his family, and is only the beginning of more serious trouble.

There may be exceptions, but the first year's work is much alike in all cases. The same lot of under and over-exposures, buildings in a state of collapse, hydra-headed monstrosities that represent efforts to use one plate for several pictures, prints that are spotted and fade entirely in a few months, discouragements without number and only an occasional bright success to keep alive the spark of hope.

But perseverance and the ash man are great factors in carrying us through the days of darkness, and by and by we begin to feel that something has been learned.

One of my earliest discoveries was the truth of Pope's line, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." Not satisfied with the simple instructions that accompanied my first camera, I began to read up. From the first article I learned that my methods were all wrong. This doubtless was the reason for numerous failures, so I changed. The results being a little worse than before, I resumed my reading. Writer No. 2 differed greatly from No. 1, so I made another change with no improvement. Then I went out, bought a lot of magazines, read them through and attempted to reconcile the recommendations of the various writers. This brought me to the verge of mental collapse and I went back to first principles, from which, in time, I evolved methods of my own.

The obvious lesson in this case is to stick to one system, but there is still another. Two people may work under different conditions and require different methods. If Brown does landscape work in an open country why should he condemn the methods of Jones, whose work is snapshots in city streets.

Yet, when he writes an article he often deals only in generalities—talks learnedly about light values, composition, definition or art, and at the end throws in a hint that pyro (or something else) is the developer best suited to his needs. Now this is all right, but in addition we like to know how the results are arrived at, what lens, speed of plate developer and printing paper, as well as character of work and general conditions under which done. It may confuse the beginners to give too much detail but not so much as giving half the instructions. I remember attempting to do some night work on the recommendation of a friend. He used a full stop and three-minute exposure. I tried it and failed. Afterward I found he had a high-grade lens with large opening and used non-halation plates, while I had a cheap lens with smaller opening and ordinary plates.

Then the trouble I had with developers. I would buy a bottle and the first half would be fine. Then it would slow up, turn dark and muddy, and finally refuse to work altogether, or stain the plates badly. After a while I learned that a half-filled bottle of developer will oxidize in time, even if tightly corked. To overcome this I got some 2 ounce vials, filled them to the neck, corked tightly and dipped the necks in melted paraffine. This worked well, but later I found it much better to make only small quantities as required. I make my own solutions, for they are cheaper and one knows just what he is using, but eternal vigilance is the price of good solutions. Fresh, pure chemicals are an absolute necessity and dampness is a most insidious foe.

When I had a lot of hypo made, in which only one or 2 plates had been fixed, it seemed wasteful to throw it away, but after a few experiences with stained and imperfectly fixed negatives I concluded that it was poor economy to save 3 cents' worth of hyposulphite and spoil half a dozen negatives. Now I make up fresh hypo each time, no matter how few plates are fixed. I use no alum, but keep all solutions cold and have no trouble with frilling or softening of films.

Much of my work is done out of doors in the summer when light conditions are good, and though other developers did not meet my wants I hesitated to use pyro, fearing the stains. Finally I gave it a trial and was at once convinced that it was what I wanted, but more, that stained fingers were not necessary. I use rubber finger tips, but the important point is that I keep my hands out of the tray as much as possible. It is not necessary to dabble in the developer all the time, for it spoils the solution and does not help the fingers. When I start development I watch the plate closely as it lies in the tray and if it seems to be coming up all right cover the dish and continue rocking gently, looking at it occasionally till the image begins to appear. Then I take out and examine by the red light and often one examination is all that is required. Ten minutes is my minimum time for development of a normal exposure, for I found I could better control a moderately slow development and get more uniform negatives than where rapid development was attempted. Occasionally I get a negative too dense for easy printing, but overdeveloping is the easiest error to correct and need trouble no one.

My dark-room is a hall closet with smooth, white walls and a shelf for a developing table. The red lamp is a large one, giving a good light, and I found that by turning the light toward the wall the reflection from the white surface gave a beautiful soft glow that not only was a relief to the eyes and did not fog plates, but illuminated the shelf so that all the trouble of tipping over bottles, getting plates in the wrong trays, and playing havoc generally was entirely overcome. Of course no light is absolutely safe, and in handling fresh plates I turn the wick very low, while I use covers on my trays, but nothing has given me so much comfort in the dark-room as the discovery of the value of reflected light. However, I do not think it would answer with a very small lamp.

Then there are prints. I believe I have learned more and progressed less in that direction than any other, but the important points seem to be fresh papers and absolute cleanliness. Rinsing the trays in cold water will not keep them clean. Hot water and occasionally a few drops of sulphuric acid added are necessary, while as for the hands, they cannot be washed too often. Hypo stains are fatal to good prints and it requires great care while working to keep the hands clean. In summer perspiration will sometimes spoil a good print.

Photography is a school where we may always learn something and this is one of its chief charms. Else why should we spend our good money and time, risk sunstroke and pneumonia, endure the pitying smiles of our friends and the open scorn of the small boy, if not buoyed up by the hope of something yet to be learned.

SQUEEGEEING.

Do your prints ever stick to the ferrotype plate when polishing? If so dry them over night, face up, on blotters. Then the next day soak for a few minutes, until perfectly limp, squeegee and they can't stick.

A. D., Bethlehem, Pa.

MOUNTING SQUEEGEED PRINTS.

The method usually employed by the amateur is to paste the entire back, transfer the print to card, or album, and roll in contact. But how often does the paste ooze out at the edges and soil the print? Then the more careful operators only paste down the corner of the print. Result; they become torn in a short time. I have tried with success the following plan and as it costs nothing, I recommend it to readers of RECREATION.

Place wet print on wet ferrotype plate; cover with a blotter and either roll or rub into perfect contact. Have all air bells rubbed out or mottled prints will result. Then apply a good paste, not too thick, over the back and allow to dry, when the prints may be peeled off readily and with a beautiful polish.

All that is now needed is to either moisten the mount, place the print on it and rub into contact; or moisten the back of print and do the same. Practice makes perfect.

I make my own paste by using ½ starch and ½ flour. Stir up in cold water to about the thickness of cream and pour boiling water into it until it becomes transparent and thick. Cool and strain and it is ready.

C., Bethlehem, Pa.

BROMIDE PRINTS.

Recently I had occasion to photograph a building in front of which were strung innumerable wires; I could get back far enough to avoid having the wires cut directly through the upper portion of the building, but they would show across the one upper corner (I took it at an angle). This annoyed me so I removed the wires from the finished print. I made a bromide print and when washed sufficiently laid it flat on a piece of glass, sky down. Then I removed the lines with a piece of cotton dipped in this solution:

1.—Hypo 772 grains; water 8 ounces.

2.—Ferrocyanide potassium 76 grains; water 6 drams.

I took of No. 1 5 ounces, of No. 2 2 drams and diluted ½ with water, rubbed gently and washed well and was surprised at the result. C.

COLORING SLIDES AND TRANSPARENCIES.

Many amateurs hesitate about attempting to color slides or transparencies, probably thinking themselves unable to do so. I have colored a number and find that patience is the main requisite. I bought a small quantity of powdered aniline colors; dissolved them in water, in small test tubes. Brushes should be Nos. 2 and 3 sable and with a retouching frame the outfit is complete.

The glass should be ground. Place the slide on it and apply the proper color. Where the slide shows water I first wet that part and apply blue aniline, with a little green along the shore line. The sky may be worked the same, but the color must be applied heavier, in places, to give cloud effects. C.

REDUCING PHOTOS.

It may never have occurred to some of the readers of the photo department of Recreation to copy a photo of a friend who has gone from this world. I have recently done this and would like others to know of the satisfaction experienced. Take the picture from the wall; remove glass and replace picture in frame. Place picture in a perpendicular position and where the light strikes it from the direction the figure in picture is facing. Place camera as near as focus will allow, and make time exposure, regulating time by light, and you will have a perfect little photo. Trim just outside of frame; mount on cards the proper size, give them to friends and experience the pleasure their gratitude and thanks will bring you.

M. E. T., Sauk Center, Minn.

PHOTO NOTES.

"A. G.," Hartford, Conn., asks: "Do you develop plates to bring out clouds differently from the ordinary?" I see you request an answer from a reader, and since I always work for the best cloud results when making a negative, will give you my plan.

First, I would advise A. G. to get what is known as a "Rayfilter" from the Bausch & Lamb Optical Co., of Rochester, N. Y., (see their catalogue). Then after using it and making his developer a little weaker than usual and developing a little farther he will get excellent cloud effects. If he desires formula for developer I use he can get it by addressing

Le Gare Jean La Mar, Military Hospital No. 1, Havana, Cuba.

I see one member says "polish your ferrotype plates with French chalk." Did he ever try the "old reliable," 4 grains paraffin in 2 ounces benzine? Polish and dry. It will prevent rust, beside giving excellent results. Be sure plate is well cleaned.

L. J. L., U. S. Army.

Who would like to trade other views for some of Cuba, 5 x 7, unmounted?

L., U. S. A. Hospital No. 1, Havana, Cuba.

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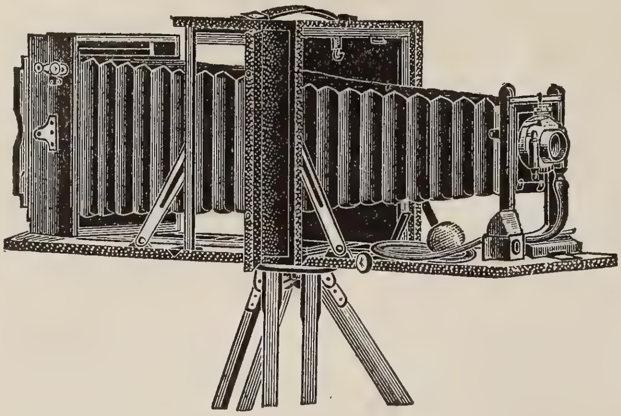

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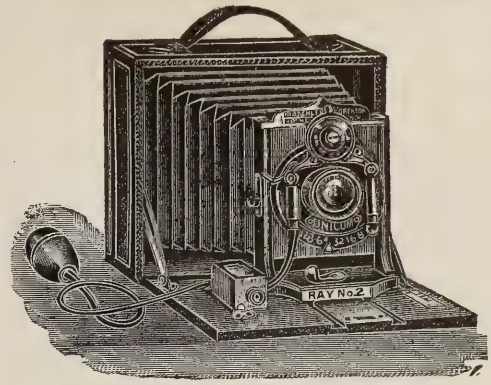

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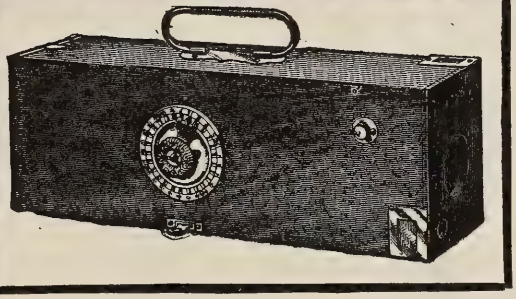

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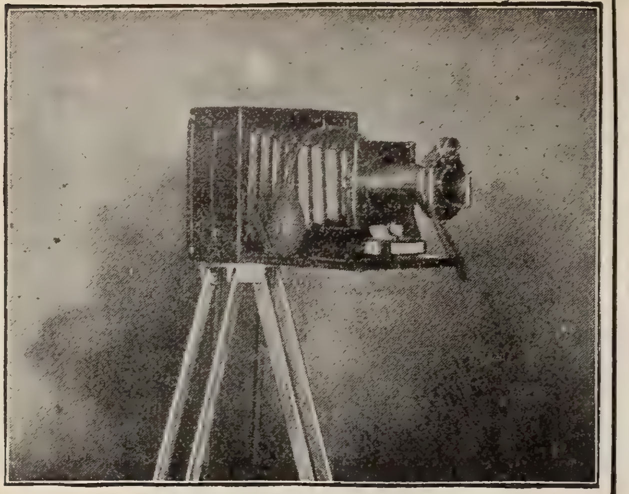

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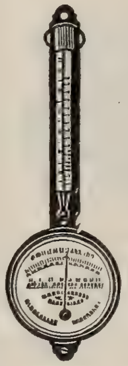

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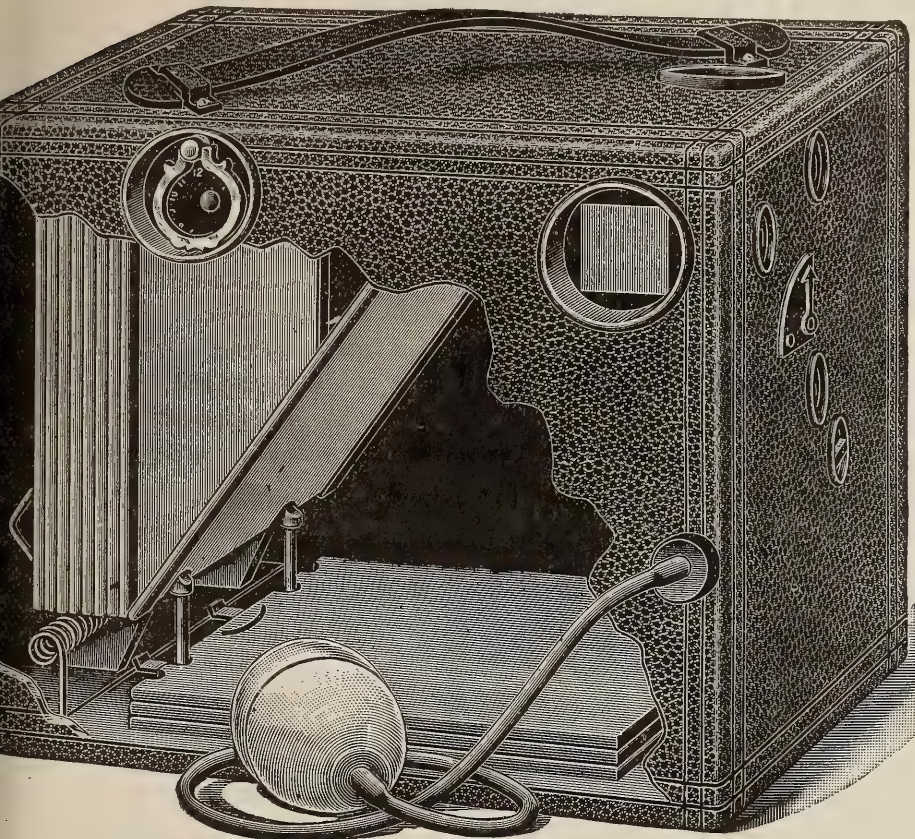

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To Exchange: I have a combination bait and fly rod, lancewood, with hard rubber reversible butt, 2 second joints and 2 tips; 8 oz. fly and 10 oz. bait; a 50 yd. Yawman & Erbe automatic aluminum reel; an enamelled waterproof silk line 40 yds. The rod cost me $5.50; the reel, $9.00, and the line $3.20. All are in first-class condition. Reel and line have been used but twice. Want to exchange this outfit for a modern repeating rifle for large game, a Winchester .45-70 or .30-30 preferred. Rifle must be in first-class condition.

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LEARN TO STUFF BIRDS

IDERMIST A wonderful compound for preserving and mounting birds, animals, etc., without skinning. Makes hard as stone. Enough for mounting ten birds, size of quail, with full directions, $1. Address

DR. E. H. BRADLEY, PEORIA, ILL.

Mention RECREATION.

"They say President McKinley's trousers are creased only from the knee down."

"That must give 'em a sausage effect."

"Sausage effect?"

"Yes; below-knee."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Football

"THE INGERSOLL" '99 football accessories mark a new era of higher standard on the gridiron. The finest of stock and skilled workmanship, coupled with many original meritorious features, have together brought forth a matchless line, an adequate provision for every football necessity.

That the prices are appreciably lower than established standards is due only to our more modern methods of production and the narrower margin of profit on which we work.

THE STANDARD REMAINS EVER THE HIGHEST

Our popular line is the essence of reliability at minimum cost—honestly made throughout.

Shin Guards,	**$ .45**	**Canvas Football Trousers,**	**$ .75**
Moleskin Football Trousers,	**1.50**	**Canvas Jackets,**	**.35**
Regulation Size Football,	**1.00**	**Football Shoes,**	**2.50**

New York Agents for VICTOR Football and General Sporting Goods

Our Catalogue No. 19 tells all that is new in football. Sent free. Special rates in clubs.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 67 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK

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Condensed
Mince Meat

Fresh and fruity. Made from the pick of the choicest beef—deliciously seasoned. Put up in convenient packages, enough for two big pies.

Drop postal for book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

1 C

TWO KINDS OF FISH HOGS.

Asbury Park, N. J., Aug. 4.—I have never known fishing better in Barnegat, nor have I ever seen better conditioned fish. In 3 hours' fishing recently Judge Wm. B. Guild and I took 106 in the face of a perfect hurricane. Striped bass fishing also is of the first order in those waters. One party took 40, weighing 3 pounds to 7 pounds, one afternoon.—Leonard Hulit, in the A. D. G. H.

Inspector Frank W. Pierce, of the state forest preserve board, who was in the city recently, reports that a crane was shot near the Moose river, in the Adirondacks which had 45 brook trout in its stomach.—Albany Argus.

On this particular evening his elder sister had told him to say to Mr. Hankinson that she had a bad cold and was sorry she could not come down.

On this occasion, also, he was in a bad humor.

There was no candy.

Therefore, when Mr. Hankinson said:

"Where is your sister, Johnny?"

Johnny replied:

"She's up stairs sneezin' her blamed head off."—Chicago Tribune.

THE PURE
Schweyer Rye
DOUBLE COPPER DISTILLED
JOHN SCHWEYER & CO.

Whiskey bearing the name "Schweyer" is guarantee of the best—none so delicious—money can hardly buy its equal.

Goods shipped in plain package without marks to indicate contents, and if not perfectly satisfactory send them back at our expense and we will refund your money at once.

4 FULL QUARTS WHISKEY

We are the **only Distillers** in America shipping Pennsylvania Pure Rye to **consumers direct.** Bear this in mind.

SCHWEYER'S PURE 8 YEAR OLD PENNSYLVANIA RYE $3.60 Express Prepaid

The prime old whiskey prescribed for medicinal and general use.

The famous Pennsylvania Rye, for 27 years double copper distilled and **aged in wood** under personal direction of Mr. John Schweyer himself. Never less than **8 years old,** most of it **10 and 12 years old** when first bottled. Sold **direct to the consumer from our distillery** at the low price of $3.60 for four full quarts that cannot be bought elsewhere for less than $6.00.

We also offer our **SEVEN YEAR OLD CABINET PENNSYLVANIA RYE at $3.00 Express Prepaid**

$3.00 **for four full quarts.** This is the finest **7** year old rye ever drank and cannot be duplicated for less than $5.00.

We refer to any Commercial Agency, Bank or Express Company in United States.

JOHN SCHWEYER & CO., DISTILLERS,
Address all orders to Warehouse BO 609, 611, 613 W. 12th St., CHICAGO.

Orders for Ariz., Col., Cal., Idaho, Mont., New Mex., Nev., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must callfor 20 quarts freight prepaid, or write for particulars before remitting

We save you all middlemen's profits and guarantee absolutely pure whiskey without adulteration.

"No," he said, reflectively, "this isn't like mother's pie."

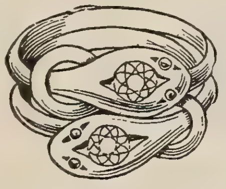
"And why not?" she waspishly asked.

"Because," he mildly explained, "mother's pie always had ants in it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

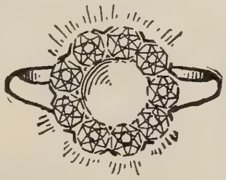
"Be mine!" he urged, full ardently.
"Yes!" with tender grace
The maiden faltered, coloring—
His coat where she laid her face.
—Detroit Journal.

In Selecting Jewelry

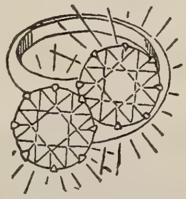
which involves a considerable expenditure of money, great care should be exercised in choosing the PLACE to buy. There is so much spurious jewelry offered to the public nowadays that there is great danger of being fooled. Why not buy where the jewelry business is study, and where only reliable goods are sold? We don't preach a degree of honor greater than that practised by others, but we don't fool you. We give you your money's worth every time.



SNAKE RING, two pure white Diamonds, $25; Diamond and Ruby, Saphire or Emerald, $20; Turquoise and Diamond... 15.00



PEARL Opal, or Turquoise centre, fine White Diamonds around, $50; Ruby, Emerald or Saphire.... 75.00



TWO 2-karat Diamonds, first water Gems....... 85.00

Solid 14 k. Gold Watches.

E. Howard & Co., Elgin, Waltham and Geneva movements, at 20 per cent. less than manufacturers' prices, and 30 per cent. less than WHOLESALE LIST. We allow 30-day trial, and make no charge for repairs for five years.

E. HOWARD & CO., 3 oz. case, solid 14 k. gold, open face or hunting case; list price $50; our price.............................. 35.00

SAME WATCH CASES, Waltham or Elgin movements; list $33; our price.. 25.00

LIGHTER CASES, Waltham or Elgin movement, as low as..................... 18.00

GENEVA hand engraved solid 14 k. gold cases, as low as 15.00

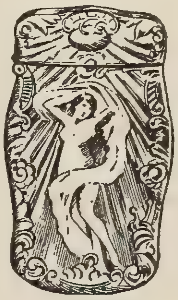
LADIES' size, same description, as low as....................................... 10.00

These prices are 30 per cent. less than wholesale list and 20 per cent. less than manufacturers' prices.

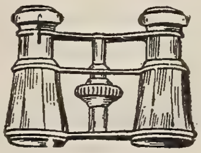
DIAMONDS.

We cut and polish them, save 25 per cent. and duty, guarantee every stone, and allow the full price paid us within one year from date of purchase.

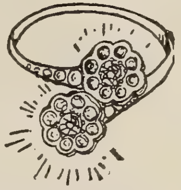
No house in the world can do more.



14 KARAT Gold Match Case, $10; Sterling Silver......... 1.50



LEMAIRE Pearl Opera Glasses..... 5.00
Others upward from $2.00.



PHILOPENA Ring, Twin Cluster of Diamonds, $25; smaller size........ 15.00

Established 1844

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Established 1844

Diamond Importer and Manufacturer of Fine Jewelry and Silverware

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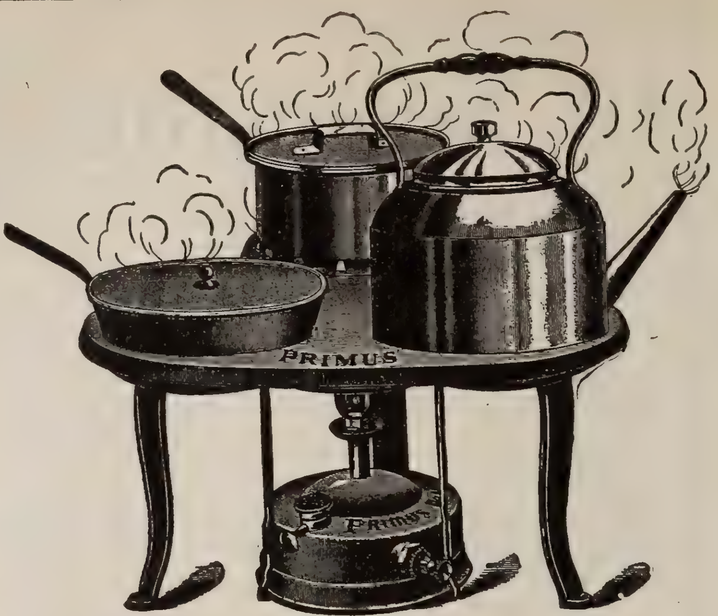
DO YOU EVER
Hunt? Fish? Paddle a Canoe?
Explore? Prospect? Climb Hills
or Sail a Yacht?

If so you have had trouble in starting a fire, or in keeping a fire, especially in bad weather. In cold weather or wet weather, you have wished you could have a fire in your tent to warm you, to dry your clothing and your bedding.



THE PRIMUS OIL STOVE

remedies all such difficulties. It cures all the ills that campers are heir to. It is the one thing needful to make camp life a dream of Elysium.

Wickless **Blue Flame**
Kerosene-Burning **Non-explosive**

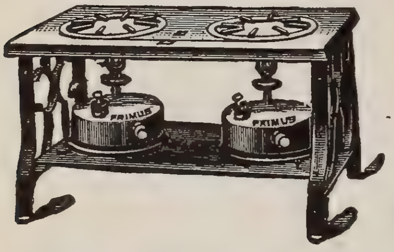
The features which make an oil-burning stove **Perfect**, are **Safety, Simplicity, Efficiency, Economy, Durability, Cleanliness,** all of which are **Perfectly** embodied in the **Primus.**

The **Primus** has no wick, hence its *perfect* combustion.

The **Primus** burns *any grade* kerosene. The flame can be regulated at will.

The **Primus** develops a heat of 2,100° Fahrenheit.

The **Primus** will burn, at its full heat, for **five** *consecutive hours* on a consumption of only *one quart* of kerosene. In other words, **one-fifth** *quart per hour, at a cost of less than one cent.*



DOUBLE STOVE FOR YACHTS

The Primus burns every-day kerosene, without a wick, with a clear, blue, smokeless and sootless flame.

The Primus is Positively Non-Explosive.

The Oil Tank Cannot be Filled While Burning.

The Primus While Burning May be Turned Completely Over Without the Slightest Exposure to Danger.

The Burner Lights Without Smoke. The Flame is Positively Odorless and Sootless.

It is by no means probable that any reader of RECREATION will ever give the **Primus** so severe a test as did the celebrated Arctic explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, on his famous voyage. His ship, the *Fram*, was equipped with **Primus** stoves, and when he left the ship to make his "dash to the Pole" on sledges, a **Primus** went with him. The following extract from "Farthest North" gives, in the explorer's own words, his estimate of its value:

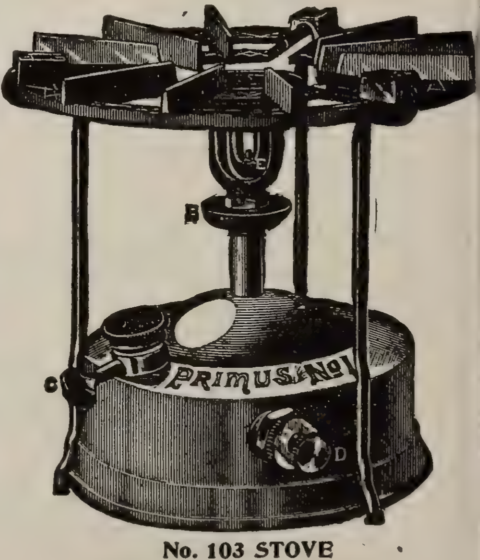
Vol. II., page 128: "For the heating was used a gas-petroleum lamp known as the **Primus**, in which the heat turns the petroleum into gas before it is consumed. By this means it renders the combustion unusually complete. Numerous experiments made by Professor Torup in his laboratory proved that the cooker in ordinary circumstances yielded 90 to 93 per cent. of the heat which the petroleum consumed should, by combustion, theoretically evolve. A more satisfactory result, I think, it would be impossible to obtain.

"As fuel, my choice fell on petroleum. Alcohol does not by any means generate so much heat in comparison with its weight as petroleum when the latter is entirely consumed as was the case in the lamp used by us. **We took with us rather more than 4 gallons, and this quantity lasted us more than 120 days, enabling us to cook two hot meals a day and melt an abundance of water.**"

An Alaskan prospector, who has used a **Primus** for several months, writes to a friend thus:

"Our '**Primus**' is a gem. A quart of kerosene lasts a week and cooks three meals a day for us. When it rains and is damp and cool we use it in the tent. Having perfect control over the amount of heat it gives out, it is no trouble to care for; no smoke or odor as in other kerosene stoves."

Write for circulars and full particulars. Mention RECREATION, Address



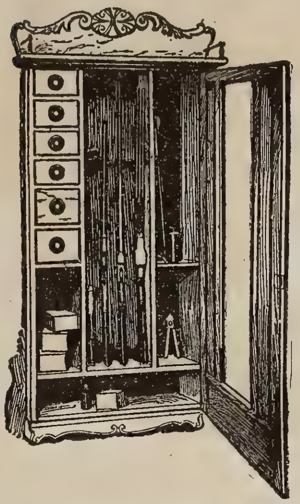
No. 103 STOVE
The type used by Nansen

THE PRIMUS COMPANY,

197 Fulton St., NEW YORK.

AGENTS.
HOLBROOK, MERRILL & STETSON, San Francisco.
Los Angeles and Sacramento, Cal.
GLOBE GAS LIGHT CO., Boston, Mass.
JAS. SPEAR STOVE & HEATING CO., Phila., Pa.
GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

An Excellent Gun Cabinet For $15.00



Well Made of Oak. Glass in Door. Strong Lock

Height 5-10 Depth 12 in. Width 31 in. Center Space is Lined

WELL CRATED F.O.B. CARS HERE.

For list of agencies and Cut of Fishing Tackle Cabinet, see Aug. RECREATION

Special Cabinets Made to Order from Your Ideas

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

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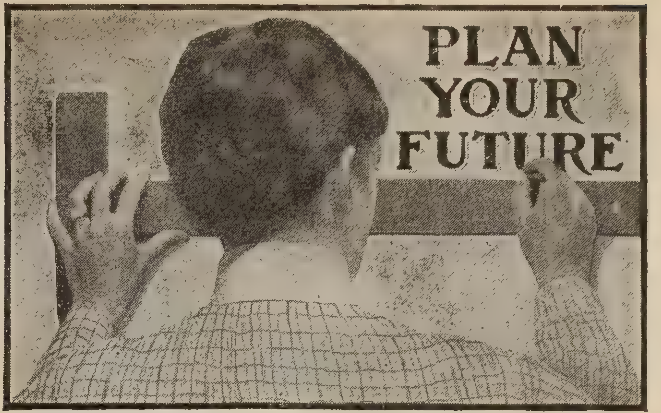

Change Your Work

Make up your mind not to be a drone all your life. *You have ability.* There is no reason why you should do all the hard work while others reap the reward. If you like the work you are doing, qualify yourself to rise to the top of the profession. If you are not suited to it, select the occupation for which you have the greatest liking, and prepare to fill it. You do not have to leave your present work and salary until you are qualified to

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We guarantee to make you a Mechanical or Architectural Draughtsman; to qualify you for Electrical, Mechanical, Steam, or Civil Engineering; to give you a complete technical education in Architecture, Surveying, Telephony, Refrigeration, Mining, Plumbing, Heating and Ventilation, Chemistry, Book-keeping, and Stenography BY MAIL.

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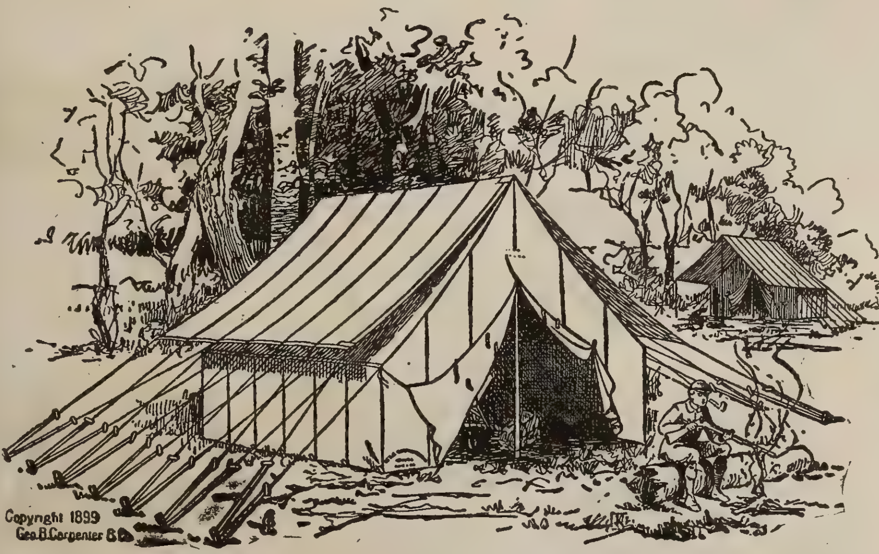

Camp Furniture AND... Outfits Rainproof Covers

CONTRACTORS TO THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

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CHICAGO

Send 6 cents in stamps for our new 80-page catalogue of Tents, etc., illustrating every style and size from the largest U. S. army tent to the smallest camping tent.

Why THE CLUB = COCKTAILS Are Best

From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th

In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails, by the time they are used by the consumer, may have already been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers — Manhattan, Martini, whiskey, gin, vermouth, and York—all excellent.

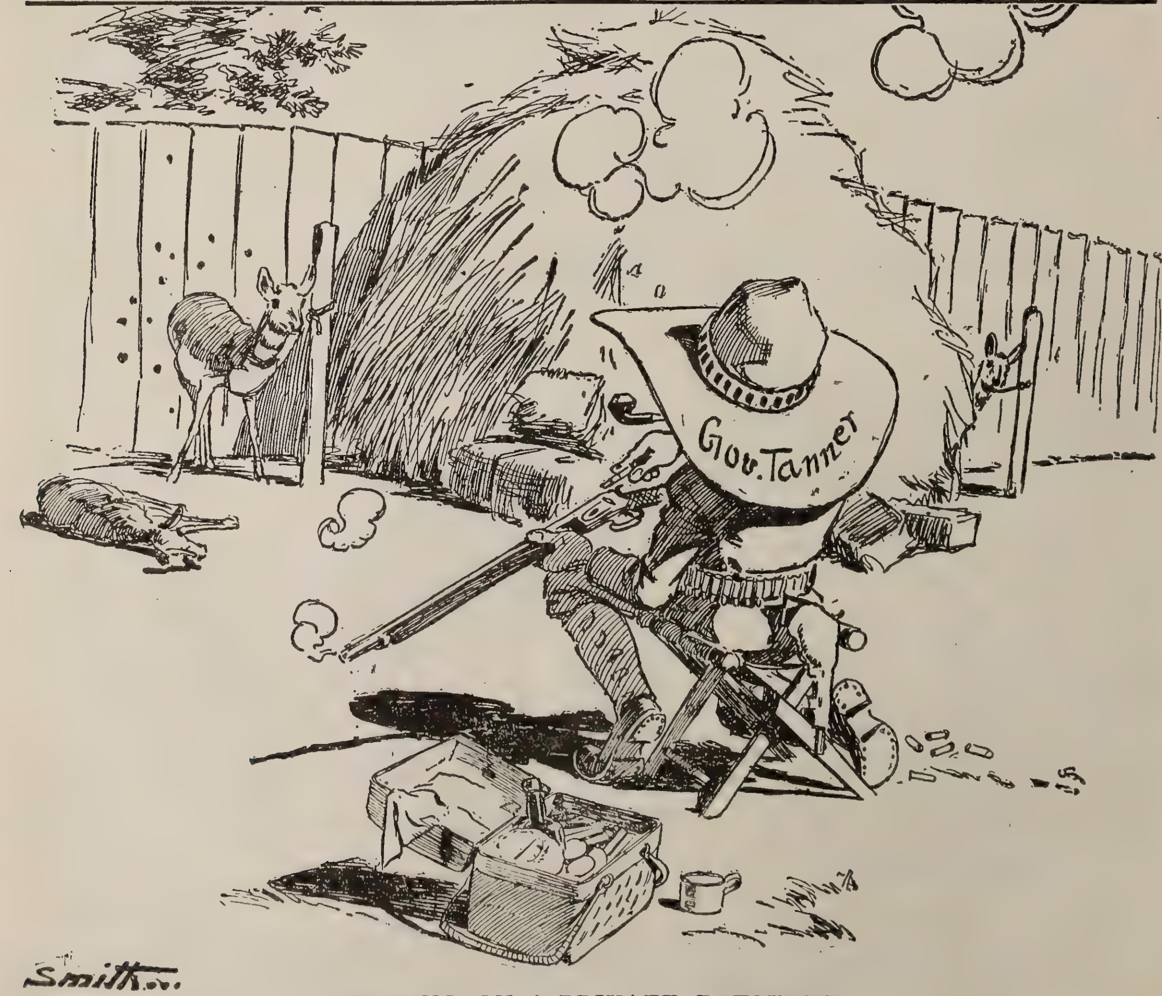
For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Sea-Shore, or the Picnic.

These Cocktails are aged, are ready for use, and require only to be POURED OVER CRACKED ICE and strained off to be in perfect condition.

AVOID IMITATIONS

Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
39 Broadway, New York
Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W., London, Eng.



HUNTING ON A PRIVATE PRESERVE.

With apologies to the Rocky Mountain News.

ARNICA TOOTH SOAP

Jabon de Arnica.
Savon Dentifrice D'Arnica.
Arnica Zahn Seife.

The Only International Dentifrice.
The Standard for 30 years.

Preserves and whitens the teeth, strengthens the gums—sweetens the breath.

25c at All Druggists.

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ADIRONDACK LAND FOR SALE.

Magnificent Game Preserve of 7,000 Acres, *containing 6 Beautiful Lakes and Ponds; several Famous Trout Streams; Club House, and 3 Cottages. Trout, Deer, Rabbits, Ducks, and Partridges plentiful. Scenery, fine. Altitude, 2,000 ft. Air, pure and invigorating. Only 15½ miles from railroad. Grand opportunity for Private Park, or Investment. $3.75 per acre, if bought soon.* **Worth double price asked.** *The Spruce would sell for that sum, and still a handsome forest left.* **Many other Tracts for sale.** *Address,* **Forest Land Co., Syracuse, N. Y.**

"Anything new?" asked the monkey, coming as near the cage of the big snake as his own limitations would permit.

"Well," said the snake, in an injured tone, "I don't see where your eyes are! I shed my old skin yesterday."—Chicago Tribune.

L. L. BALES—Hunter and Guide

For S. E. Alaska, Cook's Inlet and the Alaska Peninsula.

Moose, Caribou, Mountain Sheep, Mountain Goats, Bear, Deer, Shore Birds and Waterfowl.

LIVE WILD ANIMALS.

TAXIDERMY IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Information furnished as to Mill Sites, Timber Grounds, Locations for Salmon Canneries; also good Trapping Grounds.

Address, JUNEAU, ALASKA.

References: Lieut. G. T. Emmons, U. S. Navy, Navy Dept., Washington, D. C.; Hon. Will. D. Jenkins, Sec. of State, Olympia, Wash.; G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

For Sale: Live Buffalo, Elk, Mountain Sheep, Antelope, Mule Deer, Wolves, Black, Brown, Cinnamon and Grizzly Bears. Prompt and careful shipments.

Hunting and tourist parties outfitted and guided, at reasonable rates. Expert guides always employed.

References: Arthur Brown, Supt., Philadelphia Zoo; E. M. Bigelow, Chief, Dept. of Parks, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. T. Hornaday, Director, N. Y. Zoo Garden and G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

Address Howard Eaton, Medora, N. D.

"LINENE" COLLARS and CUFFS

Reg.
Trade Mark.

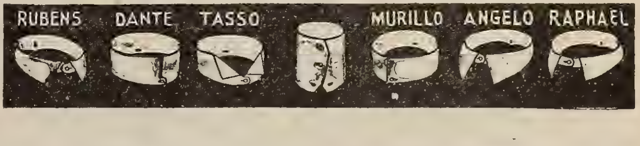
FOR SPORTSMEN

And others who appreciate neatness, convenience and economy, they are unequalled. Made of fine cloth, and exactly resemble stylish linen goods.

No Laundry Work.

When soiled discard. The turn-down collars can be reversed and worn twice if necessary. **Ten Collars or five pairs of Cuffs, 25c. By mail, 30c.** Sample collar or pair of cuffs for 6 cents in stamps. Give size and style.

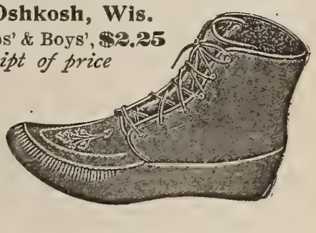
REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. L., BOSTON, MASS.



Moosehide Moccasins and Slippers.

Metz & Schloerb, Oshkosh, Wis.

Price, Men's, **$2.75;** Ladies' & Boys', **$2.25**
Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price



Write for illustrated circular and price-list of hand-made hunting shoes and moccasins of every description.

Mention RECREATION.

READERS OF RECREATION ARE CAUTIONED AGAINST TRUSTING OR SENDING MONEY TO OLIVER DAVEY, OF COLUMBUS, OHIO. HE IS A FRAUD.

EDITOR.

This is the rule by which to determine
By words of the preacher the length of his sermon;
When he says "firstly" you know he's begun;
When he says "lastly" he's only half done.
—Judge.

For Sale: .30-40 Winchester rifle, perfect condition. Price $14. A bargain.
Box 305, Washington C. H., O.

SOME RARE OPPORTUNITIES

These goods are all new, and will be shipped direct from factory. Prices named are those at which manufacturers and dealers usually sell. Here is a good chance to get

A Book, a Gun, a Camera
A Sleeping Bag, a Fishing Rod
A Reel, a Tent, a Bicycle } FREE OF COST

Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in instalments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, paper; or a Zar Camera, listed at $1; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer, each listed at $1; or 1 doz. Chatfield Trout Flies, assorted, listed at $1; or a 2-pound can of Laflin & Rand's Smokeless Powder, listed at $2.

THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a No. 41 Stevens Pistol, listed at $2.50; or 1 doz. Chatfield Bass Flies, assorted, listed at $2; or a Baby Hawk-Eye Camera made by the Blair Camera Co. and listed at $5.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camping Outfits*, cloth; or a No. 3 Acme Camera and Outfit, listing at $3.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades*, cloth; or a Willsie Camera, made for cut films, and listed at $5; or a Wizard V (Boss Dandy) Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $5; or a Forehand New Model Revolver, listing at $4; or a Primus Oil Stove, listing at $5, or a Nodark Camera, listing at $5; or a Hawk-Eye Camera, listed at $5.

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or an Australian Mosquito-proof Tent, listed at $7; or a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at $5; or a Korona Camera, Model I.C, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listing at $7.

EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Wall Tent 7¼ x 7¼, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $7.50; or a Split Bamboo Fly Rod or a Split Bamboo Bait Rod, listed at $6.75; or a No. 4 Cyclone Camera, listed at $8.

NINE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 17 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $6, or a Wizard A Camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listed at $10.

TEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Steel Fishing Rod, listing at $6 or less; or a Yawman and Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, listed at $10; or a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Stevens Ideal Rifle, No. 44, listed at $10; or a Willsie Camera, listed at $10; or a Fishing Tackle Cabinet, made by G. S. Hudson & Son.

TWELVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $8.50; or a Korona Camera, Model I-A, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $13; or a Peabody Carbine valued at $12.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a No. 19 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $9; or a Bicycle Folding Cyclone Camera, No. 10, listed at $16; or a Wizard B Camera, 4 x 5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co. and listed at $14; or a gun cabinet, made by G. S. Hudson & Son; or a Grade A Sportsmen's Trunk, made by the New Departure Trunk Co., and listed at $18.

TWENTY subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or a Complete Working Model of the Battleship *Oregon*, 36 inches long, and listed at $15; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $16 or less; or a Grade B Sportsmen's Trunk, listed at $22; or a Mullins' Duck Boat listed at $25.

TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $25; or an Improved Gramophone (Zonophone), listed at $25; or a Waterproof Tent, 14½ x 17, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $25; or a 4x5 Cycle Camera, listed at $22.50; or a Recreation Camp Mattress, made by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., and listing at $20; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $20 or less, or a Grade C Sportsmen's Trunk, listed at $25.

THIRTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $20 or less; or a 5x7 Cycle Camera, listed at $27; or a Shattuck Double Hammerless Shot-gun, listing at $25; or a Split Bamboo Fly Rod; or a Split Bamboo Bait Rod, listed at $25; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $25 or less.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, an Arlington Sewing Machine, listed at $19.50; or a 5x7 Korona Camera, listed at $32; or a Forehand, grade O, double hammerless shot gun.

FORTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $30 or less; or a Savage .303 Repeating Rifle.

FORTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, an Ithaca, Quality No. 1, plain, double-barrel Hammerless Breech-loading Shot-gun, listed at $40.

FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a high-grade Clipper or Elk Bicycle, worth $50.

SIXTY subscriptions at $1 each, a Lefever Hammerless Shot-gun, Grade H, listed at $44.

ONE HUNDRED subscriptions at $1 each, a high-grade Wilkesbarre Gun, with Damascus barrels, listed at $125.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a fine Lefever Hammerless Gun, Grade E, with automatic ejector, listed at $120.

Address,

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MULLINS' "GET THERE" DUCK BOAT
WITH CANVAS GUNWALE

The Most Complete
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Always ready for use
Will last a lifetime

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Catalogue on application

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228 Depot Street, Salem, Ohio.

Pierce Vapor Launches
Safe, Reliable and Guaranteed. No Fire. No Government Inspection. Send for Catalogue.
PIERCE ENGINE CO., Box 6, Racine Jct., Wis.

Albert Fairfield, Harry Dailey, Frank Copp, Chas. McGuire, Adolph Shank and Aaron Lovelace were arrested the other day for seining in the Sangamon river near Mahomet, Ill. Fish Warden A. Sites, of Homer, made the arrest and they were taken to Urbana where they pleaded guilty before Justice Boyd. They were fined $25 and costs each, the total amount to each being $36.

We are glad to learn that in certain localities deer are plentiful. We were told a few days ago that 15 were seen in South Brunswick. Wild turkeys are also said to be plentiful, and there are quantities of quails. If the game law is enforced, the game hogs reported for every violation of the law and punished, the hunting next season will be excellent; the best perhaps we have had since the early sixties.—*Lawrenceville Va., Gazette.*

There i$ a little matter that $ome of our ubcriber$ and advertier have $eemingly forgotten about. To u$ it i$ nece$$ary in our bu$ine$$. We are very mode$t and don't wish to $peak about it.—Ex.

"It's queer about Boston men."
"What is it?"
"Why, even a single man in Boston can be called 'hubby'."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mr. U. Nehring, 16 E. 24th St., New York.

Dear Sir: The copying and enlarging lens came all right and I am well pleased with it. It does just what you claim for it and works very clearly and distinctly.

Yours truly,
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For Sale: S. & W. 38 Cal. target revolver, 16-inch blued barrel, in first-class condition. Special sights and stock. Price, $10.
E. A. Weatherbee, Lincoln, Me.

Join the L. A. S. The membership fee is only $1. Sixty cents of this goes back into your own state to be expended there in the work of game protection.

I will esteem it a personal favor if you will send me the names and addresses of all the sportsmen you know who are not yet readers of RECREATION.

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When you get a good specimen of bird, fish, mammal etc., that you would like to get mounted, send it to us. We will do it right and also make the price right.

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FOR SALE: Living wild animals and game birds, for propagating purposes; Elk, Deer, Jack Rabbits, Fox Squirrels, Quails (Western birds only), etc. I do not handle dead game.

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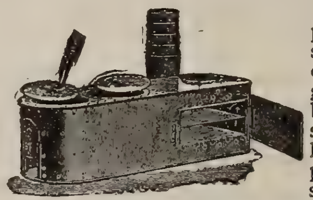

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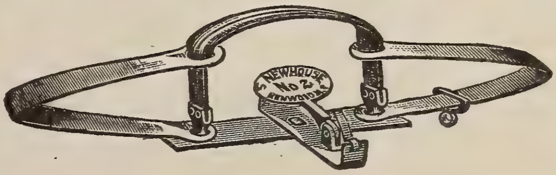

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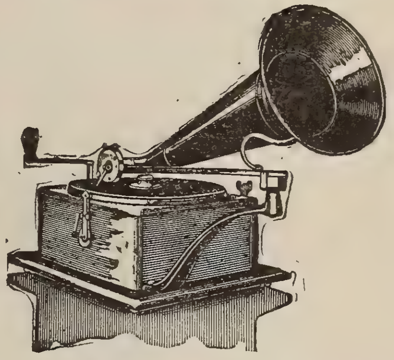

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I was compelled to give up my occupation, and had been for a long time constantly taking medicine of some sort. The trouble was indigestion and constipation, causing loss of sleep, and running me down seriously in weight.

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"Why, what's the trouble?"

"I went up there this afternoon with my trotter to take her out for a drive and there was a fellow ahead of me with an automobile!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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Who was anxious to see a buzz saw go;
He saw, just the same—
Then the coroner came,
And asked, "Where did his jaw go?"
—Chicago News.

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Following is a list of names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

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S. L. N. Ellis, Visalia, trout, deer, bear, grouse, and quails.

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Sam T. Denning, Augusta, turkeys, quails and rabbits.

IDAHO.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
Geo. Winegar, St. Anthony, Fremont Co., ditto
John Ching, Kilgore, Fremont Co., "
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Staley, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Blair, Victor, Fremont Co., "
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., "

MAINE.

E. J. Page, Burlington, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
I. O. Hunt, Norcross, ditto
P. E. Young, Sherman Mills, "
Henry Gauthier, Benedicta, "
George Gauthier, Benedicta, "
James A. Duff, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, "
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James Blair, Lakeview, "
George Whitaker, Gardiner, "
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F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto
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W. H. Bowen, Camas Valley, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.
Henry Bowen, Camas Valley, ditto
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Ugh F. Catanach, Kelley's Island, ducks, geese grouse, quail, black bass, and muskalonge.

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Len Champion, Carney, Wyoming Co., grouse, quail, black bass, pike and pickerel.

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Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, ditto
James L. Simpson, Jackson, "
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, "
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, "
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, "
H. M. Coulter, Lander, "
H. D. DeKalb, Big Piney, "
Ira Dodge, Cora, "
Wm. Wells, Cora, "
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A. S. Marshall, Cora, "
F. Allston, Basin, "
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Henry McDougal, Kelowna P. O., B. C., ditto
Geo. Gillard, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, caribou, trout and salmon.
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References—The Capital National Bank, this city, and any Commercial agency.

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Send for beautifully illustrated booklet on wines and liquors, free.

Dorothy: "Mamma, if I should die, would I go to heaven?"

"Why, yes, darling, of course you would."

"And if you should die, would you go to heaven, too?"

"I hope so, dear."

"I hope so, too, because it would be very awkward for me to be known as the little girl whose mother is in hell."—

Wanted :—A well-broken dog, pointer or setter. Give full particulars and references who may be consulted by mail. Would prefer to buy from a person living in New York, Pennsylvania or New England.

H. D. U., care of RECREATION.

"I understand you're to be congratulated."

"Right you are, old fellow."

"So Miss Blinks is really yours?"

"Well, no; not exactly mine yet, you know. But I have a first mortgage on her."—Chicago Post.

Dr. G. O. Cogley, of Shenandoah, Ia., was recently killed while fishing with dynamite, and Doctor Perkins, who was assisting him, was badly injured. Served them right.

Purest Soap Afloat

Wool Soap

the

soap for the every-day soap tray

Swift and Company, Makers, Chicago

105

For Sale: A red rabbit, handsomely mounted on an oak base. This is a *rara avis.* It is of the ordinary gray species found in Mississippi, but is of a light red color, and would make a valuable addition to any collection. I refer to the editor of RECREATION who has examined this specimen.

Herschel Robinson, Robinson Springs, Miss.

For Sale or Trade: Two 18 months old thoroughbred pointer dogs, dark liver and white, one well broken; 6 4 months old thoroughbred pointer dogs, liver and liver and white? What have you? For particulars address

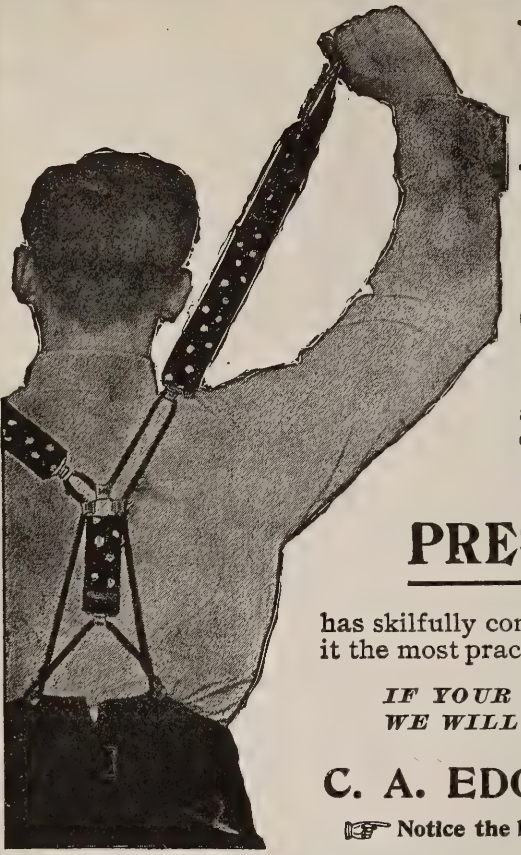
John Walker, Box 33, Bingham, Page Co., Ia.

Hunting, Fishing and Exploring in the Canadian Rockies. Complete camp and packing outfits furnished, with experienced guides.

W. & J. Brewster, Outfitters, Banff, Rocky Mountain Park, Canada.

To Exchange: Homing pigeons, long-distance flyers, for firearms or camera. Young birds for sale.

C. B. Woodbury, Cornish, Me.



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IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT HAVE THEM WE WILL SEND YOU A PAIR FOR 50 CENTS

C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.

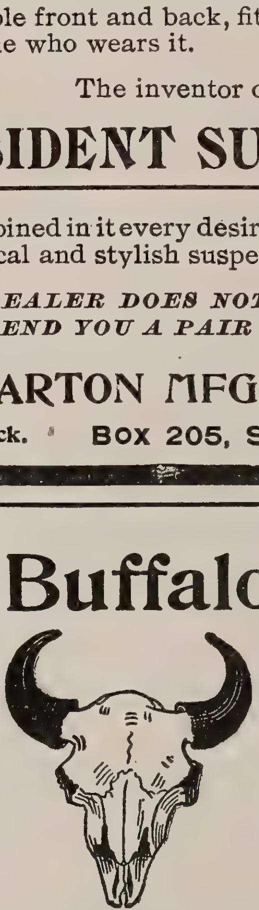
☞ Notice the back. BOX 205, SHIRLEY, MASS.

The more the provisions of the game are now considered, the worse they seem. Pot-hunters, like Governor Tanner of Illinois, come out here, enter a preserve and shoot a deer at any time in the year, while citizens of the state, other than those able to belong to the clubs with preserves, are subject to punishment for shooting game out of season. There is nothing sportsmanlike in shooting a deer out of season, and the case is not improved when the deer has been kept in a preserve and fed on hay until it is tame. Why not call the preserves licensed slaughter houses for game? That is all they are. So far as true sport is concerned the "sportsmen" might as well go out to the stockyards and take a shot at an old cow.—Rocky Mountain News.

See Picture on Page XXVI.

"Don't touch me," said the chrysanthemum, as it leaned away from the rose.

"It would be foolish to attempt it," replied the rose. "It's a well-known fact that you haven't got a scent."—Chicago News.



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For Sale: Fine thoroughbred Llewellyn pup, 13 months old, unbroken, fine fielder. Also fine specimen white pelican, nicely mounted. Photos of both to parties meaning business.
V. M. Steidl, Berkeley, Ia.

Change of Location: Physician of 23 years' practice, graduate of regular school, wishes to learn of good opening. West or South of Michigan; Minnesota preferred.
Address G. H. W., care RECREATION.

For Sale: Graphophone, with 60 records. Large concert horn and stand; recorder and 2 record cases. Cost about $60. Sell for $30.
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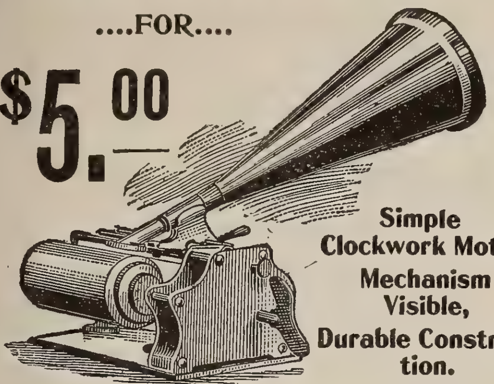

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(*From Mich. Christian Advocate.*)

The Rev. F. I. Bell, a highly esteemed minister residing in Weedsport, Cayuga Co., N. Y., in a recent letter writes as follows: "There has never been anything that I have taken that has relieved the dyspepsia from which I have suffered for ten years except the new remedy called Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. Since taking them I have had no distress after eating and again after long years can sleep well. Rev. F. I. Bell, Weedsport, N. Y., formerly Idalia, Colo."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is a remarkable remedy, not only because it is a certain cure for all forms of indigestion, but because it seems to act as thoroughly in old chronic cases of dyspepsia as well as in mild attacks of indigestion or biliousness. A person has dyspepsia simply because the stomach is overworked; all it wants is a harmless vegetable remedy to digest the food and thus give it the much needed rest.

This is the secret of the success of this peculiar remedy. No matter how weak or how much disordered the digestion may be, Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest the food whether the stomach works or not. New life and energy is given not only to the stomach, but to every organ and nerve in the body.

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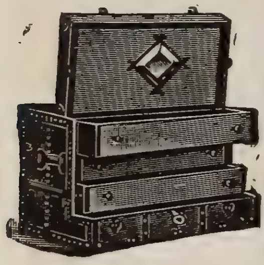

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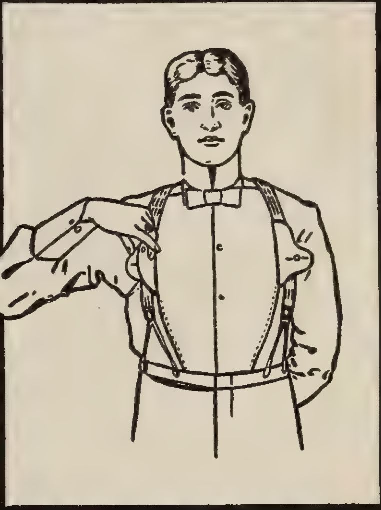

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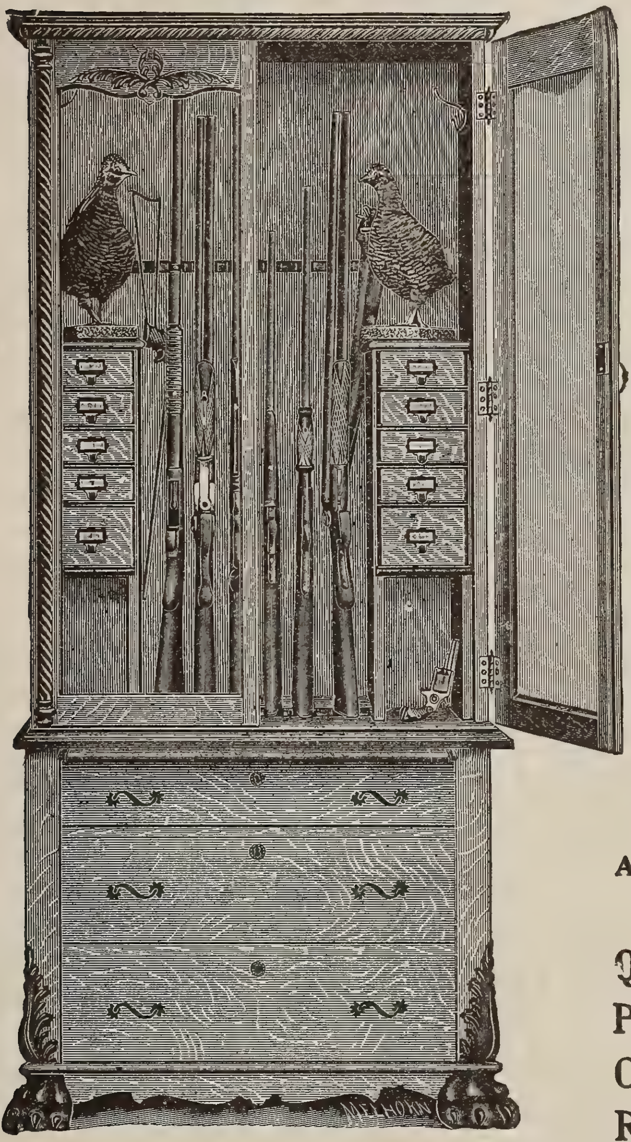

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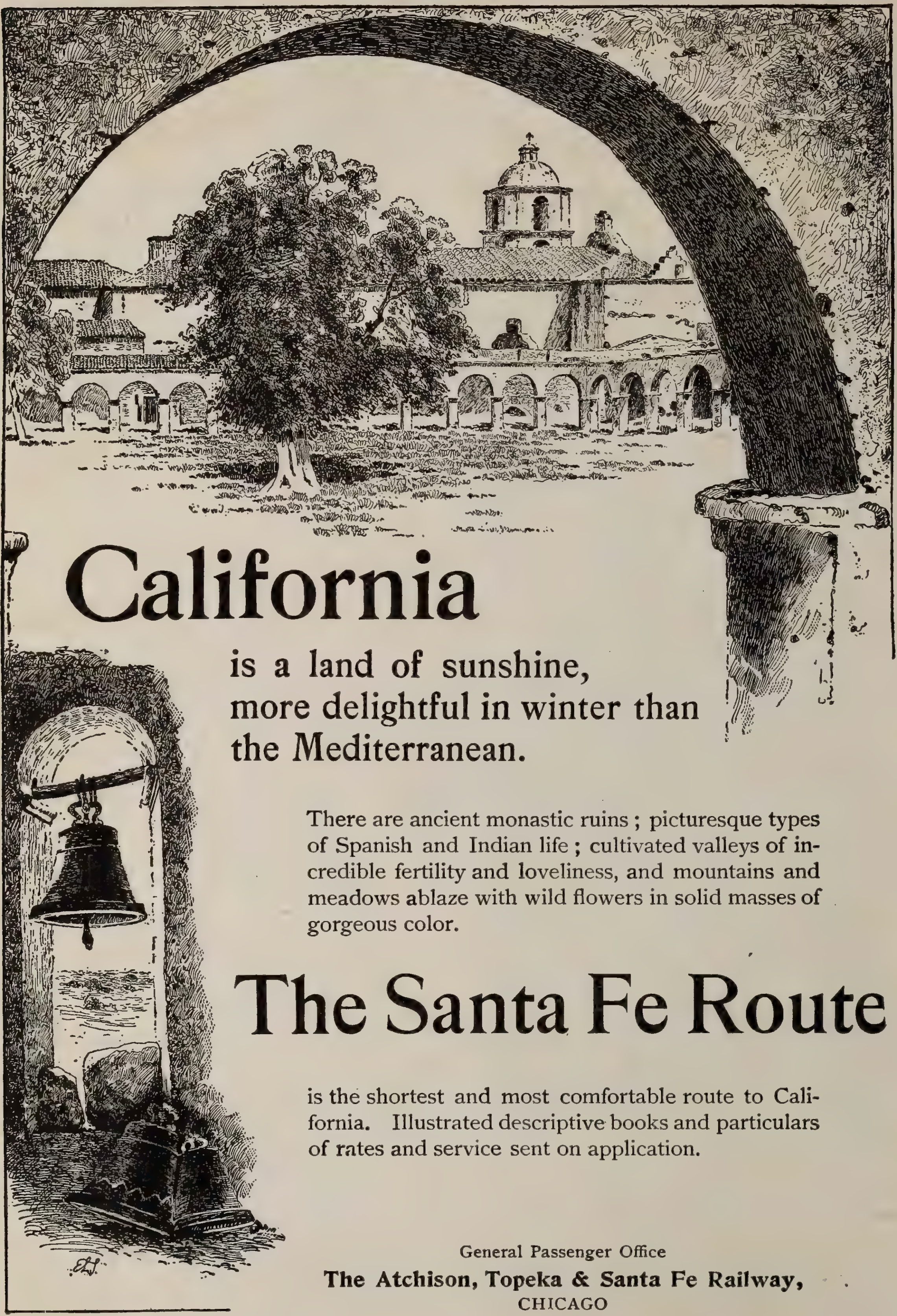

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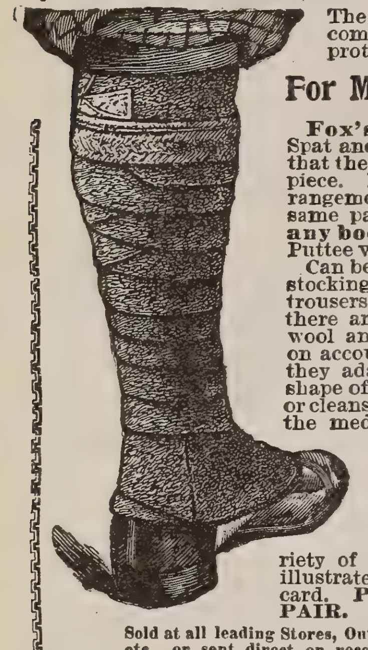

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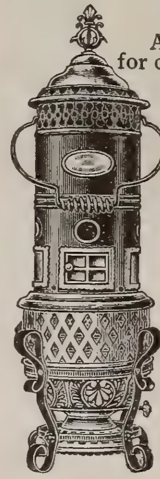

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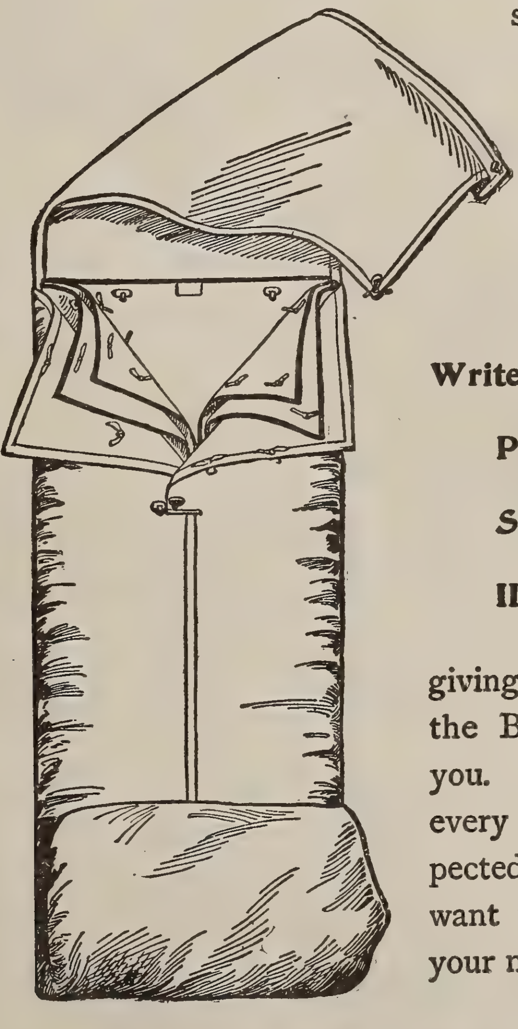

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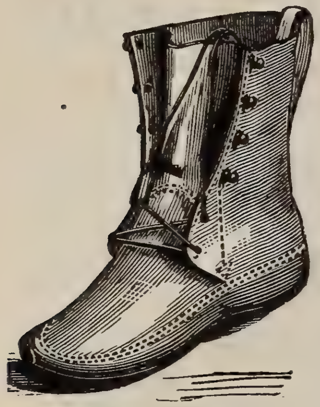

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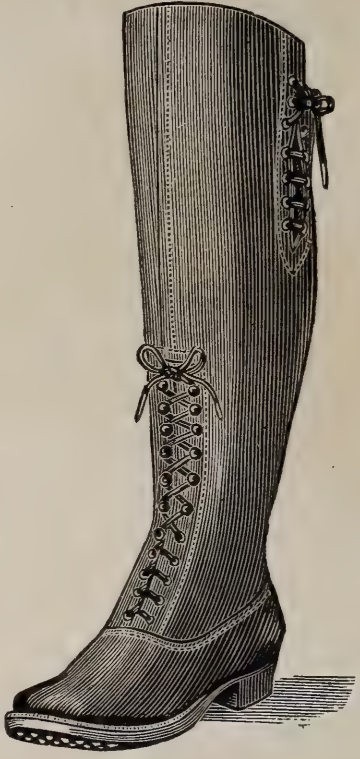

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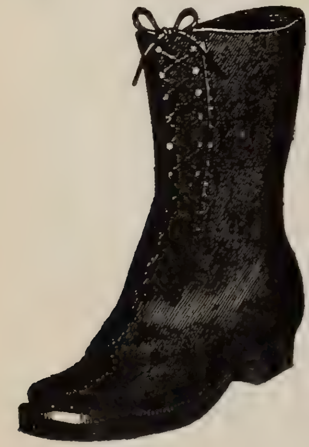

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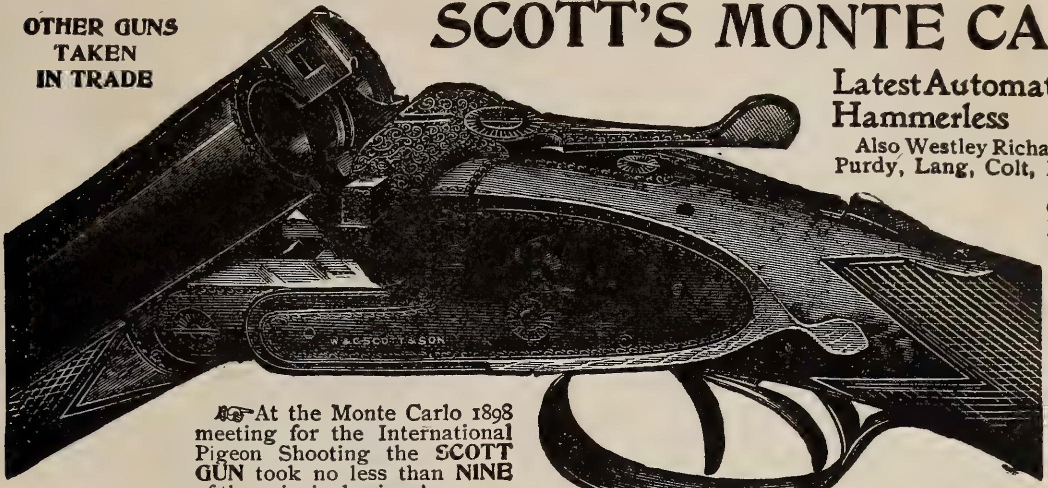

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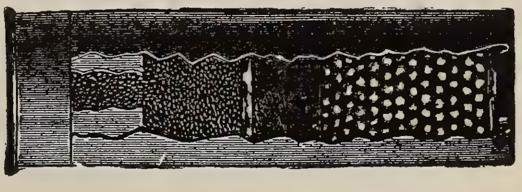

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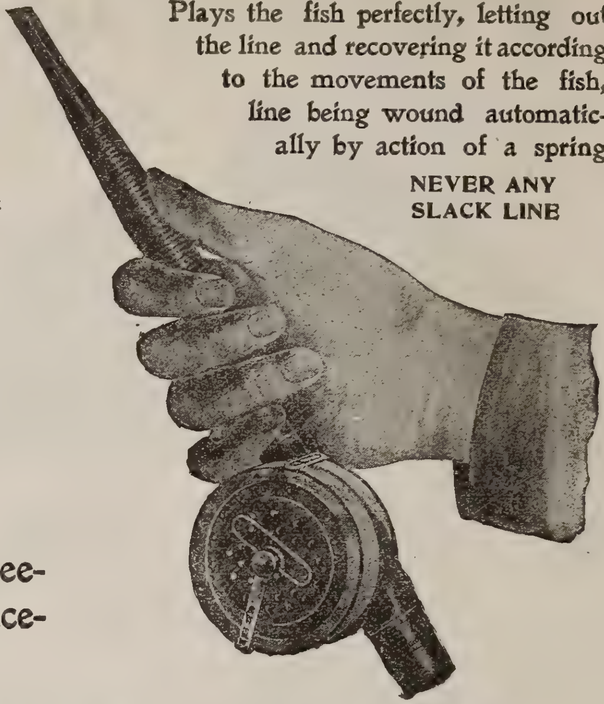

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Can be instantly changed from Automatic to Free-Running and vice-versa.

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It’s an Open Secret that the Bristol Steel Fishing Rod has many a friend and user who will not say anything about it (the Bristol)—for sportsmen’s reasons.

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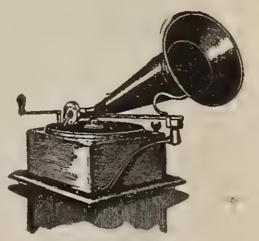

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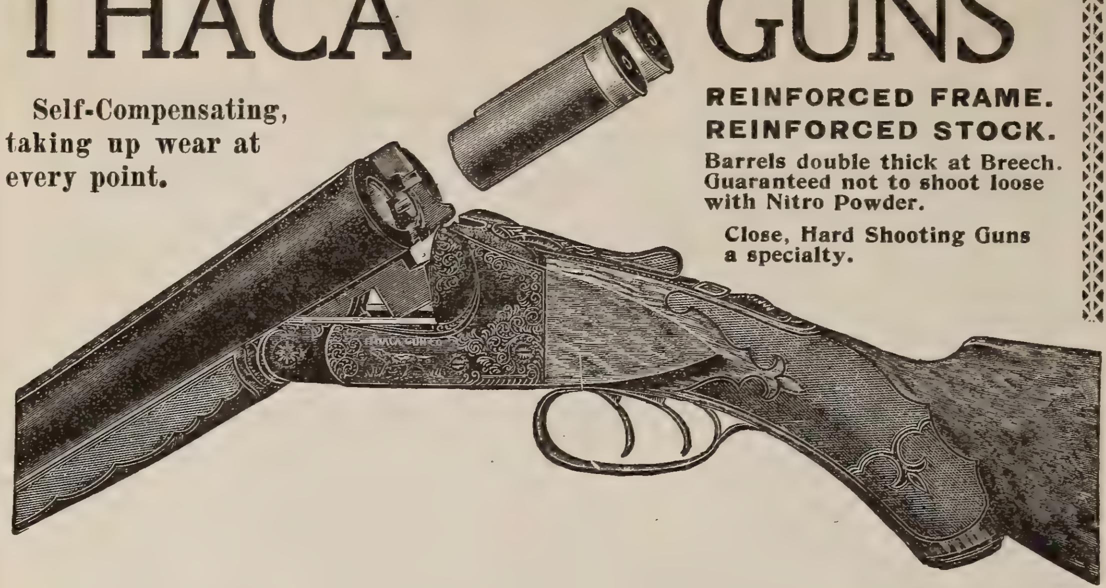

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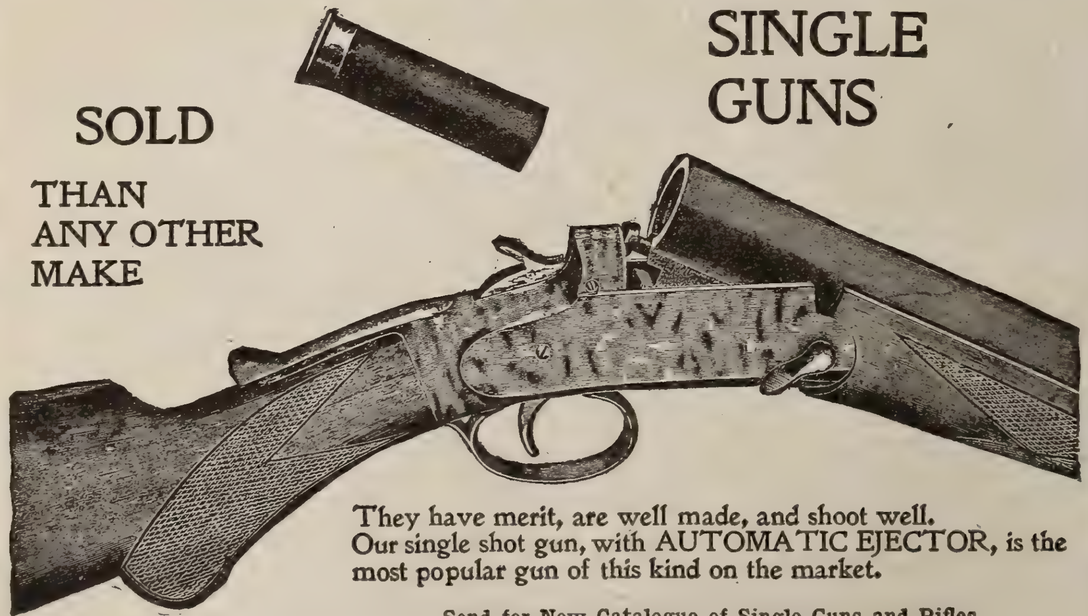

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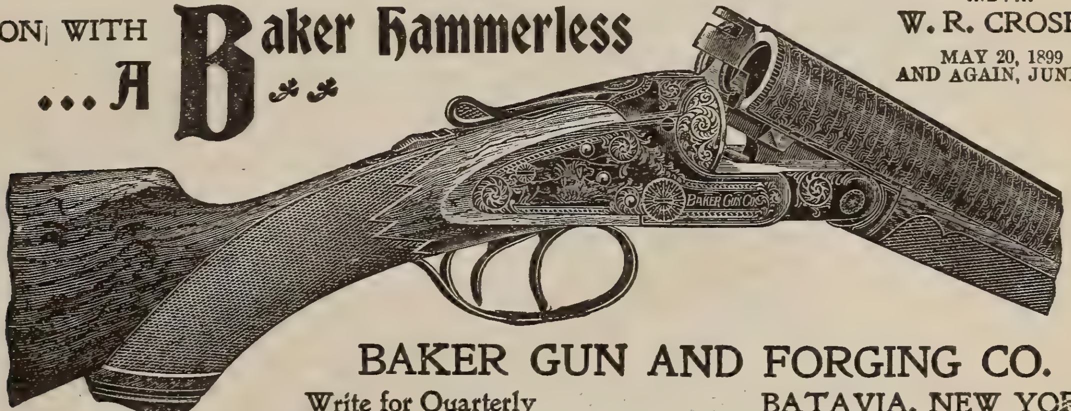

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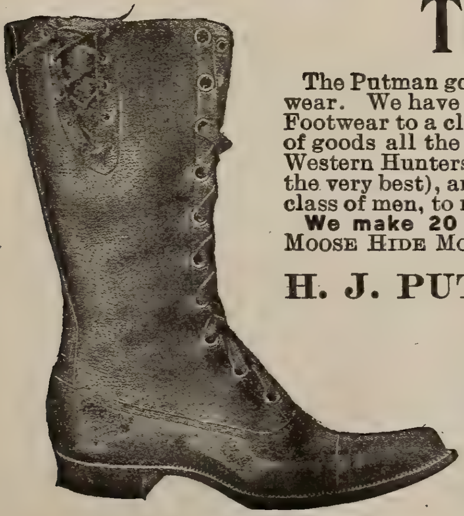

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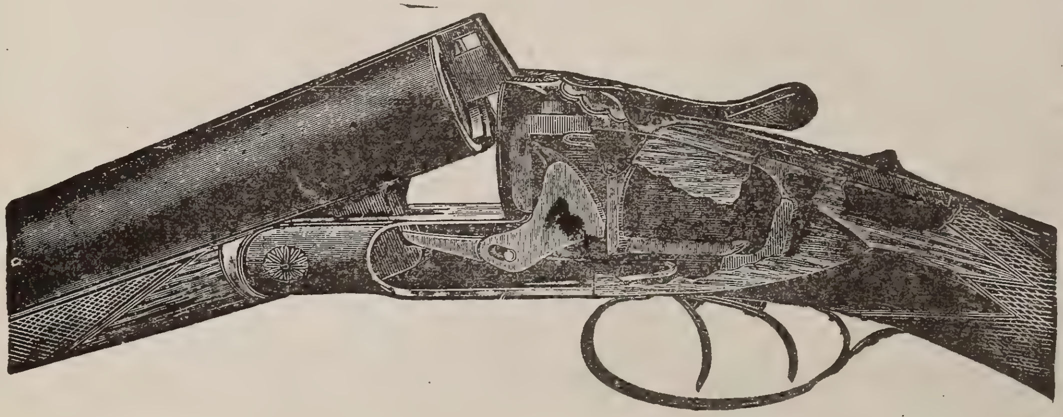

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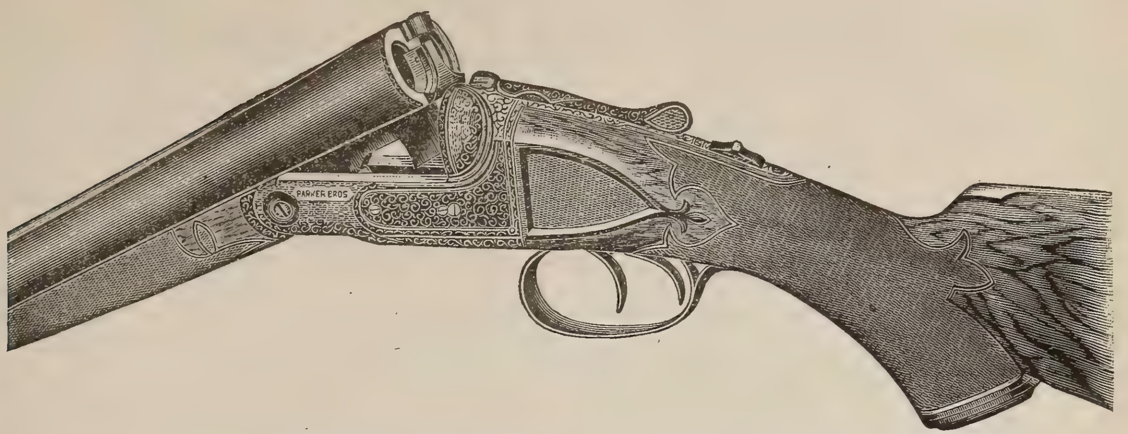

At the Chamberlain Cartridge & Target Co.'s Tournament, held in Cleveland, O., June 14th and 15th, 1899, it won First and Second High average in the AMATEUR class, and First High Average in the EXPERT class, with scores as follows: 97.88% in AMATEUR class and 90.4% in EXPERT Class.

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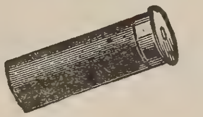

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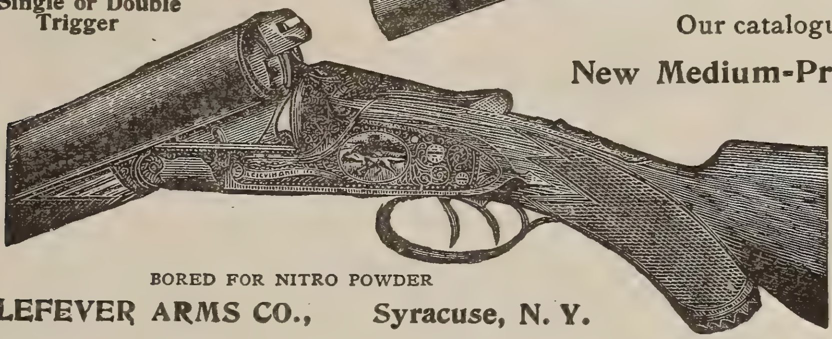

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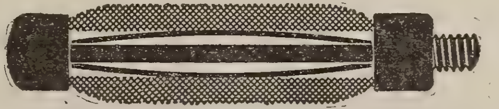

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Chamberlain Cartridge Co.'s Tournament, June 13-16, 1899.
Sidell Gun Club Tournament, June 14 and 15,'99
Bellows Falls Interstate Tournament, June 14 and 15, 1899.
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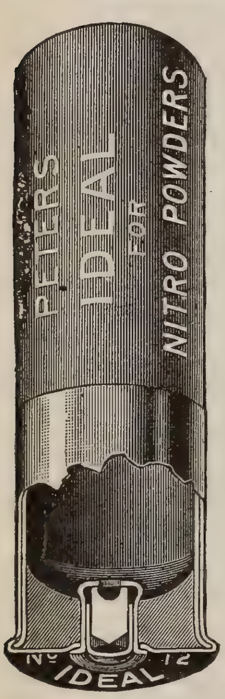

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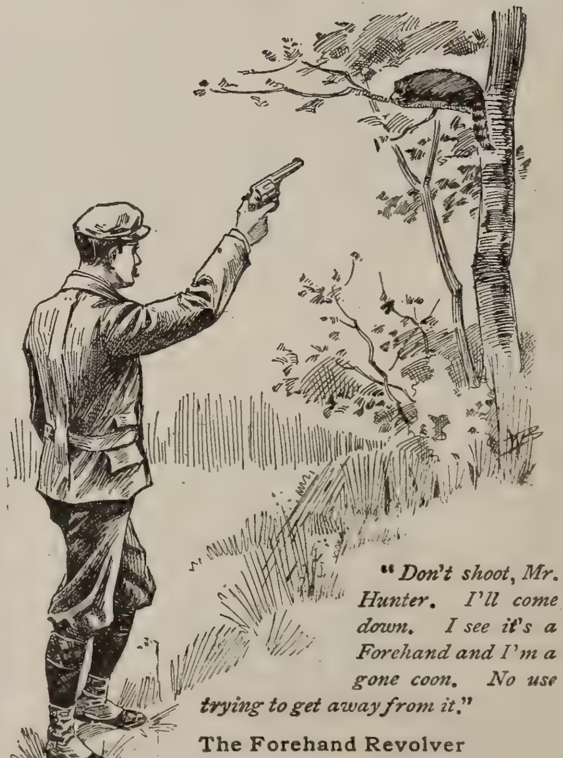

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Another Point on Shotgun Powder

IN choosing a smokeless shotgun powder for general use it is always essential that one should be selected that gets there in a hurry. There is nothing more aggravating to a sportsman than to find the shells he has brought with him are so slow that he has to lead his birds or targets by several feet more than he knows ought to be necessary in order to hit them. Then again if he has a first class load, the target will disappear in a puff of dust or the bird be literally cut to pieces, but with a slow powder load the target is perhaps only cracked into a couple of pieces and the bird slightly feathered. A few experiences of this kind at the traps or in the field will convince anyone that the powder he needs is the kind which wastes no time in getting the shot out of the gun.

But there is also another thing to be considered and that is the pattern which the charge used will make. There are several powders which will give a high velocity when used in big charges, but when this velocity is obtained the pattern is ruined ; it is either opened up in patches or else the shot has balled. Then too some of the big loads have a way of exerting a terrible strain on the gun which is not desirable.

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Send us your name and we will mail you a catalog describing all of our Smokeless Powders.

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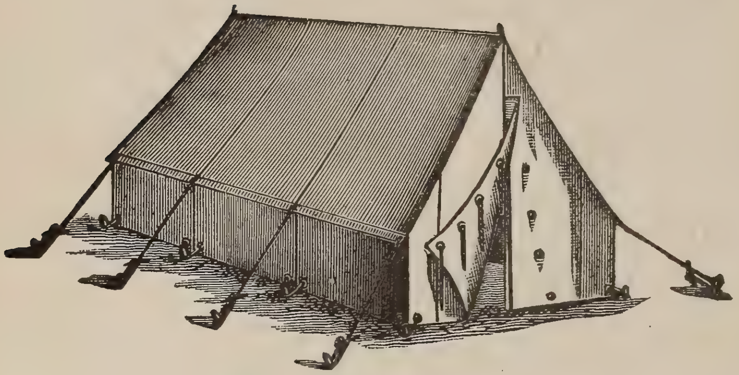

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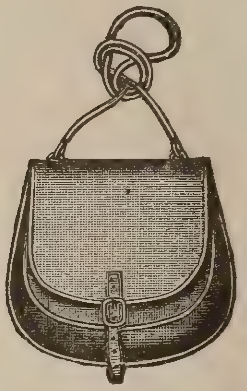

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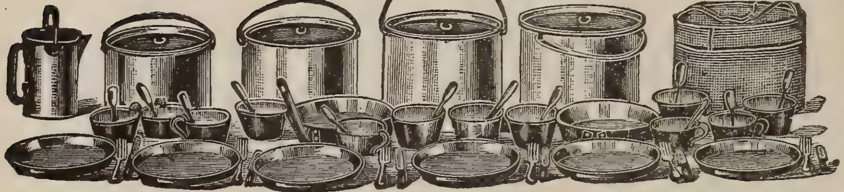

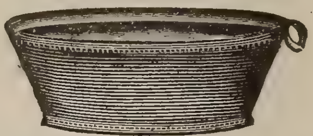

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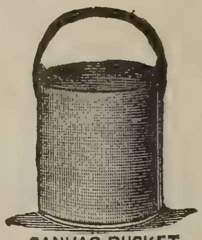

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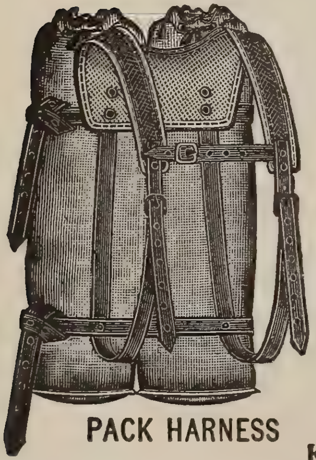

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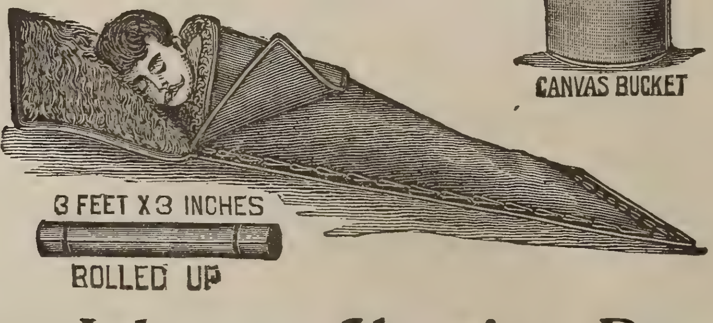

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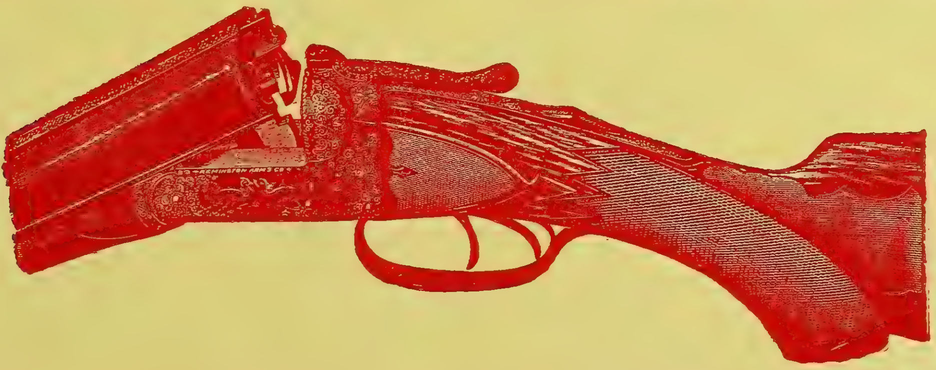

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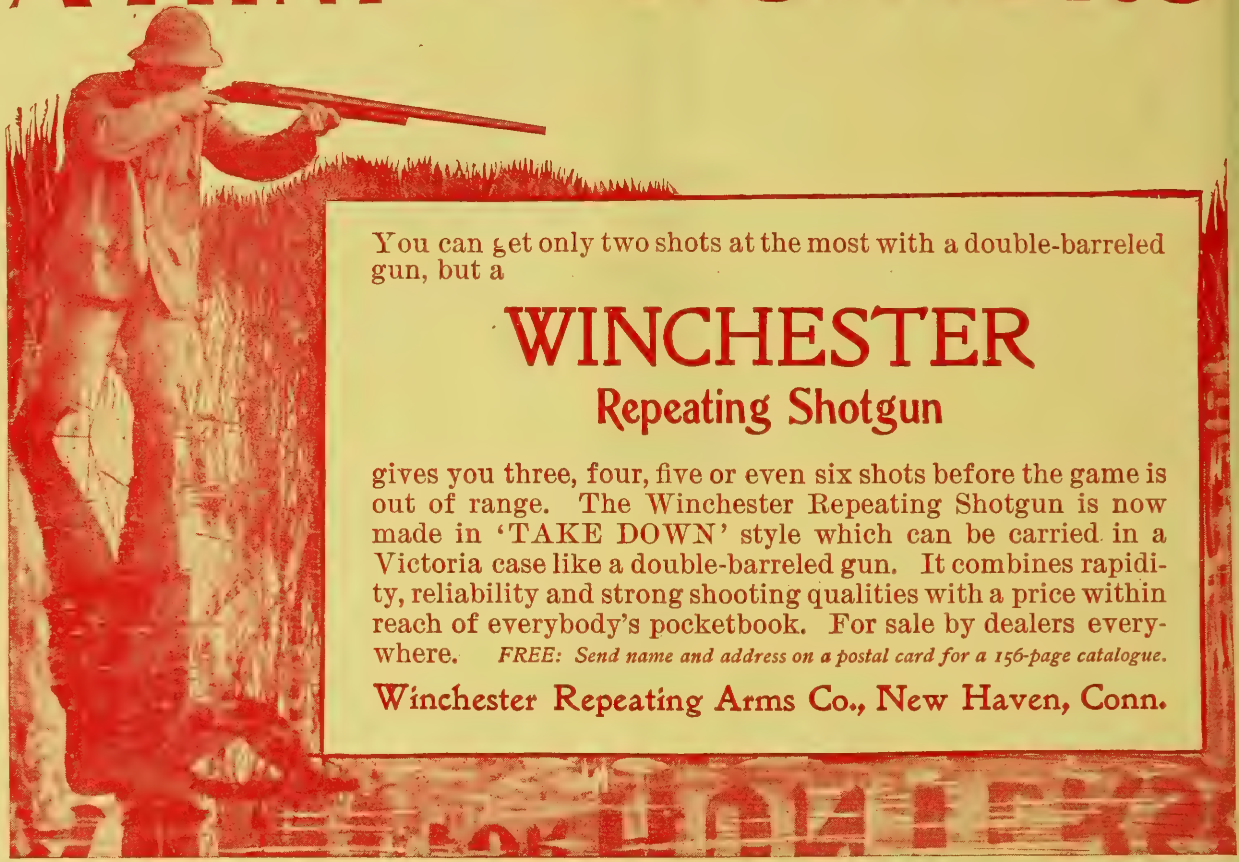

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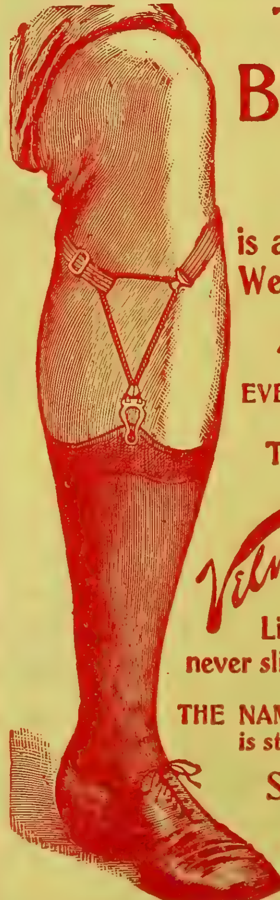

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VOLUME XI.
NUMBER 5

NOVEMBER 1899

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L. A. S.
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C.W. TRAVER

PUBLISHED BY G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA)
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In this issue "TO MY GUN," A poem by L. A. illustrated with
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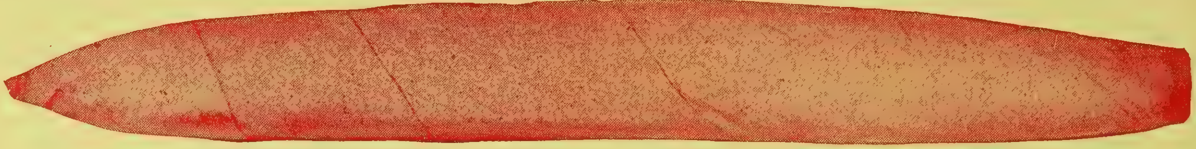

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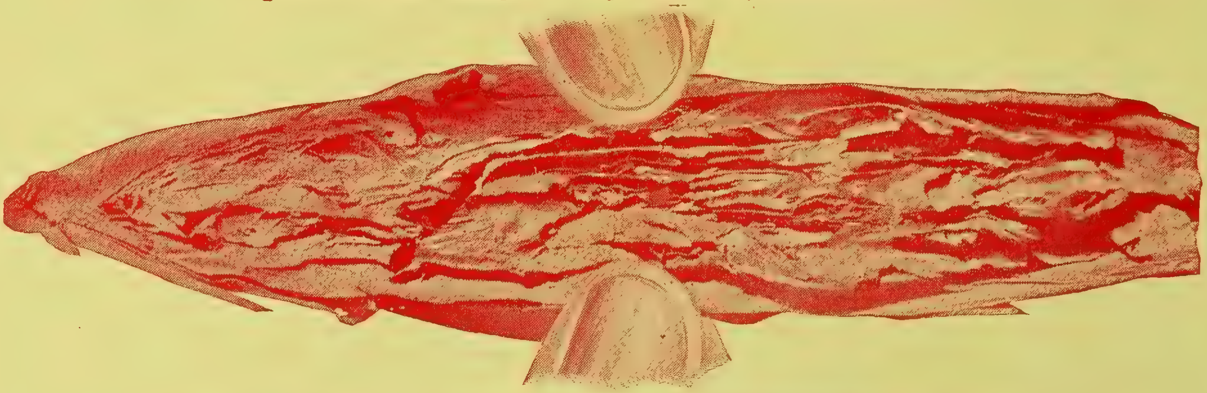

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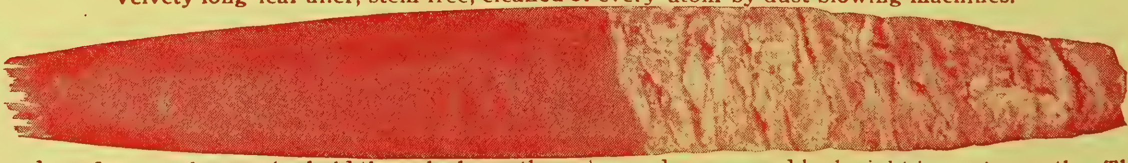

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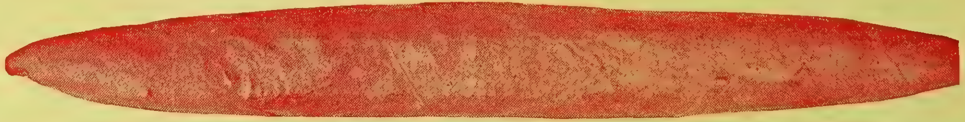

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19 WEST 24TH STREET,
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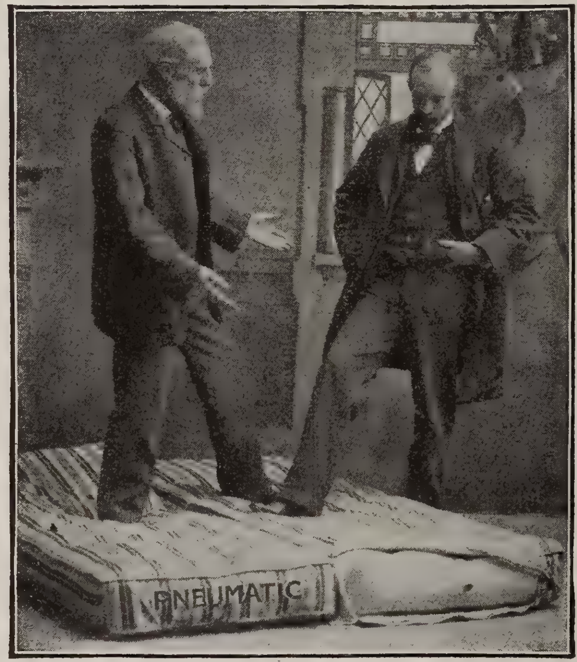

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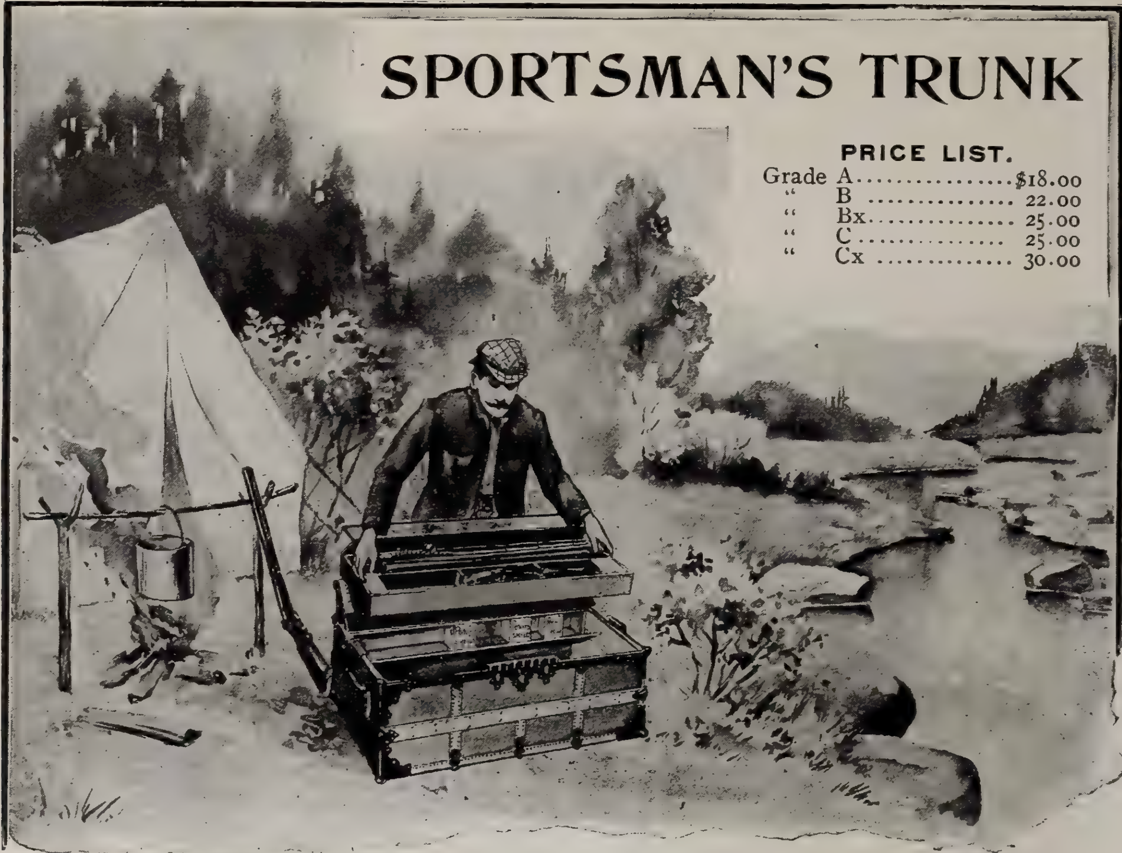

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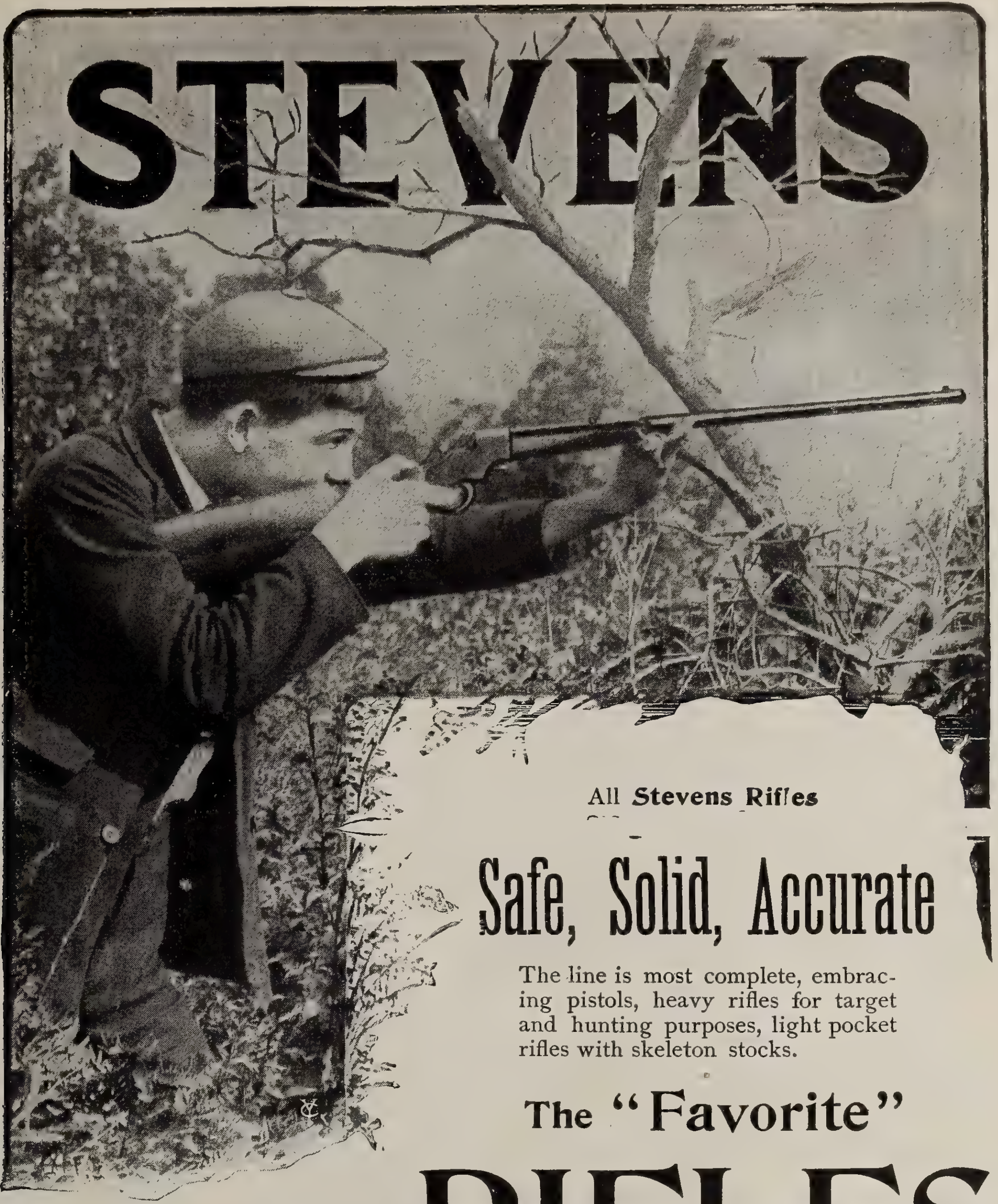

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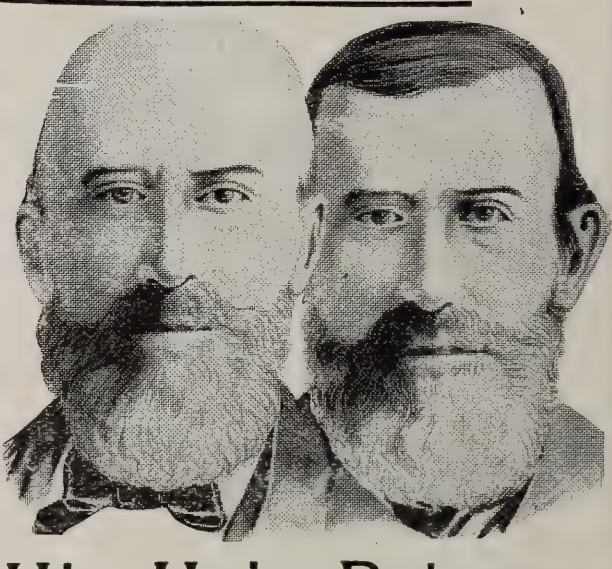

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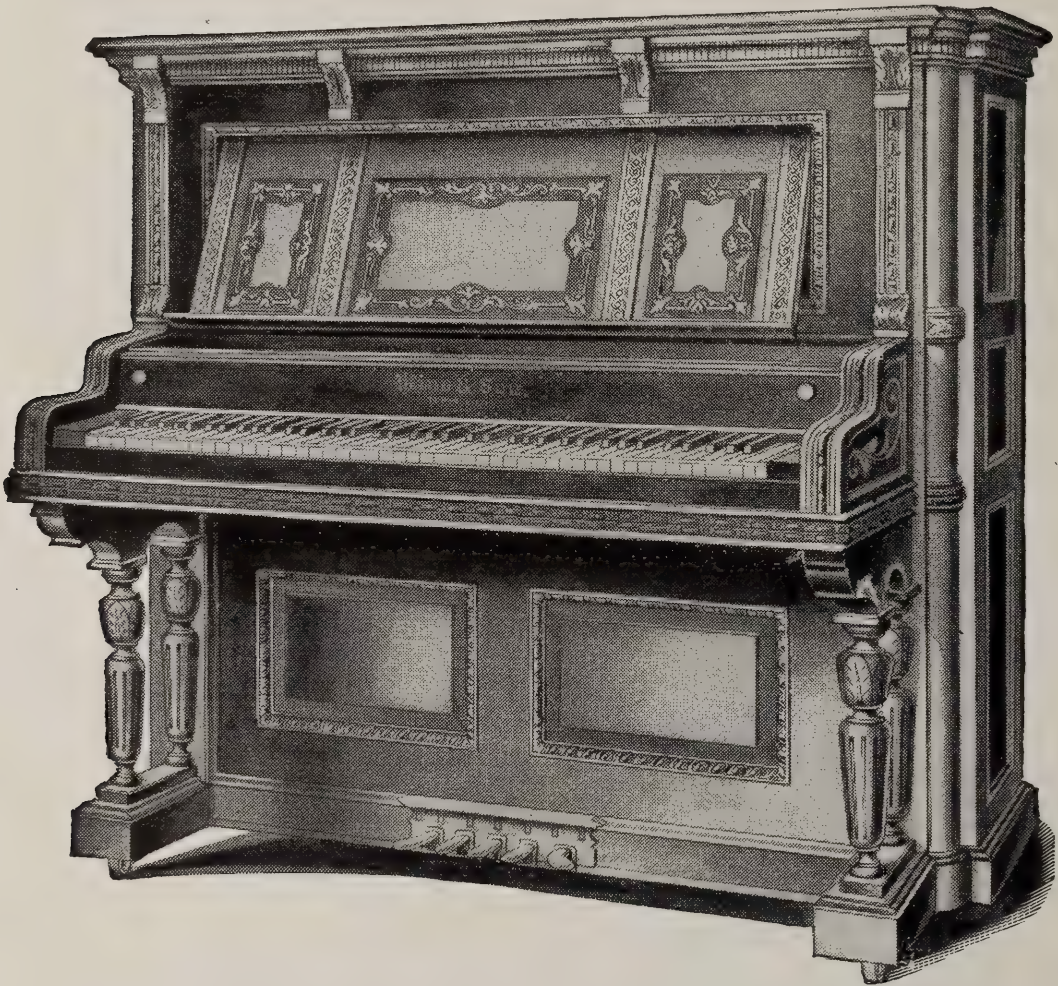

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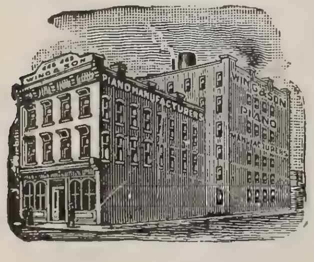

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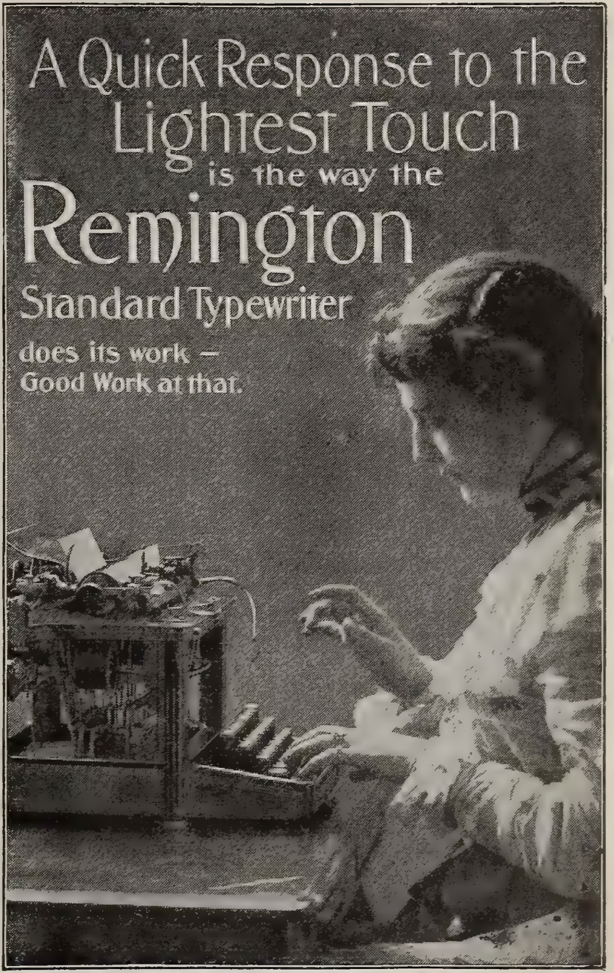

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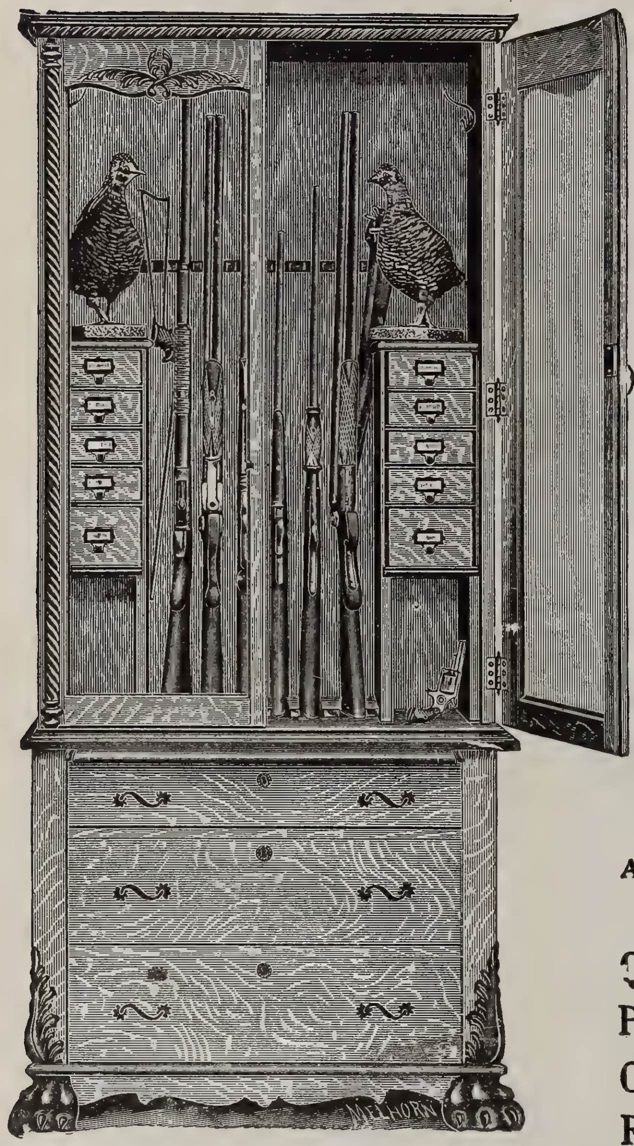

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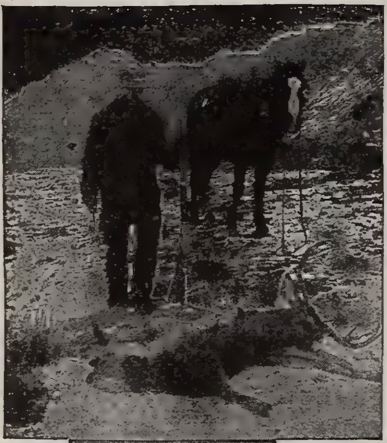

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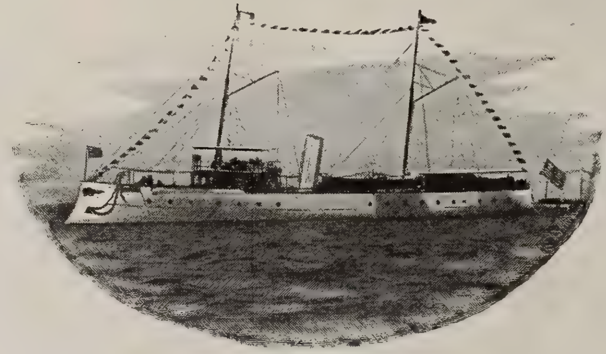

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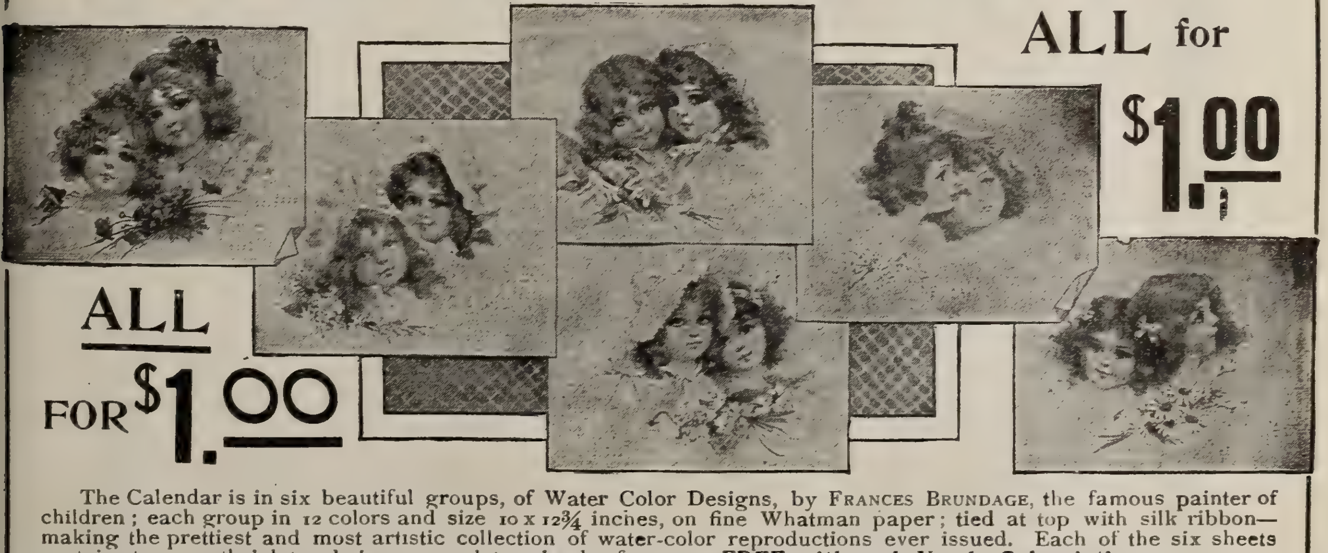

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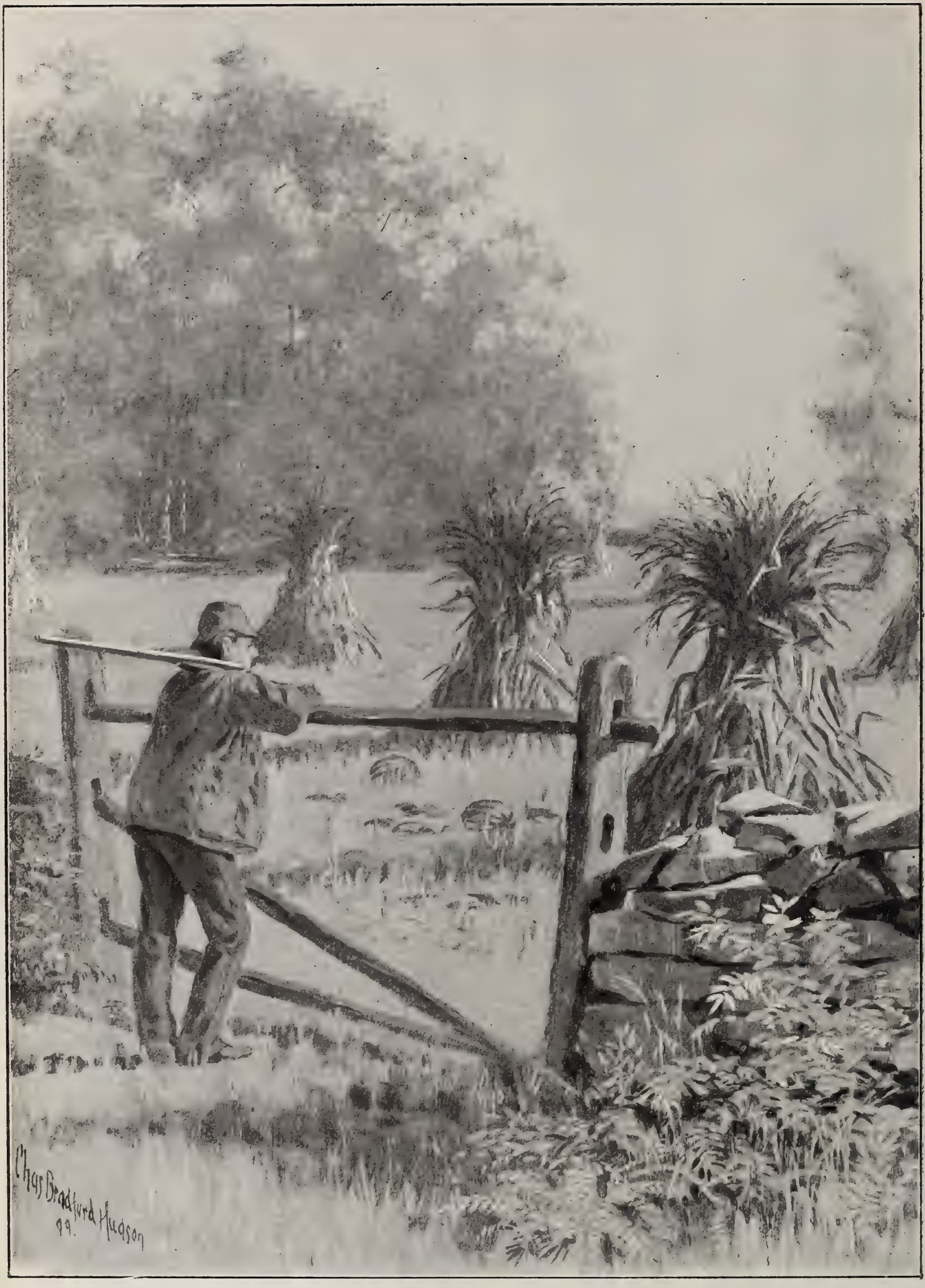
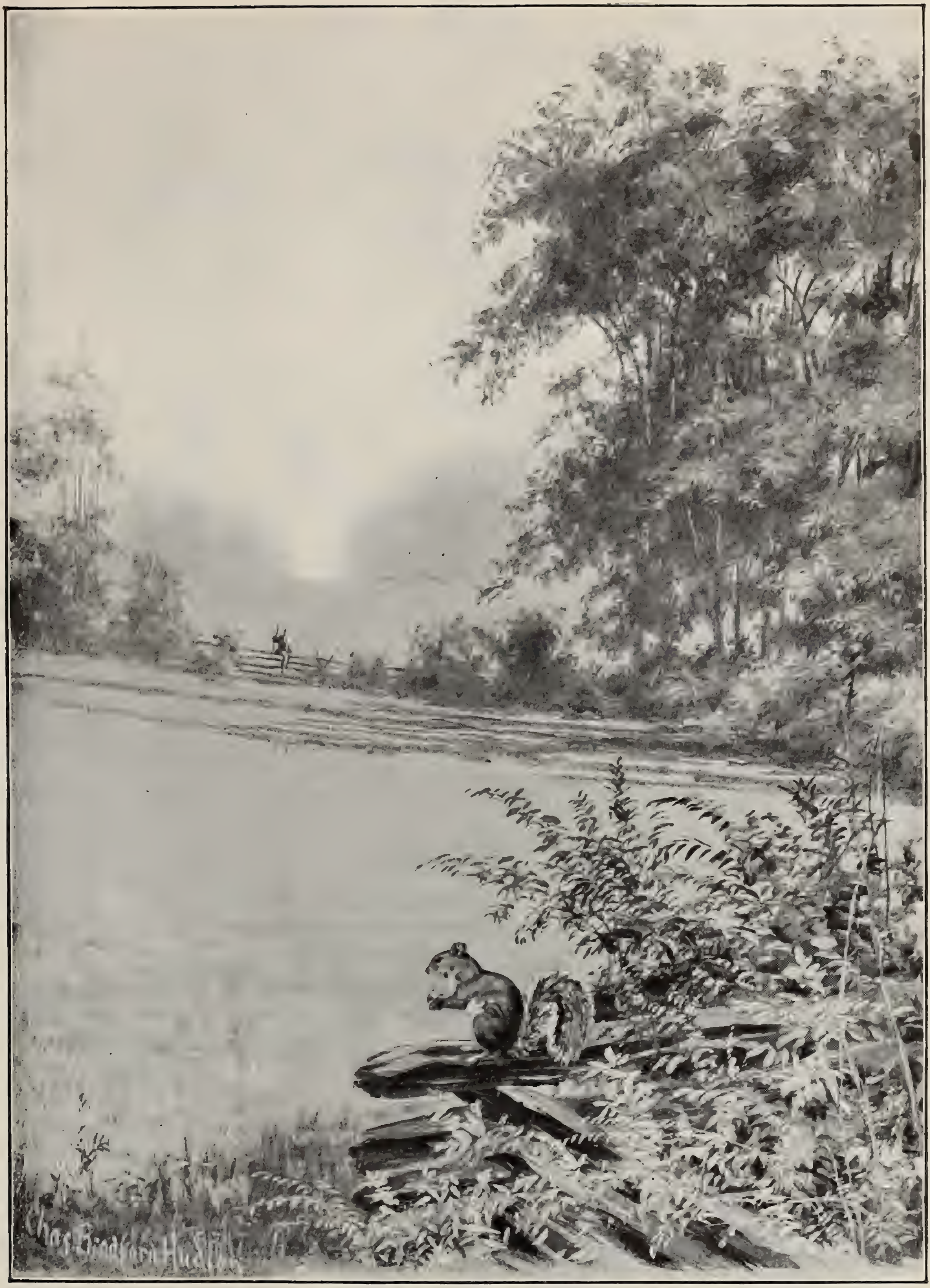


Chas Bradford Hudson
99.

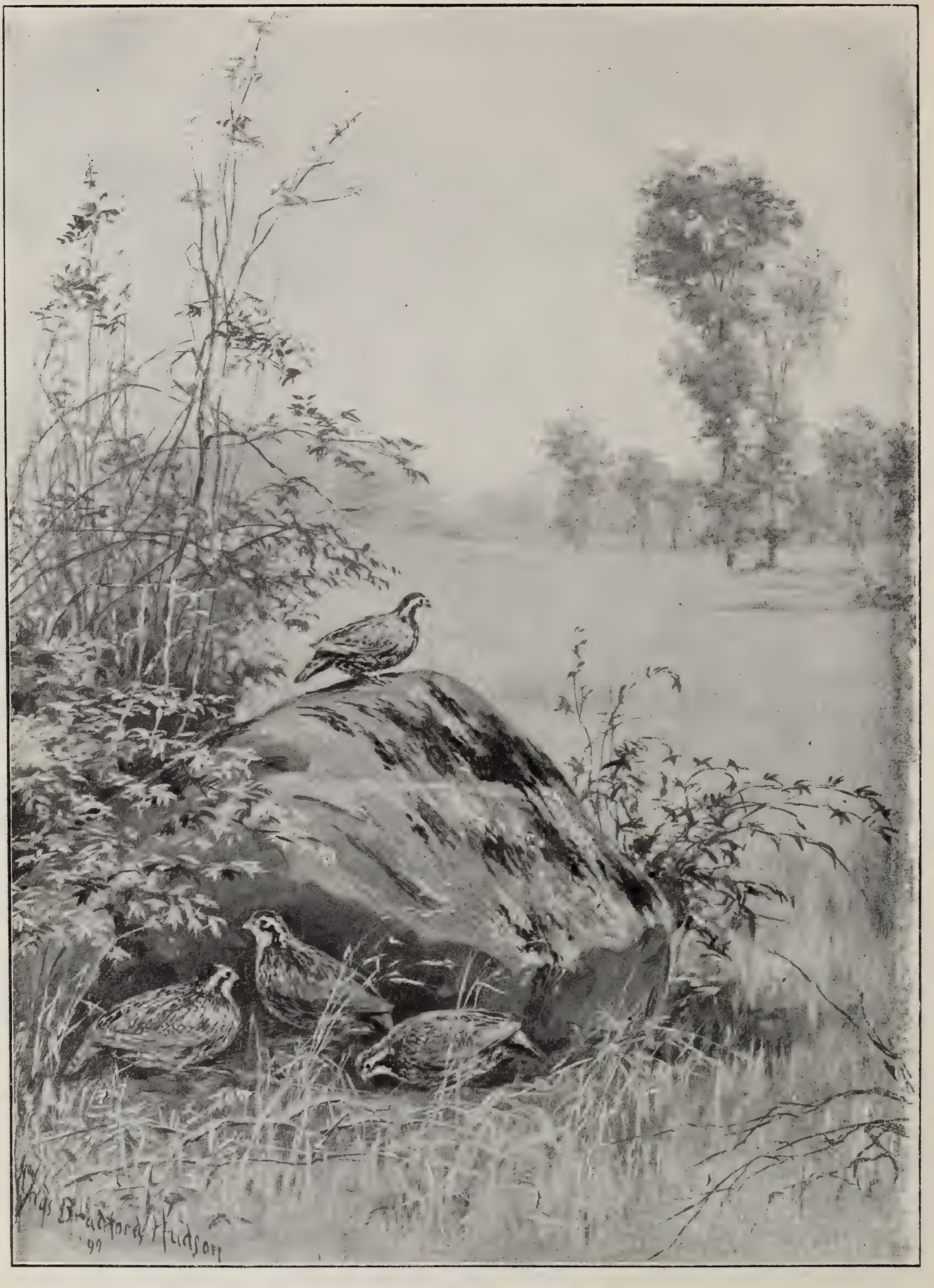
TO MY GUN.

L. A. SHARP.

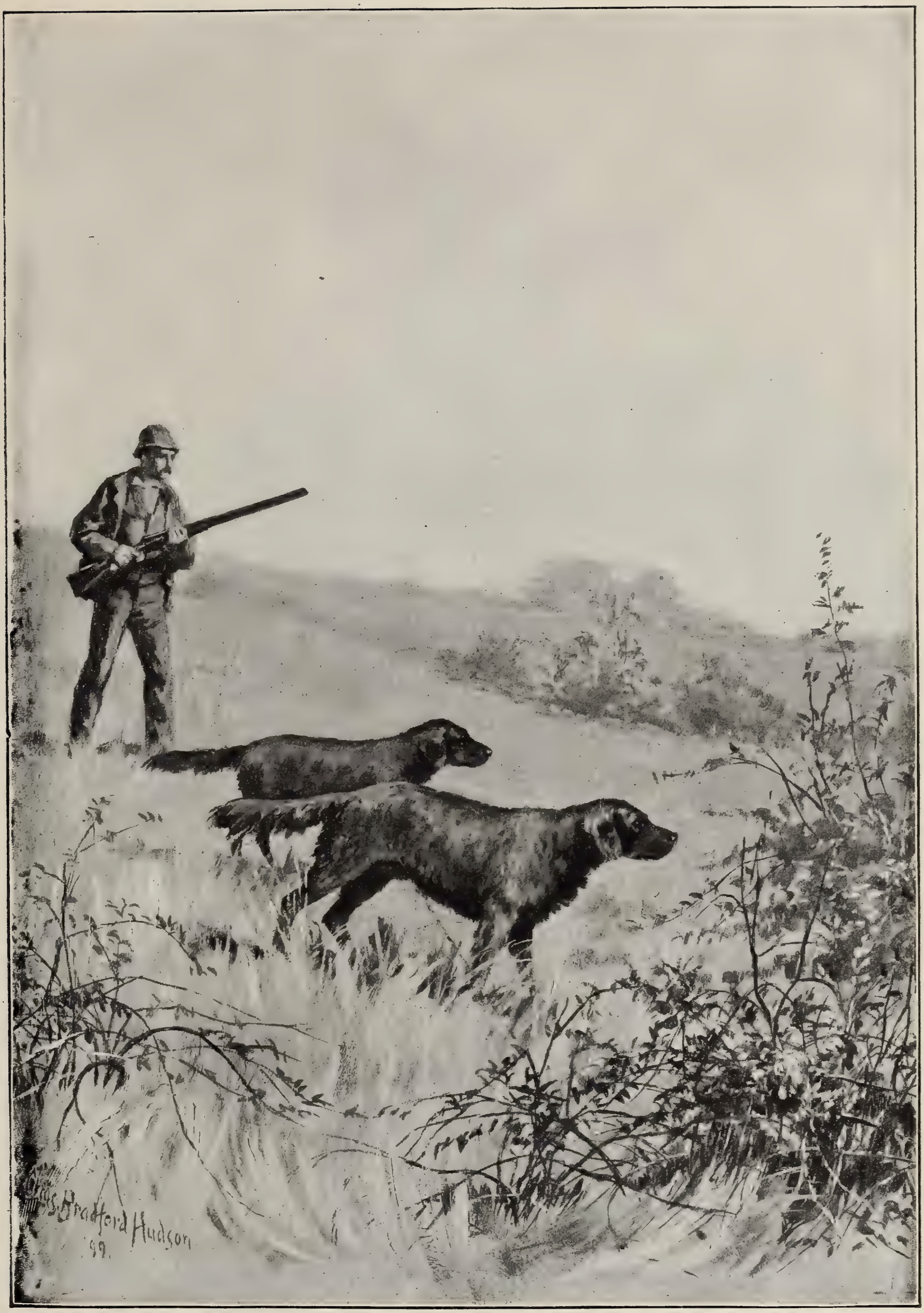
A gentle breeze and a hazy morn
After the frost has touched the corn;


Chas. Bradford Hudson

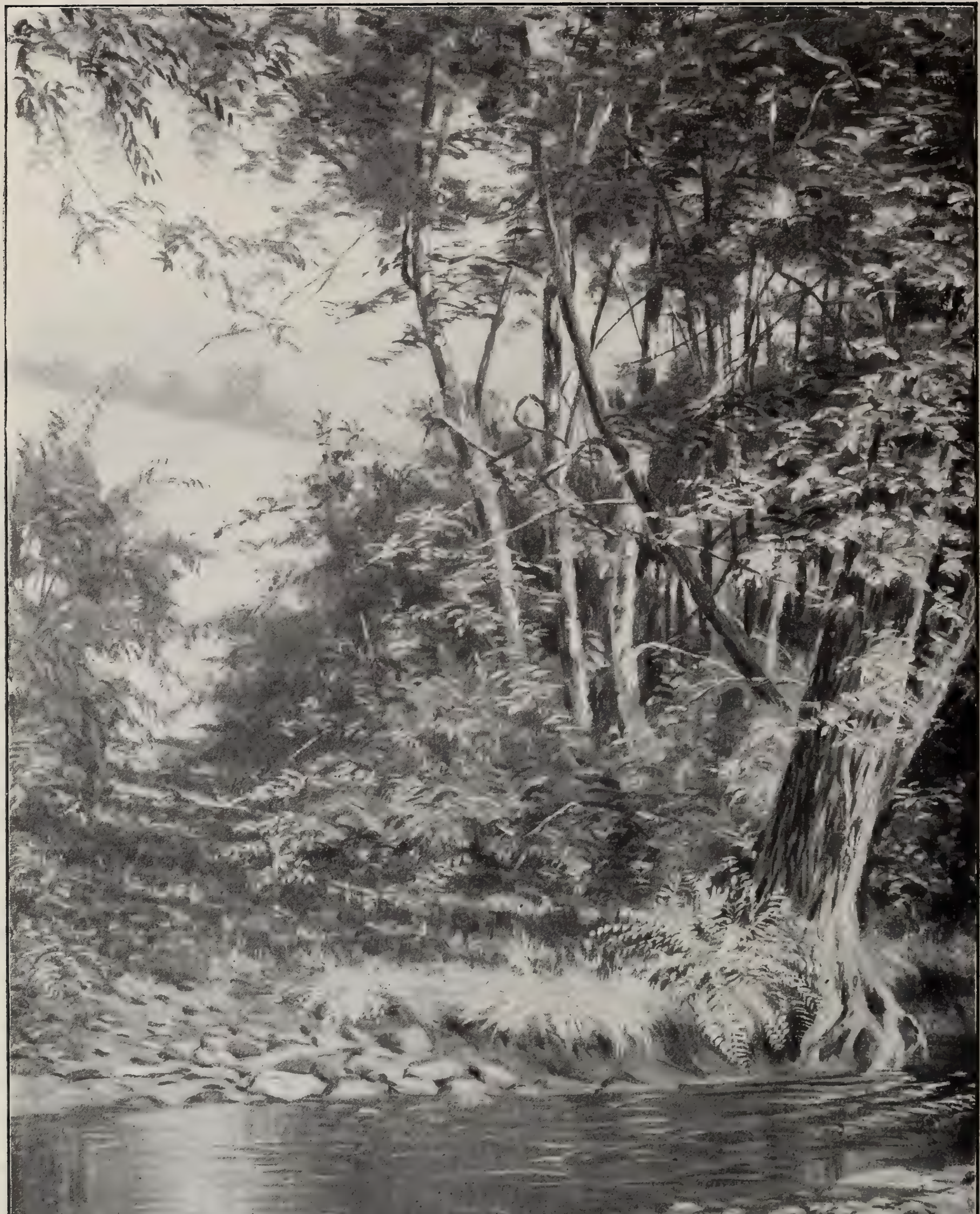
O'er stubbles brown, the harvest done,
The dew-drops sparkle in the sun;


Chas Bradford Hudson
'97

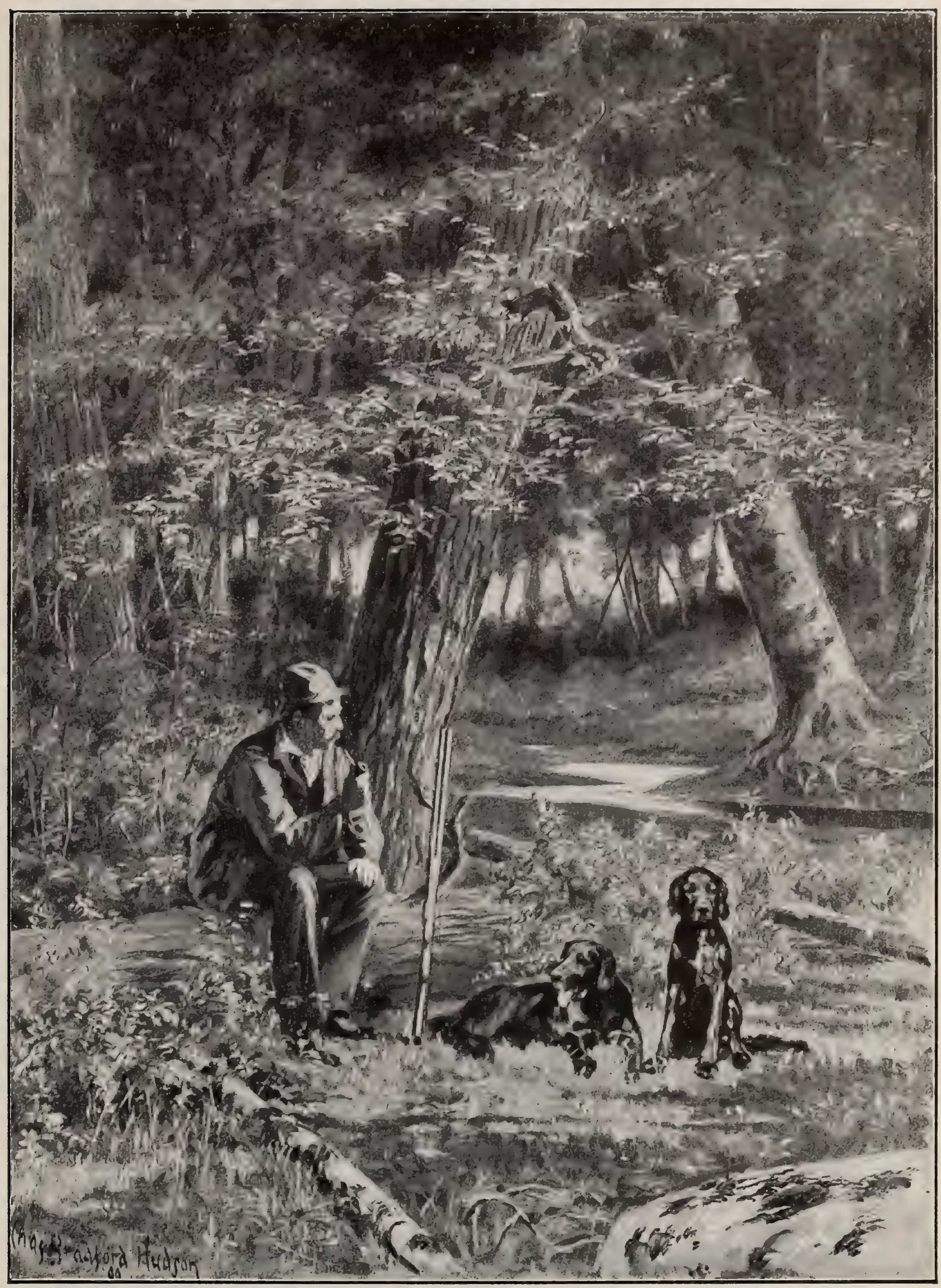
In frosted fields where matin lay
Of quails salutes the rising day;


as. Bradford Hudson
'99.

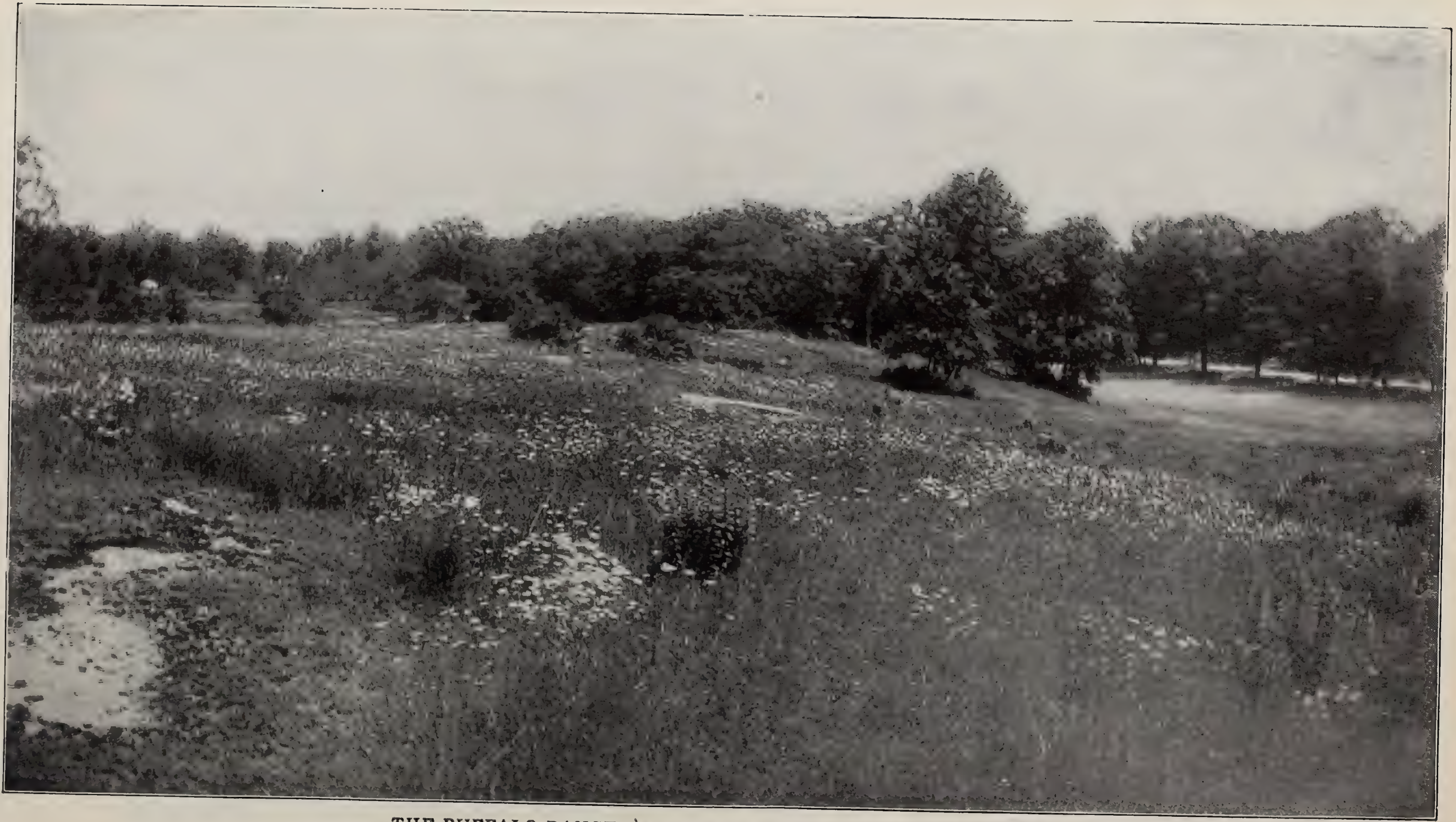
Where setters fleet, with lifted head,
Locate the game and careful tread;


Chas Bradford Hudson
99

The hillsides far and coverts near
In robes of royalty appear.


Chas. Bradford Hudson

In woodlands wide where streamlets sing,
Where rush and whir of startled wing
And Philohela's whistle clear,
Make music to the sportsman's ear—
There would I be old friend, with thee.



THE BUFFALO RANGE IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

Looking toward the rocking-stone.

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RECREATION

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G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

THE MAKING OF A GREAT ZOO.

J. D. RICHARDS.

One year ago the site of the New York Zoological Park was a tangled, unkempt wilderness. In it all there was not a path, seat, shelter nor drop of water save those that nature had provided and maintained. The visitor who had the hardihood to venture into it was plagued by mosquitoes, half stifled by the closeness of the jungle, and his life was endangered by the falling of dead trees and branches. It was indeed a wild tract of wood, water and meadow, but as a site for an ideal zoological park it was the finest on earth.

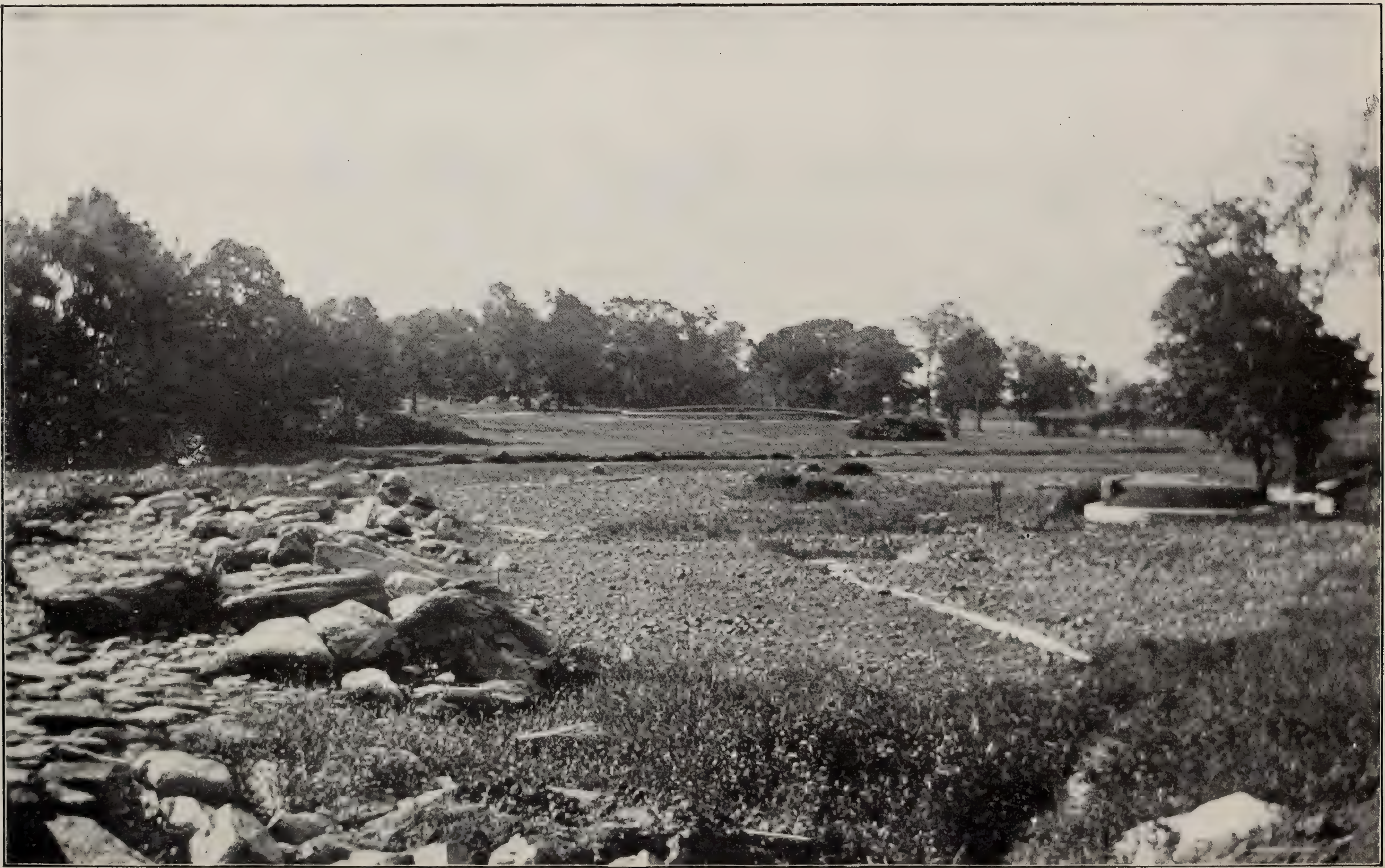
I wish you could see the marvellous change that the New York Zoological Society, aided by the city of New York, has wrought in one short year. Usually the building of a great zoological garden is a work of 10 to 20 years; but this marvellous conception of New York's foremost citizens is going to take its place in the front rank of completed gardens in 3 years from the date of its actual commencement.

The history of the Zoological Society thus far is simply an unbroken record of success and progress. Founded in 1895, under special charter, by men who are accustomed to doing things on a grand scale, not one small idea has yet found lodgment in the organization's plans or work. The initial conception was to raise by subscription $250,000 for buildings, to get $250,000 from the city for the preparation of the grounds and to have between 200 and 300 acres of land.

As soon as the Society had completed its organization, it looked the country over for the best man to serve as director for the zoological park to be created. Forthwith the choice fell upon W. T. Hornaday, who in 1890 left the Washington Zoological Park, and, as he supposed, gave up natural history, forever. The magnitude of the New York undertaking was alluring, and although his services came high ($5,000 a year), the New York Zoological Society did not hesitate to pay its director the highest salary paid to any person holding such a position. An office was opened in Wall street, all the parks North of the Harlem were carefully studied, and finally an application was made to the city of New York for the allotment of the

AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. E. STONEBRIDGE.

BOARD OF MANAGERS AT THE ROCKING STONE.



AQUATIC MAMMALS' POND, LOOKING SOUTH.

Before turning in the water

AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. E. STONEBRIDGE

SHELTER HOUSE IN DUCKS' AVIARY.

whole of South Bronx Park as a site for the new zoo.

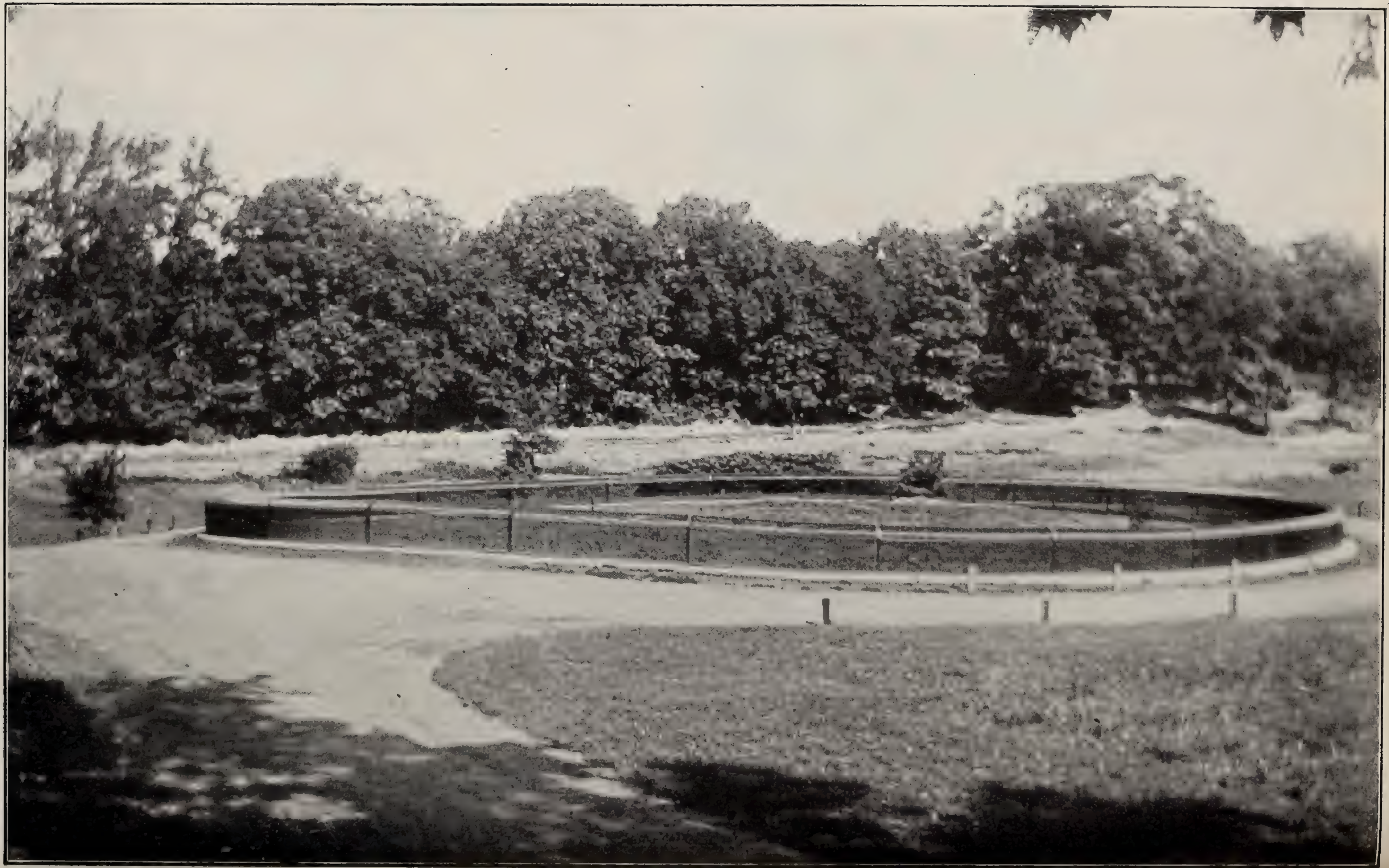
After careful consideration, and close scrutiny of Mr. Hornaday's preliminary plan for the development of a zoological park, the use of the land was granted, and an agreement entered into by which the city pledged itself to prepare the grounds and maintain the park if the Society would spend $250,000 of its own money for the erection of buildings and the purchase of animals.

Forthwith the Society began the preparation of its final plan, and of plans for its various buildings. The Board of Managers, 36 in number, consisting chiefly of men of wealth and influence who have subscribed liberally to the funds of the Society, placed the direction of the Society's affairs in the hands of an executive committee of 8 persons, clothed with absolute power. And that executive committee is a standing wonder to those who are familiar with its work. Although all its members are men heavily burdened with demands upon their time, not a member of the committee is ever too busy to discharge any duty which falls upon him in connection with the Zoological Society. With such an executive committee, no reasonable enterprise could fail!

Following are the names of the men to whom New York is indebted for its new institution of zoology: Henry F. Osborn, chairman, professor of zoology in Columbia university; ex-Gov. Levi P. Morton, president of the Society; Madison Grant, secretary; Philip Schuyler, John S. Barnes, John L. Cadwalader, William White Niles and Charles E. Whitehead.

From the first, the executive committee has exercised a diligent direction and supervision of everything accomplished or undertaken. It has also secured by subscription $138,000, which is now being expended for buildings and animals, and which is being constantly increased.

The official plan of the Zoological Park is merely a careful elaboration of Mr. Hornaday's preliminary plan, with the addition of a carriage entrance on the North leading to the Lakeside Restaurant. As the Society's zoological expert, the director prepared the preliminary plans of all the buildings, dens and cages for animals, which were then taken in hand by the architects, Messrs. Heins & La Farge, who have developed their architecture in excellent taste. Thus far all the plans submitted to the city by the executive committee have been so carefully



PRAIRIE DOG TOWN—80 FEET IN DIAMETER.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. E. STONEBRIDGE.

BUFFALO HOUSE, 80 FEET LONG AND SEMI-CIRCULAR.

studied and perfected in advance by qualified experts that not a single line has been changed by the park department.

At this point it is interesting to note what has been done by the city in furtherance of this truly great enterprise. It is well that all Americans should know how liberally New York treats both science and art. The city has spent and is spending millions of dollars in the erection of substantial buildings of cut stone for the American Museum of Natural History and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. To each it furnishes annually $95,000 for maintenance. Under this coöperation the 2 corporations have filled those 2 institutions with collections of priceless value and on 5 days of each week their halls are thronged with visitors, admitted free. At the Battery, the city maintains a fine aquarium, also free to the public, and in the Northern end of Bronx Park, a free botanical garden of 250 acres is taking shape.

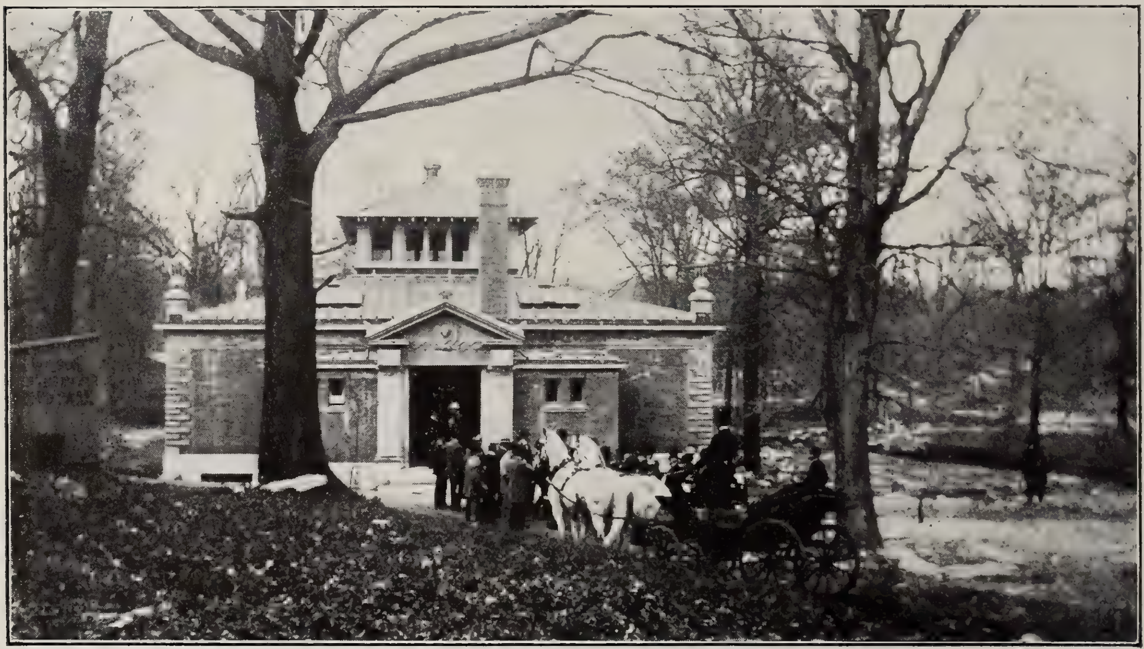
THE ELK HOUSE—PRESENT OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR AND HIS STAFF.

For the preparation of the grounds of the Zoological Park—with walks, roads, sewers, water, ponds, and fences—the city has appropriated $125,000. For the maintenance of the Zoological Park it begins by furnishing $5,000 a month, but with the growth of the collections this amount will of course be increased. Of its own current funds the Society expends about $8,000 a year, in addition to its special building fund. The city of New York is coöperating promptly and cheerfully in the task of providing a "zoo" which shall be in every sense a national institution, and worthy of the metropolis of the American continent. Mayor Robert A. Van Wyck, Comptroller Bird S. Coler, Corporation Counsel John Whalen and Park Commissioner August Moebus, one and all, are thoroughly in earnest in promoting the progress of the Zoological Park, and whenever asked to act in its behalf, they act promptly and generously.

So much for the foundations on which the New York Zoological Park rests. I deem it well to state how broadly and generously they have been laid.

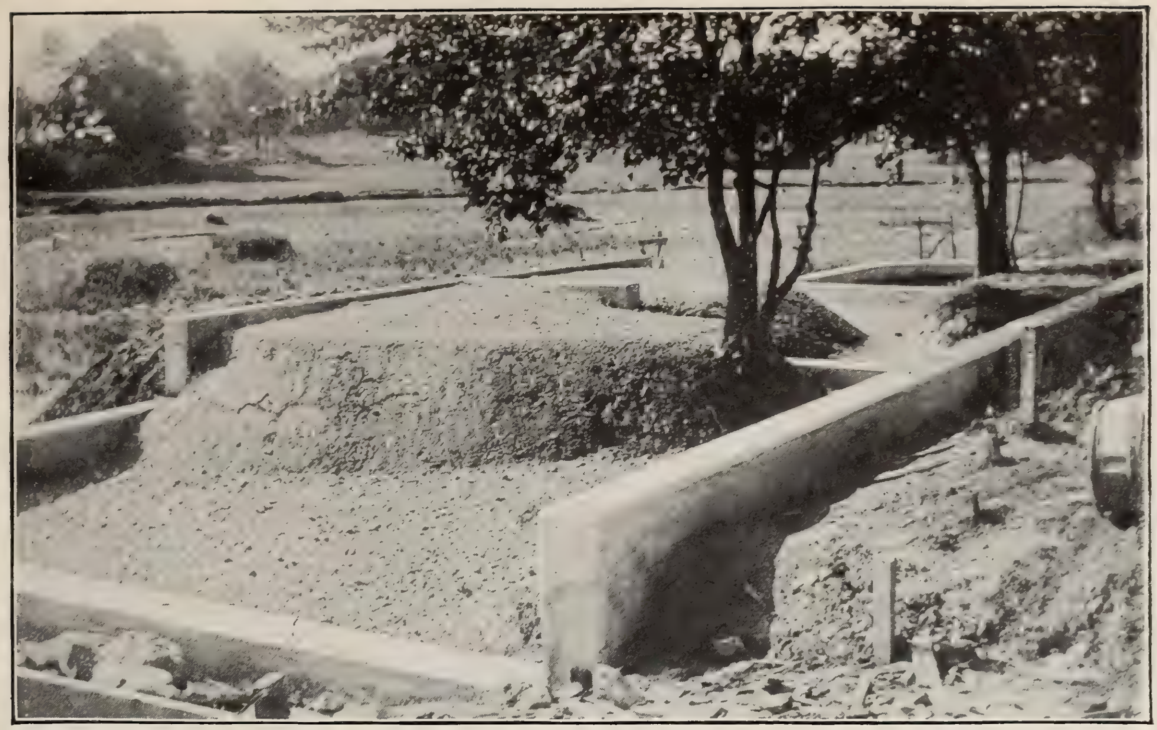
A year ago, when I visited the site of the Zoological Park, I found it, as I have already stated, a tangled wilderness. Last week I went again. And what a change! The universal expression of visitors regarding the work of the past year is one of complete surprise. For 12 months the Society has been "sawing wood" and saying nothing. A year ago the director said to the newspaper men: "We have said enough about what we are going to do. Henceforth you must write about what we have done. Wait until the opening day."

During the past spring and summer, the Zoological Society has had an average of 120 men on its monthly pay roll, not counting probably 100 more mechanics of various kinds at work on contract work. The Society has had about 15 gangs of men steadily employed on its own construction work. At the same time, the work being done by the city has kept busy between 50 and 75 more men. The Page Woven Wire Fence Co. secured the contract for 5¼ miles of its wire fencing for buffaloes and deer, and in 2 months of keen hustling earned its $10,800, by the erection of the finest series of range and corral fences, on steel posts set in concrete, to be found anywhere. The fences are so nearly invisible they do not disfigure the park in the least.



AQUATIC BIRDS' HOUSE.

All summer long the city contractors have been digging trenches, blasting out rock for sewer and water lines, and hauling in mountains of stone for walks and roads. In July the many excavations, the army of workmen, the piles of stone, and the endless processions of teams made it difficult and even dangerous to go through the park on foot. At that time it seemed as if order never could be evolved from such chaos. But presto! On the first of October the change was almost incredible. Instead of huge piles of earth and broken rock beside yawning trenches, I found long stretches, miles, in fact, of smooth gravel walks from 12 to 20 feet wide, a beautifully finished service road nearly a mile long, with borders of rich earth already green with young clover and blue grass, steps of cut stone wherever steps



OTTER POOLS BEFORE ERECTION OF FENCES AND BEFORE TURNING ON WATER.

were needed, and water everywhere. The sewers were out of sight, but they were there, nevertheless. For personal comfort only one thing was lacking on the opening day. The Rocking-Stone Restaurant was delayed in order to make the plans more perfect, and it is just begun.

But the accommodations for the animals, —there is where our interest centers.

As one enters the park from West Farms, the first thing seen by the visitor is the buffalo range. From the high gravel walk one looks over the top of the fence and beholds 20 acres of as beautiful rolling ridges, rich grassy hollows and comfortable shade as could be found anywhere in the finest mountain parks of Wyoming or Colorado—which is saying a great deal. Hornaday is the luckiest man on earth to have found for the Society's herds of buffalo, elk, deer and antelope such ideal ranges as they now occupy. Each range seems more nearly perfect than the other, but the buffalo range, with its spacious shelter house, and 4 paved corrals for wet weather, is the finest of them all.

I was greatly pleased to find what pains have been taken to enable the public to see the buffaloes to the best possible advantage. In addition to the walks along the boundary fences, a big opening has been left between the 2 main corrals, so that people can overlook them from a high and well-shaded knoll. In addition to that, a small, shady yard has been provided between 3 of the corrals, for the exclusive use of artists.

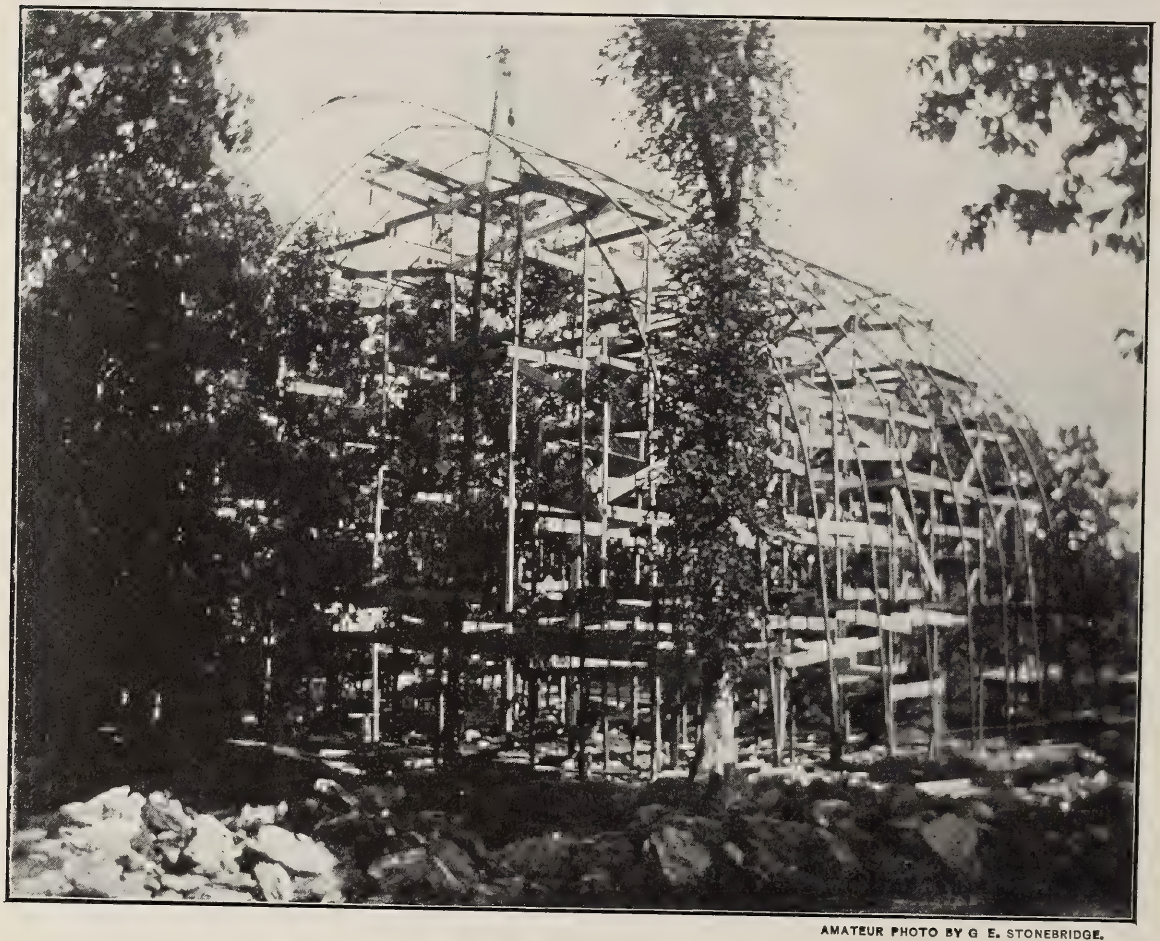
The buffalo house is a semi-circular hillside barn 80 feet long, with shelter for 25 head of buffaloes, and a feed room, holding many tons of hay. In one corner of the largest corral is a pool of water 4 feet deep, with concrete bottom and sides, kept clean by a good system of drainage. On the South side of the main range a much larger pool will be made very shortly; and there are as many shade trees as are at all admissible in a range for animals born and reared on the great plains.

Lucky buffaloes are these which now occupy this delightful range. To-day the nucleus of the society's herd consists of 7 animals, a fine bull 4 years old —fit model for any artist—3 other younger bulls, 2 adult cows and one yearling heifer. This bunch was purchased of no other man than the renowned Buffalo Jones himself, and by him brought to the park on October 2. The bulls cost $350 each, and the cows $400 each, delivered in New York, which prices are about half those asked by the owners of the largest herds in the West.

Next beyond the buffalo range and the famous rocking stone—a 50-ton boulder of granite, so delicately balanced that 50 pounds' pressure will cause it to rock—lie the bear dens. They occupy a shaded and well sheltered valley, along the steep side of a ledge of pink granite, and the cage-work climbs quite up to its top. Against the base, the sleeping dens have been built of rough, weathered granite which so closely copies the parent ledge that many visitors believe the dens have been dug out of the solid rock. Each den is 35 by 70 feet, contains a swimming pool, and 3 large dry sleeping dens. Two of the dens contain living trees, carefully protected from injury, and 2 have trees specially introduced to furnish exercise for bears that love to climb. The dens are all open yards, the floors are on a level with the ground, and every semblance to the old-fashioned bear-pit has been studiously avoided. There is an abundance of shade, shelter, fresh water and facilities for exercise, and any bear which could not be happy in these splendid dens would deserve to be shot. At present the only occupants of the 4 dens just completed are two immense polar bears, from Carl Hagenbeck's great Thierpark at Hamburg, the largest Florida black bear ever seen, a young black bear from the Adirondacks, a grizzly bear presented by the Engineers' Club, of New York City, and 2 cinnamon bears collected in Colorado by Professor Osborn. The society wants a California grizzly, a Kadiak brown bear, and, in fact, all other species found in America.

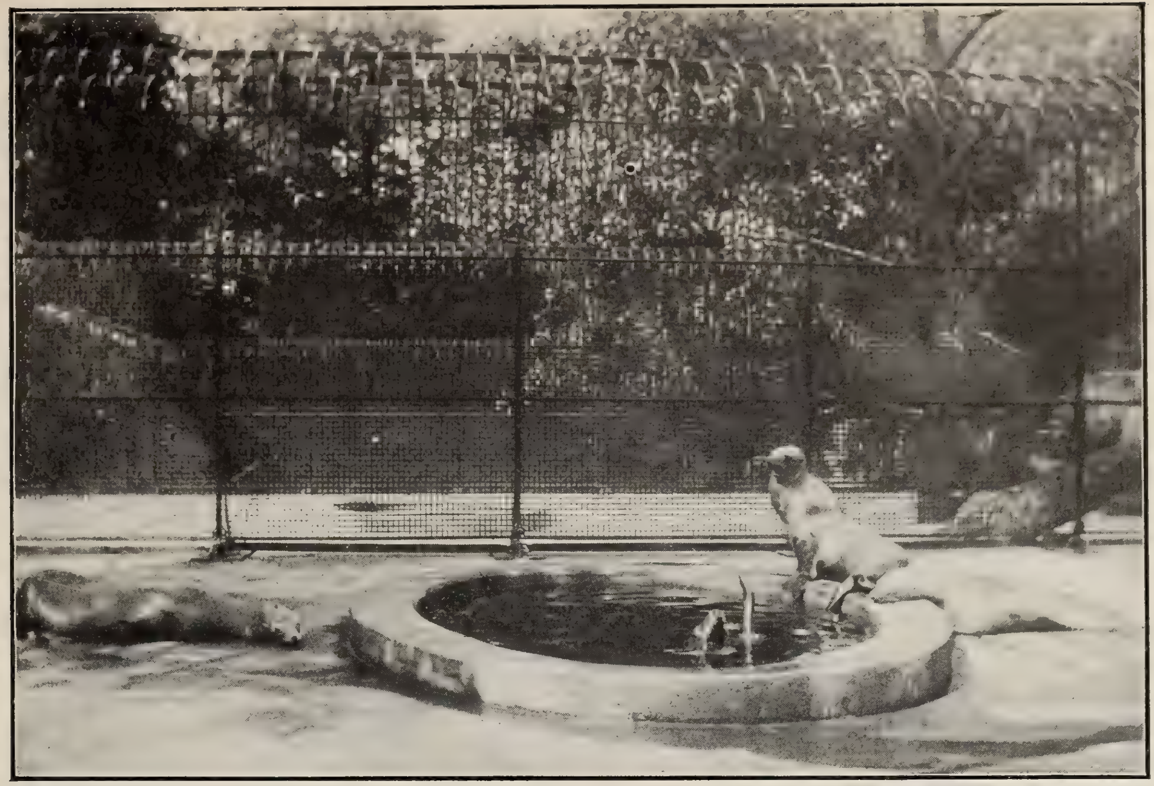
The reptile house must be seen to be appreciated. It is not boasting, but merely stating a cold fact, to say that it is by far the finest building of its kind in the world. In materials (cut stone and brick) and appointments throughout it is as fine as an art gallery, and its long rows of cases full of living reptiles are a revelation to everybody. It is a museum of living reptiles—serpents of all sizes, huge alligators and crocodiles, 30 species of turtles and terrapins, and lizards, batrachians and iguanas almost without number. The cases are large and roomy, bottomed with white gravel which keeps the snakes very clean and healthy, and living plants and rocks are introduced liberally.

One end of the vast central hall has been given up to the pool and sand banks for the alligators, and for a background there appears a mass of tropical plants, chiefly from the home of the alligator—Florida. The most conspicuous feature of the leafy background is a live-oak tree, loaded with resurrection ferns and tillandsias, just as they grow in Florida. The largest alligator of the 5 in the pool is 13 feet in length. Although he looks savage, he is really very good natured, and never has attempted to bite any of his keepers. All the alligators eat voraciously, and are as fat and round as they used to be in the South when ducks were plentiful.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY G. E. STONEBRIDGE.

GREAT FLYING CAGE, 152 FT. LONG, 72 FT. WIDE, 55 FT. HIGH.



CALIFORNIA SEA LIONS IN ONE OF THE BEAR DENS.

It is impossible to give even a sketch of the collections in the reptile house, but I may at least mention the fact that the collection of rattlesnakes is exceptionally fine. There are about 20 specimens, representing 6 species, and some of those from the South are enormous.

The wolf and fox dens, of which there are 8, already pretty well filled, have been built on the same plan as the bear dens, but of course on a smaller scale. Near them are the otter pools—3 large enclosures on the edge of the aquatic mammals' pond, each about 30 feet square, enclosed by a low iron fence with an overhang which prevents the otters from climbing out. With 3 shade trees, muddy slides, gravel banks and 4 feet of clear water on a gravel bottom, what more could otters possibly ask?

There are a lot of small mammals hidden away in a closed yard, but a glass house 75 feet long is being rushed up to receive them on November 1, and make them comfortable until the permanent small mammals' home can be erected.

Away down in a deep wooded valley, not far from the bear dens, is the beaver pond. It is 400 feet long by about 200 in average width, and half of it is a genuine pond, 3 feet deep. On several islets stand a dozen young maples and elms which the beavers are to cut as soon as they choose, but 29 larger and finer trees have been protected with sheet metal. Since the beaver pond has been ready, the society has not had sufficient time to procure a supply of specimens, but in time they will be forthcoming. The society wants about 15 specimens which have not been injured by traps. At present it seems likely they will be obtained in Canada, at a cost of about $25 each.

Neither the lion house, monkey house, elephant house, nor large bird house have been erected as yet, or even begun. Before any one of them can be built, thousands of cubic yards of earth and stone must be excavated in Baird Court, to level off a hill top, and make places for the buildings. A contract for the work, including the excavation of Cope Lake, was let by the city on September 7 for $20,756, and next spring will see the work completed.

Work is progressing on the big antelope house and next year it will be completed. It is to contain the large hay-eating animals which must be kept warm in winter.

Birds' valley has been so named because of the bird collections located in its lower half. It begins at the elk range, and is bounded all along its Western side by the loveliest series of deer ranges on earth,—a series of grassy knolls and hollows, dotted over with old forest trees—chestnut, oak, hickory, hornbeam, dogwood, elm, ash and maple,—with plenty of shade, but also plenty of sunlight.

One excellent feature is the natural growth of brush in each range, which will go far to keep browsing animals in health. Each range is provided with a rustic-trimmed shelter house and a paved corral. The Society has been so rushed with construction work there has been no time to procure a full stock of animals, but from now on they will accumulate rapidly. At present the ranges contain the following: 10 elk, 4 prong-horned antelope, 2 mule deer, 1 caribou, 3 fallow deer, 4 axis deer, all of which the Society hardly considers a beginning of the big herds it will form.

FIRST ARRIVALS IN THE ELK RANGE.

The aquatic birds' house was the first building begun, and the first completed. Its dimensions are 63x50 feet, and its special purpose is to afford winter housing for the birds of the flying cage which cannot live outdoors in winter. Like the reptile house, this building is of warm buff brick and cut stone, copper roofed, and plentifully ornamented with figures of birds in gray terra cotta. On each corner stands a life-size figure of a bald eagle and over each door is a colossal reproduction of the seal of the Zoological Society. Along the whole length of the outer wall is a row of big cages, each 12 feet square and 13 feet high, in which are accommodated the eagles, vultures, hawks, owls, jays, and crows until the great eagles' aviary shall be built near the fox dens. The Society's collection of bald eagles is magnificent. There are 2 big birds yet in their brown plumage, and 6 others with heads and tails as white as snow.

The interior of the bird house is a revelation. Instead of a great number of very small cages, like those found in bird stores, the visitor beholds first a huge cage in the middle space, 16x38 feet and 15 feet high, containing a large pool of water and a fountain. Along each side wall are 7 cages, each 6x9 feet, and through each series runs a stream of water. On the East side, the central cage is replaced by a big plate glass tank containing 3½ feet of water, clear as crystal, specially designed to afford an opportunity to study the movements of diving birds under water, in pursuit of live fish. This tank is now monopolized by 6 or 7 snake birds, from Florida, but some penguins will arrive shortly, and then there will be a sight worth seeing.

In this building a very striking feature is the beautiful landscape backgrounds for the wall cages. Instead of dead walls, as obtain elsewhere, on one side the visitor seems to be looking through the cages at nature as it is seen on the edge of the Florida everglades. The whole wall is covered by a very realistic painting of an actual landscape in Florida, done with great skill and good judgment by one of the foremost of New York's mural artists, Mr. Robert Blum. The Eastern wall carries a Northern landscape, a marsh with distant hills, quite like the Shrewsbury river and the Navesink Highlands. One seems to be looking miles away, instead of only a few feet, and the relief and pleasure it gives the eye is great. It seems as if the birds are about to fly away. This landscape background for cages is one of the new ideas of the director, and from the unqualified success of this first trial of it, I should say it has come to stay. Visitors are delighted with it.

Quite near the bird house looms up the great flying cage,—one enormous enclosure of steel pipe and wire netting 152 feet long, 72 feet wide and 55 feet high. It takes in 3 living forest trees, an oak and 2 hickories, a pond of water nearly 100 feet long, rocks, bushes, grass and space galore. This very novel feature is for the large and showy water birds which love to fly if they have the space. It is to contain, when summer comes, flocks of flamingos, ibises—scarlet, white and glossy—herons, egrets, gulls and a few pelicans. It is unfortunate that the severity of our winters makes it necessary to send all these birds into special winter quarters about October 1 each year, and keep them there until May.

YOUNG FEMALE WOODLAND CARIBOU IN THE MOOSE RANGE.

The most Northern feature in birds' valley is the ducks' aviary, an enclosure of about 3 acres of ponds and islands, to be divided by wire netting into about 15 different yards, for ducks, geese, swans, and other swimming birds. It has been so planned that each separate enclosure contains grassy banks, running water, sandbanks, shrubbery for shade, and a room in a shelter house. Already this aviary has a finished look, and the grass in it is as green as the emerald. Of course the collections are hardly begun, but for all that there are fine flocks of brown pelicans, Canada geese, mallard ducks, trumpeter swans, and mandarin ducks.

And all this was a tangled wilderness only one year ago. Yet much as has been accomplished in one brief year, much as there is to see to-day, the Society considers this only the beginning! I have not even mentioned the transformation of a weedy bog into a beautiful lake, called the aquatic mammals' pond. I have not thus far spoken of the masterly manner in which the park has been laid out so as to give each wild animal the kind of a home it naturally loves, and yet make all collections easily accessible to the public. Visitors constantly express surprise and delight with the ingenious and artistic manner in which the plan has been fitted to the ground, without disfigurement, and with every possible advantage to the animals and to the visitor.

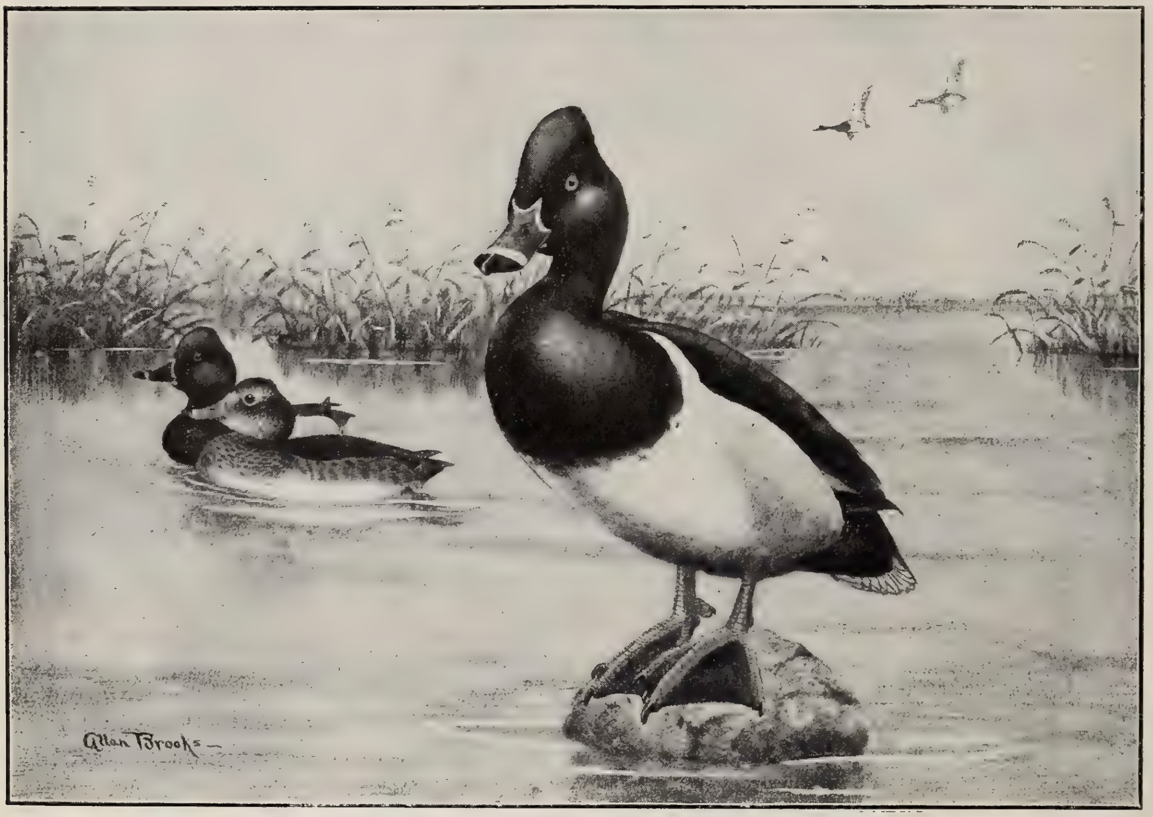
The grounds are just as large as they can be to avoid being too large. If the ranges for the big game were any larger, the animals could hide away from the public, as they do in the big private preserves. The grounds are large, but the visitor can see everything by walking about 2 miles. In another year or thereabouts, roads will be completed over which automobiles will run through the park on regular trips, stopping at several stations, and for a few cents they will save ladies and elderly people about half the walking that others will do by preference.

The New York Zoological Park now exists. The Society is splendidly carrying out every pledge it has ever given. Three years hence, this Park will represent the highest type attainable in institutions for the preservation and exhibition of living animals. Already gifts made to it by RECREATION's readers have come from New York, Michigan, Illinois, Florida, Montana, and far-distant Washington, and they indicate that this is a national, not a local institution, for the education and enjoyment of all America, and the rest of the world when it can get here. Let us have hundreds more of specimens. Let us make the RECREATION series a great feature of this great park for all time to come.

THE RINGBILL DUCK, *ATTHYA COLLARIS.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

Naturalists generally call this the ring-necked duck, but ringbill is far more appropriate, as the fresh killed bird, both male and female, has the striking white bands or rings on the bill; while the chestnut collar is found only on full plumaged males, and even on these is not conspicuous.



THE RINGBILL DUCK, *ATTHYA COLLARIS.*

Eastern shooters also call this bird the marsh black-head, when they distinguish it from the other black-heads or scaups.

In habits as well as in tufted appearance of head the ringbill resembles the tufted duck of the old world, and is the connecting link between that species and the scaups.

It generally frequents smaller ponds and more rushy localities than the scaups, but I have seen both species of scaups, ringbills, redheads and canvasbacks (all 5 species of the genus *Atthya* found in America), in one enormous flock. Like other members of this genus the ringbill is a swift flier; in fact, I should class it as the fastest flying duck in America. When in full plumage the male is a very handsome duck and when swimming on the water looks almost as white as a scaup, the long and ample flank feathers completely covering the dark-colored wings, and even a portion of the back. Females and young males can always be told from those of the scaups by the color of the secondaries, which are bluish gray instead of white; from the female redhead, which the female ringbill closely resembles, the smaller size of the latter will always distinguish it. The range of the ringbill covers the entire continent, except the extreme Northern coast line. It seems to be much more numerous in Central and Western North America than in the East. It breeds sparsely in Southern British Columbia, becoming more common in the interior, especially toward the Northeastern portion of the province.

The iris in the male is bright yellow; bill, dark plumbeous with tip black, and crossed by 2 bands of Chinese white, one at base, and the other toward tip. In the female the colors of the bill are rather more subdued, and the iris is yellowish olive. These vivid white bands fade away very soon after death. When fresh killed the bird appears to have had them painted on.

AN ADVENTURE WITH FLORIDA SMUGGLERS.

VAUGHAN KESTER.

A brisk water trade is carried on between Florida and certain of her neighbors on the South and East, and thrives apace, although the United States government maintains a fleet of revenue cutters to suppress it. This unencouraged industry is known as "smuggling," and is a serious offense in the eyes of the law.

The staple commodities of contraband commerce are tobacco and liquor. Both can be exchanged to such good advantage that, in spite of attendant risk, many a Bahama Island sponger or Cuban trader carries, as a matter of private speculation, a few demijohns of rum or boxes of cigars secreted in her cargo. Her captain finds it easy to drop inshore at some point where he knows from experience the residents will not be too curious, and where his critical nostrils will not be offended by the scent of a revenue cutter's smoke. There he disposes of his merchandise to the thrifty Floridian, who is keenly alive to the profits arising from such bargains. More frequently, however, a regular prearranged traffic is engaged in, and the cracker and the smuggler meet by prearrangement and separate with mutual esteem.

My knowledge of the smuggler's methods came by chance and in this fashion:

My brother Bob and I were spending a winter in Florida and had started down the gulf coast on a cruise which began at Cedar Keys, where we bought a small sloop. As it had no cabin, we went ashore each evening to camp, though it was possible to stow ourselves away, one on either side of the centerboard, with the mainsail for a cover.

We were neither of us expert sailors and when there was any wind stirring the boat had a ghastly way of pounding in the darkness as she tugged at her anchor that quite upset us. Once—just once—we tried to sleep on the narrow deck that skirted the cockpit, and Bob, while under the spell of his dreams, lurched overboard with a mighty splash and a shriek of fear.

Several days had been pleasantly spent in camping, fishing and sailing, and we had begun our cruise in earnest some 30 miles South of our point of departure. It was dusk and we were slowly creeping around a long line of the islands called St. Martin's keys. A few stunted mangroves and an abundance of saw grass are the only vegetation on them. At a distance they show as a dirty streak of gray against the blue of the sky and water.

The wind had failed us. Bob was sculling vigorously and, helped on by the tide, we worked our way in to a safe anchorage. Our bowsprit pointed to a low island with a solitary palmetto growing on its seaward end. Back of it the ground rose to prominence. Beyond that the mainland, with its numerous outlying keys and its heavy growth of palm, cypress, live oak and cedar, formed a desolate picture in keeping with the mournful call with which the marsh hens welcomed the incoming tide.

I fancy Bob was feeling it, too. Perhaps he was thinking of the North that might be cold but was cheerful. We were close in shore and the sounding pole told us it was time to stop progress in that direction, when Bob broke the silence.

"Better let go," he said, suspending operations with the oar, and I permitted the anchor to slip gently into the water.

We made the sloop snug and bundling our camp outfit into the dingy, rowed ashore almost at the foot of the solitary palmetto. I was at work unloading the boat when Bob said:

"I say, that's funny. Isn't it?"

"What?" I asked, looking around.

"Why, don't you see?" and he pointed to the tree.

There was light enough still for me to see what he meant. Cross pieces had been nailed to the tree trunk, forming a rude ladder by which one might ascend to the tuft of foliage at its summit.

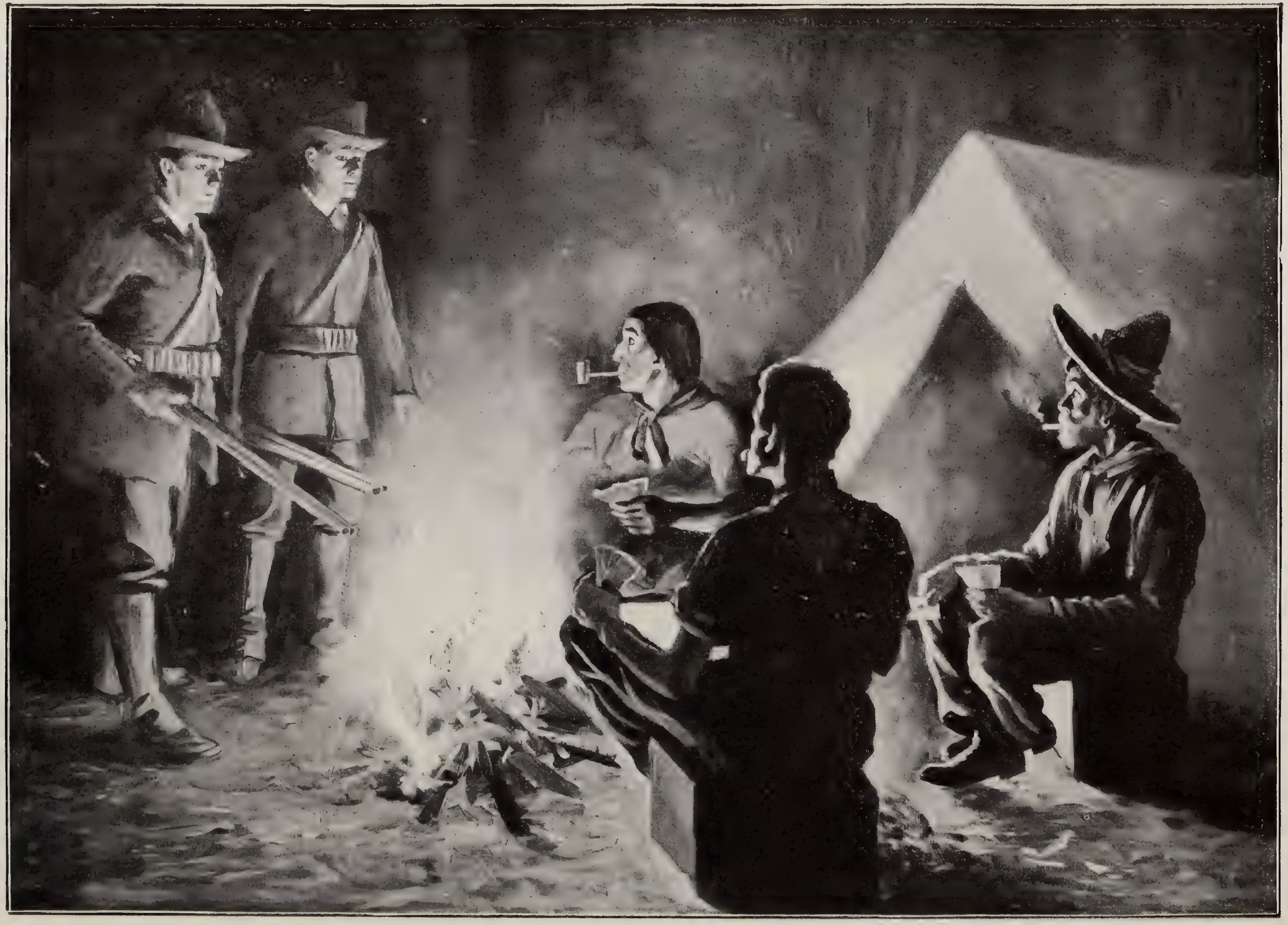
"It must be a lookout," I said; "though who could want one here? It can't have changed in 100 years. It makes me feel like Christopher Columbus."

The question did not interest Bob just then; he was thinking of home.

"Suppose we put up the tent before it gets any later," I urged.

"All right; only let's find a decent place to pitch it first," he answered. We stumbled around in the dusk until we found a little glade, screened by bushes. Here we pitched the tent, arranged our beds, built a fire and proceeded to get supper. It was so cheerful and homelike as we disposed ourselves about the camp fire that we forgot the blues entirely.

"It isn't half bad, is it?" Bob said, as he pursued a choice but elusive bit of



WE FOUND OURSELVES STANDING NEAR A CAMP.

pork around his tin plate. He had effected a capture and was conveying the fragment to his mouth when he paused in the act.

"What was that?" he asked, looking at me queerly. "There! don't you hear?"

"The dickens, Bob," I cried, nervously. "You give me the shivers. I don't hear anything."

"I thought I heard some one speak."

"Where?" I asked, straining my ears.

Bob nodded toward the center of the island. As he did so I caught the sound of laughter. We sat in silence for a moment, looking at each other, then Bob said:

"Pooh! I'll bet it's a camping party. Suppose we go see. I guess it will be safe to leave the tent alone for a little while."

Bob was the oldest and decidedly the bravest. He picked up his shotgun and I mine and we set off toward the noise. We plunged through a dense thicket, came out into an open space and found ourselves standing near a camp. We were evidently no more surprised than were the 3 men seated about the fire, at our unexpected intrusion. Bob sang out pleasantly, "Good evening!"

One of the men responded with an "How are you?" but it was gruff and surly, as though he were anything but glad of our presence. They looked at us hard, as if to make sure of knowing us next time, and we gazed at them with equal interest.

One had the face of a halfbreed Indian, heavy and sullen, with coarse, unkempt, black hair streaming about it. At his side was a man I took to be a Spaniard. He wore gold hoops in his ears, and an ugly looking knife was thrust in his belt. This, together with his grizzled hair and beard, gave him an appearance thoroughly piratic. The third member of the party, and the only one who had yet spoken, was a lank individual, unmistakably a Floridian of the true swamp angel breed. There was that about them all which was forbidding and sinister. At last the swamp angel spoke, breaking a stillness that was becoming oppressive.

"Who be you?" he asked sharply.

"Campers," Bob responded.

"Sure?" questioningly and suspiciously.

"Sure," Bob assented.

"Any more on you?" came the next inquiry.

"No," Bob replied, and I saw the 3 exchange glances of relief.

"Sit right down, gents, and make yourselves to home," said the man, with the first appearance of cordiality he had shown.

"Thank you, but we can't stay," Bob said; "we must get back to camp." The swamp angel rose to his feet.

"I'll go with you," he said.

"All right," Bob responded, "we shall be glad to have you." And with a good night to the Spaniard and the Indian we turned to retrace our steps, our self-invited guest following. When we reached our tent Bob threw some branches on the fire and said to the man:

"Won't you have a cup of coffee?"

But he was making such good use of the rekindled flame in peering about that he didn't hear. Bob was forced to repeat the question several times.

"Thankee, no, gents. So you are all alone?"

"Certainly; didn't we say so?"

"Now, if it ain't curious, where might you come from?"

"Up North," I said, for Bob's expression showed he was done with being catechised.

"Well, gents, I'll be getting along back to my friends."

"Good night, then."

When he was well out of hearing Bob said:

"What do you suppose he wanted?"

"Why, don't you see? He wanted to make sure we were alone."

Bob looked at me in silence for a moment, then he said, slowly: "For a cent I'd strike camp and take to the boat."

"Not much," said I. "No night runs for me. If anything is going to happen I want to be on shore when it comes off."

"Well, we have our shotguns."

"You don't think we will have occasion to use them?"

"I hope not, but—"

Bob was inclined to be sensational.

"Oh, come, let's turn in. They are not going to bother us."

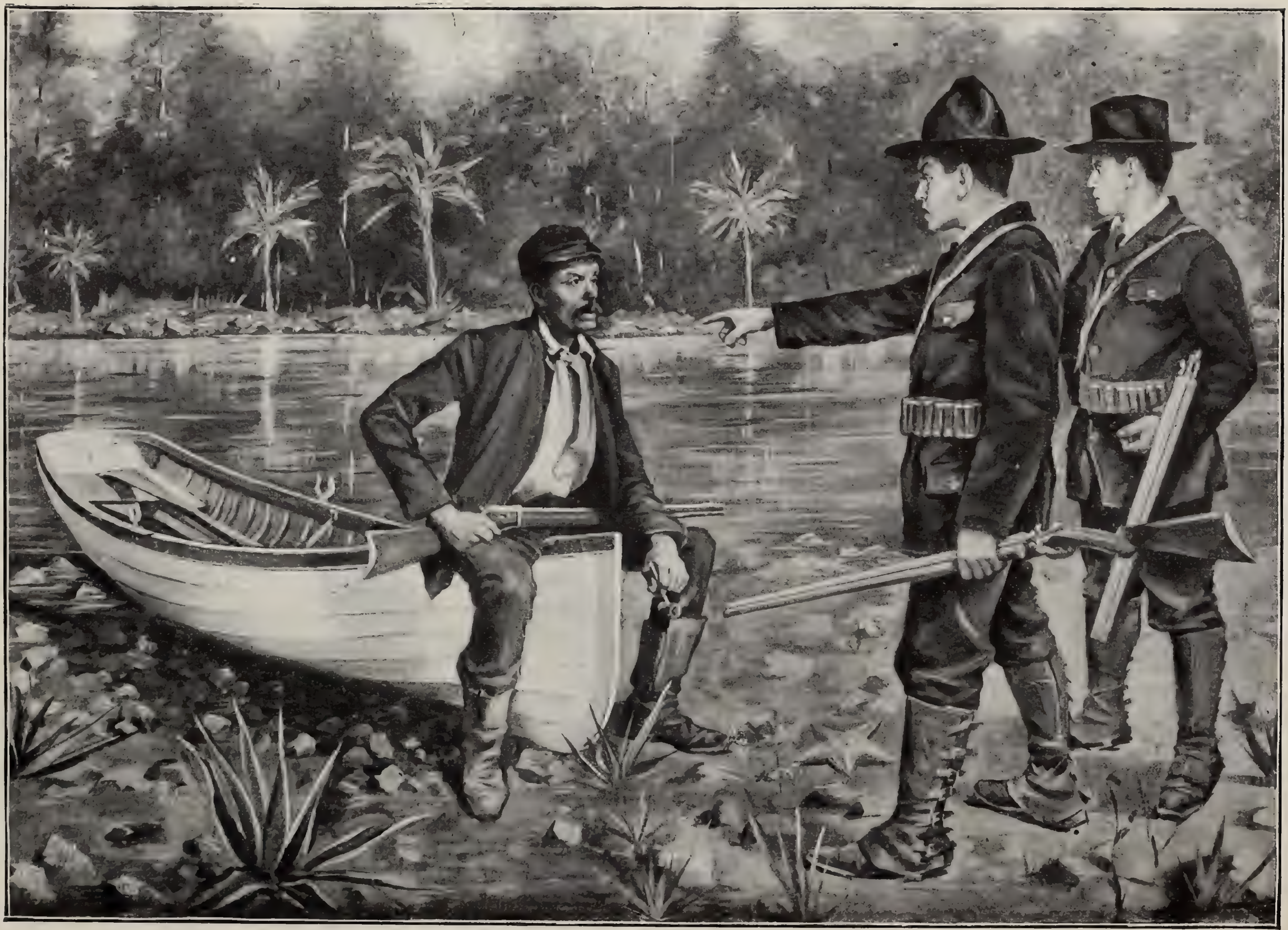
I walked into the tent and Bob soon joined me.

The night was profoundly still, save for the measured rush of the waves on the beach. We lay down with our guns between us and despite our nervousness we must have slept like the 7 sleepers rolled in one, for it was broad day when we awoke. When we went to the beach to bathe we missed the sloop; it was gone! We stood staring blankly across the little bay and at the wide reach of water beyond. Not a sail was in sight.

All at once the same thought came to us both. Without a word we ran back to the camp, snatched up our guns and slipped into our cartridge belts.

"We are ready now!" Bob said, panting from excitement and the run. "I didn't want them to get hold of these."

"You don't suppose they are on the island, do you?" I asked.



"WHO MOVED THAT BOAT?"

"I'm going to see. This looks as if there was trouble ahead."

We were sure the Floridian and his piratical looking friends had decamped with our boat, or, if not that, were in hiding on the island with the boat secreted among the mangroves. We ran back to the beach. The tide was low and on the sand were marks made by the dingy's keel as it had been pushed afloat. There were also footmarks, but all apparently made by one man. We turned toward the end of the island that lay nearest the mainland. As we moved along we saw for the first time a schooner beating in from around the keys to the North.

We had not gone far when we came to an unexpected obstacle in the shape of the entrance to a bayou.

"We will go round it," Bob said; and we set our faces toward the center of the island, holding our path well away from the bayou shores, which were thickly grown with mangroves and all but impassable in consequence. We guided our progress by glimpses from time to time of the bayou's smooth surface where it glistened among the trees.

When we had, as we judged, almost completed its circuit we made again for the beach.

Our calculation was not accurate, for instead of coming out on the beach we emerged on the shores of the bayou, and, what was more surprising, near our friend of the night before, who was comfortably seated on the bow of our dingy, drawn up on the bank. He was smoking a cob pipe and across his knees rested a rifle of venerable appearance. Not a stone's throw away our missing craft and a large catboat rode at anchor. There was a moment of mutual surprise, but the Floridian was equal to the occasion. Removing the pipe from his mouth, he said:

"Good morning, gents."

"Who moved that boat?" Bob demanded, hotly.

"I wouldn't be too curious if I was you," said the cracker. "Pretty soon you kin have your boat; when I says so and not until. You keep cool; that's the word, keep cool."

"What if we say we want our property now and are going to have it now?" cried Bob.

"It can't be did." The man rose and stood leaning on his rifle. Bob and he eyed each other in silence for a moment. There wasn't much difference in point of height and Bob had a decided advantage where weight was concerned. In spite of this, however, he was only a boy and in a trial of strength between them he would have a man's hardened muscles to contend against. He turned to me.

"Push the dingy off when I say the word, Charlie."

"Don't do nothin' foolish," said the cracker, calmly.

I stood, reluctant to do my brother's bidding, and he spoke again sharply: "Push off the dingy!"

I moved forward to obey, when all at once—I never knew what the beginning was—Bob and the cracker were engaged in a fight that to me looked serious. They strained and wrenched, each with one hand grasping his opponent while with the other he clutched his gun.

I made ready to rush to Bob's assistance by dropping my gun in the bottom of the dingy, when he called imperatively:

"Shove off, I say!"

Then I saw his design; he wanted me to get the dingy afloat. We could then perhaps tumble into it and row out to the sloop. I put my shoulder to the task and sent the boat down the gentle incline to the water as fast as I could. It was all but afloat when an arm was passed about my waist and I was ignominiously lifted from the ground, my legs and feet beating the air in most unmanly fashion. I managed to catch a glimpse of a dark face bending above me and I knew the Indian had me. In his strong hands I made just an armful and but a small one at that. Meanwhile Bob had been having all he wanted in the way of scuffling, and when my inglorious capture occurred he gave up.

Hostilities ceased abruptly. The Indian, with his relentless hold on me, was standing near the boat. Farther up the bank was the cracker, and midway between was Bob.

"It's all up!" I sang out, as I squirmed in my huge captor's arms.

"That's the way to talk," the cracker cried, panting hard from the recent struggle. "Just you wait and you can have the boat."

Suddenly the Indian made an exclamation and gestured with his hand. We followed the sweep of his extended arm and saw, fluttering above the tree tops, something that might have been a flag held by a man whose presence we could just distinguish in the summit of the lookout palm. The flag waved a moment and then disappeared. This performance had a marked effect on the cracker and his companions. The former shouted gleefully:

"She's come! He's signaling her."

The Indian turned and, dragging me after him, made for the beach. Bob came in pursuit, for, of course, he wanted to know what they were going to do with me, and the cracker brought up the rear. When we gained the beach we saw a schooner standing inshore—the same Bob and I had previously observed. Its appearance seemed to greatly please the 2 men. When it was about ½ mile away it went up into the wind and was stationary. Pretty soon we saw a boat containing 3 or 4 men leave its side. They had covered one-half the distance to the island; then they turned and started back much faster than they had come.

All had been so interested in watching the boat we had not thought of the man in the tree. Now we looked and saw him running toward us at the top of his speed, shouting loudly and waving his arms excitedly. It was the Spaniard. He didn't stop when he reached us, but kept on in the direction of the bayou. As he dashed past he shouted something. We couldn't catch his meaning, but the Indian and the Floridian rushed after him, leaving Bob and me without a glance or a word. The schooner was under way again, standing out to sea.

Happening to look to the Northward we saw stealing about the keys—where we had first seen the schooner—a steamer with a trailing cloud of smoke hanging in its wake.

"Hello!" Bob cried. "That's the revenue cutter we saw in Cedar Keys."

Just then we heard a lot of noise in the channel. The 3 men were trying to get their catboat into the open water. They were having a time of it, too, for the tide was racing in and the wind was against them. Evidently they were in a hurry, for instead of poling out they had gone overboard and were wading to their hips as they pushed the boat rapidly up the channel. They buffeted the waves until they finally got from the channel into the open bay and hoisting the sail started, as we supposed, in pursuit of the schooner.

Meanwhile the steamer had been headed in the same direction. When it was about 2 miles off it hove to and put out a boat. Our 3 acquaintances had not made much headway, but they held on spunkily until they were quite close to the approaching boat. Then the catboat came around like a shot and tore back over the course she had covered with so much effort. She didn't touch at the island but kept well away, and soon we saw her sail flashing among the small keys nearer to the mainland.

The boat from the revenue cutter came on to the island, an officer and some sailors landed, and, to our amazement, we found ourselves in custody again. The officer asked if we held any communication with the schooner and if we spoke Spanish. Fortunately we were able to give a positive and truthful negative in response to every question from him.

"You are sure you are telling me the truth, boys?" he asked.

We assured him we were.

"Do you think you could locate the spot where the schooner hove to?"

"Yes, sir," Bob said, "I think I could."

"Then come with me." But we hesitated; wondering what was to become of us. The officer must have understood what was going on in our minds, for he said:

"Show me the spot as nearly as you can, and you shall be put ashore when you have done so."

That sounded fair. We got into the boat with him and were rowed to where the schooner had been, as nearly as we could tell. The officer stood up—as did a sailor in the bow—and looked around.

"Do you see anything?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," the sailor answered; "I see a bit of cork that doesn't move with the waves."

"Where?"

"Dead ahead, sir."

"Give way," and the boat glided forward at the command. In a moment we were alongside of what seemed to be a cork such as fishermen use on their nets. As the man lifted it from the water we saw a stout rope attached to its under surface. The sailor began to pull on this, when up came a demijohn—the rope knotted securely about it—then another and another until an even dozen were raised from the bed of the gulf.

That explained the whole matter. The Floridian had evidently not wanted the schooner's people to know of our presence on the island, which was doubtless a regular rendezvous, lest it should deter them from landing. It also explained the hurried dash to sea which had for its object the recovery of the demijohns from the place where they had been left by the schooner.

When Bob and I were put ashore we got our belongings together and resumed our cruise. As we left the island we could see the schooner with the cutter in chase just disappearing below the horizon. Later when we reached Tampa we learned the chase continued almost to Cuba before the cutter overhauled the smuggler and brought her back in triumph.

As for our 3 worthy friends of the island we never heard whether or not they were captured.

WHITE-TAILED PTARMIGAN, *LAGOPUS LEUCURUS.*

ALLAN BROOKS.

Although this is the whitest of the ptarmigan it has a more Southerly range than any of its congeners, being found along the highest peaks of the Rocky and Cascade mountains as far South as Colorado. It can always be distinguished from other ptarmigan by its entirely white tail feathers; the outer tail feathers of the more Northern species being more or less black at all seasons.

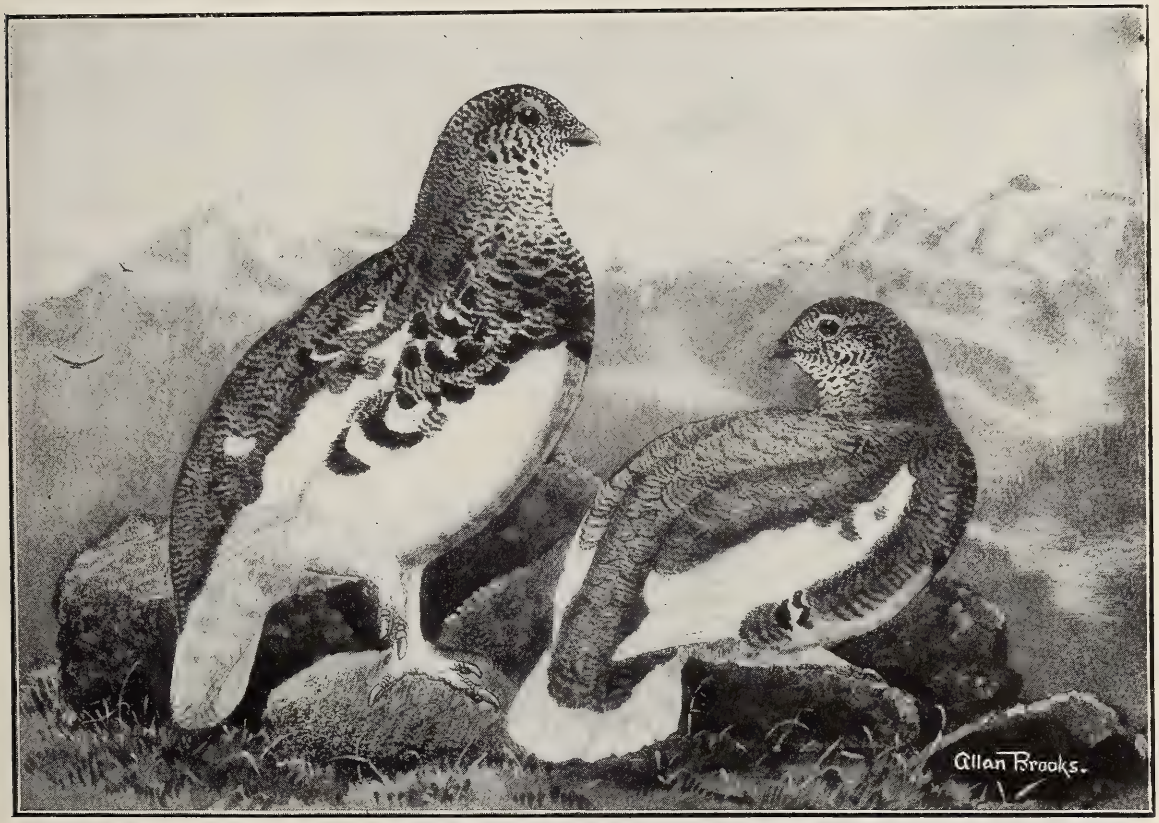
In British Columbia I have taken it within 60 miles of the coast, but only on the highest peaks. In summer it frequents the region at or about timber line. The old males after the breeding season is over, or when the females are sitting, are found on the extreme summits of the peaks and ridges, among the barren rocks where only a few hardy plants and grasses can be found, such as Campion (*Silene acaulis*), and Cinquefoil (*Potentilla.*)

In spring and summer its principal food is the buds and smaller leaves of the dwarf *Vaccinium*, or blueberry; later it eats enormous quantities of the berries of this species, and in the interior of British Columbia, of an allied species of *Vaccinium*, with a small claret colored berry. It is difficult to secure specimens of this bird in full summer plumage, many individuals retaining a portion of their snow white winter plumage throughout the summer.

No sooner do they acquire their summer plumage, than the more finely vermiculated feathers of autumn dress begin to show through the darker colored summer feathers and before this plumage is complete the white winter feathers appear. So the bird is in a continual moult from May until the end of October. Young in first plumage resemble adults in autumn dress.

The feathers of the toes are shed during the summer, only those on the basal half being retained. In winter the whole foot is covered with a dense growth of feathers, almost concealing the long broad claws, whence the generic name *Lagopus*, or hare's-foot. The comb over the eye is scarlet as in other ptarmigans.

In the illustration the right hand bird is in full autumn plumage, the left hand in summer. Both are males.


Allan Brooks.

WHITE-TAILED PTARMIGAN, *LAGOPUS LEUCURUS.*

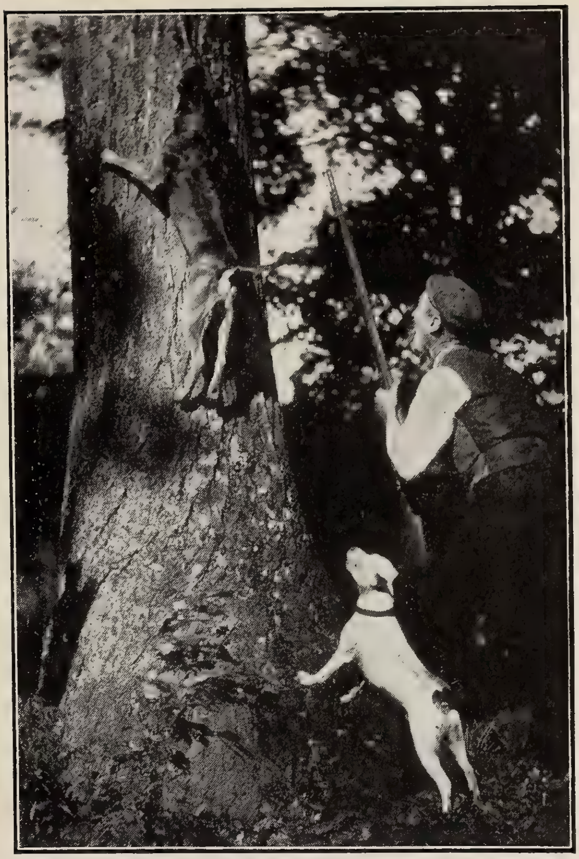
A CHIPMUNK HUNT.

AMATEUR PHOTOS BY F. G. WARNER.

"GEE! BUT HE DOES SMELL GOOD!"

"JUST LET ME GET A CRACK AT HIM WITH THIS!"

"COME DOWN, YOU RED HEADED BEGGAR."



"LET ME SHOW YOU HOW TO CLIMB."

"I WISH I HAD CLAWS LIKE THAT CAT I KILLED YESTERDAY."

IN LUCRE'S GRASP.

MARY A. DICKERSON.

Oh, it's money makes the world go round—
  Dan Cupid isn't in it—
It's money makes us love the friends
  Who're sure to spend and win it.

There may have been a time, my lad,
  When lasses loved for merit;
But now, for all their pretty smiles,
  They're sharp as any ferret.

And lads are just as bad, my lass,
  They want a wife who's wealthy,
And poorer girls may work and wait
  Though they be fair and healthy.

Oh me, the world's all upside down,
  And who will ever mend it;
For we've all worked to make it so,
  Till now none dare offend it!

HOW THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION PLANTS SHAD.

W. C. MARSH.

We have seen the passing of another season of the shad, the "most delicious Alosa," as its Latin name declares,—an assertion which many a lover of this aristocrat of fishes has corroborated during the few weeks when the markets give it forth fresh from the river, and the stentorian voice of the fishmonger announces it even on the street. Likewise has passed the season when it reproduces its kind and gives our national fish commission an opportunity to assist it in maintaining its numbers against the heavy drains which the piscivorous portion of our population make upon it. For, indeed, the annual consumption of shad shows that it is a very important item in the bill of fare of the people, some 13,000,000 of these succulent fishes being eaten annually. These are worth over $1,500,000 and require the efforts of nearly 25,000 persons to capture and market them,—a body of men equal in numbers to our army in the Philippines. A harvest of such proportions could never be obtained were it not that man takes a hand in the planting of the crop. It is here that the work of the Fish Commission plays a part. It gathers the eggs during the spawning season, hatches them in glass jars and "plants" them in the rivers. The shad itself of course does its best in this business of planting, but what with enemies in the water that, like the human race, consider shad roe a toothsome delicacy, and with the hard natural conditions with which it is surrounded, many of the eggs never hatch and the species cannot unaided maintain its abundance and at the same time supply a nation with a vast amount of food. But by taking the eggs artificially and hatching them under protection, a maximum number of eggs develop and produce living fry. Now if these tiny fishes could be kept in confinement until they reach a respectable size many would be saved a violent death in the jaws of their predacious enemies that patrol the streams seeking whom they may devour. This, to a small extent the Fish Commission does, in the fish lakes over near Washington monument in the capital city; but so prolific is the shad and in such numbers do they come swarming forth from the glass hatching jars that the great bulk of the season's hatch must be planted at once. This process few people have an opportunity to witness; yet it is quite an interesting and not uninstructive sight.

A shad that has just begun its career by struggling out of the egg is one of the smallest and queerest of fishes, and resembles in no respect the big scaly fellows in the market. It has a slender transparent body only a third of an inch long. A dipper of water might contain several hundred and yet one would have to look sharp in order to see them at all. No one would need to be told after looking at them that they cannot endure rough handling of any sort. At the station where shad are hatched large numbers are placed in the river upon which the station is located and from which the eggs are taken. This is a comparatively simple matter as the water which receives them is close at hand. But if they are to be deposited hundreds of miles away, or even thousands, as has been done, special precautions are necessary in order to keep the fry alive during the journey. They must have a proper supply of good water which must be changed from time to time or else thoroughly aerated in order to keep it pure, and the temperature must be kept within certain limits. If these conditions are observed shad fry may be taken on long journeys lasting several days.

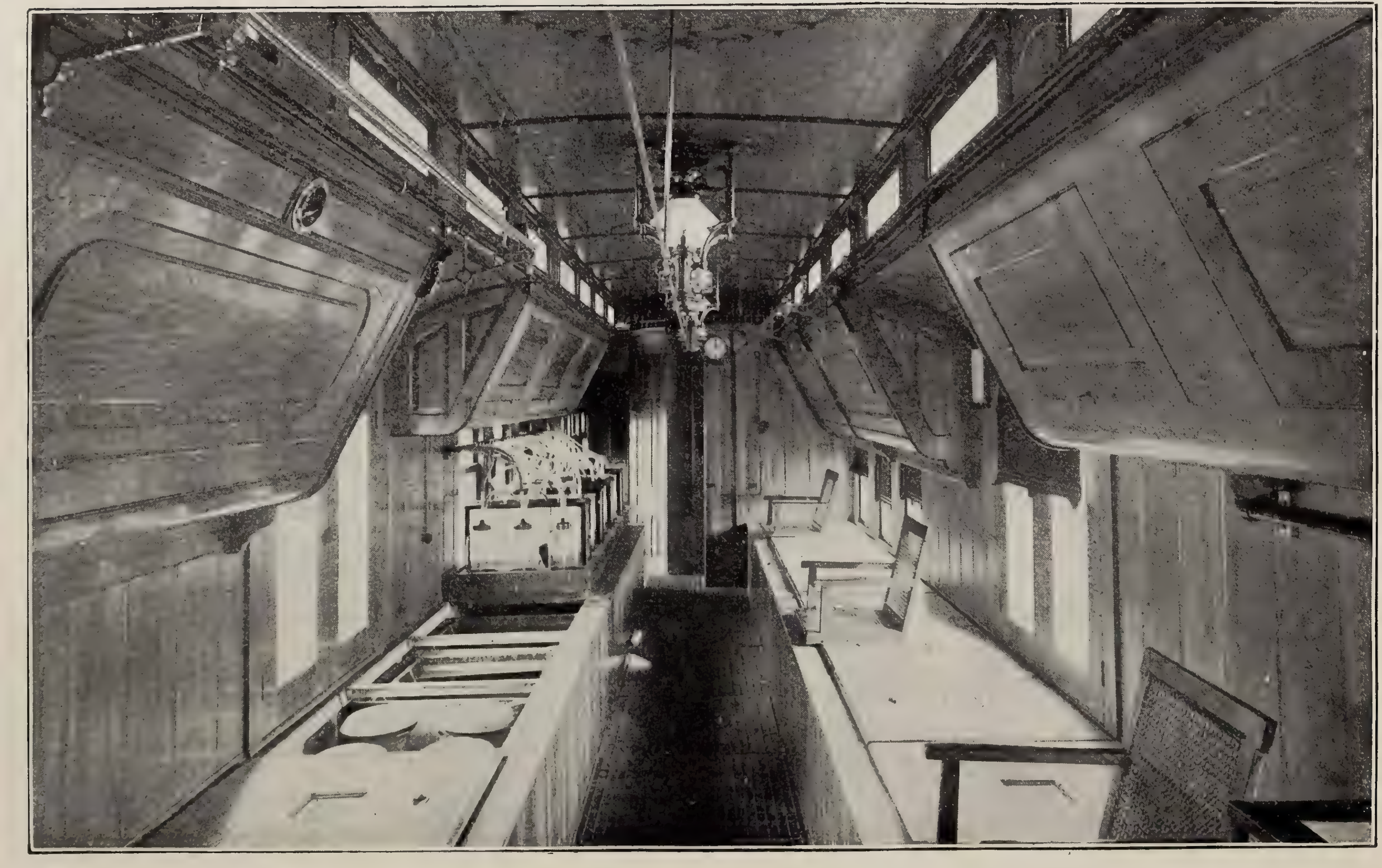
Usually, however, the fry are deposited within 24 hours after the beginning of the journey. For purposes of transportation the commission uses railway cars constructed for the purpose. Exteriorly they resemble ordinary passenger cars and are attached to regular passenger trains. The illustration shows the interior of one of these cars. It is in charge of a "car captain," who has as his crew, beside the cook, 2 or 3 assistants known as "messengers." It is fitted with sleeping berths and with a kitchen at one end so that all may live aboard the car during the continuance of the trip. On each side of the main space in the car is arranged a series of refrigerator compartments separated by cork filled partitions. Into these compartments are placed the receptacles—cans or tanks—containing the fry, and when necessary ice is used to keep down the temperature. The chairs in these cars have no legs. When not in use they are hung up out of the way, in the upper part of the car. At meal time they are placed on the top of the refrigerator compartments and the table is placed in the passageway, to be removed after the meal; and thus there is plenty of room coupled with perfect economy of space. At the ends of the car will be found a steam-boiler, a steam-pump, an air-pump for aerating the water mechanically (but shad fry are too delicate to allow the use of this), lockers for the dishes, cooking utensils and an abundance of et cetera. Then there is a little office for the captain. Under the car is a 600 gallon tank for storage of water. The pump forces the water from this into a somewhat smaller tank inside the car, from which it flows by its own weight into the tanks containing the fish. Beside all this there is a hatching equipment so that eggs may be taken aboard and hatched en route. All these adaptations make possible the transportation of all kinds and sizes of fish. The illustration shows the interior, with the sleeping berths closed, some of the uncovered compartments containing the cans (which may be imagined full of shad fry), the legless chairs in place, and the hatching jars in background at the left. The cars themselves are the most modern product of railway carriage construction, from air-brakes and combination couplers to signal whistles and paper wheels.

When sufficient numbers of fry have hatched to make a car load they are taken aboard at the last moment consistent with punctuality before the starting of the train which is to pull the car. The fry are held in 10-gallon metal tanks tinned on the inside. They look quite like milk-cans. The number of fry allotted to each can is often as high as 30,000, which will indicate their small size. They may be seen by looking down on them in the can, provided there be a good light, when they suggest to some the larvae of mosquito, the "wriggles" or "wiggle-tails" of vernacular speech. They swim nervously and aimlessly about in the cans as if wondering what they are there for. They must receive constant attention during the journey. Their attendants do not need to worry about their food, for by a happy provision of nature they come into the world provided with a supply sufficient to last several days. This they carry about with them in a sac, the "yolk-sac," which may be seen as a swelling on the under side of the body just back of the head. Relative to the proportions of the little fish this sac is really of huge size and looks like a heavy burden for such small fry to support. But it grows constantly lighter, being absorbed into the body without the trouble of being eaten, until after 4 or 5 days it can hardly be seen without a lens.

But while nature takes the responsibility in the matter of food, the fry have to be cared for assiduously in other respects. A dipperful of water is taken from each can and the fry in it are examined. By the use of a long glass tube inserted in the can to the bottom a sample of the fry from all depths is obtained much after the fashion of testing butter with a butter trier. In this way the crew of the car can keep a close watch of the condition of the fish. If they are weak or dying they swim feebly and spasmodically and allow themselves to sink in the water. Among so large a number, from one cause or another, some will succumb, but unless something unusual occurs this loss is insignificant.

A certain amount of fresh water is carried but the chief dependence is upon aeration of the water that already contains the fry. This is accomplished by siphoning away a part of it into a large pail, aerating with a dipper and returning through a large funnel. The siphon is a short piece of rubber tube of large diameter. The shad fry would pass through the siphon with the water. To prevent this the end of the tube is provided with a fine cheese-cloth casing which strains the water. The siphon is started in the approved manner—the most convenient and natural one imaginable—by suction with the mouth, which sometimes results in a strangling dose of water in case the mouth lingers a fraction of a second too long at the end of the tube. The aeration consists merely in taking a dipperful of the water, raising it high above the pail and pouring it back from this height, a process several times repeated. This and the resulting agitation of the water mixes it with air whereby the water is purified—literally given an airing. The temperature is carefully noted and if rising too rapidly ice is used. Likewise if the water becomes too cold it must be warmed, but this does not often happen on shad trips. In general the temperature is not allowed to fall below 55° Fahrenheit, nor rise above 65°.

By these means the water is kept clean and life-sustaining, while the car is tearing along toward the streams in which these little shad are to find their home until instinct bids them seek the ocean. The load may number 2 or 3 million fry which are to be divided into perhaps half a dozen plants. Often the stream in which a plant is to be placed is crossed by the railroad over which the train is running. In this case arrangements are usually made with the conductor to stop his train at this crossing for the few moments necessary to deposit the fry. As there are in most cases a number of cans of fry for each plant and as the train must not be delayed longer than absolutely necessary, the crew, during the last few moments before arrival at the stream, engage themselves in "doubling up" or combining the contents of all the cans for this plant into one or two cans. This crowds perhaps several hundred thousand fry into one can, but for such a very short time that it works no injury to them.



INTERIOR OF THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION CAR.

When the train comes to a standstill the whole plant, in this concentrated form, is carried down to the water. The can is immersed, the water of the stream allowed to enter and mix gradually with that of the can in order that the change of temperature, if any, may not be too sudden; then the contents are allowed to flow slowly out. The messengers scamper back in a hurry to the car and that plant is finished. Having received a start in life, the fry must now shift for themselves, and judging from the success which has attended shad planting on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, this they seem able to do as well as or better than their companions that come into the world without the assistance of the Fish Commission.

Often, however, this convenient and expeditious method of planting cannot be followed. The points to be reached may be at a distance from the railroad. The distributing car itself does not visit every place to which fry are consigned, but is switched off at some railway center, from which messengers are detached who make "side-trips" to the remaining places. The cans of fry are transferred to the baggage cars of regular trains and transported as baggage. The messenger carries a thermometer, the utensils and apparatus for aerating and if necessary a supply of ice. At his destination a conveyance must be procured immediately and the fry carried to the stream with all possible dispatch. On the next train, he returns to the car, which, when all are in, couples to the first available train and returns to the station from which it came, or perhaps to the central station at Washington. By means of the telegraph every movement of the car is promptly reported to Washington, and in the same way the car captain keeps in touch with the doings of his detached messengers.

This business of distributing fish has no reference to any hour of the day or night. From the time the load of fry is on the car until they are liberated into the natural watercourses the crew of the car must give them their attention, eating and sleeping how and when they can. The messenger may have to be up all night. The railway station and the lunch counter are his hotel. He may have to aerate the water in his cans on a baggage truck at the station at 2 a. m., catch an hour's sleep on a wooden bench and a few winks in his seat in the car. But on the journey back he has little to do and can recuperate these losses and congratulate himself that he kept the fry alive and planted the seed of a future harvest for the greatest river fishing industry on the Atlantic coast.

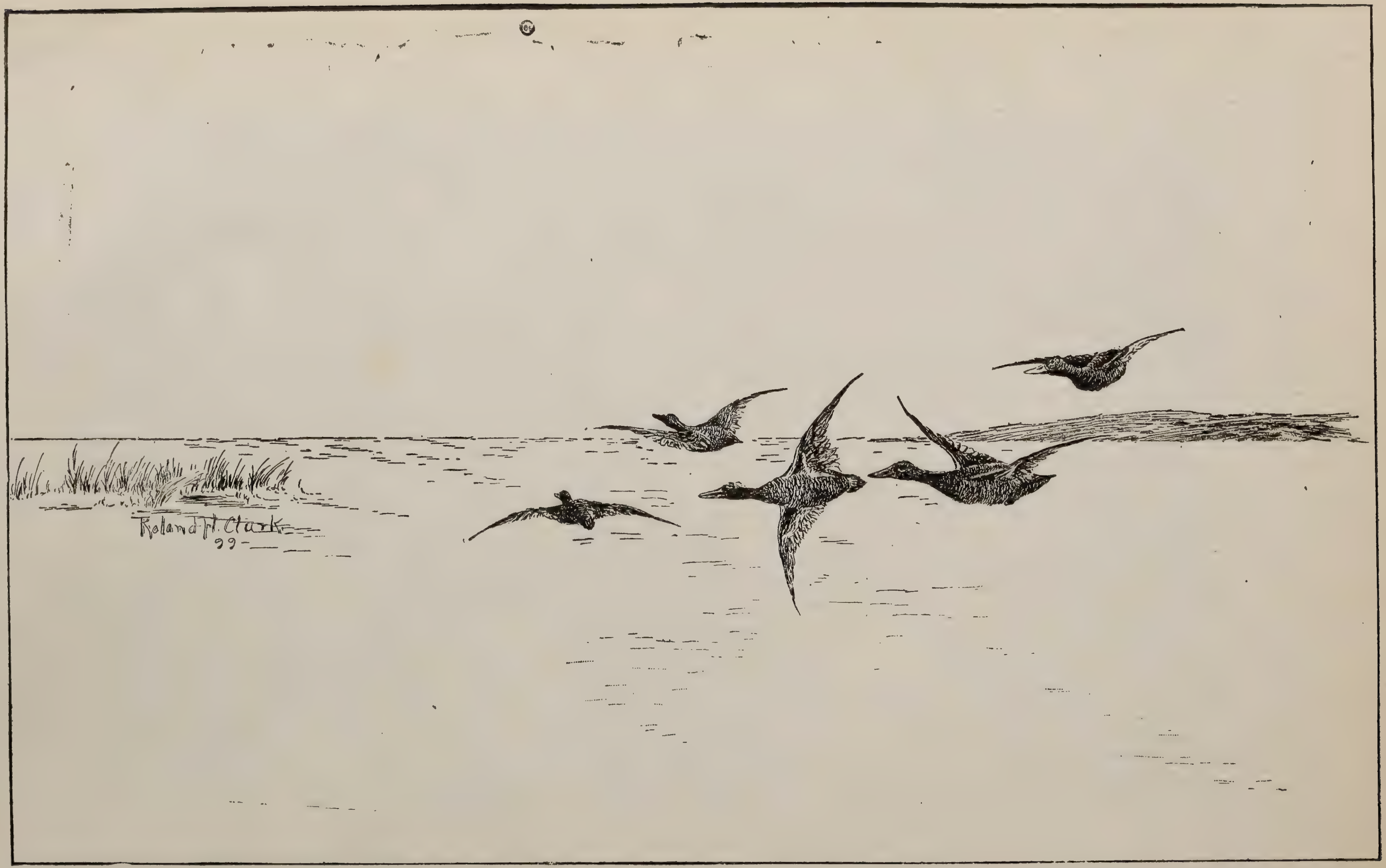
LONGING.

JOHN T. GOOLRICK, JR.

I long for the roar of the river again,
As it flows o'er its rocky bed.
I long for the song of the summer birds,
As they twitter overhead.
For the shade of the spreading maple tree
By the swift flowing river's side,
Where the fish will bite from morn till night,
At ebb or flow of tide.

I long for the nook by the side of the brook,
That ripples gently by.
For a still calm night when the moon is bright,
And the echoing whippoorwill's cry.
For the fragrant breath of the summer breeze
That counteracts the sun,
As it wakes and stirs the green clad firs,
Just as the day is done.

I long for a plot in a quiet spot,
Covered with fresh young grass.
I long for the sound as the reel goes 'round,
Pulled by a four pound bass;
For the grove of trees and the slope of the hill,
Where the nights are cool and damp.
The scent of the woods is in the air,
And I long for my summer camp.



"MARK FIVE TO RIGHT AND LOW THEY FLY!"

WHEN THE SCOTERS FLY.

WALDO.

Rise, dip, dip and rise !
Under the curtain of starlit skies,
  Small black specks on a blacker sea,
The dories rise and the dories fall,
While silence broods and covers all.
  And now there's one and now there's three,
  While the waters murmur ceaselessly ;
Rise, dip, dip and rise !
The dories bob 'neath starlit skies.

Dip, rise, rise and dip !
From beyond the headlands upward slip
  The first long shafts from the king of day,
And the low hung clouds with crimson flush,
And the jutting headlands burn and blush,
  While the starry watchers slip away
  From the shining path across the bay.
Dip, rise, rise and dip !
The dories bob and the waters slip.

Rise, dip, dip and rise !
Like drifting foam a sea gull flies,
  And far in the east a rim of red,
Out of the waters that fret and fume,
Out of the waves and white sea spume,
  Climbs whence the fading stars have fled,
  And a golden cloud drifts overhead.
Rise, dip, dip and rise !
The dories bob and the sea gull flies.

Dip, rise, rise and dip !
The thole pins creak and the oar blades drip,
  And out of the fading hills of sand,
Opaque oblivion seaward drifts ;
And the anchors fall and each boat lifts
  On the rising tide and from the land
  The fog horn bellows its hoarse command.

Rise, dip, dip and rise !
Out of the blankness warning cries
  Over the waves are quickly passed :
" *Mark five to right and low they fly !* "
A whistle of wings, one low word " Try ! "
  And tongues of flame have sprung at last
  At the shadowy phantoms sweeping past.
Rise, dip, dip and rise !
And dead birds float, nor heed the cries.

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

IN DEFENSE OF DR. HARRISON.

Deer River, Itasca Co., Minn.
Editor RECREATION:

I have read the article headed "Game Hog Harrison," signed by M. P. Austin, M. D., of Minneapolis. Have shown it to Dr. George E. Harrison and he pronounces it false in all particulars. Although he has been an ardent sportsman for years and has spent 6 summers on the Big Fork, he has never killed 16 moose in all that time and certainly not in a period of 4 months, as Austin avers. He knows ex-Game Commissioner S. F. Fullerton only casually, and in his official capacity. Mr. Fullerton never "warned" Dr. H. with a view to preventing the acquiring of evidence against him. He never dined with Mr. Fullerton, and Mr. F. never connived, as is alleged, at the violation of the game law by Dr. H. or Dr. H. believes by any one else, as Mr. Fullerton, he says, is an honorable man. I have known Dr. H. for years. He has hunted and fished in many countries, having twice circumnavigated the globe, and if the world contained only such conscientious sportsmen as he, there would be no need of game laws. I have been with him on the Big Fork since May 10 and during this time, in efforts to photograph moose and other game, we have seen 36 moose. This without the firing of a gun and all within 7 miles of the doctor's camp. Let this fact be contrasted with the fact that when the doctor first came to the Big Fork 6 years ago he hunted faithfully 42 days without seeing a moose. Now we see them daily, almost from camp, and Mrs. Harrison, who always accompanies her husband, has seen 16 moose when out alone with her maid. This plentifulness of moose is due directly to the efficiency of the administration under Mr. Fullerton, to the kindly love the doctor has for Nature and her children, and to the hearty coöperation of the few settlers along the river. It is well known in this country that Dr. H. declines to kill any game at any time not needed for food; and then makes the greatest distinction as to age and sex. I have known the doctor to fish in a virgin lake for hours, and, of a very large catch of bass, kill only those that were hooked through the gills. Although a good shot, he has never killed more than 24 ducks in one day, when it would have been an easy matter to kill 4 times the number. We all know the fellow that furnished the "facts" for Dr. Austin's article—one Art Hoosier, who was dismissed from Dr. H.'s employ and who is known to be unreliable. He avers that he sold to Dr. Austin the 6 deer Austin claims he killed. If this be true (though those who know Hoosier would not believe his oath) Dr. Austin is in fact a game hog; for it will be conceded, even by the non-sportsman, that the man who encourages killing game for the market is the worst game hog.

While it is true the blue print showed Dr. H. sitting on a moose, the man who gave it to Austin knew the doctor did not kill it.

H. G. Haigh, Reading, Mass.

I sent this letter to Dr. Austin and wrote him as follows:

I enclose herewith letter from Mr. H. G. Haigh, which explains itself. If you have wronged Dr. Harrison in this matter, will you not kindly write a letter which I may publish in RECREATION, making amends to him? If, on the contrary, you have evidence to prove the statements in your former letter please advise me accordingly.

To which Dr. Austin replies thus:

I have received your letter enclosing one from Mr. H. G. Haigh, I have nothing to retract, for I believe all I wrote was the truth. My information was not all from one source. Since I wrote you I have learned that Dr. Harrison was arrested and fined last year for killing game out of season. Have written to a gentleman in Grand Rapids, Minn., for the facts. The man who told this was in Deer River at the time and I have every reason to believe he told the truth; but will have it verified.

M. P. Austin, Minneapolis, Minn.

A gentleman in Minnesota who knows Dr. Harrison's record writes as follows:

As to Dr. Harrison's exploits up here, unless he is sorely belied, he needs jailing as badly as any man in the West, and that is saying a great deal. So far as I can learn, he has as yet escaped the law. I am told he was tried for illegal game killing in '94 and got off. I know he was arrested in the fall of '97, bound over to the grand jury, indicted by that body in January, '98, and for some reason the indictment was *nolled* by the prosecuting attorney, J. R. Donohue, in '99. He said, I understand, the evidence was not strong enough to convict—which, it may not have been. I know nothing about that; but a poor devil is serving a jail sentence now for the same offense, who was convicted by the same county attorney. C. C. McCarthy, now state senator from this district, was county attorney when Harrison was indicted, and up to December 31, '98. I read your letter in Recreation and can tell you that you only said what is in the mouths of all men in this country. Mr. H. G. Haigh, who wrote to Shields, came here last spring with Harrison, went up country with him and is probably with him now, as he was here a few days ago. Don't worry about him. If Harrison is killing game illegally so is he, in all probability. Haigh registered as from Leeds, England. It is an infernal shame that this man can defy the law if he is guilty of what he is charged with, and a greater shame that officers of the law should protect him in so doing. I think I can suggest a way to get at him. If some of you Minneapolis or St. Paul sportsmen will go to T. D. O'Brien, of St. Paul, and get him to go with you and see Mr. Rosing, the governor's private secretary; represent the situation to Mr. Rosing and get him to lay it before the governor with request for action, it can be had.

Tell Mr. Rosing he can refer to A. E. Wilder, of Grand Rapids, if he wants any confirmation of what I say. Get the governor to see that the executive agent sends a stranger to get the evidence against Harrison, and to let the county attorney know that if he doesn't try the case when it is made he will be hauled over the coals, or, better still, send up the attorney-general to try it here. By that means I think it can be proven whether Harrison is innocent or guilty. I will certainly aid the administration to bring him to justice if the latter, and will give him a needed certificate if the former. Most of our people want to see him punished, but without the interference of the state officers I fear it is useless to try to do so.

H. C. K., Duluth, Minn.

In transmitting the above, Dr. Austin writes:

I have acted on H. C. K.'s suggestion, by having the Hunters and Anglers' Protective Association of Minnesota take the matter in hand, and it will be pushed. There will be a meeting this evening for the purpose, and if they succeed in securing evidence Dr. Harrison will not escape.

I leave for Alaska the 1st of September and may not return until spring.

M. P. Austin, M. D., Minneapolis, Minn.

HOW TO BRING DEER FROM CANADA.

The following regulations respecting the export of deer, shot for sport by persons not domiciled in Canada, have been made and established:

Deer when shot for sport under provincial or territorial authority in Canada, by any person not domiciled in Canada, may be exported under the following conditions and limitations:

1. The deer may be exported only at the customs ports of Halifax, Yarmouth, Macadam Junction, Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Niagara Falls, Fort Erie, Windsor, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, and such other ports as shall from time to time by the minister of customs be designated for the export of deer.

2. The exportation of deer in the carcass or parts thereof (except as to cured deer heads and hides of deer) shall be permitted only during or within 15 days after the open season allowed for shooting deer under the laws of the province or territory where the deer to be exported has been shot.

3. No person shall in one year export more than the whole or parts of 2 deer, nor shall exportation of such deer be made by the same person on more than 2 occasions during one calendar year.

4. Deer in the carcass or any part thereof which has been killed in contravention of any provincial or territorial law shall not be exported, nor shall any deer in the carcass or parts thereof be exported without the permit of the collector of customs accompanying the shipment.

5. Any person, not domiciled in Canada, who has shot deer for sport and not for gain or hire, under provincial or territorial authority, may make an export entry in duplicate of deer in the carcass or parts thereof so shot by him and allowed to be exported—upon subscribing and attesting before a collector of custom a declaration to be annexed to said export entry.

6. The exporter shall produce his license or permit for shooting deer under provincial or territorial authority to the collector of customs before the exportation of the deer and the collector shall endorse thereon a description of the quantity and parts entered for exportation.

The collector of customs at any customs port of entry designated for the export of deer, upon receiving the said export entries duly completed, may thereupon under the seal of the custom house, issue his permit for the exportation of the deer, if satisfied as to the identity of the sportsman and that the exportation is not prohibited.

The term "deer" means moose and caribou as well as the common Virginia and mule deer.

SMASHING AN ASSUMPTION.

Editor RECREATION:

In February RECREATION appears a letter from E. A. White which is so pointedly personal that I own up to the soft impeachment at once. But the way in which the writer shows his own hand is delicious, and the line he pursues, of singling out one side of the controversy dearest to his heart to the ignoring of all others, and then pronouncing judgment, is typical of his ilk. It is not necessary for a man to belong to the hide, hog and pot hunter set, to become familiar with the habits of our avifauna. Putting on one side the questionable fairness of tracking rabbits in the snow, the episode of the imprints of the tips of the owl's wings would, to some minds, bring up some other thought than that which occurred to E. A. White, and which was undoubtedly: "The d—n thing has got my rabbit; another 5 cents gone!" In all probability he was tracking grouse, too, and would shoot them out of the trees. Then again, unless he starts out with the intention of getting as much game as he can to sell, and for a change means to supply a dish for his table, he simply takes an inch or 2 of the back of each rabbit and the breast of the grouse, casting away all the rest as too coarse for his delicate palate. He is one of those who as a class are responsible for the large numbers of forequarters of venison left hanging in the woods to rot when, the deer having been legally killed, this wasted wholesome food might be devoted to charity or disposed of in many legitimate ways. He is one of those who have hunted from New York to California. More's the pity; he has been at it all his life and doubtless knows a good deal more than even he and his hard-headedness would care to acknowledge with regard to the way the wild pigeon and the buffalo were served, seeing how public opinion is, at the present time. Let him read poor old Chief Po-ka-gon's article in the same issue. I fear it would be lost on him—incomprehensible—no money in it. Thank goodness! we are not all devoid of sentiment. Neither need we be sentimental at all over it. The true sportsman is made up of honorable sentiment and is fair to his game, himself and other creatures; he also allows Nature's lesson to influence any selfish promptings that might try to assert themselves.

Too many thanks cannot be extended to RECREATION for the immense good it has done and is doing in fostering this sentiment which E. A. White so deplores; but the spirit of the times says his side must go to the wall, and to the wall it will go, let the kicking be ever so vigorous.

Percy Selous, Greenville, Mich.

TWO DEER IN 5 SECONDS.

CHAS. F. HICKOK.

A party of 5 of us had gone to my homestead, some 25 miles from town, to build a cabin. I had promised the boys all the venison they could eat if they would accompany me on the trip. We had been in camp but a few hours, had our tent up and things in shape, when they all in one voice notified me that the venison I had promised would now be in order. Knowing I would get no peace until I had meat in camp I donned my moccasins, shouldered my Savage and went forth, confident I would return with a deer. I took an old logging road and worked down through an old slashing where deer were likely to be out feeding. Seeing nothing I worked over to a creek which ran through a patch of green woods. Up this creek about 40 rods was a little marsh and I made for that. On reaching it I made my way along carefully to a spot where I could command a good view of the opening and stopped. As I stood surveying the marsh I saw nothing to indicate that a deer had ever visited the spot, but I made up my mind to watch the place for awhile and was looking for a convenient spot to sit down when I saw a pair of ears sticking up above the tall grass about 40 yards away. An instant later up came the head to which the ears belonged. I drew my rifle to my shoulder, took careful sight and fired, throwing in another shell without taking the gun from my face. Looking in the direction in which I had fired, I saw what I supposed was the same head sticking above the grass, about 5 feet from where it had stood before. I thought I had missed and that the deer, not knowing where the shot had come from, was at a loss to know which way to run. I took sight again, that time at the deer's neck, and fired. The little fellow bounded straight into the air, going down in the tall grass out of sight. I walked over to the spot where the deer fell and found a yearling buck, shot through the neck. At almost the same instant I saw his exact counterpart, lying less than 6 feet away, dead as a stone, shot through the head. I had thus within 5 seconds killed 2 deer. I drew them out to the edge of the marsh and started for camp, reaching there in less than ¾ of an hour from the time I had left.

As I went into camp I was greeted from all sides with the query, "Where's that deer; how about that venison?" etc. When

I told the boys I had killed 2 deer they ridiculed the statement, but I got even with them by taking them out to the place and making them take turns carrying in the deer. We had venison steaks during our stay of 6 days and venison to take home with us. We built, during that time, a fine cabin in which I have since spent many happy hours.

A MOOSE IN TOWN.

The Canadian game law, limiting the number of moose to 2 for each hunter a season, is particularly hard on the men who have chosen Waverley, Nova Scotia, —the Acadian Klondike—this year as a starting point for their coming excursion into the big game field. Rumor of the presence of game does not always precede fact, but in this case it does. The residents of Waverley, at least those who were within eye distance, were surprised a few days ago by the unprecedented appearance of a huge cow moose which came down the mountain, at the foot of which Waverley is ensconced, and after a curious look around at the tiny yellow tinted hotel, the whitewashed church and rural cottages, stepped boldly into the lake and swam across to the opposite shore where she disappeared. Many a hungry eye followed her graceful movements, many a rifle was covetously handled, as the story spread through the settlement, and brought many witnesses to the shore. It was first sighted by 2 young women, placidly pursuing their way along the mountain road skirting the lake, who looked up suddenly to behold the huge head fronting them from some bushes. It would be hard to tell which was the more frightened, and as but one side of the story has been heard, we shall probably never know.

This big moose is said to be one of a herd located about 4 miles from Waverley, and was pronounced by those who saw her one of the finest specimens ever seen in this locality. If the herd escape the hunters who are even now tracking them, it will be because they have taken advantage of the time which still intervenes until the commencement of the hunting season to make their escape into safer quarters.

Waverley boasts the presence of a very noted Indian guide, a halfbreed, living in a camp at Mt. Uniacke with the aborigines. or Micmac Indians. He gave an exhibition of his skill a few days ago to some hunters, by rolling some birch bark into a cornucopia, climbing into a tree, and uttering the plaintive moose call so wooingly that the old hunters at work underground in the gold mine dropped their pick, shovel, and car, and came rushing to the surface, forgetting everything but the old hunting instinct.

Gertrude F. Lynch, Waverley, Nova Scotia.

HOW TO STOP THE SELLING OF GAME.

Enclosed find $1 for renewal of subscription to Recreation. I have noted with pleasure the rapid growth in popularity of your magazine. In fact it has surpassed my expectations in every way. It is decidedly the true sportsman's journal, and no one rejoices more than I at your success. You may be pushing the bristle business to extremes, but as to that you know best. Of course, I fully agree with you in your efforts to protect the game and fish of our country. If we could induce the legislatures of the various states to enact laws prohibiting the sale of all game, then our forests, prairies, and fields would soon again teem with the game animals and fowls that are now almost extinct.

To illustrate: A few years ago our legislature prohibited the sale of quail under a severe penalty for violation. In our own county the quails had been slaughtered for market. Soon after the passage of that act one of our grocery men hung out, as he had been in the habit of doing, a bunch of quail for sale. He met with a ready sale, was arrested and fined $30 and are more abundant in this county than I costs. These were the last quails offered for sale in our city. To-day these birds have ever known them to be, though I have lived in the county for more than 40 years.

C. A. Walker, Carlinville, Ill.

HE LIKES COLORADO.

I have often wished to say to you "get your bonnet on and start." My trip has been one gilded, glorious triumph. I am proud of the states and glad I am an American. These Western people are all right. It seems to me they are more thoroughly American than the Eastern people. At any rate they are exceedingly pleasant and hospitable. Sanford, of Gunnison, is a royal fellow, and I enjoyed my stay there very much. I shall never forget Southwestern Colorado. I believe it the finest spot in the world; and am not prejudiced either. I went into Colorado free to compare its scenic features with those of the old world and let the best man win; and my judgment is that there is nothing to compare with San Juan, Ouray, and adjoining counties, in the wide world. It rained like —— all the time I was there, but I ran over pretty much all of the country between drinks and enjoyed it immensely.

I shall have some mighty interesting stories to tell you when I return. Those miners are wonderfully interesting fellows and as white as men are made.

Am leaving to-day for Cinnabar and anticipate a great time. Dr. Frank Dunnam is going in with me and you can imagine the rest.

C. C. Curtis, M. D., Salt Lake City, Utah.

CHAMPION GOOSE BUTCHERS.

A. W. Stuart, of the Ryde hunting grounds in California, in a letter to Messrs. Blunt and Barnett, states that the latter's record was the highest single individual shoot at Ryde this season. The Albuquerque hunters were visitors to Ryde in March last, and while there Joe killed over 80 wild geese in one day's hunting.—*Albuquerque (N. M.) Daily Citizen.*

And this is the brazen manner in which Joe confirms the report:

In reply to yours of recent date: On the 10th of April, 1899, I killed 84 wild geese on the Sacramento river, Cal. The sport began about 6:30 a. m. and lasted until about 12 o'clock noon, from the 12th of April until the 15th inclusive. Myself and Geo. S. Blunt killed 220 geese.

Jos. Barnett, Albuquerque, N. M.

You say "the sport began at 6:30 a. m." You should say "the slaughter." Inasmuch as you call this sport, you would no doubt class yourself as a sportsman, but no one else will who reads your letter. It is a great pity you had not learned this before you got this opportunity, and it is hoped you may now and hereafter know that men who descend to such butchery as this are condemned by all decent sportsmen in the world.

EDITOR.

ANOTHER FOOL AT LARGE WITH A GUN.

Portchester, N. Y., Aug. 13.—Andrew Burr, a farmer, while hunting to-day in the woods near this place, accidentally (?) shot Frank Matzell, 16 years old, of East Portchester, whom he mistook for a woodchuck. Burr was moving along cautiously with his shotgun in his hand, looking for game, when he saw an object which he thought was a woodchuck moving near a fence, about 30 yards distant. He fired, and at once heard loud crying and moaning.

Hurrying to the fence he found young Matzell lying on the ground, bleeding from wounds in the head. His hat was completely riddled by shot. The boy was taken home, where a physician found that he was not injured mortally, although the shot had penetrated his face and head. The parents are angry, and threaten to have Burr arrested for violating the game laws.

"Accidentally," eh? Not by a long ways. This is simply another case of the fool and his gun. All states should enact laws that would send a man to jail who shoots at anything that moves, without waiting to see whether it wears hair, feathers or breeches.

EDITOR.

ROUGH ON POACHERS.

Eau Claire, Aug. 9.—The Eau Claire Gun Club has declared war against poachers, and as a result of the vigilance of members of the club Paul Perlo, of this city, paid $55.19 for shooting 9 prairie chickens. When he paid his fine he expected the matter would drop. But it didn't. Complaint was lodged against his friend, Dr. Missel, of Chippewa Falls, and the doctor was brought here by Sheriff Clinsler and arraigned in Justice Wilcox's court. He pleaded not guilty and was held in $200 bonds till Aug. 11. His son, Emil, was also arrested on the same charge and held in the same amount. And now a second warrant is out for Mr. Perlo. It seems that his first offense, the one he was fined for, was committed 2 weeks ago Sunday. Mr. Perlo went hunting and had such good luck that on the succeeding Sunday he invited Dr. Missel and son to go along. It is for this second offense that Mr. Perlo will now have to answer. He is a good shot and brought back a goodly number of birds, how many he won't tell. His case will be heard on the 11th, together with the others.

Good! I hope the Gun Club will keep right after these miserable swine till they pay every cent the court can legally assess against them.

EDITOR.

GAME NOTES.

Inclosed find clipping from Milwaukee Journal:

Chippewa Falls, Wis., July 27.—Deputy Game Warden Stone, of Barron county, is in the city procuring warrants for the arrest of several men who live near Glen Flora, and who have been slaughtering deer almost every day for the past 6 weeks.

It is estimated that over 100 deer have been killed in that time. One man last Sunday is said to have killed a doe that had a fawn following her, which was only 3 days old, and which died shortly after the mother was killed. This man will have a trial here tomorrow and will undoubtedly be given the full extent of the law.

All sportsmen are assisting the deputy in every way to suppress the unlawful killing of game.

No wonder a man who obeys the law and takes out a deer license cannot get a deer. Last fall in Langlade county every deer was chased away by hounds and a man could not see a deer, to say nothing of getting a shot at one. Many farmers up there keep hounds just for that purpose and it should be stopped.

Subscriber, Milwaukee, Wis.

Any fair shot who can spend a few days in this vicinity will not be disappointed. Woodcock, ruffed grouse, rabbits and other small game are abundant. Bear, wildcats, foxes and raccoons do not run around the house but are frequently shot within a mile of here. The fall months are pleasant. Am arranging our place to accommodate sportsmen and anyone who is satisfied with a reasonable amount of game I know will be pleased.

E. Van Zandt, Fallsburgh, N. Y.

The Maine game and fish commission issued in August over 200 special licenses to guides and visitors from other States to hunt deer, moose, etc., in September, for which the State receives the handsome sum of $10,000. This shows how it pays a State to protect its game.

IT IS A LING.

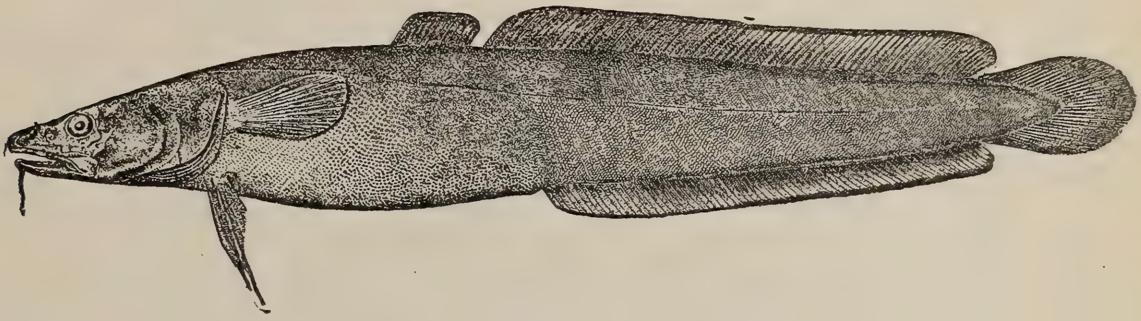
I send you herewith a photo of a fish taken in Lake Chelan. What is it?

H. C. Nicoll, Boise, Idaho.

ANSWER.

The fish taken by Mr. Nicoll in Lake Chelan is, as clearly shown by the photograph, the cusk or ling, *Lota maculosa*, the only freshwater member of the cod family in American waters.

It is variously known as ling, lake lawyer, burbot, and freshwater cusk; ling and cusk being the names most often heard in this country. It reaches a length of 2 feet or more and occurs in lakes and sluggish streams in New England, the Great Lakes region, North to the Arctic seas and West to Bering straits. It also occurs in the headwaters of the Missouri where I found it in Red Rock lake and Red Rock river in 1891.



CUSK; LING; *LOTA MACULOSA* (*La Sueur*).

In 1892, Dr. C. H. Eigenmann reported it from the Red river of the North at Winnipeg, the Missouri river at Craig, the Saskatchewan at Calgary, the Fraser river at Sicamous, and the Columbia river at Golden.

While at Lake Chelan in August, 1898, I learned of its presence in that lake. It was said to be occasionally taken there and to attain a length of 2.5 feet and a weight of 12 pounds or more. It is regarded as a deep water fish and most of the specimens seen have been found dead on the beach.

On October 8, 1898, Mr. C. Robinson, of Chelan, reported to the United States Fish Commission the finding of a large fish floating in Lake Chelan. His description shows that it was a cusk. This example was 32 inches long from snout to tip of tail, and is one of the largest known.

The fishes of Lake Chelan have never been collected or studied, but in looking over my notes I find I have memoranda concerning the occurrence of at least 9 species in that lake, as follows:

1. *Catostomus macrochelius* (Girard). "Sucker"; Columbia river sucker. Common.

2. *Catostomus catostomus* (Forster). "Sucker"; red sucker.

This species probably also occurs in Lake Chelan, though no specimens were seen. I was told of a sucker which "collect in schools and swim at the surface, sticking their noses out." It is probably this species.

3. *Ptychocheilus oregonensis* (Richardson). "Squaw-fish." Abundant; reaches a good size and is not to be despised as a game fish, though as a food fish I cannot recommend it highly.

4. *Myochelius caurinus* (Richardson). Columbia river chub; "whitefish."

Another common minnow, smaller than the squawfish, but equally gamey for its size. I have seen this bony minnow served at the Demersville hotel, above Flathead lake, as "whitefish."

5. *Leuciscus balteatus* (Richardson). "Common minnow"; "silverside." Usually abundant, reaching a length of 5 or 6 inches.

6. *Coregonus williamsoni* (Girard). "Mountain herring"; Rocky mountain whitefish. Said to be common.

This is a true whitefish, and is the sweetest, most delicious pan fish found in the Rockies and Cascades. It reaches a weight of one to 4 pounds and, in the lakes, is usually found in moderately deep water except late in the fall, when it comes out into shallow water, in vast numbers in some places, to spawn. It is a good game fish. Its mouth is small and a small hook must be used.

7. *Salvelinus parkei* (Suckley). "Bull trout"; "charr." Abundant, and said to reach a weight of 6 to 9 pounds.

8. *Salmo clarkii* var.?

Local anglers speak of "lake trout," "brook trout," "rainbow trout," etc.

Whether these names all refer to one species cannot be stated. It is not unlikely that more than one species of *Salmo* occurs in Lake Chelan, but the matter can not be settled until series of specimens are critically studied.

That the rainbow trout occurs there is quite improbable. It is not certainly known from any point North of Southern Oregon.

9. *Lota maculosa* (Le Sueur). "Cusk"; ling; lake lawyer. Occasionally taken.

B. W. Evermann.

HE CLAIMS EXEMPTION.

Hon. W. B. Mershon,
East Saginaw, Mich.

Dear Sir: I am informed that you and W. S. Humphrey, James T. Keena and Waldo Avery caught 1,272 trout in 3 days. Is this report correct? Yours truly,

G. O. Shields, Edr. and Mgr.

ANSWER.

It is true, and I am anxious to know now whether knowing nothing more than that statement you would go ahead and put down these 4 names on your list of fish hogs.

Briefly stated, the facts are these: The fish were taken from a salmon stream away down on the Gaspé peninsula, some 1,300 miles from here; a stream along which I own 2 farms with salmon pools opposite, beside leasing other waters for which I have paid for a good many years an annual rental of $300 to $550—the latter figure for this last year. This rental is paid because there is good salmon fishing on the stream. Unfortunately, this year, the same as a good many other years, I have been prevented from going there during the salmon fishing season. Consequently I have paid the rental for nothing. By reason of its being a protected stream the natives are not allowed to fish it. Hence the trout or salmon that the anglers give them are greatly appreciated. Our trip was 12 days from Saginaw. We left the stream the evening of the eighth day after our arrival, one day being Sunday, when we did not fish. Our party consisted of the 4 men whose names you mentioned, and 8 guides. We did not have a trout to send to our friends, nor one to bring home with us. Neither did a single one spoil. We did save enough for the table use of our large party, but the balance of them were eagerly sought by the people of that region. At night, when we would come in, half a dozen men would be at the ice house with their baskets, asking for a mess of trout. Twice, the little children of a widow's numerous family were there, with their basket, for what to them was a welcome treat. Many times we would have to divide conscientiously, so as not to give one too many at the expense of another, for we had not enough to go around. The largest number of trout I took in one day was, I think, 39, though some of the other members of our party were more fortunate and got more. In the aggregate, the quantity is large, but this stream is 60 miles long and there was not another living soul beside our party fishing on it; and there probably will not be a dozen men there this year fishing for trout. It is literally alive with them. Now, are we fish hogs or not?

Yours truly,

W. B. Mershon.

To which I replied:

I am glad to have your explanation. That was exactly what I asked for and in fact I rarely criticise a man on the strength of a fishing or hunting record given in a local newspaper. Am well aware that these are frequently exaggerated. It seems that in your case the report was correct as to numbers and if you had left the fish on the bank to rot, as many men do, I should have considered it my duty to denounce you, even though you are a good friend of RECREATION, and a good friend of my friend, Mr. Cristadoro. However, you seem to have made a charitable use of the fish and are therefore entitled to the respect of all good people.

Then Mr. Mershon adds:

There are sometimes extenuating circumstances concerning big bags. Some of our friends here at home criticised us roundly for not having sent them some trout. We thought the people living on the stream were originally and by nature entitled to the fish, and instead of sending them away to friends of ours who certainly would appreciate them, we gave them away there. Had it not been for leasing to sportsmen that grand stream, the Cascapedia, I believe that by this time the salmon would have been practically exterminated there; and with those gone, next would have come the extermination of the trout. Those waters are now a vast breeding reservoir which I hope may last for all time. I know the portion rented by me, through a series of years, has not been fished, on an average, 2 years out of 3. Yours truly,

W. B. Mershon.

IN DEFENSE OF THE STEEL ROD.

In looking over my April copy I notice an article by F. G. Warner, Hartford, Conn., condemning the Bristol steel rod. It would seem that he has had little or no experience with this rod or he would never make the assertion he does. I honestly believe that with one of the best bamboo rods in the market a man can cast a fly but a few feet farther than with a steel rod. That is the one and the only concession I have to make to the 16-strip, waterproof, glued, silk-wound, greenheart tipped and greener headed novice who invests in one for catching fish. As you personally know, Mr. Editor, I have been fishing the best waters of the North and Northwest, for trout, bass and salmon trout, for the last 25 years, and have used all kinds of rods, reels, and baits. Have given them the fairest tests possible and to-day I use none but a steel rod. They certainly would be a good investment for any sportsman, or for a fish hog, either; for he could keep right on catching fish while the man with the bamboo rod would be sitting in the shade mending it. In the rifle scabbard hanging on my saddle, under this tree where I write, is a steel bass rod 10½ feet long, that I have owned and used every season for 10 years. I put it in the scabbard alongside of the rifle and wiping stick, and have carried it thousands of miles that way, in perfect safety; where the man with the "everlasting and eternally" split bamboo would have to carry a small grooved stick of cordwood, and carry it carefully, to protect his silk-wound hobby. I consider the steel rod far superior to the average split bamboo rod in the matter of elasticity; it certainly has a great advantage in strength. As you know, our fishing here is mostly for rainbow and dolly varden trout, and it is no uncommon thing to have 2 of them on at once, weighing each 2 to 4 pounds. With "Old Bristol" I can land both, where the man with the bamboo treasure would likely have it totally wrecked at the strike. If he saved his fish at all he would have to haul them in hand over hand, as he would a Snake river sturgeon. As to a steel rod breaking. It may happen at times; but I have never known or seen one to break. Have landed 15 pound salmon trout with mine and it was not even warped.

There are very few streams here that I cannot cast a fly across. The steel rod certainly has the advantage among the brush. All the experts who have used my rod like it and praise it. They praise it for its light touch and its strength. To my personal knowledge it has been the one sole advertisement that has made the sale of over 20 steel rods, all to practical trout anglers, in Idaho and Montana. So far as I know all these men have been not only satisfied but highly pleased with their steel rods.

A Bristol steel rod is like an old Sharp's rifle, or a Cheyenne saddle—always to be depended on, no matter what kind of a round up you are on.

Every summer when on my prospecting trips in the mountains I consider my steel rod as much a part of my outfit as my rifle, pick, or gold pan. When I go out next fall, to civilization, I shall have my films developed, and then will send you a picture showing what a steel rod did with a salmon trout, while Mr. Warner was catching mummychogs with his split bamboo.

Mack W. Miner, Banner, Idaho.

A peculiar looking fish was caught last week by Andrew Nelson, near McCarty's point, and as yet no true name has been found for it. It measures 5 feet 8 inches long, and at its head and back from it for about 18 inches it is about 8 inches in diameter, and from there tapers gradually to its tail. It has a large fin running the entire length of its back, and has a large mouth, thickly studded with 2 rows of sharp teeth. Its throat is small and its body is without scales.—*California paper.*

This description is too brief and indefinite for positive identification. It is almost certain, however, that the fish was a specimen of the wolf-fish, whose scientific name is *Alepisaurus æsculapias.*

This is a large, ferocious fish occasionally taken on our Pacific coast. The type of the species was speared at Unalaska by Robert King about 1882. Another was obtained at the same place by Dr. W. H. Dall. One was taken off Humboldt bay, California, by A. J. Wiley and J. B. Brown, and recently a fine specimen came ashore near San Luis Obispo, Cal.

That it is one of the most ferocious fishes is evidenced by its remarkable teeth as well as by the stomach contents. The stomach of the example caught by Mr. King contained 21 individuals of another fish, *Eumicrotremus orbis.*

The wolf-fish is not well represented in the museums of the world and every specimen caught should be preserved. Specimens taken in the Puget sound region should be sent to the state university at Seattle or to Stanford university, Cal. B. W. E.

SWINE AMONG THE SALMON.

R. E. Miller and Joseph McCowan may relate tales of their prowess as fishermen with impunity. They have the evidence to prove their case. During one week at Capitola they caught 87 salmon, spending in all 15 hours with the rod. Their best catch for one day was 24, the largest weighing 38 pounds and the smallest 9 ounces. This is the banner catch of the season on Monterey Bay.

And this is what Mr. Miller says about it, in reply to an inquiry:

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 29, 1899.

Replying to yours of August 24th, Mr. Joseph McKown and I spent 2 weeks at Capitola, on Monterey bay. We spent 11 mornings fishing with rod and reel, starting at about 6:30 a. m., and getting back to the wharf about 11:30 a. m. Our total catch was 167 fish, weighing from 4 to 38 pounds. We caught one salmon weighing 9 ounces, which is something rarely done with hook and line. Our best catch was 27 fish for one morning.

Yours truly,
R. E. Miller.

You are another specimen of the back-number "fishermen" who still indulge in such slaughter as you have here recorded. Like some others of your class you would no doubt claim that because you fished in salt water, that because the fish were plentiful for the time being and because you had the opportunity, it was all right for you to make hogs of yourselves. Fortunately your class is growing smaller every year and it is gratifying to know that in a few years will be entirely extinct.

EDITOR.

A MINISTER WHO SHOULD REFORM.

In answer to your inquiry: On June 22d my friend, Mr. Rogers, of this city, and I left for Black River Falls, Wis. We reached there Thursday evening. Friday morning in company with R. C. Jones, of Black River Falls, we started on a fishing trip. We visited 4 streams and fished 7 hours. The rest of the time, up to Saturday about 5 p. m., we spent on the road and in visiting. In this time we caught 275 trout. Most of them were about 6 inches long. Some were a little longer and several weighed ½ pound each. The first of the week we spent a few hours by another stream and took home 75 good fish. The streams we fished in are spring brooks and quite small. Bait used, angle worms.

B. L. Prescott, Pastor Baptist Church, Morris, Ill.

Why should you take so many fish? Trying to clean out the streams so no one else can get any trout from them? As a minister of the gospel you should have learned that selfishness is a sin.

EDITOR.

SOME NEW BRUNSWICK HOGS.

Archie Hale, his cousin, and John Colter, councillor for Northampton, N. B., went fishing back of Windsor, on the North branch of the Nashwaak. They fished the stream some 10 miles and caught between 700 and 800 trout, some weighing a pound and a half.—*Woodstock Dispatch.*

I wrote Mr. Colter to ask if this report were true and this is what he says:

Mr. Hall and I intended making another trip to that country before giving you a report, but as the weather has been very disagreeable we concluded to postpone the trip until next season. You can catch as many fish here as you like. In fact we were never in so good a locality for trout fishing before.

As far as the count of the catch is concerned we can catch that many again in less time, for we know better where to go.

John Colter, Woodstock, N. B.

I hope you may never go again unless you can make up your minds to quit when you get a reasonable number of fish. Don't waste them because they are plentiful.

EDITOR.

NIBBLES.

One W. W. King, of St. Louis, who writes D.D. after his name, went to the Boyne river, Michigan, in August last, for a few days' trout fishing. He returned to the hotel at night with a pail full of fingerlings. Deputy Game Warden A. L. Colter, who has made an excellent record in his work during the past year, was on hand and inspected the doctor's catch. He found 18 of the fish under the legal size—6 inches—and thereupon invited the doctor to walk up to the judge's office and settle. Justice McCartney fined the reverend gentleman $5 and costs, amounting in all to $14.45. It is safe to say that hereafter when Dr. King goes after trout he will carry his rule along, as well as his rod.

G. M. Still, of this city, recently caught in Lake Ronkonkomo a wall-eyed pike 28 inches long, which weighed 7¼ pounds the next day after being taken from the water. Mr. Still brought the fish to this office and it was indeed a lusty, healthy specimen. A number of good pike and black bass are caught in that lake each year.

Two men were recently drowned near Joliet, Ill., while seining, in violation of law. Served them right.

Have you a friend anywhere in the woods, in the mountains or on the farm, who longs for something to read in the long winter evenings, or in the long summer days? Send him RECREATION. It will please him a whole year and he will rise up and call you blessed. And it only costs you $1.

In answering ads always mention RECREATION.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

HOW FAR WILL A SHOTGUN KILL?

In a recent issue of RECREATION Mr. Steel asks for information regarding Parker guns. Mr. McGraw also asks about single barrel guns. These questions came up in our gun clubs: "How far can a shotgun be made to kill?"

"What is the best long distance load?"

"What sizes of shot are best for sportsmen?"

"What powder?"

To solve these problems, a long and careful series of tests were made with Parker, Lefever, Ithaca, Forehand, Remington, Winchester, Syracuse, Davenport, Dickerman and Baker guns—single, double and triple barrel. Also with Greener, Scott, Daly, Clabrough, Bonehill, and other foreign makes. We began with black powders, made each gun do its best, under the immediate supervision of its owner and, after it was shot out—that is its utmost range exhausted—passed to another, until the best in each was ascertained.

The targets were white pine, 3 feet square and ⅛ inch thick. The shells were brass and paper, of all grades. If a sportsman had a load he claimed had more kill in it than any other a committee stayed with him until he had shot his load at all distances and actual results were noted.

Game killers of renown were bulldozed until their guns and loads were thoroughly tested, as well as their method of loading.

The targets were placed at 40, 50, 65, 80 and 100 measured yards. The shells were loaded with the same measure, a Dixon, with 3¼, 3½, 3¾, 4, 4¼, 4½ and 4¾ drams of (black powder) Dupont or King's shotgun powders, for 12 bores, and up to 6 drams black powder for 10 bores. Shot 1, 1⅛, and 1¼ ounces of Nos. 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, and 2. Various waddings were tried faithfully. The trials extended over a whole season, and the expense, especially for the targets, was prodigious.

To avoid being tedious I present only conclusions. Dupont, No. 5, choke bore, and F. G. gave the best penetration at 100 yards. The foreign guns were all shot out of the contest after the target passed 80 yards, though the Scott gun cost $250 and the Greener was not of a cheap grade.

The laminated steel guns had more penetration than any other grade, when extremely heavy loads were used. The wadding that had greatest penetration was a pink edge on powder; a soft merino expanding wad on the pink edge; another pink edge on the soft wad; then the shot; then ½ a black edge on the shot.

The general conclusion of the club was that sufficient powder to drive No. 6 shot through a white pine target ⅛ inch thick at 65 yards was a good all-round field load, having all the penetration necessary. A 12 bore Parker gun with 4¾ drams of black powder put No. 4 shot through the target at 100 yards, and for ducks, turkeys, and geese is a good, reliable load, though 4¼ drams seems to be the more desirable load for general purposes and makes a good field load for a 10 bore.

Before the trials had progressed far it became evident that a heavy breech on a gun influenced the shooting more than general weight. For instance, a fine Lefever, weighing 8¾ pounds, with 2⅝ inch breech, easily outclassed another equally fine Lefever of same weight, but with 2⅜ breech; and from the result of the trials I think no 12 bore guns should measure less than 2⅜ inches across breech. Such guns can be had weighing as low as 7½ pounds, though better 8. A 10 bore should not measure less than 2½ inches nor weigh less than 8½ pounds.

Each gun tested seemed to have a load at which it did its best, and an increase of powder did not increase its penetration. This load varied in the different barrels of the same gun. Some of the lighter guns shot larger loads of powder than well made heavy guns; though thickness of breech as well as quality of metal had something to do with this.

In the 12 bores powder was increased to 5¼ drams and did not increase penetration, after the gun's best load was passed. An 8 pound Parker, with 4¾ drams black powder, stuck No. 4 shot fast to the target at 120 yards, and 15 shot struck the target out of 1⅛ ounces. A 10 bore gun, $125 grade, made the best pattern at 100 yards, though a 12 bore Parker, $65 grade, had more penetration. When good guns were loaded all they would bear the 12 bores had slightly greater penetration.

The best shooting, at long range, was done with a 10 bore Parker, barrels 24 inches long, weight 11 pounds. This gun, with 5½ drams powder, would shoot No. 2 shot through a ½ inch board, at 100 yards.

None of the foreign guns we tried were of any value after the target passed 80 yards. When, however, it came to using smokeless powder one of these, one foreign made, outclassed anything then on the ground. The smokeless powders were tested from 2½ drams to 4 drams in 12 bores, and up to 4½ drams in 10 bores. Four guns were blown up with smokeless powder. One man was badly hurt.

The 12 bore guns had more penetration with smokeless powder than the 10's.

No. 7 shot is generally preferred by our members for hunting; though No. 5 has many admirers among squirrel and duck shooters. The smokeless powder tested was Schultz, E. C., Wood, and Dupont. Most of our men now shoot Dupont's, claiming it is easier on the gun.

To sum up: The American guns outshot at long range, with black powder, everything in the test. The best penetration (counting out the big duck gun) was made with a 12 bore, laminated steel Parker, 28 inch barrels, loaded with 4¾ drams Dupont's No. 5 choke bore powder; two pink edge and an expanding wad, to hold gas; gun 2⅜ inches across breech; weight 8 pounds.

A close second, with more shot in the target, but not quite so much penetration, was a 10 bore Colt with 5 drams of powder. Gun 2½ inches across breech.

The gun most popular here now is the Ithaca. They make a good gun, and a handsome model at a low cost. A 10 bore Ithaca, 2½ inches across frame, weighs less than 8½ pounds and is a good shooter. In fact this size and weight of gun is the best of all models for hunting. The handsomest modeled gun in our country is a Lefever, 10 bore, that will make a sportsman's mouth water to look at it. Weight 8¾ pounds, 2⅝ inches across breech, the largest breech for such a light weight I ever saw. The happy owner killed 49 out of 50 pigeons at Reading, and intimated he let the one go for seed. The Syracuse company is coming to the front with a finely modeled gun, but I never saw one tested to the limit.

The best single barrel gun was a Winchester, lever action, 7¾ pounds; a strong gun and a close shooter.

The best hammerless single barrel was a Dickerman. It was as well made as any double gun of its class.

The best cheap gun was a Shattuck.

There is no intention to reflect on any maker of guns. I simply record the facts as they came out, after long repeated and expensive trials.

I have quit lending my RECREATION. A lot of shooters who ought to subscribe were borrowing it. Now, when I think a man ought to be a subscriber I buy an extra copy, look up an article that will fit him, make a present of it and tell him to keep it going a while. Don't know if it is a good plan but any who like it may try it.

W. H. Mullins makes a duck boat that if made in sizes would be the best boat in the world to cruise in. The present one is rather small.

J. A. Elliott, Northumberland, Pa.

I sent a proof of the foregoing to the advertising agent of the house which handles a certain gun and 2 brands of powder that were prominently discussed in Dr. Elliott's report, with the suggestion that if they wished me to give them the benefit of this report it would be well for them to advertise in RECREATION. Here is the agent's reply:

I submitted Dr. Elliott's article to Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold, who are the agents of the Schultze powder and the Francotte gun, and they say it is rot from beginning to end; that such tests were never made. They say it would take a man a lifetime to make them properly. It looks very much as if this entire report were made out of whole cloth.

I sent this letter to Dr. Elliott with the request that he procure statements from the other officers and members of his club as to the accuracy of his report. Here is his reply and that of his associates:

Northumberland, Pa., Aug. 3, 1899.

Editor RECREATION:

It is an easy matter for a man 250 miles away to insinuate that another is a liar, but I don't believe he would say it in my presence. I send reports from those easiest to reach, who were at the trials or who shot their guns in it. I loaded each shell in the presence of a witness, to place the matter beyond dispute.

The fine Lefever referred to is owned by Mr. Abercrombie, resident engineer of the Pennsylvania railroad office. The Scott was the property of John Taggart, who was recently killed at Stone Gap, Va. He was a good fellow and I don't believe he would lie about the price of the gun. Mr. Nesbit, who owned the 10 bore, is a near neighbor. Mr. Peck, president of our club, is a prominent business man and pays his way wherever he goes. Burke, the captain of the team, is a capital shot, and loves a match as he does his wife. He loaded the nitro powder that did best. He owned the gun.

I trust I have injured nobody in my report. I stated the facts exactly as they were adduced. What motive could I have for deceiving any one? I could tell (and prove) of guns returned to certain makers for misrepresentations as to their capabilities, but do not deem that necessary. Mr. Peck tells me the price of the Greener that was defeated by an American gun was $175. I send written notes from 3 persons, whose guns won. They were, with the exception of Jones (who saw most of the shells loaded) on the team.

I also send notes from 2 of the men who blew up guns with Schultze powder. The other, William Dunkleberger, is now at Winfield, Union county, Pa. His thumb was blown off.

There is but one other charge to meet: i. e., "Acting for Parker." I am not connected with any gun firm. The 2 Parker guns referred to are Nos. 50,397 and 52,811. I bought them from Van Alen Co. & Waples, of this place, and paid all they asked for them. You may write any subscriber you have in this place to come to me and I will show him the targets, and introduce him to the men who shot them.

J. A. Elliott, M.D.

P. S. Please arrange my article so no tenderfoot will mistake the black for the nitro and blow his head off. J. A. E.

Northumberland, Pa.

I was present when a number of targets spoken of by Dr. J. A. Elliott were made. He was our secretary and I was president of the Northumberland Gun club at the time. I furnished one of the guns tested, and having seen the different targets made and knowing the witnesses present at the different tests to be truthful men, most of them members of our club, I have no doubt whatever as to the correctness of Dr. Elliott's report.

S. A. Peck.

I assisted Dr. Elliott in his examination and experiments, to get the exact value of shotguns. I used for him a fine 10 bore gun, as also the other gun he speaks of, which I owned. He loaded some of the shells, but I loaded those he speaks of containing 3¾ drams of smokeless, because at that time mine was the only gun in town safe for such loads.

T. D. Bunker, Capt. N. G. C.
Northumberland, Pa.

I was with Dr. Elliott, saw him load the shells and helped shoot the targets he speaks of in his article. I owned a fine Parker in which I shot 4 to 6 drams black powder and various sizes of shot for him. He is still at this targeting. I saw the 40 inch, 10 bore gun targeted and have this day examined the wooden targets he has at his office. I know them to be the same I made. This article is just as events happened and his comments are correct. I was present when the 12 bore Parker put the No. 4 shot through the target at 100 yards, and believe that had the shot struck a quail or grouse, at that distance, it would have killed.

W. W. Jones, Member N. G. Club.

I shot some of the targets written about by Dr. Elliott, our club secretary, and know he was targeting a long time with other club members. Have seen the targets he has, and can easily recognize those I made.

William Allen, Member N. G. C.,
Northumberland, Pa.

I owned the 10 bore gun mentioned by Dr. Elliott and shot it at the target myself. He loaded the shells for me and the targets he now has are those made by me. His report is correct. The distance was 100 and 120 yards.

C. R. Nesbit, Treasurer N. G. C.,
Northumberland, Pa.

These statements will satisfy all fair-minded men that Dr. Elliott's report is correct, notwithstanding the ill-natured assertion of the agents of the gun which came out behind. EDITOR.

SHOT CARTRIDGES FOR RIFLES.

Answering Mr. Tarr, who asks about shot cartridges for a rifle: I have made some by rolling up wet linen paper, as for bullet patching, and twisting the ends. They do as good work as wood cases and will not lead the barrel, but shot scatter so much from quick twist guns like the .32-40 and .38-55, that they are of little use except at close range. A small bird can be secured if not over 15 or 20 yards away, and that is about all. I would advise Mr. T. to use a light bullet and small charge of powder for squirrel hunting, rather than attempt to secure this game with rifle shot shells. I adopt this plan with my .40-90, which, I think, with the loads I use, comes as near to the long sought "all around" rifle as anything I have seen. My hunting bullets are 90, 150 and 260 grains, grooved. For target I use the 90 and 150, grooved; and 330 and 370, patched. These bullets with proportionate charges of powder adapt this gun to a great variety of work. To those who object that my rifle is a single shot I will only say that is all you need if you practice and don't depend on hitting your game by accident.

Most of your readers praise Lyman sights. I bought a set last fall, combination front and rear, and do not see that they improve my shooting. I can use my open sights much later in the evening. A twig catching on the combination sight is likely to turn up the nut and cause an over shot. However, I do not mind this fault so much, as it is generally conceded by shooters, it furnishes me an excuse for many misses for which I could not otherwise account to my friends.

Alfred Smith, Schenectady, N. Y.

THAT SPECIAL 40-CALIBRE RIFLE.

Buffalo, Wyo.

Editor RECREATION: I was much interested in a description of the .40-calibre rifle in April RECREATION. The writer remarks that the penetration (17 inches of oak at 500 yards) is amazing. So it is, but the trajectory he gives is still more so. The 500-yards trajectory (15 inches) is impossible and inconsistent with that at 200 (1¾ inches), for that means it does not lose so much velocity relatively as the .30-40 between these 2 distances. That is not possible, as the length of the bullet (300 gr.) in proportion to its diameter is not so great as that of the .30-40. Therefore its co-efficient of air resistance is smaller, as is shown by dividing the square of the diameter by the weight $\left(\frac{d2}{w}\right)$. If it were a 400-gr. bullet, which was propelled with the same velocity (about 3,000 f. s. your correspondent suggests), then the 2 trajectories given would be nearly consistent. But this would cause much greater pressure in the chamber and necessitate a still heavier rifle than 9½ pounds.

An English firm, making a rifle firing a 400-gr. bullet of .40-calibre, with m. v. of 2,000 f. s., state in their catalogue that 66 grains of cordite powder and the shorter bullet do not give such a high pressure and recoil as 55 grains (their regular), with the long 400-gr. bullet. Cordite is the English government powder, and resembles the new powder mentioned by E. H. L., in April RECREATION, in that it is made in long strings and cut into exact sizes. This, I think, has a decided advantage for loading over some flaky powders, such as Walsrode, which cling to the charge cup. May I ask "40-Calibre" what kind of powder Wettern is, and what 75 grains is equal to in black? I give some figures, which may be interesting as bearing on the trajectory of this special rifle. They are partly taken from "Notes on the Rifle," by Capt. Fremantle (published by Vinton & Co., London), an eminently readable book.

Cal.	Bullet.	Velocity	$\frac{d2}{w}$	Trajectory.	
	grs.	at muzzle.		300 yds.	500 yds.
.30-40	220	2,060	2.989	14.14 in.	4 ft. 1
.40-75 (Special)	300	3,000 (?)	3.733	4.75 in.	15 in.

It will be noticed that the height of the curve of the government bullet at 500 is about 3½ times that at 200, the .40 special being made to increase to the same extent between the 2 ranges.

The following figures give a clue to the right trajectory at 500 for this .40 rifle:

Cal.	Bullet.	Velocity.	$\frac{d2}{w}$	Trajectory.	
				300 yds.	500 yds.
.450 (Martini Henry)	480	1,300	2.953	2 ft. 7½	8 ft. 4
.500 (Express)	444	1,800	3.941	2 ft. 1	8 ft. 7

I see ".40-Calibre" hints at the possibilities of 1,000-yard shooting with the rifle, but let me tell him that even the 6 mm. U. S. Navy rifle has, owing to its shorter bullet, a nearly similar trajectory at that distance to the .30-40, in spite of its extra 500 f. s. muzzle velocity. So I doubt if his bullet would be even accurate at that range, being shorter still in proportion. Had your correspondent heard of the Mauser .275 sporting rifle before he procured his present one I believe it would have satisfied him. With its velocity of 2,400 f. s. it has an energy of 2,230 ft. lbs. That of the .30-40 is 1,907 (nearly), and, to go to black powder guns, that of the .38-72 275 ('95 model, Winchester) is 1,110 ft. lbs. The trajectory of the Mauser, too, is only 10½ inches at 300 yards, 3 feet at 500 and about 21 feet at 1,000 yards. That is giving it the same figures as the Mannlicher .286 rifle, which is practically the same in velocity and length of bullet. This rifle of this calibre does not seem to be known in this country. It is extremely popular in England among deerstalkers.

Could one of your military readers who has been on service lately inform me whether there was much volley firing at 1,000 yards (or over), with any success? I believe an error in judgment in distance of 25 yards at that range will send the .30-40 bullet 3½ feet above the point aimed at. Are range finders used in warfare? If not, how would this new .400 rifle do for a military rifle, or one of .360 bore on same system, limiting soldiers' practice to 600 yards? Is there any match shooting at 800 to 1,000 yards in America now? I was a member of a long-range team in England. This class is restricted to government weapons now—that is, at the Bisley meeting.

I see mention in April RECREATION of a bushing chamber for the .30-30 to fit the .32 "short" into. I had a similar "bush" made for my .22 1-3 rifle to take a shorter English cartridge, and I recorded its success in the London Field. A "breech adaptor" for the use of a short cartridge (special) has also been designed for the .303 British by a London firm; the only difference being that the short cartridge is pushed right in and the bullet rests in the rifling; there is a long striker fitted in the adaptor.

In answer to the inquiry re drift of .236 bullet, it will be a little more than the .30-40, which drifts about 1 foot 6 inches at 1,000 yards.

J. B. Pybus.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE WINCHESTER PEOPLE.

Armington, Mont.

Editor RECREATION:—Recognizing RECREATION as the only magazine through which the gun crank can get his ideas before the public, I will attempt to outline what I believe would be improvements on different arms now on the market.

Why do manufacturers persist in making small caliber rifles on frames designed for larger ones? Is it a matter of economy, or do they think shooters prefer to have a .25 or .32 as heavy and bulky as a .44 or .45? The first named could be 2 pounds lighter than they are, and still be just as effective.

For years the '73 model .44-40 and .38-40 were the most popular repeaters. They weighed 8¾ to 9 pounds. Later the .32-20 and .22 were made to the same frames as the others, and the only changes required were in carrier, magazine and breech bolt. But what was the result? These guns—most excellent, barring their objectionable weight—weighed more by several ounces than the .44's.

The Winchester Co. has reduced the weight of the model '90 .22, to 5¾ pounds. It has a receiver proportioned to its cartridge. The '73 .22, made on the receiver of a .44, weighed 9 pounds or over. The model '92 Winchester is the best medium size repeater on the market. The .38 and the .44 weigh but 6¾ pounds. But the Winchester Co. continues building .25-20's on .44 receivers, and they weigh 7 to 7½ pounds.

It is necessary to use the same receiver on the .38 as the .44 because both shells have the same head diameter. No such necessity exists as regards the .25-20 and .32-20. The head diameter of those shells is identical and what would handle one would handle the other. Neither rifle, made on properly proportioned receivers, need weigh more than 5¾ pounds. Receiver, barrel, fore end and stock could be considerably lightened with no lessening of strength.

Another mistake is made in the fore ends used. They are too large. On nearly all repeaters the front of receiver could be made smaller, which would result in a smaller fore end. A gun is more often carried in the hand than on the shoulder; and a small, shapely fore end that fits the hand nicely is an improvement anxiously looked for by many. The model '94 Winchester, I think, is the best balanced, best proportioned repeater made; yet if the receiver was a trifle smaller it would be vastly better.

What I have said regarding rifles applies as well to the mistake of making .32-20 revolvers on .45 frames. The .32-20 could be made to weigh 12 or 14 ounces less than it now does, and 10 would be sold where one is now.

Mr. M. W. Miner, whose articles I look for anxiously, in writing of the .32-20, closed by asking why we could not have a .22 caliber smokeless rifle to use, if I remember rightly, 10 or 12 grains of powder and an 86-grain bullet. Such a gun would be welcomed by many; but a .25, to use 15 grains Du Pont .30 caliber smokeless powder and a 75 grain metal patched bullet in a headless shell, and made by the Winchester Co. on the same lines as their model '92, but with a small receiver and nickel steel barrel, would be the gun of guns. The cartridge proposed would, I think, be extremely accurate up to 500 yards. I do not expect the Marlin Co. to profit by any of the above suggestions, as I have never yet seen one of their repeaters that would repeat. I look to the Winchester Co. to help us gun cranks out.

Ho, you gun cranks that contribute to RECREATION! How many of you would buy such a gun as I have described?

A. A. Haines.

A BATCH OF ANSWERS.

I submit the following replies to questions asked in May RECREATION:

The gentleman who related his experience shooting woodchucks with charges from .22 short to .45-100-500 will find the .25-36 no less effective than most of the calibres he has tried and no more so than some of them. The result will still depend on distance and aim. An old hunter living on an island in Puget Sound shoots many black bears every summer with a single shot .22-13-45 Winchester. He thinks no man deserves to be called a hunter who would use anything larger.

Mr. McQueen, "Box Magazine," and others, seem to have difficulty in cleaning small bore rifles. Thorough cleaning will keep any rifle bright. First use brush, then rags, until every trace of dirt is removed. Then wipe out with any good rust repellant. Every rifle shooter should own a "government field cleaner," and draw it through his gun occasionally after the outing.

L. H. Tarr, of Auburn, Me., asks someone's experience with short cartridges in rifles. I have had some experience, but will not have any more. Short cartridges may be used in a rifle by a careful cleaner for a long time without doing much damage to the barrel, but it is better not to run the risk. Save your .32-40 and get a .22 rifle for squirrel shooting.

F. L. Bringhurst, Victor, Cal., asks concerning the .25-20 for a beginner. The .25-20 is O. K. for a beginner, or any one else for anything up to deer, and including cougar if the shooter is an expert marksman. These cartridges give fine results when reloaded with 7 or 8 grains Dupont's No. 1 rifle smokeless, or 17 grains F. G.

King's semi-smokeless. Wadding is not needed with shells which crimp. Shells should not require resizing until fixed many times.

M. E. Daniels, Kendallville, Ia., asks about the .38-55 for big game. I might give the reply which is apt for most rifles: It is O. K. when the shooter knows how to use it. I know of its good effect on moose, elk, cougar and bear. The best place to get big game is Wyoming and Montana. There are other places where it is plentiful, but the States named afford greater conveniences for reaching it.

E. L. Howe, Creswell, Ore., asks concerning possible injury to barrel of .30-30 by using lead bullets and black powder. There can be no injury if the bullet is cast hard enough, the powder charge not excessive and the wiper used often.

W. O'Connor, Ontario, N. Y.: A Savage .303 compares well with other modern rifles, but if you want a gun for squirrels and rabbits such a rifle would be entirely out of place. Get a Winchester, model '90, with fancy pistol grip stock and Lyman sights and taking the .22 W. R. F. cartridge. It will not cost so much as the Savage and is just the thing for your work.

F. E. W., Seattle, Wash.

WANTS A LONG RANGE SHOTGUN.

I have been a lover of wild fowling for 16 years and have never yet been satisfied with the range of any shotgun, especially when it came to goose shooting in the fall. The past 2 or 3 years geese have been extremely hard to kill. In the spring they are shy and are seldom brought down at short range. In the fall it is just as hard to kill them. There is not one secured now where hundreds were shot a few years ago. I have noticed the advancement of the rifle in range and death dealing power, but the shotgun seems to have reached its limit of development. Could not a gun be made with a small bore, heavy breech, long barrel with a long chamber and a cartridge in proportion like the .30-30, that would kill farther than the guns now made?

Such guns would be great for goose shooting. One has ample time to get in readiness for these birds, as they can be seen a long distance. Quick shooting is not required, but long range shooting is. I would like to see such a gun made. I would not expect it to throw as much shot as a 10 or 12 gauge. I would rather have ½ ounce thrown 100 yards with killing effect, than ½ pound thrown but 50 yards. I would have such a gun with single barrel, low hammer and perfectly plain finish.

T. W. Baker, Dakota, N. D.

OFF HAND SHOTS.

In May RECREATION, P. J. Bowker advises the use of acetone for cleansing .30 caliber rifles. I have never had trouble in cleaning my .30-40 Winchester; in fact, find it easier to clean than my .45-70. I dip the brush of a string cleaner in kerosene, draw it through the barrel from breech to muzzle 2 or 3 times, wipe dry with rag; then draw through the barrel a rag dipped in vaseline. This will keep your gun perfectly bright and clean. Why does Mr. Barron prefer the '94 to the '95 model for the .30-40 cartridges? Is is because it is lighter or does he think the latter model ungainly? I thought so until I used it, but have now entirely lost my prejudice against it.

F. A. Pollock, New York City.

In February RECREATION Mr. Avis explains the advantages of a repeating shotgun over a double barrel. I admit that it is a good, close shooting gun and just the thing for shooting wildly and rapidly into flocks of quails, ducks, etc. But for single birds it is not so good as a double gun, and it is absolutely useless for quick snap shots at woodcock or grouse. It does not come to the shoulder with that precision and perfection of balance which is to be found in the better grades of double guns. Besides, it needs great care in bad weather, or it will freeze up; and I have even known 2 cases where the cartridges exploded in the magazine. This was probably due to the fact that the primers were not properly seated in the shells.

Fred Loftus, Ellison, Ill.

I received the Savage rifle you sent me as a premium for a club of subscribers. It is one of the finest shooting rifles I have owned, and I have used nearly all of the best makes, and all calibers, from .22 to .45. The Savage is perfect in balance and the finish is as good as any I have seen. I have it on exhibition at my store and it is being much admired by rifle cranks, all of whom pronounce it a dandy. Several have told me they would get up clubs and get Savage rifles.

I shall get as many subscribers as possible for RECREATION, for every sportsman should read it and profit by its teachings.

W. J. Perry, Rockland, Me.

G. A. Mack's poetic roast of the smallbore cranks, in January RECREATION, is the richest hit of the season. Those monomaniacs are making the magazine a sort of exhaust valve through which they may blow off their high combustive gas. There is another kind of crank who should be given the ha! ha! until such time as he is hoist by his own petard—the explosive bullet enthusiast. The use of explosive bullets in warfare is prohibited by all nations as cruel and inhuman; it is still more barbaric to use them on animals. Their employment in lion, tiger, or rhinoceros shooting may be excusable, but the man who uses them on lesser game is either a lamentably poor shot, or a coward.

F. W. Hambledon, Tres Piedras, N. Mex.

In every issue of RECREATION I note with pleasure praises of the small bore shotgun. When I was a boy my uncle gave me a beautiful Parker gun. It is 16-bore, 36-inch barrels, and of the $80 grade. I have owned it 7 years, and have yet to find the tree that I cannot knock a squirrel out of with it, and in spite of its close shooting I bring down many quails. I have often killed a bird after it was beyond the range of my friend's gun. For squirrels I take 2½ drams powder and one ounce of No. 8 shot. I have used several guns, but can't find one that will beat my little Parker.

M. H. Brown, Phoenix, Miss.

I should like to ask your readers who use rifles taking the .25-25 Stevens cartridge a few questions. In how small a circle can the gun place, at 100 yards, 10 or more consecutive shots? At 200 yards? And at 300? Please give length, weight and make of rifle; also penetration secured. It would be interesting to know what kind of powder was used, size of grain, weight of charge and bullet. I have used the .25-20 single shot and repeating Winchesters. They are fine arms, but I think the .25-25 should be better.

A. A. Haines, Armington, Mont.

I should be glad to have some readers answer the following questions in regard to repeating shotguns:

1. What advantages have they over double guns?
2. Are they as safe?
3. Do they wear as well?
4. Is there much liability of jamming?
5. Did you ever know one to burst?
6. What is your favorite make?
7. Have you used any others?
8. Do you think they are as useful as a double gun for general use?

G. R. Rucker, Checotah, Ind Ter.

I have hunted in South Missouri and Arkansas 3 seasons, and the only rifle I saw used there was the Winchester. The calibres used were the .40-60, .40-70 and .45-90. The .40-60 gave the best satisfaction, as it is a powerful gun and not so heavy as the .45-90. Deer always drop at the crack of the .40-60 Winchester if it is held on them. I have seen its bullet shot through iron ⅝ of an inch thick, at 25 yards; also through a 10-inch tree at the same distance, with black powder.

E. R. Newton, Alliance, O.

Has any reader had practical experience with a .32-.40, rifled for high-pressure smokeless powder, and using 36 to 40 grains Dupont's Government smokeless powder, with a paper patched cylindrical bullet? Or with a .32-40, rifled for low pressure smokeless Dupont No. 1 powder, but in which the above mentioned high-pressure ammunition has been used?

Otto Luhdorff, Visalia, Cal.

A friend sent me 4 circulars issued by Eley Bros., London, in 1868. These show cuts of a number of cartridges in use at that time, which are now entirely obsolete Among these are the old pin-fire cartridges, for both pistol and shotgun. Anyone interested in the study of such literature, and who will call here, may examine these circulars.

For birds and small game I use a Winchester .22, and for target work a .32-40 Ballard. I used the .22 until I was beaten by an opponent shooting a .44. My shot was ⅛ inch closer than his, but the scorer insisted on measuring from the edge of the shot holes instead of from their centers. So now, when match shooting, I use a .32-40.

James Marsh, Pittsburg, Pa.

How does the Remington semi-hammerless single gun compare with other single guns? Is there any hunting on Long Island; I mean ducks, s uirrels and quail, within 20 miles of Long Island City? Give it to the game hogs good and hot.

R. J. H., Flushing, L. I.

Will readers of RECREATION please answer?

To H. M. C., Storm Lake, Ia.: I had a Remington 12 gauge, and have killed ducks at fully 75 yards, with No. 8 shot. On one occasion I killed a lone mallard 110 yards away. My Remington was a dandy and I have never seen it beaten by high priced guns.

W. F. Monroe, Placerville, Cal.

Which is the better gun, the Savage .303, or Winchester .30-30? Is the Lee straight pull longer ranged than the Winchester, model '95, .30 U. S. A.? Can lead bullets and small charges of powder be used in the Lee gun?

J. P. West, Wyse's Ferry, S. C.

NATURAL HISTORY.

ALASKA PTARMIGAN.

There are 2 varieties of ptarmigan on the mountains of Southeast Alaska, the willow and the rock ptarmigan. The latter are found in great numbers, while willow ptarmigan are not so plentiful near the coast. In winter plumage the birds are snow white except that the tail feathers, 6 quills of the primaries, the bill, eyes and a streak from the corner of the mouth to ¼ inch beyond the eye, are black. The toenails, also, are black, with white tips. A small, red, crescent-shaped comb above the eye is more prominent in the male than in the female bird. The white plumage remains from October to June without perceptible change. Then the female birds take on the color of the country rock, and so kindly does nature screen them at this season that, though I have seen birds light on the rocks not 10 yards away, I have had to look several minutes before I could locate them. Were it not for the small, sparkling eyes and shining black bill for a starting point, I doubt if the form of the bird could be outlined by human eyes.

Eagles, hawks, wolves, lynx, and foxes are their natural enemies. They have no fear of man. During the mating season and later the male bird perches on some rock or prominent point and is constantly on the lookout for danger, of which he gives warning by making a grating sound. This sound can be clearly imitated by drawing a coarse comb over the edge of a board.

The female birds build their nest, if nest it can be called, on the ground, and lay 5 to 8 pure white eggs, rather pointed at one end. Whether they rear more than one brood in a season I cannot say; I have seen young birds in June, July, and August. Rock ptarmigan nest above timber line, sometimes not 5 yards from snow. They cannot be said to mate, although I have seen them in pairs during May. But let a female ptarmigan but flutter a wing in the nesting season and there will be several male grouse dancing quick attendance.

In summer they are found on mountain summits and favorite slopes that lie toward the sun; in winter, in the basins below timber line. During severe storms they go into the brush and sometimes make holes in the snow. In summer they feed on moss, berries, grass, buds, white millers, and spruce needles; in winter on the buds and needles of the dwarf spruce, and on the needles or broom of the spruce timber of the lower levels. To hunt them requires the skill and climbing ability of a trained Alpine mountaineer.

L. L. Bales, Alaska Guide, Juneau, Alaska.

CUTEREBRA EMASCULATOR IS THE RASCAL.

Greenville, Mich.

Editor RECREATION:

I have watched narrowly the letters in RECREATION regarding the mutilation of squirrels. It has been left to Dr. L. W. Eldredge, of Groton, N. Y., to give the correct solution.

It is well known to entomologists that a species of dermatobia, viz.: *Cuterebra emasculator,* works extensively on chipmunks and squirrels, confining itself more particularly to the testicles; hence its scientific name. The larvae of this parasite are not uncommon, but of the perfect fly little is known. A nearly allied species, *Cuterebra cuniculi,* works on the American hare, or as it is usually called rabbit. Although this insect, which is much larger, has not the disgusting propensity of its relative, it may serve to illustrate the one more particularly under consideration. Many sportsmen must have noticed the protuberances and sores on rabbits in the fall. In September, '94, I shot a rabbit and as I picked it up a large larva rolled out of a sac in the forepart of the body. I saved it and placed it in a box, where it duly transformed into a pupa, and the following May into the perfect insect—a large, bumble bee looking fly.

After making a careful color drawing of both chrysalis case and imago (I had previously done so of the larva), I presented the specimens to the Michigan agricultural college, where they now are, the fly being a great rarity. I was given credit by the first entomological journals as being one of the few, if not actually the first naturalist, to successfully rear the insect—the larvae of the family being more or less represented [illegible] alcohol—and I received letters on the subject from scientists in many parts of the world. Dr. Blanchard, president of the Zoological Society of France, who has made a lifelong study of the dermatobia, was particularly interested. I made him a fac-simile of my drawing; and the matter was extensively discussed at one of the regular bi-monthly sessions of the society and reported in its proceedings.

The dermatobia have representatives better known, notably the ox bot. Others work occasionally on the dog, various antelopes and deer, the elephant and rarely on man. With the exception of the oxbot fly, the perfect insects of all the others have been rarely taken. Could or would not some of the thousands of hunters who read Recreation obtain some of the larvae working on chipmunks and squirrels or rabbits, and either rear or send them to some active entomologically inclined friend, or to me? I would do my best to rear them and forward the creatures, if successful, as desired?

May not the accused squirrels have been really endeavoring to do a service to the persecuted victim, only at too late a period, when the insect having arrived at the first complete stage of its existence was about to emerge and was much more in evidence?

Percy Selous.

CANADA'S WILD BUFFALOES.

There are 2 factors which, taken together, may preserve for a century the scattered bands of wild buffaloes which to-day inhabit the desolate waste of bogs and rolling prairie Southwestward of Great Slave lake. One is the fact that that region is at all times difficult to penetrate, and the buffaloes exceedingly difficult to find. A number of bold and determined white hunters, both American and English, have entered it in search of buffalo, only to return empty-handed and "heap hungry."

The other is the fact that the Canadian government has determined to protect those buffaloes. Three years ago the first law of that nature was enacted, and although it expires at the end of this year, a Toronto correspondent reports that its reënactment is reasonably certain.

It is to be hoped that Canada will do for her last wild buffaloes what our government did not do for ours,—protect them. With a herd of 300 head in our National Park, which a very minimum of intelligent effort and expenditure could have preserved, the lousy poachers were allowed to slaughter them at will. Beyond all question, a republican government is a poor machine for the preservation of wild creatures. In the matter of adequate laws and their proper enforcement on our public domain, and in Alaska, this nation is yet in its infancy. The Yellowstone Park buffaloes were murdered because our national lawmakers either did not know how to govern the park, or did not know enough to care about it.

I wish Canada abundant success in the preservation of her last remnant of the bison millions. There is no reason why any man, white or red, should be permitted to kill a single one of the 150 head that remain, and I hope she will be as rigid in her protective measures as we have been lax. If Canada once makes up her mind that all her valuable game animals shall be protected by law, and preserved from extermination, beyond a doubt they will be protected "to the queen's taste."

W. T. Hornaday, New York City.

SQUIRRELS, CUCKOOS AND ORIOLES.

The common striped squirrel, or chickaree, carries about with it the larva of a parasite beetle, which deposits its egg in the testicle of its victim, where it grows to a large size. It is jet black, and ringed with coarse segments. No doubt gray squirrels are as frequent sufferers from the same cause, though I have no positive evidence to that effect. Evidence, however, can be easily had; and the "wolves," as Northern hunters call the parasite grubs, are plenty enough. A house cat, fond of squirrels, threw off an overloaded stomach the half-digested remains of 3 or 4, in which I counted 8 "wolves," 5 still alive. If those who admire red squirrels could live nearer to them they would know them for mischievous, omnivorous pests that should be classed with vermin.

People in the country are having an object lesson this summer, but good as the school is for fools, they refuse to be taught. The crows, that would have fattened on the forest caterpillar and other worms, are nearly all killed, and worms make life a burden.

Not all bird nests are robbed by cats, snakes, or squirrels. The cuckoo carries off all the young birds it can find. One pair cleaned out 3 robins' nests in my yard within a week, in spite of the efforts of the parent birds and all their friends. But in my experience the meanest egg sucker of all birds is the orchard oriole. If you find a nest of crushed eggs you will perhaps recall the day you heard an oriole whistling in the vicinity, and maybe you wished he lived a little nearer. He lived near enough to use your trees for his bird nesting expeditions. Watch him a little, and see if it is not so.

Lawrence Shanny, New Russia, N. Y.

In the August issue of your valuable magazine I see a request by F. S. Tufts, Winchester, Mass., for a method of "lining" bees. If Mr. Tufts will cut a piece of broom handle about 12 inches long, nail a small piece of board about 3 inches square on one end and sharpen the other end he will have the only implement necessary. He should then mix a sticky mass of sugar and water, proceed to an open field where he can be reasonably sure of finding some of the honey-makers at work, drive the sharp end of his stick firmly into the ground, smear some of his sugar paste on the square top, and settle himself for a quiet wait. If bees are working in his locality they will soon be after his sugar. Having gathered a load they will rise slowly upward a few feet and then head for home. By watching the direction taken and moving accordingly Mr. Tufts will eventually find either a bee tree in the woods or a beehive in a farm yard, as the bees may be wild or not. Should a hive be the objective point all that remains for Mr. Tufts to do is to look for bees going in another direction and try again, with the chances equally in favor of another hive.

By touching a bee on the back with a particle of the wet sugar on a spear of grass, he can be recognized on his return (for come he will) and the hunter can then move a greater or less distance according to whether the bee was gone a long or a short time.

I know a good thing when I see it, and do not intend to miss any number of RECREATION, as I am much taken with it.

J. H. M., Jersey City, N. J.

NOTES ON WARBLERS OF KALASKA, MICH.

Birds of this class are so shy and retiring in their habits that the ordinary observer is not acquainted with more than one or 2 species. Mr. Morse, state game warden, kindly granted me a permit to take one pair each of all birds found in this county, with a few exceptions. I have thus far found the following warblers:

Black throated green warbler, *Dendroica virens.* Common, though not abundant. Not known to breed, though resident all summer.

Black throated blue warbler, *Dendroica cærulescens.* Our most common warbler. Breeds; nests usually in ground hemlock, not more than 4 feet from the ground. Nests in June. Eggs usually 4, white with a tinge of pink, specked lightly with brown.

Nashville warbler, *Helminthophila ruficapilla.* Common; migrant; not known to breed in this county.

Chestnut sided warbler, *Dendroica pensylvanica.* Abundant; breeds; nests in low bushes, beech or maple in June. Eggs usually 4, white specked with brown. Found a nest of fresh eggs June 28, '99.

Blackburnian warbler, *Dendroica blackburniæ.* Common near or in swamps. Not known to breed in the county.

Morning warbler, *Geothlypis philadelphia.* Not very common. Have never found it nesting.

Nearly all of the above are victims of the cowbird. On May 28, '99, I found a nest of chestnut sided warbler, containing 2 of its own eggs and 2 of the cowbird's. Nest was in a beech bush, 18 inches from the ground. On the same day I saw another warbler feeding a young cowbird which was nearly full size and could fly a short distance.

W. H. Dunham, Kalkaska, Mich.

THOSE SAPSUCKERS AGAIN.

Allow me to write a few words more about the yellow breasted sapsucker. I have watched these birds many years and have seen hundreds in Nova Scotia, where they are numerous. As I remember, the yellow-breasted sapsucker comes North about June 15th. The young are born in July and feed on flies and, I think, ants. In July and August the birds stay mainly in low, swampy places and work on alder trees most of the time. I have seen trees with more than half the bark stripped off by these birds. About September 1st, or a little earlier, they come to the orchard, but never bore the trees before that time.

I think that the sapsucker goes South about the middle of October. I have watched them many times sucking sap from holes they had bored, and know they have favorite trees. They like a tree that bears sweet apples, but prefer pear trees. They sample the whole orchard, and selecting their favorite tree return to it again and again. I wish Mr. Hornaday would read up on these birds in the following books and let us hear from him again: "Key to North American Birds," Eliot Coues; "Popular Handbook of Ornithology of the United States and Canada;" "The Birds of the United States," C. C. Abbot; and Webster's International Dictionary.

E. Redden, Brookline, Mass.

SAVE THE BIRDS.

I have been reading the articles in RECREATION regarding the red squirrel and dissent from the conclusions of most of your correspondents. The red squirrel is accused of robbing birds' nests. I admit he does eat birds' eggs, and sometimes the young for variety. But nuts, fruit, seeds from pine cones and the larvae of insects (of which he is especially fond) form his principal diet.

Still, if those who are so ready to condemn and destroy him would spend a part of their time in discouraging the slaughter of birds for millinery purposes, they would be doing a much more valuable service for the birds. It is estimated that 5,000,000 birds are annually murdered, to furnish trimming for the headgear of foolish women. Most of these are killed during the breeding season, as the parent birds fall easy victims while trying to protect their young. A person who went through the hunting grounds of Florida says it was horrible to hear the screams of the starving young birds. Prof. E. E. Fish estimates that insectivorous birds save annually to the farmers of the United States $100,000,000. Let all who want birds protected do something to stop this increasing "slaughter of the innocents," and give the little red squirrel a much needed rest.

El Sol, Franklin Falls, N. H.

Yes, join the L. A. S. and help in its warfare on bird destroyers. Help us to extend its work into the Southern states where the slaughter of birds is greatest.

EDITOR.

A NEW MOOSE FROM ALASKA.

Dr. Gerrit S. Miller, Jr., sends out a bulletin in which he says:

The moose of Alaska has long been known as the largest of American deer, but hitherto it has not been directly compared with true *Alces americanus*.... The Alaskan moose differs considerably from the animal inhabiting the Eastern United States and Eastern and central Canada. To the latter the specific names *americanus, lobatus,* and *muswa* have been applied. I can find no name, however, based on the Alaskan animal, which may be called *Alces gigas* sp. nov. . . . . .

General characters.—A larger, more richly colored animal than the Eastern moose. Skull with occipital portion narrower, palate broader, and mandible much heavier than in *Alces americanus.*

Color.—General color a grizzle of black and wood brown, darkening along spine and changing abruptly to clear black on chest, buttocks, and lower part of sides. Median line of belly hair-brown. Legs hair-brown, or broccoli-brown with darker shading. Head like back, but more finely grizzled. Ears yellowish white internally, broccoli-brown externally.

Skull and teeth.—The skull of *Alces gigas* differs from that of *Alces americanus* in its larger size and greater massiveness, as well as in certain details of form. Chief among the latter is the great breadth of the palate, relatively to the length of the toothrow. In three males of *Alces gigas* the ratio of least palatal breadth (between anterior premolars) to length of toothrow is respectively 47.1, 47.1, and 44.7. In three males of *Alces americanus* it is only 36, 36, and 39. In this respect *Alces gigas* resembles *Alces alces,* though the Alaskan animal shows no approach to the conspicuous deepening of the antorbital portion of the skull, or the peculiar form of the premaxillary characteristic of the European species. The occiput is relatively higher and narrower than in *Alces americanus.* In two males of the latter the ratio of depth between inion and lower lip of foramen magnum to greatest width across paroccipital processes is 68.5 and 72.2, while in three of *Alces gigas* it is 81.8, 84.8, and 87.5.

A PARASITE INFESTING RABBITS.

On dressing a rabbit recently killed here its intestines were found to contain 250 or 300 small particles, oval in shape, about ¼ inch long, with a small white spot at one end. They were transparent and had about the consistency of the white of an egg. What were they and what book, if any, will enlighten me on this subject?

G. W. Chase, St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. Hassall, of the United States Department of Agriculture, says the parasites found in the intestines of the rabbit were probably *Cysticercus pisiformis,* the larval stage of one of the tapeworms (*Tænia serrata*) of the dog. There is no special danger in eating rabbits which contain these parasites, as the species does not mature in man. Dr. Hassall recommends as the best English work on parasites, Neuman's "Treatise on the Parasites and Parasitic Diseases of Domesticated Animals," translated by George Fleming, and published by Wm. R. Jenkins, New York, 1892, pp. 800.

SHALL THE SPARROW STILL LIVE?

Like all other subjects, there are 2 sides to the sparrow question. I would not claim for him all the beauties and virtues the Almighty is capable of embodying in one ornithological specimen, but he has some redeeming features and not half so many vices as some people fancy he has. He is here, and here to stay; it is all nonsense to talk about exterminating the sparrow. His habitation is largely the cities where it is contrary to the ordinances to discharge firearms; and people are too busy to give time to suppressing the sparrow when there are greater monsters that need suppression 1,000 times more. It may be true that the sparrow drives song birds away from some localities. Even if he were not here, song birds would not be common in cities and towns. In such places the sparrow is a welcome guest unless we be prejudiced against him. All of God's creatures have some commendable traits and some useful purpose, and as a rule man does not need to apply his power of destruction to little birds to make the natural order of the animal kingdom move harmoniously.

M. L. Miner, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SPARROW NOTES.

Near the West reservoir, in Paterson, N. J., 2 men recently captured more than 100 sparrows in 2 hours. Their method is to stretch a long net of gauze, so fine that the birds fail to see it, and fly into it in great numbers. The sparrows are sold to New York hotels and served up as "reed birds."

The gauze is made by 2 Frenchmen in Paterson, whose names I have not been able to learn. They are reaping good profits by selling the nets to bird catchers, of whom there are many.

I should be glad to have the habits of the English sparrow discussed by readers of Recreation, through its columns. Our city authorities are trying to exterminate them here, but have been strongly opposed by the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, on the ground that the birds are a benefit to the city.

H. W. B., Boston, Mass.

In reply to L. Nixdorf, I will say that around Salt Lake the English sparrow is considered a pest. They multiply rapidly, rearing 4 or 5 broods a year. They are not insectivorous, and they drive away other birds.

A. W. A., Salt Lake.

WILD PIGEONS.

I saw many flocks of wild pigeons as late as April, 1898, in Jefferson county. They were flying North, and in the latter part of April I saw a flock that must have contained 10,000 birds. Plenty of pigeons pass here every spring and fall, and a great many are hatched here. I have often seen them when the young could barely fly. They breed in Forest and Warren counties, where large numbers are hatched every year. They lay from 2 to 4 eggs, but mostly 2. The eggs are slightly speckled and have an extra hard shell. The eggs are a trifle larger than a robin's egg.

Charles Murphy, Florence, Pa.

Your letter received. The report that a flock of pigeons was roosting near here arose from the fact that large numbers of mourning doves were roosting together near the lake and some one said they were pigeons. The latter have not returned to this country since they left it several years ago. There are said to be nearly a thousand of these doves roosting about 2 miles from here.

W. H. Compton, Coldwater, Mich.

I saw a few wild pigeons in pairs last fall and would have written you about them had I not feared that your other correspondents would cry "doves." I have also caught black bass through the ice in winter; but never saw a gray, black, or fox squirrel that had been castrated by a red.

F. Hibbard, Menominee, Mich.

MAY BE JUGGED FOR KILLING A DOVE.

In March Recreation C. C. Camp, of Portage, Wis., says he killed a mourning dove and in cleaning it found eggs, etc. He would better post himself on the game laws of Wisconsin before he gives himself away in that style. Someone may try to collect from him the $50 fine which the law imposes on those who "kill at any time, or for any purpose whatever," mourning doves or certain other birds which it names in Sec. 30, Chap. 188.

I would like to ask Dr. Williams, of Vernon, B. C., if he ever saw a ruffed grouse in the act of drumming. If he has I wonder how he could come to the conclusion he expresses.

I have killed grouse in the act of drumming. They were standing on the tips of their toes, and striking their wings together over their backs. I have seen them strut like a turkey gobbler, but do not remember hearing any noise when they were strutting. I would like to hear from others on this subject. It is 58 years since I killed a drumming grouse.

Old Cap, Columbus, Wis.

IN FAVOR OF THE RED SQUIRREL.

Perhaps the red squirrel is guilty of all he is being charged with, but where there is the least doubt, the accused should have the benefit of it; and for fear an innocent red might be unjustly condemned and executed, I wish to add my testmony in this interesting case. I was born in Southern Ohio, where gray squirrels were abundant, and in my boyhood killed hundreds of them. Many among those I killed had been castrated. There is no doubt of that being a fact, but the point I wish to make is this: There was not a red squirrel in that part of the country, nor had there ever been one. It was the general belief among squirrel hunters that the old gray males did the work themselves, when their families were quite young and before they had left their nests. In all castrated specimens I ever saw the wound had entirely healed, leaving but little scar. Therefore I think the red innocent of that crime at least.

Karney, Carthage, Mo.

We have no red squirrels here, but have many fox and gray squirrels. I have hunted them for more than 20 years and have yet to find a "mutilated" squirrel. I have killed many crosses, half fox, half gray. The fox squirrel is larger than the gray, slower in movement, and more bold in attempting escape. I have bred Belgian and Flemish giant hares for years. Although the bucks fight, I have never seen an attempt at mutilation.

H. J. Klotzbach, Giard, Ia.

NOTES ON THE RUFFED GROUSE.

I was amused by the effort of Dr. Williams to describe the drumming of the ruffed grouse. He says it is produced by the tail. The doctor evidently never watched grouse drumming. The bird stands erect and beats his sides with his wings, first 3 or 4 beats, then pauses a second, then begins beating more and more rapidly until the sound ends in a whir-r-r-r.

Our male Chinese pheasant uses his wings in much the same way, accompanied by a crow. I may also say, the doctor has evidently not been a close observer of the turkey gobbler, or he would know that the sound produced is not made by the tail, but by the points of the wings on the ground. The gobbler steps ahead with a stooping motion of his body, and the points of his wings are worn by coming in contact with the ground during the strutting season.

R. M. Ryer, Oakland, Ore.

I read with much interest the article in March Recreation entitled "Why Do Ruffed Grouse Die Young?" When I lived North I hunted this bird a great deal, both in Vermont and in New York. During one summer, I found several dead young birds and in every case came to the conclusion that they had been killed by ticks cutting and boring their throats. Daniel Halleck, of Eldred, N. Y., a professional guide and hunter in the 80's, said he had seen many killed in the same way.

In reply to J. F. Perry, would say the hedgehogs were probably killed by a fisher. That is about the only animal I know of that can kill them.

A. S. Doane, Coinjock, N. C.

In May Recreation Dr. Williams answers Mr. Arnold's inquiry, as to how the ruffed grouse produces the noise known as drumming. Dr. Williams calls attention to the turkey gobbler, and says the gobbler drums with his tail, as does the grouse. I think the gobbler drums with his wings, and am certain, from personal observation, that the drumming of the male grouse is produced by his wings beating against the air as he stands on a log or fallen tree. I know of one instance where a grouse drummed while standing on a rock.

A. Stringer, Eau Claire, Wis.

Thomas Harris, League warden at Port Jervis, N. Y., reports that on September 10th he killed a ruffed grouse that had in her 18 or 20 eggs, some of which were nearly full size. Has any reader of Recreation ever before heard of a grouse nesting in September?

ENEMIES OF THE PORCUPINE.

I can tell J. F. Perry, who asks in March Recreation "what animal will kill hedgehogs," that in Montana we have 3 animals that kill them at every opportunity—the fox, the coyote, and the mountain lion. Hedgehogs are the best bait we have for foxes or coyotes. If either of these animals can get a hedgehog on open ground he is sure to kill him. It was undoubtedly a fox that killed the hedgehogs in Vermont.

M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, Mont.

J. F. Perry wishes to know what animal kills the hedgehog. All old hunters know that the wildcat kills and eats hedgehogs. He turns the porcupine on his back and eats him alive. On one occasion I saw a cat catch a half-grown hedgehog and in less than a half minute turn him over and begin eating him. Have also killed several wildcats with quills sticking in their feet, breast and face.

Chas. Weis, Erie, Pa.

While hiding in the woods one day, waiting for a fox, I saw a gray squirrel coming and a red after him. They ran through the tree beneath which I sat. As the gray was about to jump to another tree the red caught him and I saw something drop to the ground. Investigation proved the gray had been castrated.

James Boutwell, Woburn, Mass.

In March Recreation J. F. Perry asks what animal will kill and eat hedgehogs. While following a black bear on fresh snow, several years ago, my brother and I found where a wildcat had killed and partly eaten a hedgehog. How he could have killed him without getting full of quills would be a tough question to answer.

W. E. Derbyshire, Austin, Pa.

Here in the Rockies the hedgehog has several enemies. I saw where a lynx had just killed and partly eaten one. I have also known the mountain lion and wolverine to kill them, and all flesh-eating animals are fond of their flesh.

H. F. Hackett, Lake View, Mont.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

I have a black duck (*Anas obscura*) shot last March, which measures 26 inches from tip of bill to end of tail; spread of wings 31 inches. I think we have 2 species of black duck. The first and most common answers description given in "Birds That Hunt and Are Hunted," and inhabits our marshes and lakes. The second is larger, as above measurements show. Its neck is longer and the markings of neck and head are lighter in color, showing a decided ring where the darker feathers of the body end and the lighter ones of the neck join. The body is darker and the edging of the feathers finer. This bird stays with us all winter, feeding on the ledges. It is seldom seen on the marshes and then only as a flight bird. Would like to hear from others, through the columns of RECREATION, on this subject.

A. W. Barnhill, Two Rivers, N. S.

However bright and clear the weather, if you are in the woods and observe a tortoise making for shelter you would better hunt cover, for it is certain to rain within a short time. A tortoise may be slow, but he knows enough to get in out of the rain hours before it falls. The robin, by its peculiar movements, gives warning of a coming storm; while the catbird's music is unusually merry just before a thunder shower. It will perch on a branch of the bush in which its nest is hidden, and produce many peculiar notes from its plagiarized repertoire, which it never, to my knowledge, uses except as storm warnings. This premonition, evidenced in many of our birds and beasts, is undoubtedly due to the increasing weight of the air when rain is forming.

N. H. C., Beaver Falls, Pa.

Why should the tortoise hunt cover? He has a good roof of his own.

EDITOR.

My friend, Mr. F. B. Dean, of 71 Edward street, Buffalo, has what is probably the largest squirrel cage in the world. It is built in an open space between his barn and office and is 10 feet high, 8 feet wide, and 30 feet long. In it are 15 gray, 2 black, 2 fox and 3 white squirrels and one black fox squirrel. In 1898 Mr. D. received 7 young grays. This year he raised 4. All are living and doing well. He feeds them nuts of all kinds, corn, potatoes, apples—in fact anything they will eat. Mr. Dean is in the market for pure black squirrels or for any odd markings, and will pay good prices for them.

W. R. Chesley, Buffalo, N. Y.

Do fish ducks usually build nests in trees? While passing through the woods, I saw a female fish duck fly out of a hole in a hollow tree. I stepped out of sight and in a few minutes she returned and went into the same hole, which was near the top of a dead fir and about 100 feet from the ground. I have seen wood duck nests in trees many times, but this is the first time I ever saw or heard of the common fish duck building in that way.

A. F. Toner, The Dalles, Ore.

Yes, 2 of our species of mergansers, or fishing ducks, nest in hollow trees. The third species—redbreasted merganser—nests usually on the ground. EDITOR.

I have in my possession at present a singing mouse, which must be a rare animal, and I find it next to impossible to get much information about it. It is the common mouse, only is capable of uttering almost every note of the canary and a great many still more difficult. I have had this pet about 5 months and it is perfectly healthy. It sings for an hour at a time, sometimes longer, and very sweetly. It does not seem possible and I should rather doubt it if I did not have it in a cage, where I can both see and hear it. Every one who has heard it thinks it wonderful. Can you give me any information? Are there any other singing mice in existence?

Harry E. Loftie, Syracuse, N. Y.

"Farmer" asks in March RECREATION if mountain sheep can be domesticated. Yes, they are as easily tamed as deer if caught young; but are hard to raise for some reason. Not more than one in 10 lambs will live over a week. Old sheep can be caught and will do well even if in a small enclosure. They have been crossed with domestic sheep and they breed readily.

In early days wild rams greatly annoyed sheep owners in Colorado by getting into their flocks at night. Offspring of the cross resemble the wild species. They yield good mutton, but no wool.

M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, Mont.

There will come a day when the world will be birdless and then the pest insects, big and little, will begin. Whether the women who used some of the 1,500,000 birds that were killed in Venezuela last year, to secure feathers for hats and bonnets, ever think of this I do not know, but they should think of it. If the craze for "tips" and "wings" that are now used for headgear keeps up, the pretty feathered creatures will be totally destroyed in this country, and in South American countries.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of from 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

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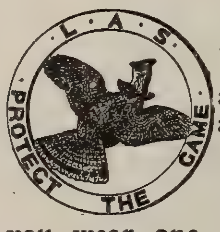
HERE IS YOUR WINTER'S WORK.

There is a vast amount of work for the League to do next winter in the various State legislatures. There are some fundamental principles in game protection that should be put before the law makers of the various states, in such a shape as to impel action. One of these must look to the prohibition of the shameful traffic in bird plumage for millinery purposes, which is now being carried on everywhere.

Here is a draft of a bill covering this subject which should be presented to the Legislature of each state and territory in the Union:

> Whoever shall have in his or her possession the body or skin or any part of the plumage of any bird classed as a song or insectiverous bird, a plumage bird or a bird of prey, and which is not generally considered edible or classed as a game bird, whether taken in this state or elsewhere, or who may wear such feathers for the purpose of dress or ornament, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be fined not less than $10 nor more than $25.
>
> Provided, that this act shall not be construed to prohibit any person having a certificate provided for under any law of this state, from taking or killing such birds; or keeping their skins or skeletons or parts thereof for scientific study; the intent of this provision being that persons legally authorized may take and retain such birds for use in museums or other collections for scientific purposes.
>
> This act shall not apply to non-residents of this state passing through it, or temporarily dwelling within its limits, unless they are engaged in collecting or destroying birds in violation of the spirit and intention of this act.

Another bill should be introduced in each of these state legislatures to prohibit the sale of game at all times. A draft of such a bill will be submitted to the League members in the near future, and a vigorous campaign must be inaugurated everywhere in order to secure legislation on these most important subjects.



HERE is a cut of the L. A. S. badge. It is made in gold, silver or bronze, and sells at $2.50, 75 cents and 25 cents, respectively. In either metal it is an ornament and an honor to any man. Why don't you wear one and let the world know you are a game protectionist? If you pay your membership fee 10 years in advance you get a gold badge as a present.

The executive committee of the L. A. S. has adopted a resolution authorizing the secretary to make a present of a gold badge to each member who will pay his membership fee 10 years in advance. Now if you want one of these beautiful emblems for nothing, send in your $10.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

ZOO SPECIMENS ARE COMING IN.

My appeal to the readers of RECREATION for birds and mammals for the New York Zoological Park is meeting with liberal responses. Here is a list of specimens already received:

July 11—Flying Squirrel. One specimen, presented by J. E. Bosworth, Gouverneur, N. Y.

May 27—Great Horned Owl. One specimen, presented by V. I. Cook, Belfast, N. Y.

July 13—Red-tailed Hawk. 2 specimens, presented by Robert Smith, Greene, N. Y.

July 29—Screech Owl. One specimen, presented by A. W. Perrior, Syracuse, N. Y.

Aug. 23—Red-tailed Hawk. One specimen, presented by F. H. Williams, Greene, N. Y.

Aug. 25—Haliæetus. Bald Eagle. 2 specimens. Dewey and Columbia. Hatched June 13, 1899, at Sucker Lake, Mich., presented by A. B. Pain and L. C. Fletcher, Paulding, Mich.

Sept. 2—Great Horned Owl. One specimen, presented by Percy Selous, Greenville, Mich.

Sept. 6—Little Blue Horn. One specimen, presented by Henry L. Allen, Prince Bay, Richmond Co., N. Y.

Sept. 15—Garter Snake; Water Snake; Box Tortoise; Spotted Salamander. One specimen each, presented by Percy Selous, Greenville, Mich.

Sept. 13—Missouri Prairie Dog. 26 specimens, presented by Howard Eaton, Medora, N. D.

Sept. 28—Wild Cat. One specimen, presented by Charles Payne, Wichita, Kans.

A number of other specimens have been offered and are to be shipped in as fast as the cages are ready to receive them.

This work is progressing rapidly and Mr. Hornaday will soon be ready for anything and everything that comes. My readers are again urged to report to me, or to Mr. Hornaday at the park, any specimens they may have in hand that they are willing to donate to this great institution.

Remember that any specimen you may send will be credited to you first, and then to the RECREATION group. In years to come it will be an honor to any man or woman to have donated a specimen to the New York Zoological Park in its early days. The names of all donors will be permanently registered in the records of the park and placed on the cages containing these specimens. All animals received at the park will be acknowledged by mail, and through RECREATION. We want everything in the way of birds, mammals and reptiles. If you have anything in either class that you are willing to give, let me hear from you at once.

Mrs. Julius Reynal, of New York, has a cottage at Bar Harbor, Me. She entertains lavishly and without due regard to law. During last summer she made a practice of buying and serving to her guests ruffed grouse in the close season. Game Warden New heard of this, called on Mrs. Reynal to investigate the case and was told by the housekeeper that Mrs. Reynal had paid as high as $5 apiece for some of the grouse she had served. A complaint was entered against her and the case was settled by the payment of a fine of $150 and costs.

Mrs. Reynal then packed her trunks and left Bar Harbor, asserting she would never return. So much the better. It is hoped she may hereafter spend her summers at some place where she can get plenty of poultry, fresh beef, mutton, etc., to feed her friends on. The state of Maine can make more money out of its game in a legitimate way than it can through summer visitors who have no regard for the game laws.

V. F. Davis, Brigham City, Utah, sends out a circular in which he invites sportsmen to visit his ranch and shoot ducks with him. He calls his place the Davis Duck Camp and says he charges $2 a day for board. Then he adds: "For the benefit of those who question me as to the flight of ducks, I here print my score of last season. I shot 51 days, killing 4,220, averaging 82 birds and a fraction a day." Then follows an itemized record of his slaughter, from October 1st to November 22d. The smallest number of birds killed in one day was 10 and the largest number 155.

Here is one of the most disgraceful and disgusting pieces of hoggishness I have ever yet had to record. It is a great pity that all the States could not have laws that would send such brutes as Davis to prison for 5 to 10 years. It is morally certain that no decent sportsman would ever patronize such a man as this, even for a day.

I have often been asked why I do not conduct a kennel department in RECREATION. There are several reasons. One is that I have not room for it without cutting down some of the other departments. Another and more important reason is that dog talk always includes a lot of technical expressions that are distasteful to women and children. RECREATION is preëminently a family magazine. It is read by many thousands of women and girls and if its pages were marred by dog talk, such as would be required in a regular kennel department, then the magazine would be debarred from the family circle.

It is my aim to keep RECREATION clean, and not to print a word in it that any woman or any child may not read without blushing. I am always ready to print general articles on the dog, but not technical matter.

Already many thousands of people are wondering what they are going to get for Christmas presents. Other thousands are wondering what they are going to give their friends. If you wish to make a present to a man or a boy who is interested in shooting, fishing, amateur photography, or nature study, then give him a year's subscription to Recreation. Nothing you can possibly buy for $1 would give him so much pleasure as 12 issues of this magazine. Come early and avoid the rush.

I wish my contributors would all say "ruffed grouse" or quail when speaking of either of these birds, instead of saying "partridge" or "pheasant." If you will do this it will save me a great deal of revising. I cut this word "partridge" and write "ruffed grouse" probably 25 times every month. There are no partridges or pheasants in this country unless imported from abroad. American sportsmen and writers should call our American birds and mammals by their American names, and not borrow names for them from other countries.

South Dakota has one of the best game laws yet enacted by any State, and I wish the legislatures of all the States could be induced to copy it—at least that section of it which provides that a man found at large with a gun during close season shall be deemed to have violated the law, and shall be subject to fine and confiscation of his weapons. Whenever we can have such laws in all the States, and have them rigidly enforced, then, and not until then, will game be effectively protected.

"If you have no case, abuse the plaintiff's attorney If you are put to it for an argument, call names, the hardest names you can think of. This is the good old rule which has been followed for thousands of years and will be kept up so long as human nature shall remain what it is. But to call names, though cheap, convinces nobody."—*From the Ancient Defender of Game Hogs.*

That's what's the matter with Reynolds. He has no case. He's mad because the L. A. S. has succeeded despite his opposition. Hence he tries to get even by slandering the president of the League.

The Sixth Annual Sportsmen's Show, under the auspices of the National Sportsmen's Association, will open at Madison Square Garden, New York City, March 1, 1900, and continue 17 days. New features and attractions are being arranged and will be submitted to the public at an early date. The coming sportsmen's show will undoubtedly be the best that has yet been brought together, and will cover every branch of sport.

A man in Ohio wrote me to ask for rates on advertising ferrets. I replied to him thus:

I would not carry your ad. if you would pay me $25 a line for it. No one but a game hog, of the most despicable type, would use a ferret in hunting rabbits, and the man who breeds and sells them is a dam sight worse.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

THE CENTRAL SETS THE PACE.

The proud definition of the Empire State Express as "the fastest long distance train on earth" is brilliantly confirmed in the amazing run recently made by the flyer between Syracuse and Buffalo.

One hundred and fifty miles in 140 minutes! That is the marvelous record made without previous preparation or warning; made without unusual effort; made in the way of ordinary business and as a matter of course, simply because there was lost time to be regained.

And just here lies the wonder and the significance of this latest achievement in speed. To do what the necessities of any given situation demand, to do it easily, without fuss or nonsense, and to do it as well as it can be done, better than rivals can do it—that is the Empire State Express; that also is the New York Central.

One hundred and fifty miles in 140 minutes! The peerless Empire State Express is worthy the peerless name she bears.—Syracuse Post-Standard.

A SPORTSMAN'S TRUNK.

There are few sportsmen who have not, at one time or another, longed for a suitable trunk in which to pack their clothing, guns, ammunition and fishing tackle; but up to a few months ago no trunk maker had made a trunk suitable for this purpose. This want has, however, now been met. The New Departure Trunk Co., Boston, Mass., has devised and put on the market a sportsmen's trunk, that fills the bill completely. It has one tray divided into compartments for 2 guns, 2 or 3 fishing rods, a full supply of cartridges, cleaning outfit, etc. Under this are 2 other trays for clothing, blankets, etc. The trunks are made in various sizes and at various prices. I am furnishing these trunks as premiums for 15, 20, and 25 subscriptions respectively. You can get these subscriptions in 2 hours, if you live in a live town. If interested, see the ad. of the New Departure Trunk Co. and write them for catalogue.

A supply of sample copies of Recreation will be furnished from this office, for use in soliciting.

A Recreation advertiser showed me, a few days ago, about 50 letters he had received within a day or 2 of the time I called on him, all asking for catalogues, and none mentioning the medium in which they had seen his ad. Another advertiser now writes me as follows: "If you and all other publishers could impress more forcibly on your readers the advisability of mentioning the name of the paper in which they see the ad. they are replying to, it would be of great benefit to all parties concerned. We receive hundreds of requests for catalogues that it is impossible to credit to any special advertisement."

Thus you see how important it is that in writing to advertisers you should mention RECREATION. The question as to whether an advertiser continues to use this magazine depends entirely on the business he gets from it. It takes but a second to say you "saw it in RECREATION," and it makes a lot of difference to me whether you say so or not.

Miss Yatman's world record ride of 700 miles in 81 hours was the most wonderful ride of the kind ever made. She rode an Elk wheel, model 10, throughout the entire distance She also made her record breaking ride of 500 miles on July 24th on the same identical wheel. Beside using this wheel on these rides she has ridden it all through the entire season, making on it 42 centuries. She has also used this wheel in riding to business, and has trained on it. She has never had an accident or a mishap during all the time she has ridden it. She says she could never have finished the 7 centuries except for the easy running qualities of her wheel, and her trainers and pacemakers speak of the Elk as having stood more hard usage than any wheel they have ever seen win a road race or make a record.

The 6 full page pictures published in this issue of RECREATION, illustrating L. A. Sharp's poem entitled "To My Gun," have also been printed in sheet form suitable for framing. They are on heavy artists' board, size 9½x12 inches. The lines of the poem are printed under each picture as in the magazine. The set can be placed in one long frame, or can be framed separately as desired. This series makes one of the most attractive groups for a sportsman's den that has been put on the market in many a day.

Price $1. Send in your order.

Every boy or young man under 20 years of age, who is now a subscriber to RECREATION, and who, during the month of December, will send me a new subscription and $1, will receive in return an Ingersoll watch or an Ingersoll cyclometer, valued at $1. Any young man under 20 years of age who is not yet a subscriber and who will send me his own subscription and one other, during the month of December, will receive in return either one of these instruments. This offer cannot be modified in any way.

"Picture Taking and Picture Making," that bright little publication put out by the Eastman people, has run through its first edition of 10,000 and a second edition of equal size is just off the press. No other photographic work of the price has had so large a sale in so short a time. The clear and understandable way in which the author puts things no doubt accounts for the great success of the book. Cardboard covers, 50 cents; cloth $1. Order through Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Mention RECREATION.

I am just in receipt of a second can of Laflin & Rand's smokeless powder and find it excellent in every respect. It is the cleanest and quickest powder I have yet used. It gives an even pattern and I have noticed no bunching of shot whatever. One of our local hardware dealers has just put in a stock of cartridges loaded with Laflin & Rand's powder and I expect to see them have a big sale here.

T. J. Mathews, Merrill, Wis.

W. L. Marble, Gladstone, Mich.

Dear Sir: I enclose M. O. for $2.50. Please send me a medium-sized Pocket Axe. I have given away both axes I bought of you at the Sportsmen's Show, As I am getting ready to make a trip for meat I can't keep house without one. Send it P. D. Q., for I can't go till I get it.

Sincerely yours,

Frank Dunham, Lander, Wyo.

Gen. Charles W. Darling has a pair of elk antlers which measure 9 feet and 5 inches from tip of beam to tip of beam across the skull. They have a spread of 53¼ inches, and a beam length of 55 and 56½ inches. The longest prongs are 16 and 17 inches, and there are 10 of them.

They are for sale and the price is $150.

C. H. Warner, Henderson Harbor, N. Y.

Mr. U. Nehring, 16 East 42d St., New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir: Your lens has been received and has proven satisfactory in every way anyone could think of. Yours truly,

R. M. Timmins, 273 E. Biddle St., Baltimore, Md.

Make your friend a holiday present that will make him happy a whole year. RECREATION is the stuff. Costs only $1.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

SEE THAT YOU GET YOUR SHARE OF GLUTEN.

Ephraim Cutter, M. D., LL.D.; writes as follows (and I am sorry I can not reproduce his article *in toto*) in regard to the pernicious results of adulterating wheat flour with starch, or the foolish habit of eliminating the gluten in order to obtain a white flour:

"The gluten of cereal foods is their nitrogenized element, the element on which depends their life-sustaining value, and this element is in the white and foolishly fashionable flour almost entirely removed, while the starch, the inferior element, is left behind and constitutes the entire bulk and inferior nutriment of such flour. To use flour from which the gluten (in the bran) has been removed is almost criminal."

Millers have elaborated such perfect bolting apparatus in their efforts to arrive at absolutely white flours, that they have almost "bolted" out the entire amount of gluten. Starch is a food, a good, healthy food, but, when taken as a bread, it should be in its proper proportion. Recent investigations demonstrate the fact that dishonest millers have adulterated their wheat flours with corn starch, or "corn flour," as it is rather euphemistically called by some of its apologists. When we take into consideration the difference in value of the 2 cereals, corn and wheat, we can readily understand at least one of the motives influencing them in such adulteration. Fortunately for the consumer, that is, if he cares to protect himself, this admixture of corn and wheat can readily be detected. The starch cells of wheat are widely dissimilar from those of corn, and this dissimilarity can be determined very readily with the microscope. It is the purpose of this department to give drawings of the various starch-cells of cereals, legumins, etc., in a future number of RECREATION, together with some simple tests, so that any of its readers will be in a position to detect this form of food adulteration.

The consumer himself should step boldly to the front and demand an entire wheat flour. As long as he remains quiescent and allows dealers to supply him with "any old thing" in the shape of breadstuffs, just so long will he pay for self-starvation; for, in the long run, eating deglutenized flours practically amounts to nothing else.

AN ASSISTANT TO DIGESTION.

Although tobacco, strictly speaking, is not a food, it is, on occasions, a powerful aid to the digestive process. Not only does it increase the flow of the digestive fluids, but it also materially assists in chymefaction and assimilation. Where used in the form of cigars or the pipe, tobacco occasions an increased flow of secretions from the parotid and sub-maxillary glands, both very necessary adjuncts in the process of digestion; it also, when not used to excess, increases the secretions of the entire intestinal mucous membrane, thus aiding and assisting in the emulsification and absorption of food. Tobacco, when used in the form of plug and chewed, is injurious, simply because of the fact that it enormously increases the flow from the salivary glands. If the saliva was swallowed, it would assist very materially in digestion, but, since it is expectorated, it is entirely lost, thus producing an active and exhausting drain upon the system. Apropos of the habit of chewing tobacco an exchange says:

"The convenient but much-disparaged habit of chewing tobacco is rapidly declining in this country. Missouri manufactured 5,000,000,000 pounds less chewing tobacco last year than the year before. New Jersey and Kentucky each showed a falling off of about the same amount. It is owing to this decrease in the consumption of the chewing-tobaccos that, although the use of the cheap smoking-tobaccos has largely increased, the amount of manufactured tobaccos was 57,000,000 pounds less than the total (294,000,000 pounds) of the year before. But the exports of chewing-tobacco increased last year 73,000 pounds, showing that the rest of the world is not improving as fast as we are."

It will be a happy day and a great blessing to humanity, when this filthy and disgusting habit is abandoned by mankind. You tobacco-chewers who have "heartburn," eructations of food, and colic, try a cessation of the habit for a week or so. Your disagreeable symptoms will disappear as if by magic!

BUTTERMILK VS. SODA WATER.

The hot, dusty, tired, "sticky" wheelman is apt to rest his "bike" in one of the convenient stalls in front of the favored and favorite drugstore or confectionery, while he poisons himself with "cream and soda."

A more insidiously deadly drink was never invented! Without going into details it may be put down as a fact that, from the lead tubes through which the soda water and syrups run, down to the half-cleaned glasses in which the beverage is served, all are poisoned, and, in 9 cases out of 10 fairly swarming with lethal bacteria! If you do not believe it make a few cultures and use your microscope understandingly; or furbish up your knowledge of toxicology and use a few chemical tests. You will not remain a doubting Thomas very long if you do!

Instead of filling your stomach with poisonous cream and soda, why not patronize some good, reputable creamery and allay your thirst, as well as renew your vigor, with a glass of pure, cold buttermilk? "An ordinary glass of buttermilk," says Farmers' Bulletin No. 74, of the United States Department of Agriculture, "contains as much nutriment or nourishment as half a pint of oysters, or 2 ounces of bread, or a good sized potato." Buttermilk is more nutritious than any other beverage, unless it be cocoa and chocolate; and, owing to its acidity, allays thirst more speedily and more efficaciously than any other "soft" drink (or hard one, either, as far as drinks are concerned) that can be obtained. And then, too, it is such an excellent fuel. Every pint of buttermilk is equivalent to 165 calories!

THE VALUE OF BILE.

To tell a man that bile is one of the most necessary fluids of his entire animal economy seems like flying in the face of Providence and advocating that which no man needs and which no man desires. And yet, without bile, the intestinal tract would be one continuous sewer of putrefaction. Man's food would contain within itself enough of poisonous putrefactive and putrescent substances to land him in kingdom come in short order were this most necessary and effective fluid absent. Bile and biliousness are so commonly and universally associated that the laity have come to look upon bile as a dangerous and never-to-be-desired thing; yet bile is nature's disinfectant, without which man would be in poor case indeed! Biliousness, in 9 cases out of 10, is rather the absence of healthy bile than the presence of too much bile, as is generally supposed. In point of fact, one cannot have too much healthy bile if it be properly eliminated. One of the most urgent laws of nature is that the digestive tract should be kept thoroughly aseptic—free from poison—and the best antiseptic as far as man's ingested food is concerned is bile; therefore, see to it that the liver, the birthplace of this invaluable fluid, is always "up-to-date, on time, and a Johnny-on-the-spot!" Otherwise, some one is apt to accuse you of keeping a glue factory in your thoracic cavity, or of leasing yourself as a tank for the reception of sulphuretted or carburetted hydrogen gas, or some other quintessence of "stinkdom." Neglect the liver and order a burial plot; this is an axiom.

FAKE FOODS.

It is really remarkable to what lengths the ingenuity of man will carry him in inventing substitutes for bona fide foods. Take, for instance, maple syrup. Dr. Wiley, chemist to the National Agricultural Department, recently stated before the Senate Food Commission that "pure maple syrup is a great joke. As a rule it is made of coarse yellow sugar, flavored with extract of hickory bark. There is more 'Vermont maple syrup' made in Davenport, Ia., every year than in the whole State of Vermont."

Notwithstanding the fact that "butterine" must be labeled as such, great quantities of this stuff is sold in the market without label in open defiance of the law. When called upon to explain this infraction of the law, most of the dealers declare that "it is an accident due to oversight of clerks." Charles T. Knight, editor of a dairy paper, brought before the Senate Food Commission an armful of samples of "butterine" bought from dealers, none of which was stamped "oleomargarine" as the law required.

We have frequently purchased what was advertised, "creamery butter," but which, on analysis, proved to be oleomargarine. Most of the olive oils to be obtained in the open market are nothing but cotton seed oil, which has been shipped from this country to Italy, and come back to us labeled "olive oil." All of the so-called "fruit jellies" are made from the gelatine of tendons and flavored currant, grape, crab apple, etc., artificially.

GOD MADE FISH FOR MAN.

All fish, when properly cooked, are food "fit to set before the king," but the common "mud cat" when properly prepared for the skillet (and many of my readers have a string of him awaiting the cook!) surpasses even the requirements of kingly appetite and gustatory enjoyment. The mud cat, as his name implies, is a "low-lived" individual. All his life is spent grovelling in the mud at the bottoms of rivers, lakes, and ponds. He feeds on the mosses, tender weeds, worms and infusoria that re to be found in the ooze and slime of the waters in which he most delights to dwell. Consequently, this fish when first taken from the waters, unless he is properly prepared for the frying-pan, has a decidedly muddy taste. But, if he be thoroughly cleaned, his slimy skin stripped from his back, and he then be spread out for 10 or 12 hours on a cake of ice, he loses this muddy taste, and acquires a flavor as delicate almost as that of the famous brook trout. He should have a second washing in water rendered mildly salt, after which he should be dipped in dry corn meal and fried quickly, very quickly, on a well-buttered and exceedingly hot skillet. Try him, fishermen, cooked after this recipe, and if you do not find him a most appetizing and delicious morsel, I will admit I do not know what is good.

THE HUNTER'S DREAM.

A. L. VERMILYA.

The weary hunter sits beside the stream
To eat his frugal fare and slake his thirst,
For here, where honest Nature reigns supreme,
Her splendors on the eye in beauty burst.

And here, as softly resting 'gainst a tree
And listening to the tinkling waters fall,
The song of birds, and hum of laden bee,
And Nature's music floating over all,

His eyes grow dim, his form sinks in repose,
A vision breaks upon his startled brain;
A change has fallen o'er the fields he knew,
A gloom has settled over hill and plain.

He sees the land he knows and loves so well
A dreary barren and a stagnant fen;
No squirrel scampers through the shady dell,
No songster carols blithely in the glen.

Within the somber wood no graceful deer
Bound lightly 'mong the trees the livelong day,
No note of song-bird greets the list'ning ear,
No heron wings his flight across the bay.

The sluggish stream winds downward to the sea,
Bereft of all its sparkling, finny life;
The slimy serpents glide across the lea;
With noisome insects all the air is rife.

And men toil on as those who have no hope—
With gloomy brow the farmer tills his field,
The stunted grain grows ragged on the slope
And pays the toilsome care with fickle yield.

The sun climbs slowly o'er the Eastern hills
And looks upon a world he does not know,
Then hides his face in shame for earth's grim ills,
And sadly sinks in evening's afterglow.

And all is sad and drear from day to day
While Nature for her lost ones murmurs low—
For birds, and beasts, and fish, all passed away,
Have left the land a place of gloom and woe.

* * *

The hunter starts. He wakes; 'twas but a dream!
A smile of gladness flits across his face;
He sees the fishes glancing in the stream,
He sees the swallows in their curving race.

His soul is glad that lovely Nature's sway
Still beautifies with life both sea and shore;
And then and there he vows that from that day
His hand shall slaughter beasts and birds no more.

He grasps his gun, he calls his faithful hound,
And joyously betakes his homeward way.
The nimble hare skips safely o'er the ground,
The heron wings his flight across the bay.

NOVEMBER.

A. L. L.

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
They make one feel so awful glum he wants to shed a tear;
Yet people now have lots of fun (and sassages and cakes),
And skeeters do not bother one, nor is one 'fraid of snakes.

BOOK NOTICES.

OBER'S PORTO RICO.

The amount of information crowded into the 282 pages of Ober's "Porto Rico" is great, and most of it is fairly reliable.

The author first visited Porto Rico in 1880 and again in 1892. Besides these 2 trips to this particular island Mr. Ober has traveled extensively among the West Indies. He has written a great deal about the islands individually and collectively, and in this volume on Porto Rico he has not hesitated to make use of his earlier writings. While the book contains a vast deal of information regarding Porto Rico there is much that is more applicable to other islands of the West Indies or to the West Indies as a whole. Much of the information is too general, lacks definiteness as pertaining to the particular island. This is perhaps the chief defect of the book. The account of the hurricanes that visit this island is interesting, to say the least. "The fierce roar of the water and of the trees being destroyed by the winds, the cries and moans of people, the bellowing of cattle and neighing of horses which are being carried (!) from place to place by the whirlwinds, the torrents of water inundating the fields and a deluge of fire being let loose in flashes and streaks of lightning, seem to announce the last convulsions of the universe and the death agonies of nature itself."

Among the animals inhabiting Porto Rico Mr. Ober gives the agouti, the armadilla, and possibly the deer, none of which probably occurs there. The only native mammals known to occur on this island are several species of bats. The common rat and the mongoose (the rikki-tikki-tava of Kipling's jungle stories) are introduced species.

The majority of the fishes he names are not characteristic fishes of the island and some of them do not occur there at all.

But notwithstanding these defects, that the book is so largely a compilation, and that the writer's style is rather heavy and uninteresting, this book is doubtless the most useful of the several on Porto Rico so far as published.

"Puerto Rico and Its Resources," by Frederick A. Ober, 8vo., pp. 282. Price $1.50. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

JORDAN'S BIBLE.

The 2 books which have had most influence in creating and fostering an interest in America in the study of animals are Coues' "Key to North American Birds" and Jordan's "Manual of Vertebrates." Each of these has passed through many editions, and the sales increase with each.

In this eighth edition of the "Manual" many important changes have been made. "The decade which closes the century has seen greater activity in the study of species of animals and their relation to their environment than has been known in any other corresponding period in the world's history. Such study has given much greater precision to our knowledge of the characters and distribution of species."

The changes in this edition are those necessitated by the results of this activity in the study of the species. The nomenclature is made to conform to our present knowledge, and the new species have been added which have been described since the former edition. The "Fishes" has been made to correspond to Jordan & Evermann's "Fishes of North and Middle America," recently published in 4 volumes; plate corrections in the Reptiles and Batrachians bring those groups up to date; "The Birds" has been fully revised, and "The Mammals" has been entirely rewritten and printed from new plates.

The great value of this book lies in the fact that it can be used only with the animal in hand; and this is the only way in which species can be studied. Reading in books about animals is not zoology or natural history study; nor does it give any knowledge of species. The best thing that the study of zoology in our high schools and colleges can give the student is to foster, strengthen and rationalize his interest in nature, and to teach him the great value of seeing things as they are; the spirit of the naturalist which most children possess before entering the schools, but which the book methods of our schools usually destroy, should remain with one through life.

The spirit of the naturalist, regulated by the method of science, is the best safeguard against shams and frauds. I know of no better book than Jordan's "Manual of Vertebrates" to strengthen the former and to lead one to the latter.

For one who wishes to know the fishes, batrachians, birds, and mammals of the Northern United States there is no better book than this.

"A Manual of the Vertebrate Animals of the Northern United States," by David Starr Jordan. Eighth edition, newly revised and enlarged. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; 8vo. 397 pages. Price $2.50.

ANOTHER NATURE BOOK.

It is indeed gratifying to notice that the educators of this country are turning attention so largely to the study of nature—and especially outdoor nature. For a hundred years the youth of this country have been stuffed with ancient book lore about people and other things long since dead and gone. Their time has been absorbed in the study of dead languages and of abstruse problems in mathematics, while they have been allowed to grow up in dense ignorance of the things they see every day, and more especially of the things they come in contact with when they turn out into the world.

Of late, however, there is a marked change in the curriculum of the common school. Teachers and pupils are now turning their attention to the practical, everyday things of life. For 20 years past teachers have been saying to their pupils that the proper study of mankind is man. This theory is being enlarged and extended, and now these same teachers, or their successors, are saying the proper study of mankind is man and other animals. Naturalists are constantly astonished at the questions put to them by young people regarding most common wild animals and birds. I have frequently had well educated men and women look at an elk head, for instance, and ask if that were a mountain sheep. I have had the same kind of people look at a mountain sheep and ask if that were a goat or an elk. A young lady recently pointed to a pair of beavers and asked if they were chipmunks. A young man pointed to a well-known species of hawk and asked what kind of an owl that was. Judging from the present trend of thought and work in the public schools the next generation will know what these things are.

A number of books have lately been issued for use in common schools and, to the credit of our school boards, be it said, these books are being widely and generally adopted in the various city and country schools.

One of the latest of this class of books is by Prof. Wilbur S. Jackson, A. B., and is entitled, "Nature Study for Grammar Grades; a Manual for Teachers and Pupils Below the High School." In the introduction the author says: "That pupils need some rational and definite direction in nature study, all are generally agreed." Verily they do, and I am glad they are in the way of getting it.

Space will not permit as extensive a review of this book as I should like to give, but its nature and scope may be readily ascertained by reading the following chapter headings:

Mutual Relations of Plants and Insects; Astronomy, a Study of Sunshine Distribution; Mineralogy, Study of Soils; The Forms of Treetops, Relation to Growth; Autumn and Winter Habits of Animals and Plants; Heat and Energy in the Animal Body; Study of Wood; Spring Studies, Animal Life.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

Everyone is reading "McTeague," which must be a blow to those critics who have been crying, "Away with realism!" and advising a diet of "lived happily ever after," for "McTeague" is unrelieved realism. Frank Norris has deliberately chosen his materials from the utterly commonplace, but he has used them with power. From the opening scene in the car-conductors' coffee-joint on a miserable street of San Francisco, to the terrible working out of the problem in the desolation of Death Valley, every line is vivid. McTeague is gross, stupid, dense, animal, but he lives. The story of cheap, coarse, vulgar life, warped by circumstances into the sordid, squalid, and hideous, fascinates by its hopeless truthfulness. McTeague is a logical result of the chaotic conditions of Western semi-civilization, a result of environment acting on raw material. Norris' method is to picture this life from the outside, and he skilfully places the reader in the attitude of spectator throughout. Pity for the victims of their own faults and vices is not sympathy, but a distress at the hopelessness of the solution of their problems. Norris conveys the impression that the material could not have been handled in any other way, but that he is entirely capable of painting with another brush should he choose.

"McTeague" is published by Doubleday & McClure Co., New York, price $1.50. It will be sent postpaid to any address on approval, to be paid for if satisfactory or to be returned in case it is not wanted after examination.

Are you a fly fisherman? If so, why not send me 2 subscriptions to Recreation and get a dozen high grade assorted trout flies, listed at $1? Or 3 subscriptions and get a dozen high grade assorted bass flies, listed at $2?

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to Recreation.

A MEMORY.

A. R. SMITH.

We had been planning a fishing trip, and at last the day for it came. My friend, Emes, thought he had found a good place for bass, and, of course, big strings of fish immediately loomed up before us. When Emes and I first planned this trip I immediately wrote to another friend, Sam, and soon received a reply that he would gladly accompany us. For my part, I am not a shining light among the followers of Izaac, and not enthusiastic over the pleasures of rod and line. However, I do love the gun, and do not hate anything which brings me within view of the beauties of nature. Sam, on the contrary, does not care for the gun, but would go a mile if he thought he could get a glimpse of a minnow. We were old friends and were accordingly happy, when we found ourselves together aboard the cars and going through a beautiful country to Orwigsburg. There Emes and Koenig awaited us with a team, and we started on another journey 8 miles by wagon.

It was a sweltering day in August, I remember, and as some of us wore gum boots, to save the carrying thereof, we soon felt there were worse places than "home, sweet home," and that the fools were not all dead yet.

After a hot and dusty journey, we arrived at the pond, a beautiful piece of water and by no means a small one. It was but a few minutes before we had our poles cut (not having provided ourselves with Bristol rods, or other modern appurtenances), and we started to fish. I say "started" for we never got any farther, literally speaking. Koenig and Sam were devoted to their rods and consequently, looked longingly and lovingly at their "bobs" which now and then moved on the placid waters, as some aquatic being brushed against the hook. I think it must have been a mud turtle, for, if memory serves me right, we had no more than one or 2 bites during the afternoon. It was not long before I tired of fishing and started around the shores of the pond, in search of ducks. No luck attended me and all that could be done was to tell Emes what I thought of his judgment in bringing our party to such a forsaken place.

On first arriving at the pond, we found another disciple of Walton sitting on the bank, and hoping against hope that some poor misguided bass would make connection with his line. This man, we learned, was a native of the locality, but of late years had lived in Iowa, and was here on a visit to his old home. I questioned him about the shooting in Iowa, while Sam, Koenig and Emes would occasionally pull up their lines, and re-bait their hooks, which had undoubtedly been relieved of their bait by friction against the bottom. Our Iowa friend told us that he had helped to stock this water many years before, with bass and pickerel, and told stories of reclaiming some of those beauties at different times. But "times had changed," and I hasten to relieve the reader of any anxiety as to our catch. We came home without having caught a lizard, and thus were spared the annoyance of being called fish-hogs.

Toward evening, Sam called my attention to a large bird that had been flying around us since sunset. I had brought only a Flobert 22 rifle with me, for frog shooting, so a shot at this bird on the wing, was a "leetle bit" beyond me. After a short time, however, I saw the bird settle on a tall spruce tree about 50 yards away. It was already becoming dusk, and to get within range of the bird, I must get down the breast of the dam and cross a small swamp of about 50 feet area, before I could even hope for a chance of bringing the bird to bag.

I started, and got through. Just as I was about to raise the gun, with my eyes on the bird, I struck my shin against a fallen log with a force that almost made me see stars. I aimed; the cartridge snapped. I began to get excited, especially since the bird began to look around uneasily and raise its wings, having undoubtedly heard me collide with the log. Taking hold of the barrel midway, so as to steady it to the utmost, I took a second aim, and fired. At the crack of the rifle, the bird fell part way, grasping the limbs for an instant, and then came to the ground a lifeless mass of feathers. I heard Sam, over at the dam, yell, "He's got him," and going over, I picked up a beautiful black crowned night heron. I was proud of the shot, as it had been accomplished under difficult circumstances. After the boys had got through examining my prize we packed up and started homeward.

A PILGRIMAGE.

W. H. NELSON.

I was breakfasting on one of the superb Burlington dining cars beyond the Mississippi. My *vis-a-vis* at table was a Missouri colonel of bellum days. He was older than I, evidently, but straight as an Indian, and the way he could—and did—lay away his forage was a caution. It seemed to me that the emptiness from which he suffered while "following Old Pap Price to glory" had never been quite made up. He was still hungry. Had I stowed away half what he did I should have died of indigestion. I looked and envied. Beside him sat his little grand-daughter, a sweet, modest miss, who did a child's full table duty. They were just going home from a long visit and were happy.

A companion on the train, whose acquaintance I made en route, was, like myself, an invalid, a sufferer from asthma. Like me he was seeking the healing that breathes from the bosom of Colorado's mountains, the balsam that exhales from her pines.

To reach the "Sunny San Luis" from Denver one takes the D., R. G. & W. railway, that gigantic piece of human magic, which in derision of material obstacles, bores through granite ranges, scales rugged mountains, leaps across chasms, whips around impossible curves, threads the tortuous canyons, winds beside rivers, or thunders along on spider tressels above raging torrents, plows through snowdrifts or glides across dreary wastes of sand, triumphant over everything, hindered by nothing, the victory of mind over matter, the witness incontrovertible that man was given dominion over all the earth.

Applying at the window of the ticket office at the union station at Denver for a sleeper ticket, I received the only rebuff of the trip. The agent was idle, no applicants being there but myself. I had purposely gone early so as not to be hurried, and thinking I should be sure to secure a berth. The train was to leave at 9 p. m. I applied for the ticket at 3 p. m. I had made a mistake, however. The agent, with that infinite manner which is the weapon of a small mind clothed with a little brief authority, looking past me, informed me in silken tones, the tones of a weary, overworked man, or of a poet surprised in a frenzy—that he had but one berth—an upper. Not being able to catch his seraphic breathing I humbly asked him to repeat it. Then he yelled it in a voice that rattled the pebbles in Patagonia, turned his back on me and walked away as he spoke. It was the behavior of a child, and I turned away. My companion, the invalid, began to sympathize with me over my disappointment—for an upper berth would have been as inaccessible to me as a bird's nest in the belfry of Saint Paul's. "Never mind," said I, "wait until train time, I'll see the conductor. I think we will find him a gentleman."

When the time came I approached the conductor with my case, and was kindly told to go into the car till the train started when he would see if anything could be done. When the train was in motion he came into the wash room, where I sat, and told me he had but one berth left, an upper. I told him, sadly enough, that I couldn't climb to it. Spinal rheumatism is not equivalent to eagle pinions. A young gentleman beside me, a listener, very courteously invited me to take his berth, a lower, and he would take the upper. I yielded, feeling that the earth is still the home of generous people. The big hearted young fellow is an artist from Boston. With camera, and I don't know what other artist's paraphernalia, he was making a tour of the woolly West, and was then en route to Arizona, purposing to visit the Zuni Indians. He is a graduate of Harvard, a fine-looking, stalwart giant, with a heart in his breast as big as Fanueil hall, and as warm as genuine Yankee blood can make it. These lines may not meet his eye, and it well may be that he shall soon forget the half-helpless old man he so kindly befriended, but I shall not forget him.

To any one, worn with the toil and worry of the scramble which never ceases in the great city, let me say write the C., B. & Q. and the D. & R. G.; get their information for tourists, commit yourself and your grip to the trainmen, bring along your bull's eye Kodak, your rifle, rod and gun, come into the mountains where Nature with her blessings is all around you, contentment within you; bid the selfish world, for a time, good-bye and be happy.

FOR FASHION'S SAKE.

A. L. VERMILYA.

She devotes her time to "missions" in the town,
And she thinks she's good enough to win renown;
But the birds upon her hat
Give the lie to all of that,
As their poor, dead bodies waver up and down.

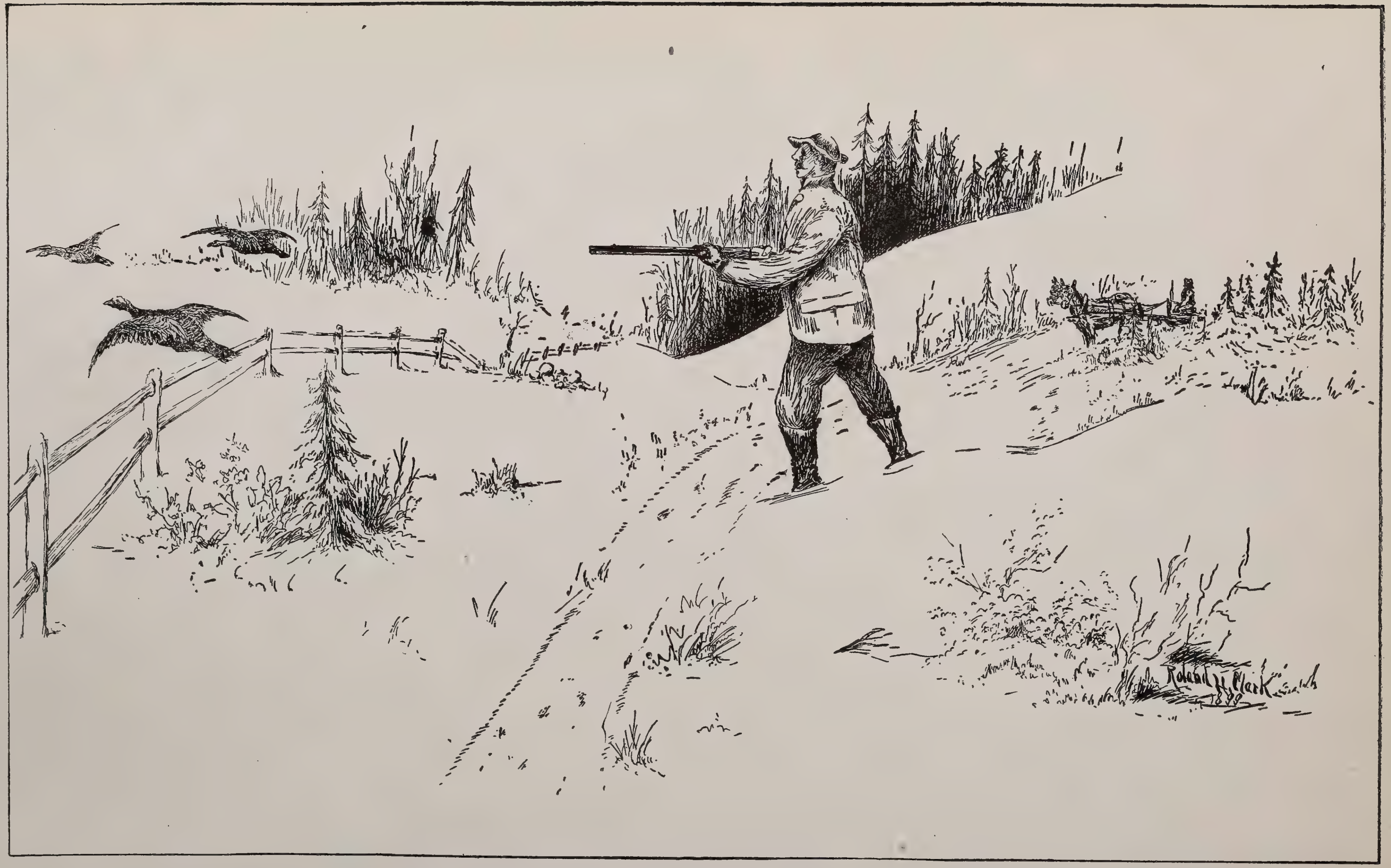
In the church she kneels and prays for grace and love,
While her saintly spirit soars to realms above;
But alas! her tender heart
Has been warped at fashion's mart;
See! her bonnet bears the pinions of a dove!

O, she loves all Nature's works beyond compare,
Loves the trees, and grass, and drooping flowerets fair;
But the birds, the pretty things,
She must have their heads and wings;
Even though their songs are hushed, she doesn't care.

When the birds are gone, and Nature's balance lost,
And foul insects throng the earth from spring till frost,
Blighting flowers, and grass, and leaves,
Sparing not the the farmer's sheaves,
Will she wear these loathsome worms at any cost?

"What's the reason we never take any prisoners?" asked the Filipino general.

"Well," answered the other, "we haven't any too much wealth in the natural condition of things. We had one American prisoner in camp, and the first thing we knew he was teaching us to play the great American game. To tell the truth, I don't feel as if we could afford any more prisoners even if we could get 'em."—Washington Star.


Roland H. Clark
1899

"I GOT OUT AND THE TURKEYS BEGAN TO FLY OUT OF THE ROAD"

A RUSHING DEER HUNT IN MARYLAND.

W. T. GATES.

I make it a rule to take a deer hunt each season, and being prohibited by law from hunting in West Virginia, being unable to go to Pennsylvania, on account of business, my only chance was in Maryland, so in a rush T. H. Newton and I picked up our rifles, on the evening of December 6th at 6.30, with a limited amount of ammunition, and set off for the head waters of Savage river, Garrett county, Md., reaching our head-quarters on the 7th at one o'clock, with about 12 inches of snow on the South hills or sides and not favorable for still hunting. Thursday was the first day's hunt, a sort of preliminary. We saw some old tracks of small deer and got one up, but he got up and slipped away, unseen. The second day was windy and the tracks at most places were covered. After traveling ½ day and not finding anything, myself and Mr. Wilt, with whom we stopped, came to the hill top of Middle ridge. It was decided that I take the North side of the ridge, and Mr. Wilt the South side with a view of meeting at a fixed point. After a few hundred yards' travel, I found a fresh track, which had been made during the day. The wind was in my favor so I kept on, looking into the favorable places.

I soon saw where he had gone up the other side. Looking down the ravine, at the root of a large pine, lay the animal, asleep, his head resting on his side like a red fox. I fired a .38-55 bullet at him. He got up, made a few jumps, and stopped. I let him have another, and he fell dead. In a few minutes he was hanging on a dogwood bush. The third day one came to me and stopped behind trees, except his head, which was in fair view, at about 40 yards. I pulled on his head, but as I pulled he turned toward me. I missed him, but gave him all the company he wanted. Inside of 200 yards' running I fired 12 shots and had proof of 10 on the deer. On the morning of the 4th we were up early, feasted on the finest buckwheat cakes, and started. After a long journey we found fresh tracks, and carefully followed them. A minute later 2 monarchs raised from their resting place and we got one shot each. They disappeared over the hill. We followed across the flat to a gulch, and got there on time. We saw one seemingly getting ready to lie down. We fired at about the same time and he fell in his tracks, and I said again to Mr. Newton: "Follow me." We ran about 200 yards. When I had reached the point aimed for, I waited for Mr. Newton, being sure the deer was behind. My object was to have Mr. Newton go back, and take the track, and I would hold my place, but when he did not come, I hunted back to meet the old buck, and we both closed in on him on the point of the hill. I got 2 shots at him, the second taking effect in the right hip, breaking it in 2 places. We then went back and bled the one we first killed and found one shot had hit him on the first run, just over the neck bone; the fatal shot behind the shoulders. He was a 4 prong buck. We then followed the other and found he had a fairly hard shot. He had fallen once going down the hill and once on the ice on Big creek, showing a streak of blood all the way across. As he ascended the bank he fell, and soon lay down; but he heard us coming through the crusty snow, and got up. I then decided we would be required to take other tactics, so I asked Mr. Newton to take the track. I then made for the top of Middle ridge, thence down the ridge and about ¾ of a mile below there I found him standing looking back on his track, and waiting for us to come. I fired at him at 90 yards, and he fell, got up, and fell again, and was out of sight in a short time. Mr. Newton was with me, and, after following the track a short distance, the old buck was sighted lying on his back, with his antlers in the ground. This was a 5 prong buck. Late in the evening we got after 2 does. I got ahead of one of them, and when she got within 40 yards, I bleated at her. She stopped, and I let her have it. She fell in sight and soon was hanging on a chestnut tree. It was 5 o'clock and we were 6 miles from home, in 19 inches of snow, so quit. The next day we filled up a 2 horse sled and off for the railroad station at Frankville. I had refused to kill any turkeys on account of carrying them, but as we were nearing the railroad station I saw some fresh tracks. I asked to have the sled stopped. I got out, and in front of the horses, the turkeys began to fly out of the road. One flew upon the fence, I closed up the sights on him with a view to throwing him into the sled, but my gun snapped, and the turkey flew down the river ahead of the sled.

Five deer for 2 men! Don't you think **that rather extravagant—**especially in a **country where deer are so** scarce **as in Maryland?—Editor.**

A PET MOOSE

C. C. FARR.

I read with great interest the article in your magazine by H. E. Lee, entitled "Alaskan Big Game." Great credit is due Mr. Lee. He has written a clever article and though he has shown the spirit of the true sportsman, he has promulgated theories that should sink deep into the hearts of all true men. He has practically raised a protest against the wholesale slaughter of innocent animals. He has denounced the hunting of moose as a pastime which is closely allied to the work of the butcher. Though it is necessary to kill animals for our use, seeing that the great First Cause has so arranged that one life should be sacrificed for the maintenance of another. Yet in this advanced age of thought it is strange that we should take delight in doing that which seems to me to be one of the hardest conditions of living, namely, to take the lives of dumb animals. For my part, though I encourage sport in the belief that the very associations are beneficial to man, yet I deprecate the unnecessary slaying of moose, the monarchs of our Northern wilds.

It is not, as Mr. Lee says, as if the poor creatures were fierce, bloodthirsty beasts, the slaying of which would contain an element of heroism. There is about as much danger in killing a moose as in the killing of an ordinary barnyard cow. I fear that by so expressing myself I may be laying myself open to a charge of treachery to the fraternity of sportsmen, but Recreation has already preached a new doctrine on sport, and all praise and credit is due it on that account. All honor to the man who has suggested the new idea of hunting with a camera instead of a rifle. I do not say we should deprive ourselves of necessary meat, but I do say the true sportsman takes more delight in seeing these wild animals in their natural state than in the killing of them.

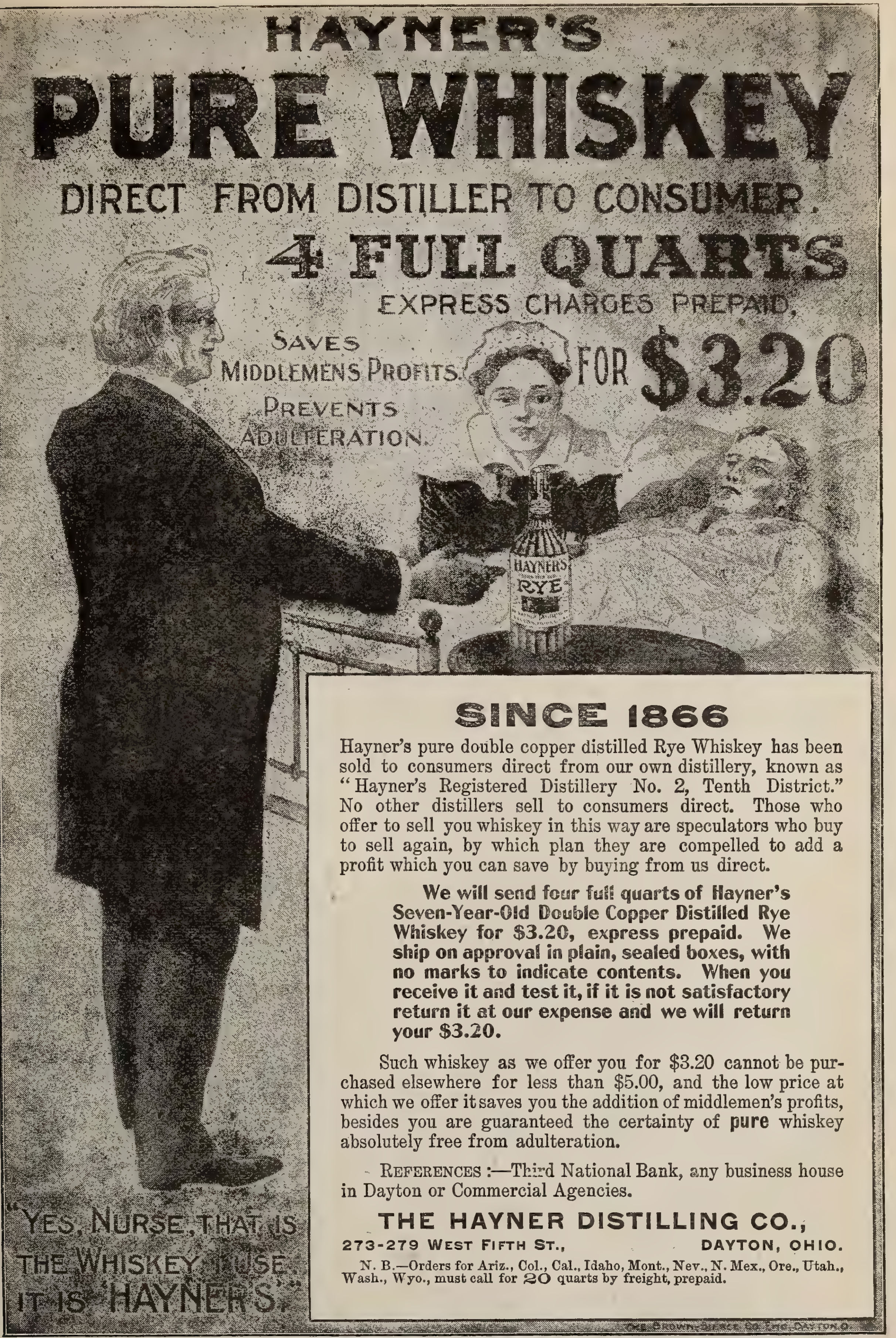
As long as they are there he feels and knows that nature reigns supreme. I have an especial affection for moose, for I once owned one as a pet. "Moosie," we called him. He was a tiny little creature when brought to us, and for want of a better place in which to keep him, I put him in with my calves, with whom he soon began to play and to whom he soon became strongly attached. I sold the calves, after a time, and then there was a sorrowful, woebegone moose. He bawled for 2 days in misery, nor would he be comforted, until he apparently transferred his affections to me. I let him roam at his own sweet will, not caring even if he wandered away, for I hated to see the poor beast in misery; but he did not go. He followed me about like a dog, and even when after a time he grew a trifle more independent and would wander off in the woods the call of "Moosie, Moosie," would bring him home on a trot. He would come into the dining room and steal the bread off the dining room table. He vexed my good wife nearly to tears by eating down a calla lily which the poor little chap probably mistook for a water lily. But the strangest freak of Moosie was on All Hallow E'en. The children had procured a tub in which to dive for apples, but as no apples either grew or could be procured on Lake Tamiscamingue in those days, when the Hudson's Bay Company was paramount and I an employee of it, we were obliged to substitute onions.

The children dived repeatedly, with indifferent success, when suddenly there came a sound at the door. The latch was lifted, the door was opened and lo, "Moosie" appeared. He gazed around in a friendly, how-do-you-do kind of way for a while. Then his eye caught the tub, with the queer little round things floating in it.

He went up to it, and attempted to catch an onion, with no better success than the children had. Again and again he tried, but still the onion bobbed away. At last he got mad and down on his knees he went. With his mouth he gently pressed the onion to the bottom of the tub, and then he had it. Nor did he cease until every onion was swept up. We were too much amused to stop him, so we simply looked on and laughed, though the children were a little indignant at losing all their onions.

Moosie had his likes and dislikes. Some children dared not go near him. Indeed, the sight of one boy, who had evidently teased him, was especially irritating to him. If he came near, the moose would give a cry of rage, raise himself on his hind legs and try to strike him with his fore feet, which is the offensive and defensive method peculiar to the moose.

Our pet went to Silver Heights, the residence of Wm. D. A. Smith, where he died, the victim of kindness and ignorance combined; for they fed him on hay and oats—all he could eat—while the natural food of the moose is the twigs of the willow and the poplar.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The Vital Points

To be Considered by the Sportsman
or Tourist in Selecting a Camera.....

ARE
Compactness
Durability
Lightness

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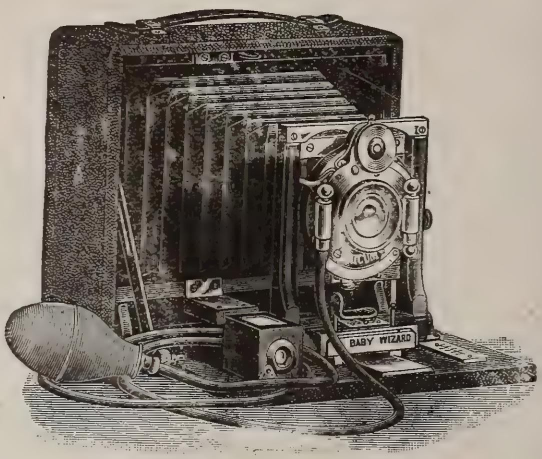

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"A Bird on the plate is worth 2 in the bag."

CAMERA NOTES.

G. S. P.

A writer in a photo journal says he has "made 144 exposures, in all sorts of weather, on a bicycle, resulting in 141 perfect negatives." Ye gods and little fishes, would I could do likewise!

Still it need not be difficult when you come to think of it. You simply set your bike up against the fence and fire away at it all day.

I hear there are photographers in New York getting 50 cents a dozen for rough little unretouched photographs. Then human nature is changing at last. Until now a photograph has been an effort to alter one's likeness into a beautiful picture. All photographers have had left on their hands dozens of negatives that were absolute likenesses, but would not yield beautiful pictures, and were therefore not acceptable. A professional told me he once made a negative of a woman of 50 who looked every minute of it. He retouched it all he could without destroying the likeness, and printed. She would none of it; called it horrid, and wanted to sit again. He knew he could make no better negative, so sent it to a famous photographer, and wrote on the package, "Make this woman look 30 and beautiful." The order was filled to the letter; the lady was enraptured, and ordered 4 dozen prints. If ladies of uncertain age are now willing to accept rough, untouched photographs, we need not wait much longer for the millennium.

Why will amateurs persist in printing pictures the full size of the negative, and mounting on the same size card, when in 9 cases out of 10 they should be cut ½, if not 2-3 away? Everything not a real accessory to a picture detracts more or less from it, and should be cut away. Make one print full plate size, use judgment and trim down to your subject and its necessary accompaniments; then trim the rest of your paper to that size, and save the cuttings for small prints. You need 3 or 4 different size mounts, all smaller than your plates. With the extension fronts you can avoid some of the usual excess of foreground by raising the lens. Many amateurs use the same size plates, paper and cards, and mount every picture they make full plate size, although they spoil fully half of them by so doing.

The Manhattan Optical Co. has issued a new and most artistic catalogue. Aside from the tempting things it offers in the line of good cameras at rare prices, it contains handsome pictures illustrating the work of its camera.

I believe fully ½ of amateur pictures are spoiled by under exposure, and in that I agree with Dr. John Nicol. It occurred to me that a large per cent. of his criticisms were based on under-exposure. I kept tally, and in 17 cases out of 36 pictures criticised, the Doctor's comments ran from "much undertimed" to "should have had 10 times as much exposure." The last seems putting it pretty strong. If an exposure that an operator deemed sufficiently good to finish and send in for criticism, were lengthened 10 times, it would be an exposure, indeed.

I needed some new washing pans recently, and in casting about found some old fashioned yellow glazed crockery pie pans, holding 32 oz., and costing 5 cents each. They are splendid for the purpose.

Four new cameras are, or will soon be, on the market. One, for color photography, is almost perfect. Another is a revolving panoramic camera that takes an extensive landscape at one sweep of the lens. The third is a swing front, for racing and athletic contests. A fourth is called the Cellograph, and with yards of film, takes the passing procession at the rate of 27 exposures to the second.

Dirt specks are frequently left on plates by dirty chemicals. All amateurs should own glass funnels, and filter chemicals into their bottles through filter paper, or absorbent cotton.

Rain water, straight from the clouds, is the purest water available for photographic purposes, having already been filtered by the sun. Even then every 100 cubic inches contain 2½ cubic inches of air and gases; to exclude which it should be boiled at least an hour, before being used to compound chemicals.

All photographers should have 3 grades of plates: Snap-shot, for objects in motion; medium, where a second or so can be given, and slow, where a small diaphragm and plenty of time can be had. Keep a record book and set down every exposure, and when it comes to developing sort out the plates. Use normal full strength developer on the slow plates; add old developer and a little water for the medium.

For snap shots, set back half your developer, add 2 to 4 oz. of water and 3 to 5 drops of bromide (10 per cent. solution), and take your time. Ten minutes is not too long for a snap shot to develop perfectly. And in printing, at least 3 brands of paper are required. I believe that with the old fashioned gelatine paper the best possible print can be obtained from any sort of negative. Next to it I rank aristo platino for all around purposes. It far surpasses gelatine in artistic effects.

With a perfect negative, velox makes the handsomest pictures. From a thin, weak negative, the Platinotype cold bath makes the best picture of all. Snap shot plates are usually under exposed and come up strong black and white, with harsh contrasts. For these use aristo platino, with long time shade printing, or velox printed by gas light. Plates properly exposed and developed print well on any paper. Over exposures come up dull, with a flat, washy appearance. Here velox is good, but platinotype excels itself.

When the present craze for snap shootting everything under the sun shall have subsided, then if amateurs have not outlived their ambitions and depleted their purses—look for some pictures. As a general rule snap shooting is an idiotic proceeding, and the pictures produced thereby are harrowing. But, you say, that is nonsense. A snap shot represents an object in motion, and the essence of grace is embodied in motion. I grant it, but the grace lies in completed motion. A snap shot represents arrested action. To stand on a street corner on a busy day and watch the people surge by, each on "daily task intent," is well enough, but to snap shot the crowd—saw it off short, as it were—set each person and thing down for all time to come with one foot in the air is the most ludicrous thing of modern times.

Either rig up a studio, bring in living models and photograph them according to the laws of photographic art, or learn these same laws as applied to nature. Take to the woods and waters, and instead of burning plates by the dozen—make a few real pictures.

Backed plates are the best. The emulsion on a dry plate can be so fogged through the glass as in a degree to spoil the brilliancy of the negative. Amateurs should raise a concerted howl for backed plates until they get them, and then leave the backing on until they take them from the developer. I fancy manufacturers are reasonable people, and there is every reason why plates should be backed.

Frequently prints are weakened by being made from negatives with dirty backs. Most amateurs give the backs a wipe, and rush into print. Really the glass should be washed perfectly clean with the last flushing of the negative, and when the emulsion is dry, wiped carefully and polished to cut-glass brilliancy with powdered pumice stone, applied with the ball of the finger and dusted off with cotton.

The brighter the polish on the negative back the cleaner the print. Look over your old negatives and see the snipes, water stains, drops of gelatine, etc., you have been printing through, and you will see what I mean. I know I advocate an endless amount of detail about work, but no great picture was ever made without rigid adherence to just these small points. The sooner you quit rushing through dozens of failures and make a few careful, painstaking pictures, the sooner you will get on the sure path to the success we all covet.

Hot weather so assists chemical action that it is well to reduce the strength of both developer and hypo. If the water is too warm add a little ice, or the emulsion will slide off your plates.

HOW TO MAKE CLOUDS.

Will you please tell me how to print in clouds in "bald-headed" skies, by means of cloud negatives?

D. B. D. Blair, Detroit, Mich.

ANSWER.

With tissue trace the horizon line by laying the paper on the negative and tracing with a pencil while holding against a window pane. Paste the tracing on a square piece of cardboard several inches longer and wider than the negative and cut as per pencil line right across the cardboard, keeping both pieces. Have a large printing frame (say a 6½x8½ for 5x7 prints) with clear glass in it. Build the front of the frame up with half-inch stuff all around, so that when the card rests on the built-up print it will be about ¾ of an inch from the glass. Now tack the upper part of the card, which is called a mask, on the built-up print, in frame, and place the negative on the clear glass on the inside; so that the sky is masked when you look through. Having found the right position, secure the negative there with gummed strips, and print. If the sky of the negative is dense and has no defects the operation may be dispensed with so long as a clean print can be had with a pure white sky, without masking.

Now select a negative having clouds in the sky, of which every photographer should secure at least a dozen, which are lighted from the same side as the view, and which are just high enough up from the horizon line. Place this in the frame under the other half of the mask, which will protect the already printed portion, and print in the clouds.

It is well to make the cloud negative quite thin, so they can be quickly printed. In this case, finer blending of sky with previously printed picture can be had by holding the foreground mask in the hand and moving it up and down as necessary on the joining line. In this way, by frequently examining the progress of printing a sky can be printed in which, if properly selected to harmonize with the view, cannot be distinguished from the Simon pure article that we rarely secure. Even when good clouds are on a negative with a view, they are generally over-developed; so that to really bring them out it is always necessary to resort to mask No. 2. After masking a negative it is customary to cover mask and joint with white tissue pasted over all, unless hand masking is to be done.

The cloud effects shown in views printed on pages 166, 168, 170, and 172 of September RECREATION were produced in this way.

HOW "THE BISHOP" PICTURES WERE MADE.

Will you kindly give me some information in regard to the illustrations of "The Governor's Wager," which appeared in September RECREATION?

G. N. Brown, Scranton, Pa.

I do not presume to say how Lieutenant O'Keefe did it, but if I wanted to do it would first make the photo of the bluff and the lake and then the snapshots of horse, man and diving girl and print in as described in the following, which is part of an article in the Photo-American by E. W. Newcomb on printing in:

Additions to foregrounds, too, are not difficult, and are often necessary. If the distance is good, but the foreground from the best point of view tame and lacking in interest, it is safe enough to try improving it. Suppose we have a country road with grassy banks on each side and no figure to relieve the barrenness of it. Why not cut out a man walking along, a cow lying down, peacefully chewing her cud; sheep grazing, or any other appropriate figure from another negative, and print it in, choosing a figure lighted from the same source as would be the case were it actually there. To do this I make a print of the whole negative containing the figure to be added, cut the figure out carefully with a small, sharp knife, and, after sunning both the figure and what is left of the untoned print, to make them sufficiently opaque, I place the print of the figure on the negative in the right place, lay on my paper, close the frame and print. This gives a print of the scene I want, with a white patch where the figure is to be. Now I place this print on the other negative, in a larger frame, if necessary, and, by looking through the paper, fit the blank spot to register exactly with the figure on negative number 2. Covering the entire frame with a cardboard having an opening a little larger than the figure in the center, I glue the cutout print over the opening so that the figure only receives light on it, and thus print in my man, cow or sheep, or, in the case mentioned, the horse and diver.

MORE COLOR TALK.

E. E. Flora, of Chicago, has invented 2 machines for ruling on glass that promise to bring about a revolution in color photography as applied to the production of newspaper supplements in colors.

Mr. Flora found it necessary, for the success of the work, that machines should be invented which would rule colors on glass. No such machines existed, and there was a question in the mechanical world if they could be successfully employed.

These machines can be so adjusted that 3,400 lines to the inch may be ruled on glass, and at present they are ruling from 400 to 1,500 lines an inch with a perfection that has surprised experts who have had the opportunity to study them.

In the working of the processes of color photography it was found necessary to have mechanisms by which the 3 cardinal colors of the process—red, green and blue—could be ruled on the glass viewing and taking screens.

To secure this ruling Mr. Flora invented what are called the vertical and rotary ruling machines. The rotary machine has 9 wheels, through which the color inks are fed and ruled on the glass.

On this rotary machine 54 plates of glass, 8 inches by 10 inches in size, may be placed and ruled in one hour. The plates ruled on this rotary machine are called viewing screens, and the number of lines ruled on them varies from 300 to 600 to the inch.

The experiments so far made by President D. K. Tripp and Mr. Flora show that color photography reproduced on paper will cause a revolution in the art of illustration. They have perfected the paper photograph so that the new rival of the black and white photograph is now the color photograph. When the process is applied to the colored supplements of newspapers, not only will the effect be most brilliant, but the expense will be reduced at least one half.—The Fourth Estate.

THE WET PLATE PROCESS SLIDE MAKING.

This method is used by nearly all professional slide makers, while most amateurs use the gelatine plate. The wet plate is thought to give a clearer slide and is not so expensive where a large number of slides are to be turned out at once. The slide plates sold by the trade turn out fine work, but if you have time and do not mind staining your fingers use the old reliable wet process. The silver bath and collodion can be the same as used in making negatives, but the developer is different. The best I have used is Griswold's Ferrotype developer. The formula is as follows: Take of double sulphate iron and ammonia 1 oz.; dissolve in 16 ozs. distilled water; add, when in perfect solution, 1 oz. acetic acid No. 8 and 1 drachm yellow rock candy. Shake and filter. To use, take off about 4 oz. and add 2 oz. of pure water. Have your negative good and strong and of fine density. Expose full and develop as for negative, but watch your lights. Develop for them, do not let your sky turn color. Preserve the white. When all detail is out, and before the whites in picture begin to darken, rush plate under tap. Fix in a saturated solution of hypo. I never use cyanide of potassium. It is too dangerous for the amateur. When the plate is fixed, wash under tap or in several changes of water. To tone slide immerse in following solution: Pure water 16 oz., and dissolve in it a piece of sulphate of potassium the size of a pea. Let plate stay in this till you get a beautiful dark velvet tone. Make solution fresh every day. Wash again and set up to dry. When dry place a paper mat on the film side of plate and bind on your cover glass. You will need a home-made apparatus for making slides. Get a board one foot wide and 5 feet long. At one end fasten a board one foot by 24 inches, in vertical position, by brackets at back. This upright board must have a square hole in it, with cleats running around face next to camera. The hole must be large enough to take as a frame the size plate you use for your negatives. The center of the opening must be in line with center of your lens tube on camera. Place camera on board (long) and nail cleats on each side to slide camera to and fro between them. Focus your picture on ground glass, getting correct size by pasting a lantern slide mat on center of ground glass, and moving camera to and fro and focusing till your picture comes in the mat correctly. You can use a cloth between the front of camera and the upright board to shut off all light showing into the lens, or you can use a three-sided box and slide your camera up to or partly within it if necessary. Place a piece of ground glass behind the negative an inch or so to subdue and diffuse the light coming through the negative plate. Put your negative upside down and film side facing camera. Do not over-expose or you will have smoky lights. Have one end of board resting on top of lower window sash and put your tripod under other end so as to incline board to the sky.

GREEN PRINTS.

In August RECREATION I saw a mention of green prints. Will you please tell me how they are made, and if such paper is on the market.

T. R. Hardy, Fitchburg, Mass.

ANSWER.

There is but one paper on the market with which one can obtain a bright green print direct, and that is carbon, which can be had not only in green, but red, blue, brown, sepia, warm black and a number of other tints. Carbon tissue, as it is called, is not commonly to be had all sensitized and ready to print. Several of the large stock houses in New York handle it unsensitized and afford full instructions for working this beautiful process. As yet it has not gained any considerable foothold in the United States, though it has long been in use abroad and is much used for reproductions of paintings, etc. The carbon process yields an absolutely permanent print.

Olive greens are readily obtained on aristo platino by first toning the print slightly in gold and then in platinum. When toning in the platinum bath the olive green tone is reached just before the pure black appears. Olive green tones are also readily obtained on Velox, Dekko or Azo developing papers by the use of old developer, to which a few drops of a 10 per cent solution of bromide of potash are added.

A blue print can be turned to a slightly greenish hue by immersing it in a dilute solution of acetic acid.

Green albumen paper, which has to be sensitized, can be had from any importer of albumen paper, and while not generally used it is good for certain marine views. Those who have no facilities for sensitizing this paper can have it sensitized by any photographer who uses the albumen process, at a nominal cost.

Another method for obtaining green prints occurs to me. Make a bromide print and when well washed immerse in

10% sol. uranium nitrate...... 1 part.
10% sol. ammonio-citrate iron 1 part.
10% sol. ferricyanide potass. 2 parts.
10% sol. nitric acid......... 2 parts.
And water to make........ 40 parts.

Wash afterward till the whites are clear.

E. W. N.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE USE OF SEPIA PAPERS.

With a few exceptions the method of carrying out the operations is the same as for the black kinds of platinotype paper. The following points should be attended to:

The sepia paper is more easily affected

by faint light, and, therefore, increased care must be taken when printing.

To develop, add to each ounce of the developing solution one of the sepia tablets supplied for this purpose, and proceed as described for black paper.

The solution must be heated to a temperature of 150° to 160° Fah., to obtain the greatest amount of brilliance and the warmest color, but good results can be obtained by using a cooler developer.

The development is effected by floating the printed surface of the paper for 5 or 6 seconds on the developing solution. To avoid air bubbles: lay one edge of the print on the solution near the right hand end of the dish; then, with a sliding motion toward the left, lower the print, with an even movement, without stoppage, until it is entirely in contact with the liquid, where it must remain until complete action has taken place.

The solution is conveniently contained in a flat-bottomed dish, heated by a small gas or oil stove.

It is advisable to put a thin piece of tin between the flame and the dish to spread the heat.

Greater care must be used with sepia than with black paper, to avoid exposure to light, both when examining the prints and even in the first acid bath. Otherwise the whites will be discolored.

Discoloration of the whites is due to one of the following causes: 1. Too much exposure of the developing solution to light; 2. Use of a dish in which the enamel is cracked so as to expose the iron; 3. Paper kept too long; 4. Exposure of prints to too much light while clearing.

The developing bath after use must be kept in the dark. This bath must not be used for black prints.

The prints are cleared in an acid-bath of one part muriatic acid (s. g. 1.16) to 60 parts of water.

As the sepia prints, unlike the black ones, may be affected by light when in the acid-bath, the lights being stained and degraded, the prints at this stage must be manipulated in a weak light—gaslight will be safe. The prints are damaged by being left long in the acid-bath.

The subsequent operations are the same as for the other kind of paper.

Agate baths or dishes, carefully heated, are the best to use for a sepia developer.

An agate dish which has been used once in developing sepia prints should on no account be afterward used in developing black prints.

The sepia papers are now made in 2 grades only—BB and CC.

A TRIFLE MIXED.

I was going to the country for a few days, and having only 2 double plate holders, I loaded both and took with us, in addition, a box of unexposed plates.

After exposing the 4 plates, I made use of a dark closet to reload the holders. I carefully put the exposed plates into a box, which I covered before opening my unexposed plates. Then I loaded my holders with fresh plates, but as the weather was unfavorable I used only one, leaving 3 unexposed ones in the holders.

When I got home I took the exposed plate out, developed it, and found it all right. Then I took the box of exposed plates, developed the first one, and found no object on it whatever. The remaining three I carried to a professional photographer, and he was equally unsuccessful. He laughed at me, telling me I had not drawn my slides, but I knew I could not have made such a blunder.

There was a child in the family I had visited, and I concluded he had opened the box, causing fog. I kept thinking about those plates, and finally decided to expose one on my cat as an experiment. The 3 plates I had put in the holders were still there. I exposed one plate one second in a strong light; another on the same object in same light, for 2 seconds. When I developed them imagine my astonishment on beholding 2 of the pictures I had exposed when in the country and not a sign of a cat on either plate!

Of course I got mixed in the dark room and put my exposed plates back in the holders, but why didn't I have a double object on one of those plates that I exposed in the country? Then when I exposed the other 2 on the cat why didn't I have a cat mixed in with the views I had taken before? I developed the remaining plate in the holder and got the other picture I had taken while away.

If any one can explain this I should be glad to hear from him in RECREATION.

R. B. B., Des Moines, Ia.

THIS, THAT AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

In August RECREATION Fernand, Port Jervis, N. Y., asks how spotting out is done. I have found India ink, in the solid form, excellent for negatives. A small, pointed sable brush is used. Moisten this with water and allow it to take up a small amount of the ink. The point is then applied lightly and skillfully to the center of the spot to be removed and gradually the color is worked out to the edges of the spot.

This will leave a white spot in the finished print which is removed with spotting colors. These can be bought from dealers for 50 cents a set. They are applied to the print in the same manner as to the negative. Of course the color of the print will determine which spotting color is to be used.

The Photo department of RECREATION contains more real information than most of the photo magazines on the market.

W. G. Howard, Council Bluffs, Ia.

I send you 2 prints. Will you kindly look at them and tell me what is the cause of the red spots on them? I have never had anything like that before.

J. T. Nicol, Moore, Wash.

We have carefully examined the prints forwarded to us from Mr. Nicol, and would say that the red spots on them look as though caused by some foreign chemical which has gotten on prints during manipulation, though what chemical it is impossible to say. The only thing we can suggest, therefore, is that Mr. Nicol clean all trays with a solution of nitric acid, afterward rinsing with clear water, and if he has any chemicals, or bottles of chemicals, on shelves above where the toning is done, that he remove them, cleaning off the shelves thoroughly.

Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Replying to A. G.—If the developer used is clear working (obtained by the addition of a small amount of bromide of potassium) the development is the same as usual. Good results in cloud photography cannot be obtained without the use of an isochromatic or other color value plate.

Cloud photographs on ordinary plates are poor. On ordinary plates with the use of a color screen, the results are slightly better. On Cramer's slow isochromatic plates the effects are superb, while a combination of slow iso plate and color screen gives the best results. The difference between the last 2 negatives, however, will be slight.

S. E. C., San Francisco, Cal.

Would say in reply to A. G.'s question in May RECREATION, this: In order to have clouds come out well in the picture, the snap should be made while the sun is under a light cloud. I do not understand why this is so, but it has been proved in my own experience. I ask others to try it and report in RECREATION. Of course, I carry the development until the plate is black.

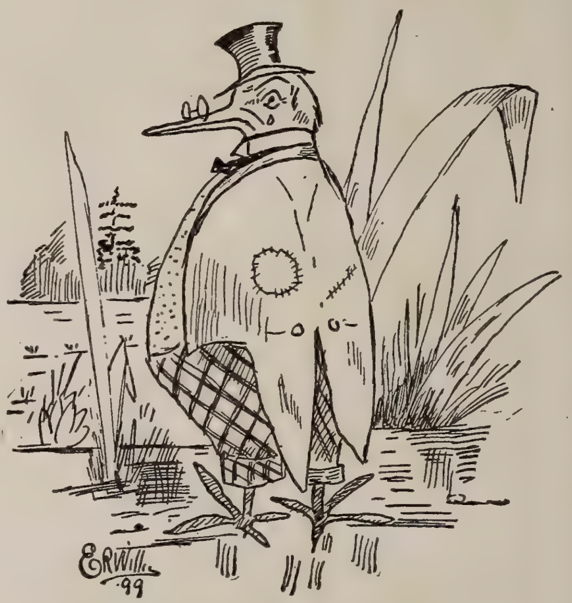
M. E. T., Sauk Centre, Minn.

Tell A. G., who asks how to develop for clouds, to develop until the clouds show up right. Then take the plate out of tray, and with a piece of cotton apply 10 per cent. bromide solution, holding the plate clouds down, so the bromide will not run on the rest of plate. Rinse plate and develop for the remainder of picture.

C. B. C., The Dalles, Ore.

John Y. Dater, editor of Ramsey's (N. J.) *Journal*, has been expelled from the Christian Reformed church of that place because he took photographs of his chickens on Sunday, and his wife aided and abetted him in doing so.—*Exchange.*

Dater's all right, but it's tough on the church to have shut out the only apparently live man in it.



THE LAST WOODCOCK.

E. R. WILLIS.

A woodcock stands listening, to hear his last call
From the demons who slaughter his kind,
And are waiting till the calendar ushers the fall,
To ease up their murderous minds.

They wonder why "Woody" has come to be rare,
Not stopping to think of the time
When they went out and slaughtered some 25 pair,
Though the birds were then on the decline.

But now 'tis too late; the last hand is played.
"What a pity," they say, for 'twas fun
To slaughter and butcher; but now they're repaid,
Yet they're anxious to kill the last one.

Have you a friend anywhere in the woods, in the mountains or on the farm, who longs for something to read in the long winter evenings, or in the long summer days? Send him RECREATION. It will please him a whole year and he will rise up and call you blessed. And it only costs you $1.

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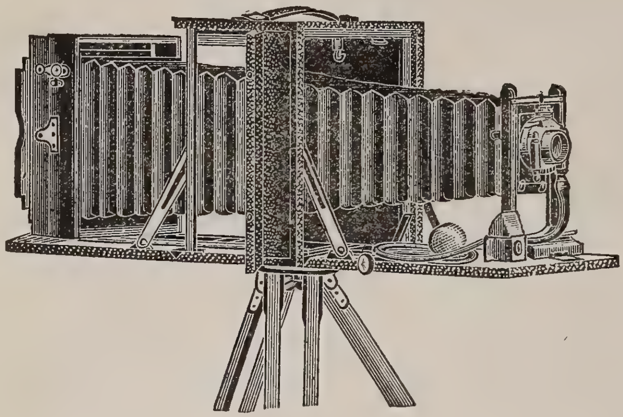

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"When I reached New York City, a lady friend who used Postum Cereal Food Coffee regularly, recommended it. I gladly tried some of her coffee and found it all the owners claimed for it, a very delicious beverage the way she makes it.

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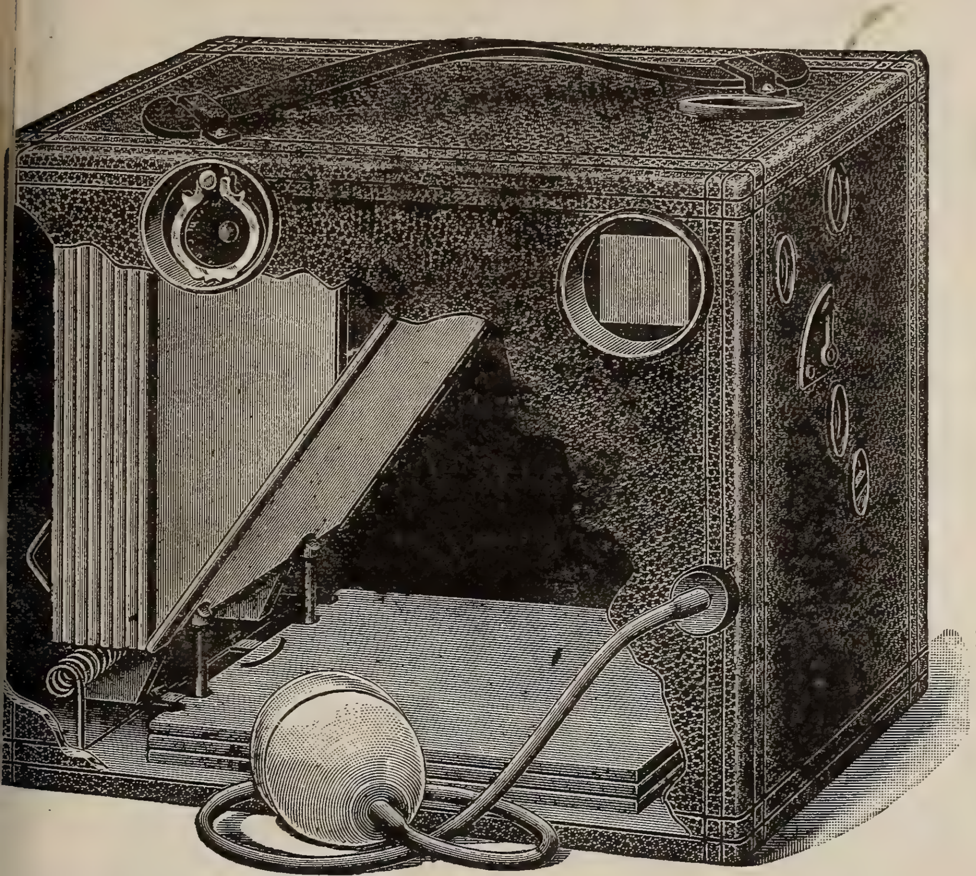

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My Dear Editor: I have just read in RECREATION the review of my dear father's last work, "Queen of the Woods," and as his only remaining child, I wish to assure you, I most fully appreciate your delicate compliment to the work, so richly expressed. I must also acknowledge that I was moved to tears when I read the touching obituary which appeared in your magazine the month following my father's death; and I said in my heart "My loved father smiles upon Coquina 'Waw-kwing,' (from heaven)." Thanking you in behalf of his band and tribe for kindness and good-will so generously expressed for their "bä-e-win-än O gi-mä," (departed chief), I remain sincerely yours,
Chief Chas. L. Pokagon, Hartford, Mich.

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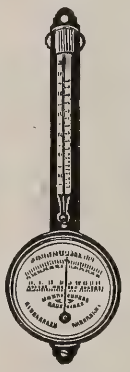

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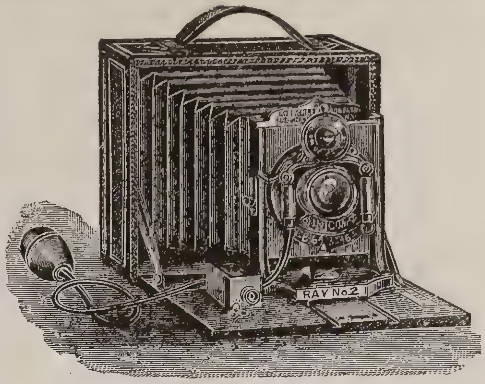

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It is a guide to men, both single and married, offering much valuable advice and outlining a course to pursue for the greatest possible development of manhood, both physical and mental. It deals with private diseases which cannot, with propriety, be discussed in this magazine. It tells that strength once dissipated may be regained by nature's treatment

WITHOUT DRUGS.

It tells of my success in the proper employment of the galvanic current of electricity, and how I discovered 25 years ago that an appliance was required which would give a continuous, mild current for seven or eight hours at a time. This led me to construct a portable chain battery which the patient might apply himself, and started me in on a line of experiment that has developed by degrees, by 25 years of close practical study and application, into the construction of my present

DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT,

protected by patents. This, I consider, a perfect home self treatment. The book describes it thoroughly. You wear it around your waist comfortably at night. It cures while you sleep, sending a pleasant, soothing stream of electricity through the weakened parts, curing in 60 to 90 days, often benefiting at once. Do not forget that this Belt is used by women as well as men for the treatment of Rheumatism in any part of the body, Lumbago, Kidney and Liver Disorders, etc., and in fact will cure aches, pains and weaknesses of any sort.

I give my personal attention to correspondents, and offer free advice at my office or by mail.

My system of symptoms blanks enables me to diagnose cases perfectly, at any distance, though a personal call from those who live near any of my offices will enable them to see the Belt in working order and test current. I have able and experienced assistants at my various branches. Over 6,000 unsolicited testimonials received during 1898. Write or call to-day.

DR. C. B. SANDEN, 826 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Office Hours: Daily, 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.; Sundays, 9 to 12.

WALTHAM WATCHES

The best and most reliable timekeepers made in this country or in any other.

The "Riverside" (trade-mark) movement is jeweled throughout with rubies and sapphires.

For sale by all jewelers.

I received the Stevens Favorite with Lyman sights. It is the finest shooting little gun I ever put to my face. Thanks. Have shot it 1,000 times, and my wife, who never before shot a gun of any kind, can already shoot with a considerable degree of accuracy.

E. A. Taylor, Griswold, Ia.

I received the Laflin & Rand powder you sent me as premium for subscribers to RECREATION. It is the best powder I have ever used, and I thank you for it.

L. E. Kachelries, Shamokin, Pa.

LEARN TO STUFF BIRDS

IDERMIST A wonderful compound for preserving and mounting birds, animals, etc., without skinning. Makes hard as stone. Enough for mounting ten birds, size of quail, with full directions, $1. Address

DR. E. H. BRADLEY, PEORIA, ILL.

Mention RECREATION.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE: .32–20 Model '94 Marlin; fancy stock, pistol grip, checkered fore-end. Never used. Cheap for cash; or would take good first-class 12-gauge d. b. gun. Box 438, Wappinger's Falls, N. Y.

Football

"THE INGERSOLL" '99 football accessories mark a new era of higher standard on the gridiron. The finest of stock and skilled workmanship, coupled with many original meritorious features, have together brought forth a matchless line, an adequate provision for every football necessity.

That the prices are appreciably lower than established standards is due only to our more modern methods of production and the narrower margin of profit on which we work.

THE STANDARD REMAINS EVER THE HIGHEST

Our popular line is the essence of reliability at minimum cost—honestly made throughout.

Shin Guards,	**$ .45**	**Canvas Football Trousers,**	**$ .75**
Moleskin Football Trousers,	**1.50**	**Canvas Jackets,**	**.35**
Regulation Size Football,	**1.00**	**Football Shoes,**	**2.50**

New York Agents for **VICTOR** Football and General Sporting Goods

Our Catalogue No. 19 tells all that is new in football. Sent free. Special rates in clubs.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., 67 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK

KENWOOD SLEEPING BAGS

GO A LONG WAY TOWARD
MAKING A SUCCESS OF

Vacations in the Woods,
Fishing Trips and Hunting Trips.

A whole trip is often spoiled by one night of discomfort from cold or rain. **You don't need to consider the weather when you have a KENWOOD Sleeping Bag.** It is adapted to every condition of climate and weather and assures perfect protection and comfort and a good, sound sleep

EVERY NIGHT.

Every KENWOOD Sleeping Bag is sold under the following Guarantee:

Write for

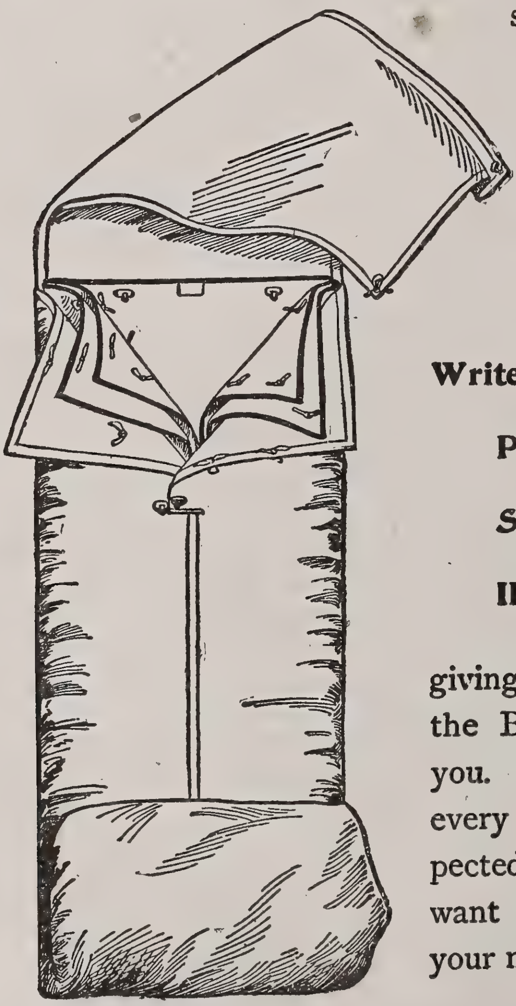
PRICES,

SAMPLES and

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

giving full particulars, then order the Bag if you think it will suit you. If it is not satisfactory in every way; if not all that you expected; if for **any reason** you don't want to keep it, return it and get your money back by return mail.

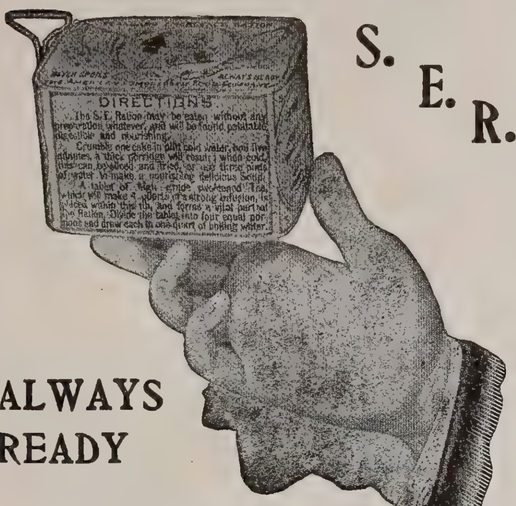
Three Complete Separate Bags in One.



THE KENWOOD MILLS,

ALBANY, N. Y.

Have you gone Hungry



S. E. R.

ALWAYS READY

NEVER SPOILS

when camping? Such an occurrence would be impossible if you include the

Standard Emergency Ration
in your outfit.

Made of purest beef, cereals, and vegetables, hermetically sealed in tin, weighing complete, with 2 quarts of best sweetened tea, twenty ounces, and small enough to put in your pocket. This food is prepared in a most careful and cleanly manner, and is **absolutely free** from preservatives and adulterants. After a series of exacting tests made by the most prominent officers in the United States Army during the past year, and on the strength of their wonderfully favorable reports, this food has been supplied to the troops in the Philippines. You may fall in a river, be rained on, lost, or experience any other hardship, but your Standard Emergency Ration guarantees a plentiful supply of palatable wholesome food at all times. A CAN IS THE BEST AND ONLY INSURANCE AGAINST AN EMPTY STOMACH. We also prepare tablets of Pea and Bean soup, made in three minutes by the application of water and heat. Two quarts of delicious soup carried in your vest pocket. We invite correspondence from sportsmen and dealers in their equipment.

The American Compressed Food Co.,
PASSAIC, N. J.

New York Representatives:
VON LENGERKE & DETMOLD, 318 Broadway.

Smithsonian Institution scientists regret that no passenger on board the Dominion line steamer New England, obtained a photograph of the strange sea monster which was sighted from that ship on her recent voyage to Boston.

Dr. Theodore Gill has given careful consideration to the subject of sea serpents, and has carefully sifted all the evidence he has been able to obtain. The conclusion he has reached is that there is no animal now living that corresponds with the popular idea of a sea serpent, and that no such animal has lived in any recent geological epoch.

"If such an animal were in existence," said Dr. Gill, "it would belong to an entirely different order from any animal that is now known, and although Professor Agassiz said fifty years ago, it was possible there might be a sea serpent in existence, I am perfectly safe, with the additional information we have now, in saying it would be impossible for such an order of animals not to be known. Some evidence of their existence would have been discovered somewhere.

"I do not say that there are not species that are not known. There undoubtedly are, but I do not believe there is an unknown order. If there is an animal in the sea that resembles in any way the popular idea of the sea serpent, I can say advisedly that it is not a reptile, a cetacean or a mammal. It must be a fish. Reptiles, cetaceans and mammals all breathe with lungs and have to come to the surface of the water, and I am safe in saying that if there were a sea serpent which belonged to either of these orders we would have found some trace of it somewhere.

"Whenever it has been possible to make a thorough investigation of the reports that a sea serpent has been seen it has developed that the object supposed to be a sea serpent was something else which was perfectly familiar, but which, under peculiar circumstances, produced an impression entirely different from its true appearance.

"It is impossible from the descriptions given to identify the animal seen from the New England as any animal we know. If the observers are correct in saying it sent up a jet of water like a whale, it is probable that it belonged to the order of cetaceans. It is described as having a serrated back, and no whale has such a back."

WHITE LABEL SOUPS

20 Varieties ready for use.

Concentrated White Label Soups

7 Varieties, ready for dilution and use. 10¢ can makes 6 plates.

An exquisite blending
of flavors with strength.
Our booklet explains, free.
Note Helmet trade-mark
and Kansas City on package.

ARMOUR PACKING CO.
DEPARTMENT 4
KANSAS CITY, U.S.A.

Whiskey bearing the name "Schweyer" is guarantee of the best—none so delicious—money can hardly buy its equal.

Goods shipped in plain package without marks to indicate contents, and if not perfectly satisfactory send them back at our expense and we will refund your money at once.

4 FULL QUARTS WHISKEY

We are the **only Distillers** in America shipping Pennsylvania Pure Rye to **consumers direct.** Bear this in mind.

SCHWEYER'S PURE 8 YEAR OLD PENNSYLVANIA RYE $3.60 Express Prepaid

The prime old whiskey prescribed for medicinal and general use.

The famous Pennsylvania Rye, for 27 years double copper distilled and **aged in wood** under personal direction of Mr. John Schweyer himself. Never less than **8 years old,** most of it **10 and 12 years old** when first bottled. Sold **direct to the consumer from our distillery** at the low price of $3.60 for four full quarts that cannot be bought elsewhere for less than $6.00.

We also offer our **SEVEN YEAR OLD CABINET PENNSYLVANIA RYE at $3.00** Express Prepaid

$3.00 for **four full quarts.** This is the finest 7 year old rye ever drank and cannot be duplicated for less than $5.00.

We save you all middlemen's profits and guarantee absolutely pure whiskey without adulteration.

We refer to any Commercial Agency, Bank or Express Company in United States.

JOHN SCHWEYER & CO., DISTILLERS,

Address all orders to Warehouse B 0 609, 611, 613 W. 12th St., CHICAGO.

Orders for Ariz., Col., Cal., Idaho, Mont., New Mex., Nev., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must callfor 20 quarts freight prepaid, or write for particulars before remitting

Another book has been written to prove that some of the mental processes of some of the lower animals should be characterized as reasoning instead of instinct.

Dr. Weir claims that certain creatures possess the voluntary power to change their color as a means of more perfect protection from their enemies, and that this power should be ranked as one of the senses. He also considers that "the homing instinct"—by means of which a creature finds its way home—is really a seventh sense, and one which man does not possess. On page 193, regarding the sense of direction, he makes the astonishing statement that "in man" it "is entirely wanting." To frontiersmen, travelers and many others this will be news indeed. All hunters and woodsmen have this faculty in a greater or less degree, and it certainly is inherited from our savage ancestors. Dr. Weir is a close student of Nature, an untiring worker and his writings are always interesting and instructive. The present volume is no exception to the rule.

"The Dawn of Reason, or Mental Traits in the Lower Animals." By James Weir, Jr., M. D. 12mo. pp. 234. New York. The Macmillan Co., $1.25.

IN ANSWERING ADS ALWAYS MENTION RECREATION.

WESTERN STORIES.

Mr. F. W. Calkins' neat and attractive volume contains 15 stories of the wild West, which are told in pleasing style, and are well illustrated. I am surprised, however, that the artists should have used Barye's old tiger as a model for the cougar in the frontispiece, for, to paraphrase John C. Heenan, no cougar ever had no such muscles as those.

The stories deal with grizzly bears. The violin maker is the story of a man—who knows how to draw the long bow. If he had only bethought him to hitch his imagination to his sled and its logs he would have been spared the necessity of dropping half a mile in 30 seconds.

There is about these stories a vigor and a freshness, and a wild-Westernness which renders them highly enjoyable. They are so much better than the average of Western stories of adventure that I welcome them cordially.

The Cougar-Tamer, and Other Stories of Adventure. By Franklin Welles Calkins, 12 mo. pp. 262. Illustrated. Chicago. Herbert S. Stone & Co.

Do you ever camp out? If so, why sleep on the cold, hard ground? Why not take with you a pneumatic rubber mattress? You can get one for 25 subscriptions to RECREATION.

Libby's Mince Meat

Equals in purity and wholesomeness, the best home made. With a superior flavor and fruity deliciousness, it commends itself to the most particular people — and is so convenient. Put up in packages enough for two large pies.

Always ready when you want it. Saves trouble. Ask your grocer or write

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

Drop a postal for booklet "How to Make Good Things to Eat." (3rd edition.)

We do not live

on Fifth Avenue, hence

We do not pay

Fifth Avenue rents. We live in a modest street, and do a modest business.

That's why

we can do the Fifth Avenue style of work at modest prices. Give us a trial and we will convince you of the truth of these statements.

Our Winter Importations now on view.

FRED. C. MARTIN,

Merchant Tailor,

155 West 23d St., New York.

EDITH'S ANSWER.

A teacher wrote this want ad. on the blackboard, and all the little girls were required to hand in written applications in reply:

"Wanted, a milliner. Apply by letter to Miss Smith, No. 10 Blank street."

Small Edith's answer was promptly handed to the teacher, and read:

"Dear Miss Smith: I saw you want a milliner. I hate to trim hats. Can't you get somebody else? Please let me know right away. Edith Jones."

HAVE YOU A FRIEND
ANYWHERE IN THE WOODS,
IN THE MOUNTAINS
OR ON THE FARM,
WHO LONG FOR SOMETHING TO READ
IN THE LONG WINTER EVENINGS, OR IN
THE LONG SUMMER DAYS?
SEND HIM RECREATION.
IT WILL PLEASE HIM A WHOLE YEAR
AND HE WILL RISE UP AND CALL YOU
BLESSED.
AND IT ONLY COSTS YOU $1.

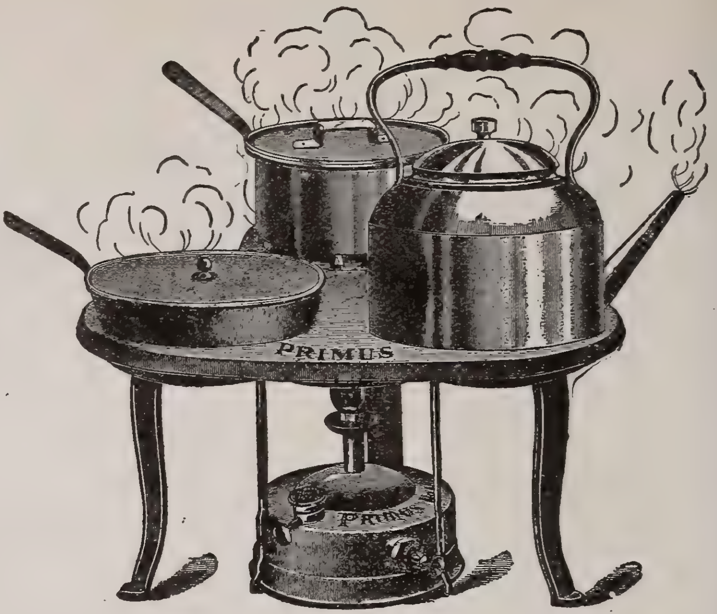
Yes, "Home, Sweet Home," does very well;
But when you count real worth,
The very swell seaside hotel
Is the dearest spot on earth.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

IN ANSWERING ADS PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

DO YOU EVER

Hunt? Fish? Paddle a Canoe?
Explore? Prospect? Climb Hills
or Sail a Yacht?

If so you have had trouble in starting a fire, or in keeping a fire, especially in bad weather. In cold weather or wet weather, you have wished you could have a fire in your tent to warm you, to dry your clothing and your bedding.



THE PRIMUS OIL STOVE

remedies all such difficulties. It cures all the ills that campers are heir to. It is the one thing needful to make camp life a dream of Elysium.

Wickless **Blue Flame**
Kerosene-Burning **Non-explosive**

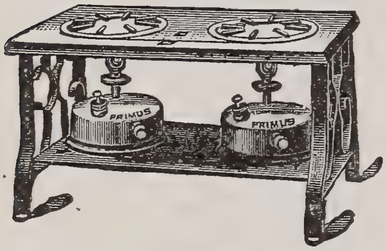
The features which make an oil-burning stove **Perfect**, are **Safety, Simplicity, Efficiency, Economy, Durability, Cleanliness,** all of which are **Perfectly** embodied in the **Primus.**

The **Primus** has no wick, hence its *perfect* combustion.

The **Primus** burns *any grade* kerosene. The flame can be regulated at will.

The **Primus** develops a heat of 2,100° Fahrenheit.

The **Primus** will burn, at its full heat, for **five** *consecutive hours* on a consumption of only *one quart* of kerosene. In other words, **one-fifth** *quart per hour, at a cost of less than one cent.*



DOUBLE STOVE FOR YACHTS

The Primus burns every-day kerosene, without a wick, with a clear, blue, smokeless and sootless flame.

The Primus is Positively Non-Explosive.

The Oil Tank Cannot be Filled While Burning.

The Primus While Burning May be Turned Completely Over Without the Slightest Exposure to Danger.

The Burner Lights Without Smoke. The Flame is Positively Odorless and Sootless.

It is by no means probable that any reader of RECREATION will ever give the **Primus** so severe a test as did the celebrated Arctic explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, on his famous voyage. His ship, the *Fram*, was equipped with **Primus** stoves, and when he left the ship to make his "dash to the Pole" on sledges, a **Primus** went with him. The following extract from "Farthest North" gives, in the explorer's own words, his estimate of its value:

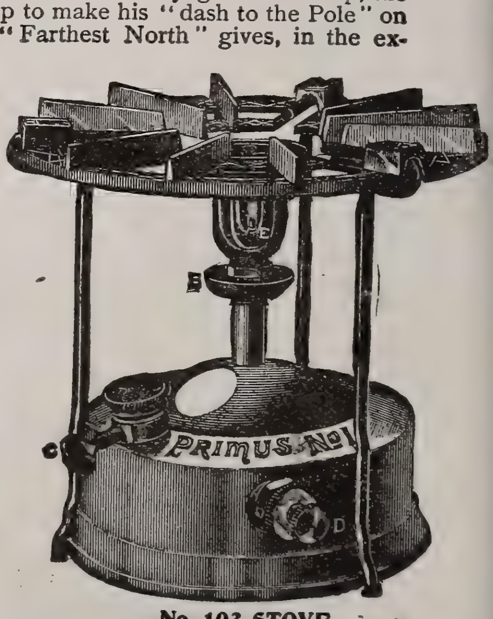
Vol. II., page 128: "For the heating was used a gas-petroleum lamp known as the **Primus,** in which the heat turns the petroleum into gas before it is consumed. By this means it renders the combustion unusually complete. Numerous experiments made by Professor Torup in his laboratory proved that the cooker in ordinary circumstances yielded 90 to 93 per cent. of the heat which the petroleum consumed should, by combustion, theoretically evolve. A more satisfactory result, I think, it would be impossible to obtain.

"As fuel, my choice fell on petroleum. Alcohol does not by any means generate so much heat in comparison with its weight as petroleum when the latter is entirely consumed as was the case in the lamp used by us. **We took with us rather more than 4 gallons, and this quantity lasted us more than 120 days, enabling us to cook two hot meals a day and melt an abundance of water.**"

An Alaskan prospector, who has used a **Primus** for several months, writes to a friend thus:

"Our '**Primus**' is a gem. A quart of kerosene lasts a week and cooks three meals a day for us. When it rains and is damp and cool we use it in the tent. Having perfect control over the amount of heat it gives out, it is no trouble to care for; no smoke or odor as in other kerosene stoves."

Write for circulars and full particulars. Mention RECREATION, Address



No. 103 STOVE
The type used by Nansen

THE PRIMUS COMPANY,

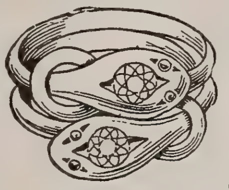
197 Fulton St., NEW YORK.

AGENTS.

HOLBROOK, MERRILL & STETSON, San Francisco.
Los Angeles and Sacramento, Cal.
GLOBE GAS LIGHT CO., Boston, Mass.
JAS. SPEAR STOVE & HEATING CO., Phila., Pa,
GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

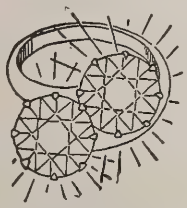
In Selecting Jewelry

which involves a considerable expenditure of money, great care should be exercised in choosing the PLACE to buy. There is so much spurious jewelry offered to the public nowadays that there is great danger of being fooled. Why not buy where the jewelry business is study, and where only reliable goods are sold? We don't preach a degree of honor greater than that practised by others, but we don't fool you. We give you your money's worth every time.



SNAKE RING, two pure white Diamonds, $25; Diamond and Ruby, Saphire or Emerald, $20; Turquoise and Diamond... 15.00

PEARL Opal, or Turquoise centre, fine White Diamonds around, $50; Ruby, Emerald or Saphire.... 75.00



TWO 2-karat Diamonds, first water Gems....... 85.00

Solid 14 k. Gold Watches.

E. Howard & Co., Elgin, Waltham and Geneva movements, at 20 per cent. less than manufacturers' prices, and 30 per cent. less than WHOLESALE LIST. We allow 30-day trial, and make no charge for repairs for five years.

E. HOWARD & CO., 3 oz. case, solid 14 k. gold, open face or hunting case; list price $50; our price..............................	35.00
SAME WATCH CASES, Waltham or Elgin movements; list $33; our price..	25.00
LIGHTER CASES, Waltham or Elgin movement, as low as....................	18.00
GENEVA hand engraved solid 14 k. gold cases, as low as	15.00
LADIES' size, same description, as low as....................................	10.00

These prices are 30 per cent. less than wholesale list and 20 per cent. less than manufacturers' prices.

DIAMONDS.

We cut and polish them, save 25 per cent. and duty, guarantee every stone, and allow the full price paid us within one year from date of purchase.

No house in the world can do more.

14 KARAT Gold Match Case, $10; Sterling Silver......... 1.50

LEMAIRE Pearl Opera Glasses..... 5.00
Others upward from $2.00.

PHILOPENA Ring, Twin Cluster of Diamonds, $25; smaller size........ 15.00

Established 1844

MRS. T. LYNCH,

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Diamond Importer and Manufacturer of Fine Jewelry and Silverware

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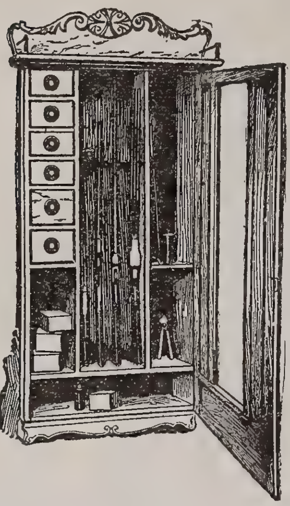
An Excellent
Gun Cabinet
For $15.00



Well
Made
of
Oak.
Glass
in
Door.
Strong
Lock

Height
5-10
Depth
12 in.
Width
31 in.
Center
Space
is
Lined

WELL CRATED F.O.B. CARS HERE.

For list of agencies and Cut of Fishing Tackle Cabinet, see Aug. RECREATION

Special Cabinets Made to Order from Your Ideas

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

G. S. HUDSON & SON, Ellisburg, N. Y.

What is Ahead of You?

What are your prospects for advancement in your present occupation?

Is the road to success clear, or are you on a side track? Thousands of young men are occupying poor positions to-day at small salaries who have ability to do greater things. Our system of education **BY MAIL** prepares you for the higher positions. *You do not have to leave your present work and salary until you are qualified to*

Secure a Better Position.

If you are inclined toward **Mechanical, Electrical, Civil Engineering or Architecture, Bookkeeping, Stenography, or Commercial Correspondence,** we guarantee to qualify you **by mail,** when you can enter the profession of your choice. *Every course is complete.* Every student works at home under the personal direction of a competent instructor, success being assured. Our terms of payment are within the reach of every one.

Established 1891. Capital $1,500,000. 110,000 students and graduates. *We can refer to a student in your neighborhood.* Write and tell us what profession you wish to enter.

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Box 1223, Scranton, Pa.

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GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.

Makers of **Tents, Flags, and Sails**

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Camp
Furniture
AND...
Outfits
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CONTRACTORS TO THE U. S. GOVERNMENT

202, 204, 206, 208 S. WATER STREET
CHICAGO

Send 6 cents in stamps for our new 80-page catalogue of Tents, etc., illustrating every style and size from the largest U. S. army tent to the smallest camping tent.

The Club
MANHATTAN
Cocktails
G. F. Heublein & Bro.
NEW YORK HARTFORD LONDON

Why **THE CLUB COCKTAILS** Are Best

From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th

In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails, by the time they are used by the consumer, may have already been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers — Manhattan, Martini, whiskey, gin, vermouth, and York—all excellent.

For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Sea-Shore, or the Picnic.

These Cocktails are aged, are ready for use, and require only to be POURED OVER CRACKED ICE and strained off to be in perfect condition.

AVOID IMITATIONS
Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
39 Broadway, New York
Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W., London, Eng.

A. E. COLBURN

Taxidermist

Artistic, Lifelike Mounting
of Mammals, Birds, Game Heads, Etc.

Dealer in Supplies and Specimens

School of Taxidermy

With the practical experience of twelve years in the field, laboratory and museum, I have established a correspondence school of taxidermy. The system is thoroughly practical and is presented with a simplicity and conciseness that enables me to successfully teach those living at a distance. It is intended chiefly to recognize and foster the efforts of the amateur. . . . Free use of workrooms for resident pupils.

Send stamp for Prospectus, Catalogue, etc., which fully explains method of instruction

1233 G STREET, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

I have read with a great deal of interest the report of the gun test. I note what Dr. Elliott says in regard to our duck boat, and while we have a few calls for boats of larger size, yet the majority of the sportsmen seem to want a boat of smaller size. Each sportsman has his own ideas about things pertaining to his outfit and it would be impossible for any one house to meet all these wants. We do not claim to have a perfect boat, but we think our duck boat, equipped with the side air chambers, comes about as near to perfection as any that has ever been made for duck shooting. I recently made a special boat for a man in St. Paul, in which he had the gunwale increased in height to about 5 inches, gunwale being cut away in the center so as to allow for the use of bow-facing oars. On the deck, front and rear of the boat, he had wire game baskets, which were hinged so they would drop down flat on the deck when not in use. Each basket is about 4 inches in height and makes a convenient place to store decoys or game. In my new catalogue I show a number of photographs of this boat in use, as well as a number of other shooting secenes which will prove of great interest to sportsmen.

W. H. Mullins, Salem, O.

It only costs $1 to tickle a man or a boy a whole year. RECREATION does it. $1.

ARNICA
TOOTH SOAP

ARNICA
TOOTH SOAP
Beautifies, cleanses, preserves and whitens the teeth, strengthens the gums and sweetens the breath.
The World's Standard Dentifrice for 30 years.
Used in a million homes. Put up in neat and handy boxes—the ideal package for the traveler. No dust, no powder, no liquid to waste, or to stain or soil garments.
25c at all Druggists.
C. H. STRONG & CO., Props.,
Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

ADIRONDACK LAND FOR SALE.
Magnificent Game Preserve of 7,000 Acres, *containing 6 Beautiful Lakes and Ponds; several Famous Trout Streams; Club House, and 3 Cottages. Trout, Deer, Rabbits, Ducks, and Partridges plentiful. Scenery, fine. Altitude, 2,000 ft. Air, pure and invigorating. Only 15½ miles from railroad. Grand opportunity for Private Park, or Investment. $3.75 per acre, if bought soon.* **Worth double price asked.** *The Spruce would sell for that sum, and still a handsome forest left.* **Many other Tracts for sale.** *Address,* **Forest Land Co., Syracuse, N. Y.**

The annual meeting of the Niagara Falls Fish and Hunt Club was held September 1st, when the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Jas. Bampfield; vice-president, Hon. J. A. Lowell; secretary, John J. Bampfield; treasurer, Harry Williams; captain, John Hanop.

It was decided to have the annual deer hunt this year on the club's reserve in Parry Sound district. Last year's hunt resulted in 18 deer and 47 bear.

The club's membership is limited to 10. We purpose taking a professional photographer with us this year. The following are the members of the club: Jas. Bampfield, J. A. Lowell, John J. Bampfield, Frank Jeffries, Harry Williams, John Hanop, Chas. Doran, Geo. Phemister, Chas. Flynn, A. Harter, and George Buckley.

B., Niagara Falls, Ont.

For Sale: Live Buffalo, Elk, Mountain Sheep, Antelope, Mule Deer, Wolves, Black, Brown, Cinnamon and Grizzly Bears. Prompt and careful shipments.

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References: Arthur Brown, Supt., Philadelphia Zoo; E. M. Bigelow, Chief, Dept. of Parks, Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. T. Hornaday, Director, N. Y. Zoo Garden and G. O. Shields, Editor RECREATION.

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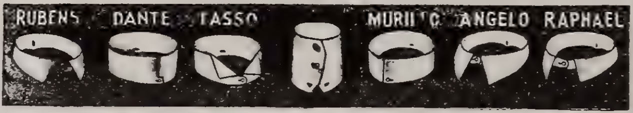

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WHOLE YEAR.
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$1.

I have great pleasure in hunting gray squirrels. In Wayne county, N. Y., there is a large forest known as the Beech woods, which I often visit during the fishing season to see if there are going to be any beech nuts. If there are any nuts, I can be sure of the squirrels. I think this will answer W. B. S. as to why squirrels migrate. They are choice feeders and always go where they can secure the best.

C. L. Bigart, Dunsmore, Pa.

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Subscriptions need not all be sent at once. They may be sent in instalments as taken and credit will be given on account. When the required number is obtained the premium earned will be shipped.

TO ANY PERSON SENDING ME

TWO yearly subscriptions to RECREATION at $1 each, I will send a copy of *Hunting in the Great West*, paper; or a Zar Camera, listed at $1; or an Ingersoll Watch or Cyclometer, each listed at $1; or 1 doz. Chatfield Trout Flies, assorted, listed at $1; or a 2-pound can of Laflin & Rand's Smokeless Powder, listed at $2.

THREE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Battle of the Big Hole*, cloth; or a No. 41 Stevens Pistol, listed at $2.50; or 1 doz. Chatfield Bass Flies, assorted, listed at $2; or a Baby Hawk-Eye Camera made by the Blair Camera Co. and listed at $5.

FOUR subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Camping and Camping Outfits*, cloth; or a No. 3 Acme Camera and Outfit, listing at $3; or a No. 101 Primus Oil Stove, listing at $4.

FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *Cruisings in the Cascades*, cloth; or a Willsie Camera, made for cut films, and listed at $5; or a Wizard V (Boss Dandy) Camera, 4x5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listing at $5; or a Forehand New Model Revolver, listing at $4; or a Nodark Camera, listing at $5; or a Hawk-Eye Camera, listed at $5.

SEVEN subscriptions at $1 each, a copy of *The Big Game of North America*, or of *The American Book of the Dog*, cloth; or an Australian Mosquito-proof Tent, listed at $7; or a Stevens Diamond Model Pistol, listed at $5; or a Korona Camera, Model I.C, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listing at $7.

EIGHT subscriptions at $1 each, a Waterproof Wall Tent 7¼ x 7¼, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $7.50; or a Split Bamboo Fly Rod or a Split Bamboo Bait Rod, listed at $6.75; or a No. 4 Cyclone Camera, listed at $8.

NINE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 17 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $6; or a Wizard A Camera, made by the Manhattan Optical Co., and listed at $10.

TEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Steel Fishing Rod, listing at $6 or less; or a Yawman and Erbe Automatic Reel, listed at $6 to $9; or a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, listed at $10; or a Cut-Glass Salad Bowl, made by Higgins & Seiter, and listed at $4.50; or a Stevens Ideal Rifle, No. 44, listed at $10; or a Willsie Camera, listed at $10; or a Fishing Tackle Cabinet, made by G. S. Hudson & Son.

TWELVE subscriptions at $1 each, a No. 18 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $8.50; or a Korona Camera, Model I-A, made by the Gundlach Optical Co., and listed at $13; or a Peabody Carbine valued at $12.

FIFTEEN subscriptions at $1 each, a Kenwood Sleeping Bag, complete with canvas cover, listed at $16; or a No. 19 Stevens Favorite Rifle, listed at $9; or a Bicycle Folding Cyclone Camera, No. 10, listed at $16; or a Wizard B Camera, 4 x 5, made by the Manhattan Optical Co. and listed at $14; or a gun cabinet, made by G. S. Hudson & Son; or a Grade A Sportsmen's Trunk, made by the New Departure Trunk Co., and listed at $18.

TWENTY subscriptions at $1 each, a 14-karat Gold Hunting-case Watch, with Waltham Movement, listed at $20; or a Complete Working Model of the Battleship *Oregon*, 36 inches long, and listed at $15; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $16 or less; or a Grade B Sportsmen's Trunk, listed at $22; or a Mullins' Duck Boat listed at $25.

TWENTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, a Gun Cabinet, made by the West End Furniture Co., and listed at $25; or an Improved Gramophone (Zonophone), listed at $25; or a Waterproof Tent, 14½ x 17, made by D. T. Abercrombie & Co., and listed at $25; or a 4x5 Cycle Camera, listed at $22.50; or a Recreation Camp Mattress, made by the Pneumatic Mattress and Cushion Co., and listing at $20; or a Repeating Rifle, listing at $20 or less, or a Grade C Sportsmen's Trunk, listed at $25.

THIRTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $20 or less; or a 5x7 Cycle Camera, listed at $27; or a Shattuck Double Hammerless Shot-gun, listing at $25; or a Split Bamboo Fly Rod; or a Split Bamboo Bait Rod, listed at $25; or a Repeating Rifle, listed at $25 or less.

THIRTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, an Arlington Sewing Machine, listed at $19.50; or a 5x7 Korona Camera, listed at $32; or a Forehand, grade O, double hammerless shot gun.

FORTY subscriptions at $1 each, any Stevens Rifle or Pistol, listed at $30 or less; or a Savage .303 Repeating Rifle.

FORTY-FIVE subscriptions at $1 each, an Ithaca, Quality No. 1, plain, double-barrel Hammerless Breech-loading Shot-gun, listed at $40.

FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a high-grade Clipper or Elk Bicycle, worth $50.

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ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY subscriptions at $1 each, a fine Lefever Hammerless Gun, Grade E, with automatic ejector, listed at $120.

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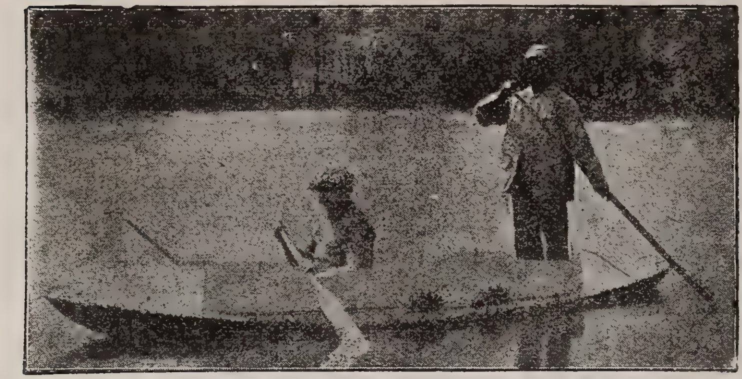
New York



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Catalogue on application

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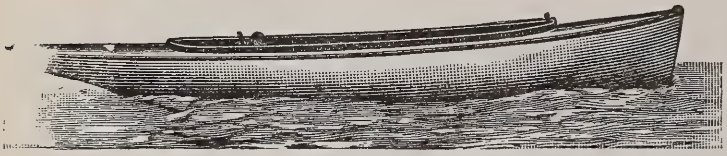

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GOOD HUNTING.

Local hunters report that, while the chickens are numerous, they are small. Some are not so large as robins. Many coveys have not yet left the hen and are hard to flush. In many instances true sportsmen have refused to kill the birds.

This hunting was done early in the summer and the men who killed young grouse the size of robins should be heartily ashamed of themselves. The true sportsmen, on the contrary, who refused to kill birds of that size have set an example for all shooters. If all men could be induced to follow such teaching then we should have a great deal more game, in years to come, than we can hope to have as long as the pot hunters and game hogs continue their work.

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A HOLIDAY PRESENT THAT WILL
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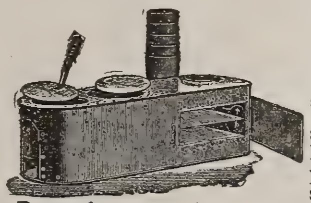
In 6 Sizes. Patent applied for



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Burns largest wood, keeps fire longest of any stove made. For full particulars address

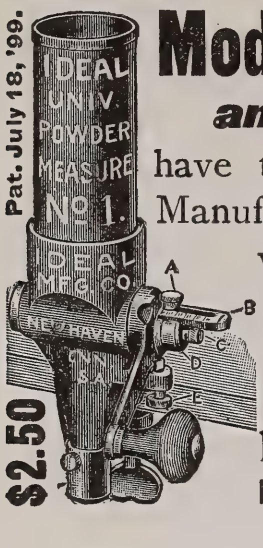
D. W. CREE, Manufacturer, Griggsville, Ill.

"Poor Bilkins is dead. He drank a gallon and a half of straight whiskey, 14 high-balls and half a keg of beer night before last."

"Is that so? What was the cause of his death?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

"Wild Animals I Have Known" is one of the most remarkable books of the day. Publisher's price, $2. The book and RECREATION, one year, $2.

This relates to renewals as well as to new subscriptions.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have the *Official Endorsement* of the Powder Manufacturers With 3 different graduations, they will measure accurately *all kinds of powders* in ***Grains, from one grain up;*** in Drams, from ½ to 5 drams. *Send 3 two-cent stamps* for latest *Ideal Hand Book.* 126 pages of valuable information *to Shooters.*
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IT PAYS
Don't load yourself with traps you are not sure of. Ask for the **NEWHOUSE** brand, or write to the makers,
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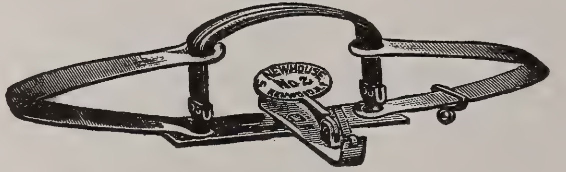

ANOTHER MICHIGAN BUTCHER.

> Prosecuting Attorney Frank A. Rodgers returned yesterday from a fishing trip on the Little Manistee and now claims to be the champion trout fisherman of Grand Rapids. He went to Canfield and fished 4 days, but his greatest catch was on the Fourth. He brought home 178 trout and had them photographed. He claims he can produce affidavits to prove that he caught all the fish himself. He caught a 3-pound trout, several 2 pounders and a lot over one pound. Mr. Rodgers stated yesterday he never saw so many fish in a river, nor saw them bite the way they did on the Fourth of July. He also thinks there are more fish in the Little Manistee river than in any other stream in Michigan. He has been fishing 4 times this year and his total catch is 428 fish.—*Grand Rapids, Mich., paper.*

Yours of the 17th inst. at hand inquiring in regard to my catch of trout, was duly received. The report that I caught 178 trout in 4 days was not quite right. I caught 200 in 3½ days, commencing on the morning of the 2d of July and stoping about noon on the 5th. The largest weighed 3 pounds, several 2 pounds and a large number over one pound. I fished in the Little Manistee river.

If you make any mention of this in your magazine please send me 2 or 3 copies.

Frank A. Rodgers, Grand Rapids, Mich.

It is strange that a lawyer, and especially one occupying the position of prosecuting attorney, should not know better than to slaughter trout at such a rate as this, in this day and age of the world. A number of your townsmen have sent me copies of the clipping shown above and have requested me to expose you. This shows the feeling among decent sportsmen regarding such wholesale butchery, and the sooner you and eyeryone else learns of this public sentiment, the less necessity for me to use up space in RECREATION in exposing your kind of work. As I have frequently stated in these columns, there is an unwritten law among sportsmen that no man should take more than 10 pounds of trout in one day, yet it would seem from your own statement that you took at least 100 pounds of fish in the 3 days. At any rate you took 3 to 4 times as many as you should. Consequently you have placed yourself in the company of the herd of swine who are so rapidly depleting all the good waters in the country. I trust this may be a salutary lesson to you and your kind, and that in future you will quit when you get enough.

EDITOR.

"Yes," he said, "I love the sublime and beautiful."

"Oh, Mr. Bumbleton," she replied through her blushes, "I had no idea when we started that you wished to get me out here for the purpose of making a confession."—Chicago Times-Herald.

After the first summer New Jersey ceased to be the home of the octopi.

Feeling some curiosity, we ventured to inquire of an intelligent looking octopus the reason.

"Why did you leave New Jersey, where the laws are so favorable to octopi?" we asked.

"It was lovely there in winter," replied the octopus, frankly, "but in summer we had to use so many of our tentacles to fight mosquitoes with that we really couldn't do business, don't you know."

Of course, all octopi are liars, and yet this explanation seems altogether reasonable.—Detroit Journal.

Judge A.: "Well, Uncle Zeb, where are you going?"

The Benedict: "I wuz jis goin' to the cote, suh, to see you, suh, and get a remorse from dat yaller limb dat I married de yarder day."

Judge A.: "Why, that won't do. Didn't you promise me you would take her for better or worse, and all that?"

The Benedict: "Yes, suh, but she'm a sight wuss dan I took her fur."—Harper's Bazar.

"Will you have some of the sugar-cured ham?" asked the landlady.

"What was it cured of?" asked the new boarder, suspiciously.—What-to-Eat.

A BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Artists' Proofs

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SOME GOOD GUIDES.

Following is a list of names and addresses of guides who have been recommended to me, by men who have employed them; together with data as to the species of game and fish which these guides undertake to find for sportsmen.

If anyone who may employ one of these guides should find him incompetent or unsatisfactory, I will be grateful if he will report he fact to me.

CALIFORNIA.

S. L. N. Ellis, Visalia, trout, deer, bear, grouse, and quails.

COLORADO.

F. W. Allen, Dotsero, Eagle Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, trout, and grouse.
W. H. Hubbard, Glenwood Springs, ditto
Charles Allen, Gypsum, "
J. M. Campbell, Buford, "
R. W. McGhee, De Beque, "
W. L. Pattison, Buford, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.

GEORGIA.

Sam T. Denning, Augusta, turkeys, quails and rabbits.

IDAHO.

W. L. Winegar, Egin, Fremont Co., elk, bear, deer, antelope, mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
Geo. Winegar, St. Anthony, Fremont Co., ditto
John Ching, Kilgore, Fremont Co., "
R. W. Rock, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Staley, Lake, Fremont Co., "
Ed. Blair, Victor, Fremont Co., "
Clay Vance, Houston, Custer Co., "

MAINE.

E. J. Page, Burlington, moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
I. O. Hunt, Norcross, ditto
P. E. Young, Sherman Mills, "
Henry Gauthier, Benedicta, "
George Gauthier, Benedicta, "
James A. Duff, Kineo, Moosehead Lake, "
Henry D. Lowell, West Ripley, "

MINNESOTA.

E. L. Brown, Warren, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, and black bass.
W. B. Croff, Young America, moose, bear, deer, ducks, geese, prairie chickens, etc.

MONTANA.

E. E. Van Dyke, Red Lodge, elk, bear, deer, antelope mountain sheep, trout and grouse.
W. H. Ryther, Columbia Falls, ditto
Quincy Myers, Columbia Falls, "
Theodore Christiansen, Columbia Falls, "
W. A. Hague, Fridley, "
Vic. Smith, Anaconda, "
M. P. Dunham, Woodworth, "
William Jackson, Browning, "
James Blair, Lakeview, "
George Whitaker, Gardiner, "
George M. Ferrell, " "
Edward Olcott, Red Lodge, "
W. Jackson, Browning, "
A. H. McManus, Superior, "
Chas. Marble, Chestnut, "

NEW YORK.

E. W. Kinne, Mongaup Valley, White Lake, Sullivan Co., deer, grouse, rabbits, squirrels and trout.
Eugene M. House, Glendale, ditto
Buel Girard, Moriches, ducks, geese, grouse, quails, snipe and salt-water fishing.
Willie E. Ross, Moriches, ditto

NORTH CAROLINA.

Fred. Latham, Haslin, deer, quails, ducks, salt-water fishing.
F. S. Jarvis, Haslin, ditto
W. B. Tooley, Haslin, "
F. P. Latham, Haslin, "

OREGON.

W. H. Bowen, Camas Valley, elk, deer, bear, grouse and trout.
Henry Bowen, Camas Valley, ditto
E. L. Howe, Creswell, "

OHIO.

Ugh F. Catanach, Kelley's Island, ducks, geese grouse, quail, black bass, and muskalonge.

PENNSYLVANIA.

W. W. Wikoff, Sinnamahoning, Cameron Co., deer, grouse and trout.
Len Champion, Carney, Wyoming Co., grouse, quail, black bass, pike and pickerel.

WYOMING.

S. N. Leek, Jackson, elk, bear, deer, mountain sheep antelope, grouse and trout.
Mark H. Warner, Ten Sleep, ditto
James L. Simpson, Jackson, "
Milo Burke, Ten Sleep, "
Nelson Yarnall, Dubois, "
S. A. Lawson, Laramie, "
H. M. Coulter, Lander, "
H. D. DeKalb, Big Piney, "
Ira Dodge, Cora, "
Wm. Wells, Cora, "
Cecil J. Huntington, Dayton, "
A. S. Marshall, Cora, "
F. Allston, Basin, "
N. M. Brown, Ishawood, "
George N. Madison, Jackson, "
J. L. Simpson, Jackson. "
John Tate, Wise P. O., "

CANADA.

Dell Thomas, Lumby P. O., B. C., deer, bear, sheep goats, grouse and trout.
Henry McDougal, Kelowna P. O., B. C., ditto
Geo. Gillard, Little Bay, Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, caribou, trout and salmon.
Abraham Stevenson, Hall's Bay, ditto
Geo E. Armstrong, Perth Centre, N. B., moose, caribou, deer, grouse and trout.
W. A. Brewster, Banf, Rocky Mountain Park, Can., bear, sheep, goats, grouse and trout.

Eaton, O.,
August 23d, 1899.

Spratts Patent Limited,
New York.

Gentlemen:

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Very truly yours,
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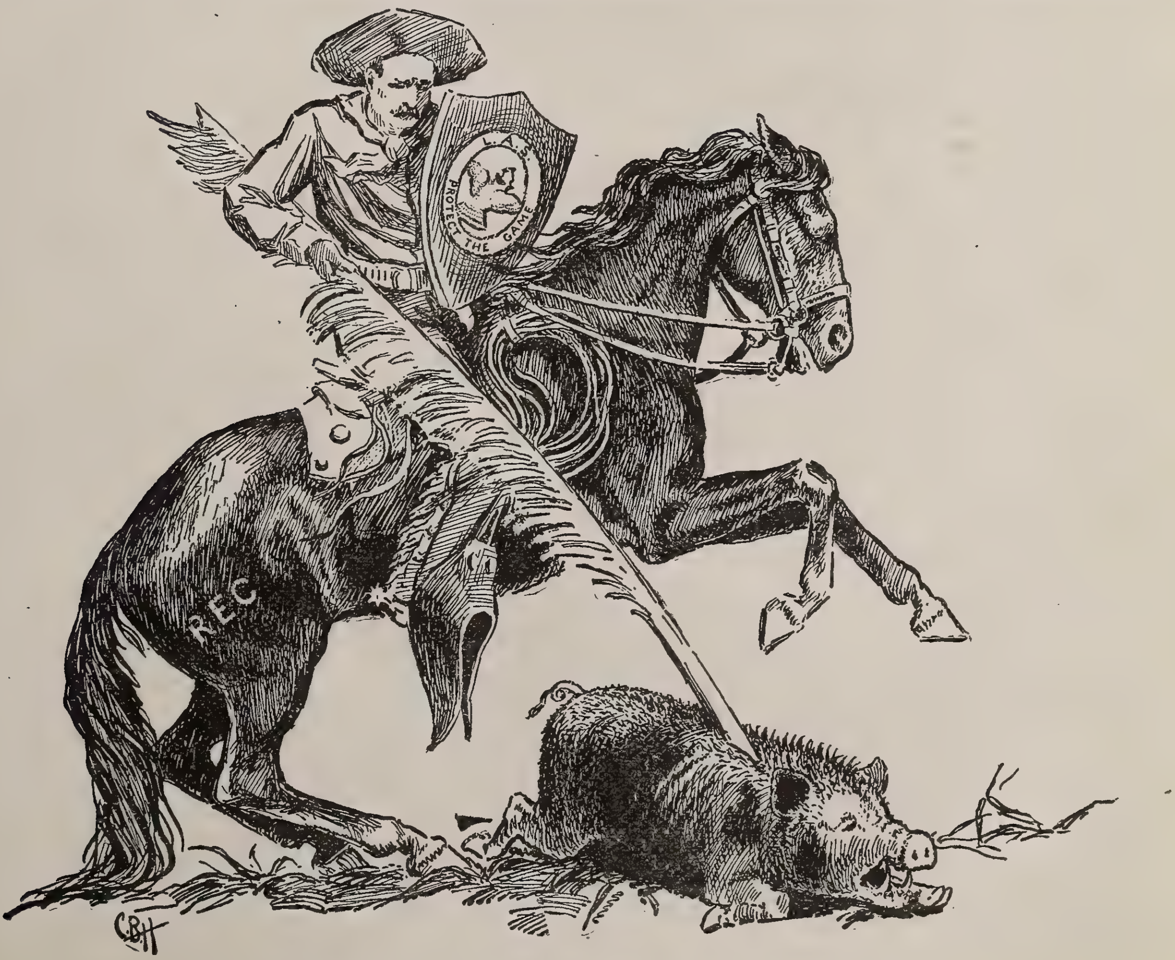
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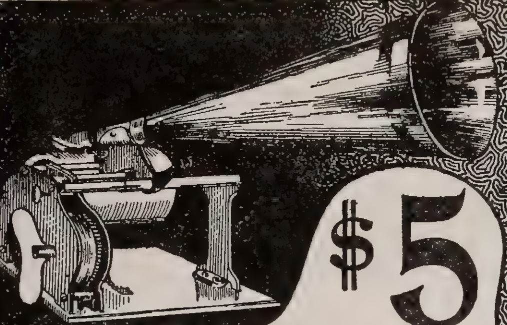

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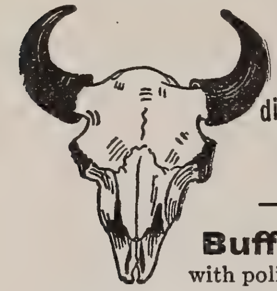

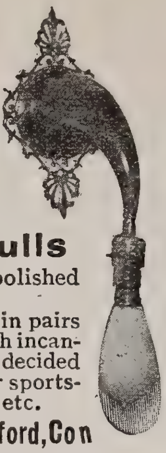

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Please let me take issue with your decision against W. V. H., "Were we poaching?" September number. I was some years ago hunting and fishing with a party, in Washington county, Fla. We were arrested for violating a non-resident law. We paid the fine and appealed the case, entering a demurrer that the State law was in violation of the constitution of the United States, which guarantees to the citizen of every State equal rights on the public domain. The court sustained our demurrer, the case was dismissed, and money refunded. It is against public policy that counties and States should legislate against citizens of other counties and States. Land ownership, if private, is sacred to the whims or will of its owner. If public then rights should be as broad as our government and non-resident laws should be attacked and voided.

B. B. Comer, Birmingham, Ala.

I regret I cannot agree with Mr. Comer. The supreme court of the United States and the supreme courts of several of the States have decided that the game in any State belongs to the people of that State; that they have a right to say who may and who may not kill the game, and in the case of non-residents whether the game may be transported out of the State after being killed. These decisions have been published several times in RECREATION. It would seem therefore that the Florida court which adjudicated the case above referred to acted in direct contradiction of these various higher courts.

If game were abundant everywhere, and if there were no probability of its ever being less abundant, then I should be in favor of giving all decent sportsmen the privilege of killing it at all times and in all places; but at the present rate at which the game is being wiped out I am in favor of every lawful measure that will give the game a better chance than it now has for existence. EDITOR.

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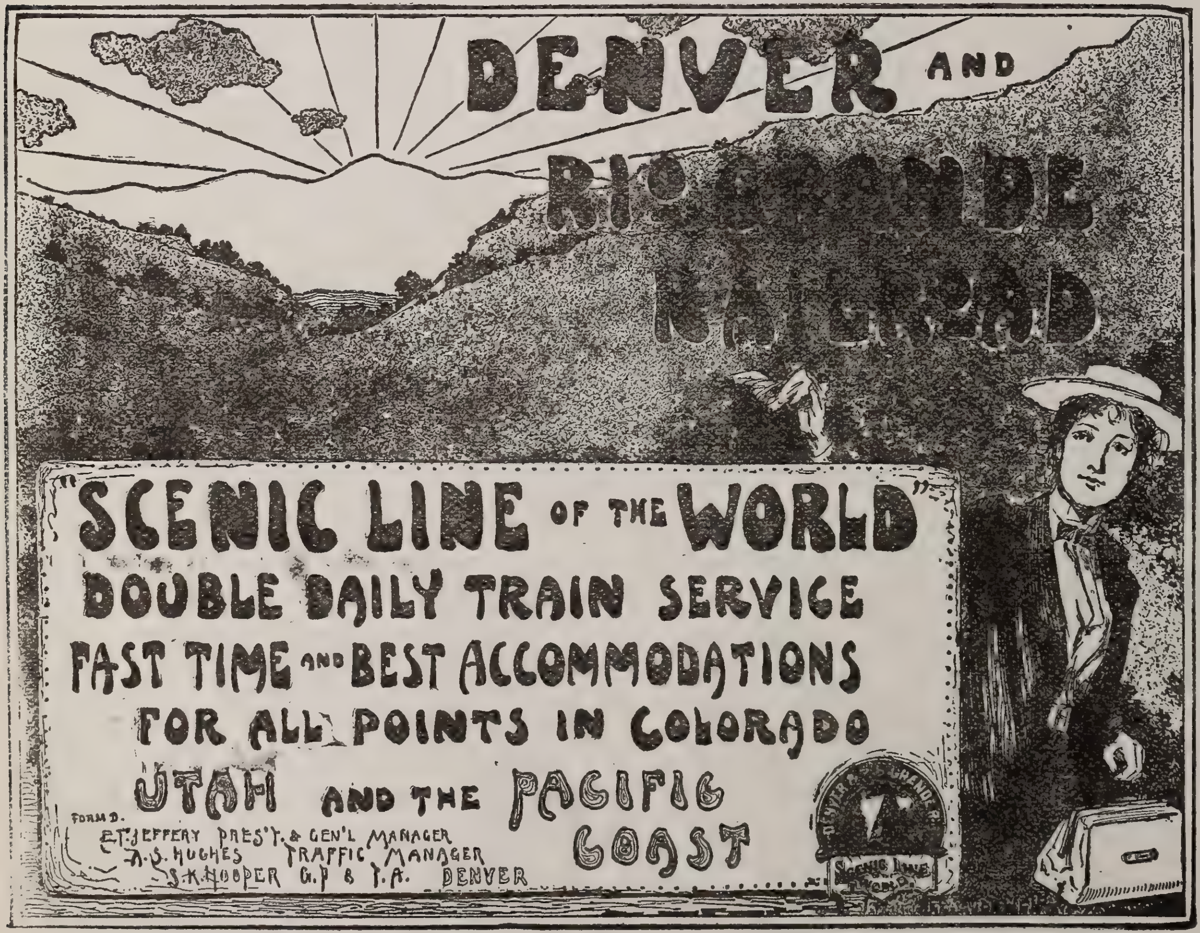

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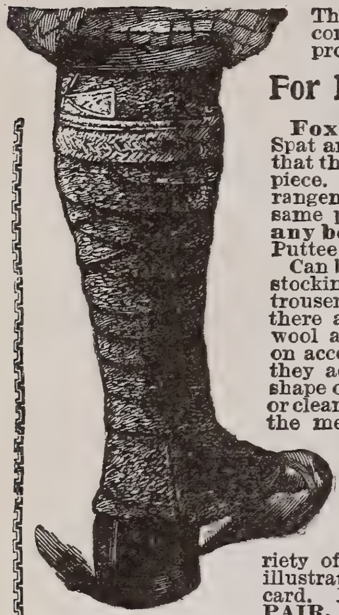

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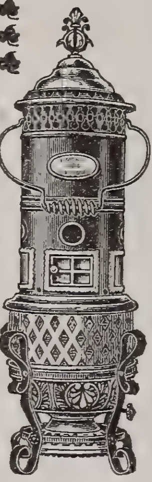

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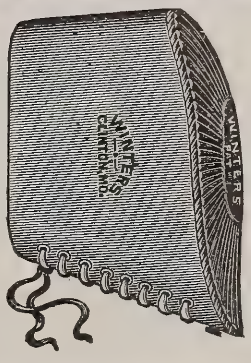
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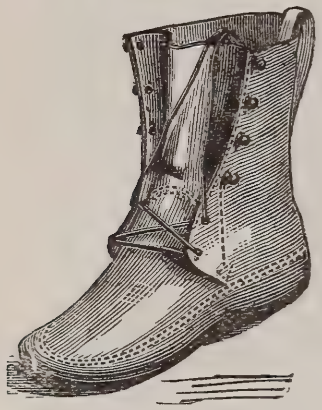

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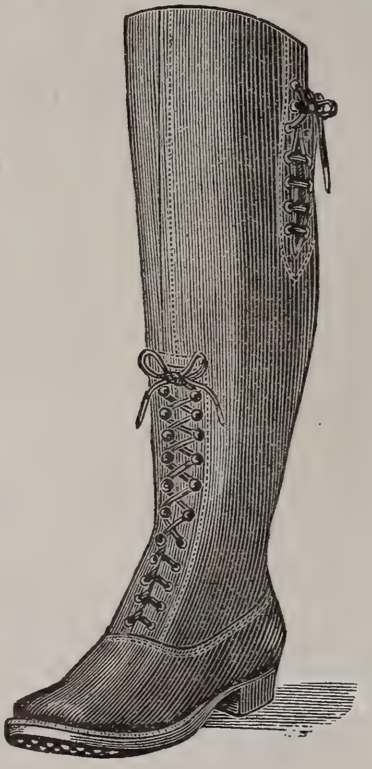

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22C	" 20C " 9 " No. 23 " 22 " 11 "
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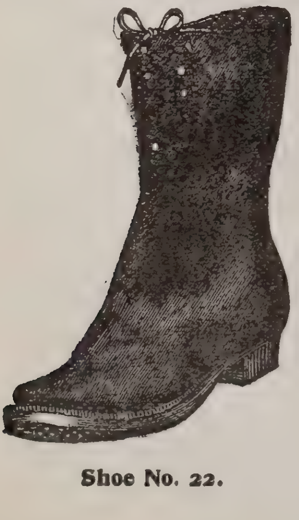

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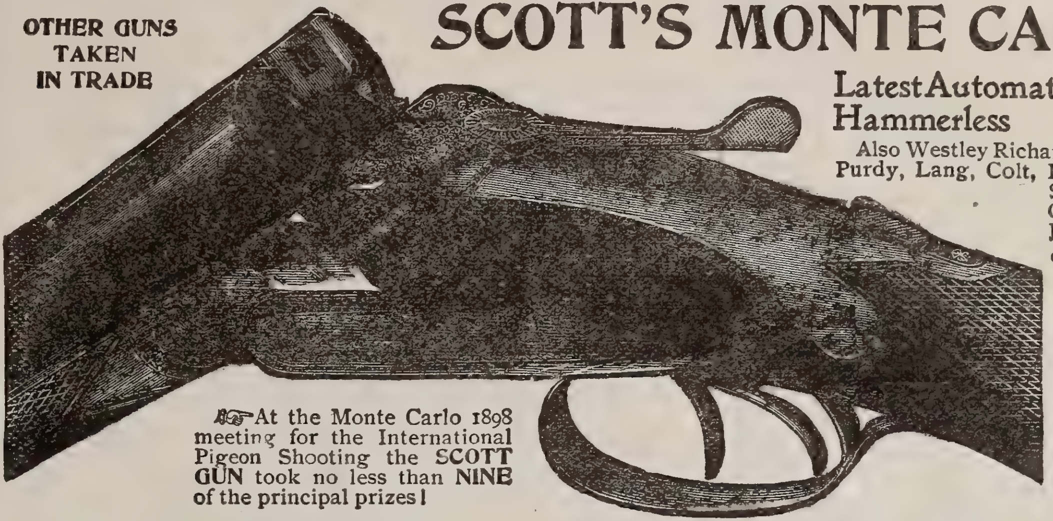

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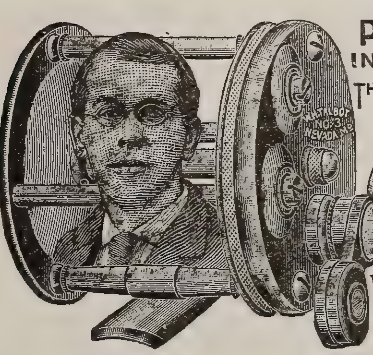
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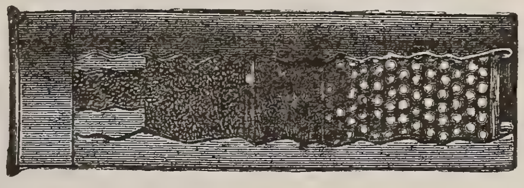

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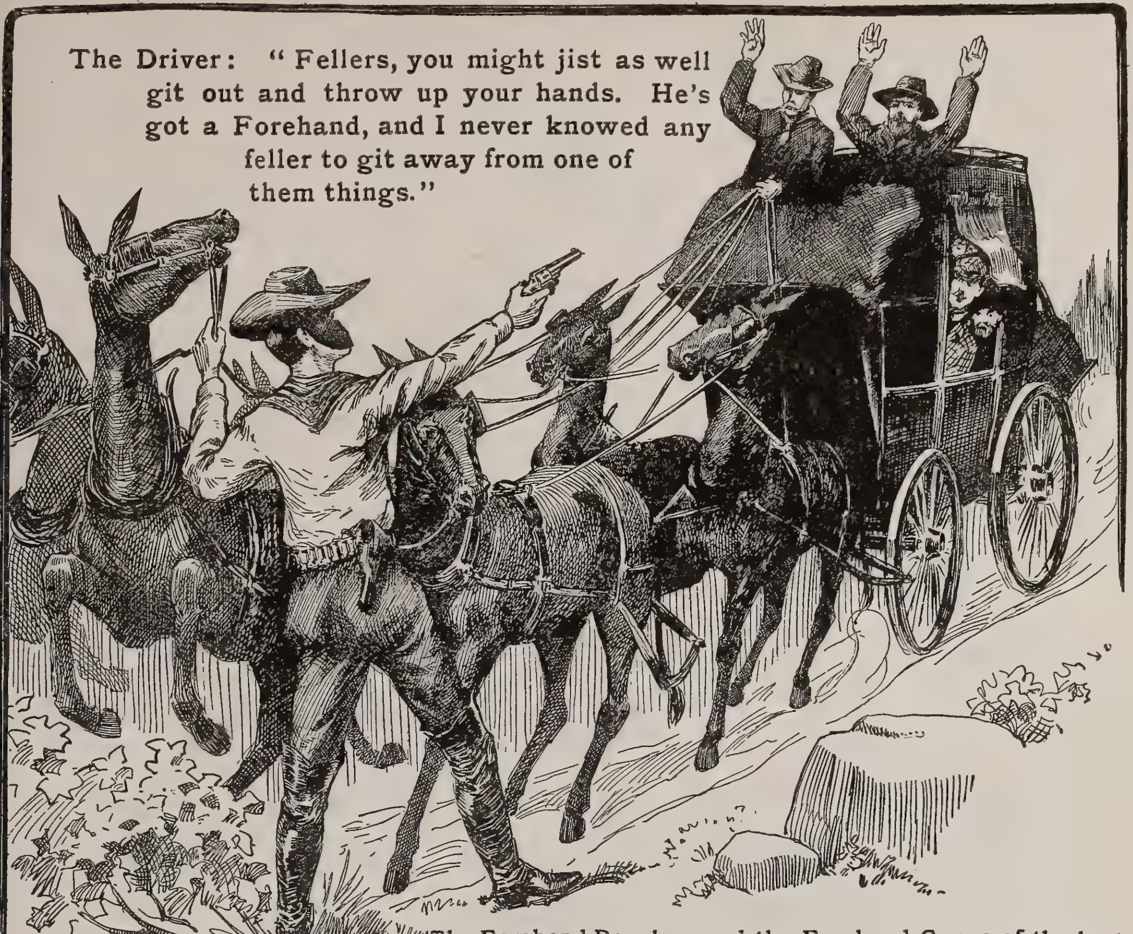
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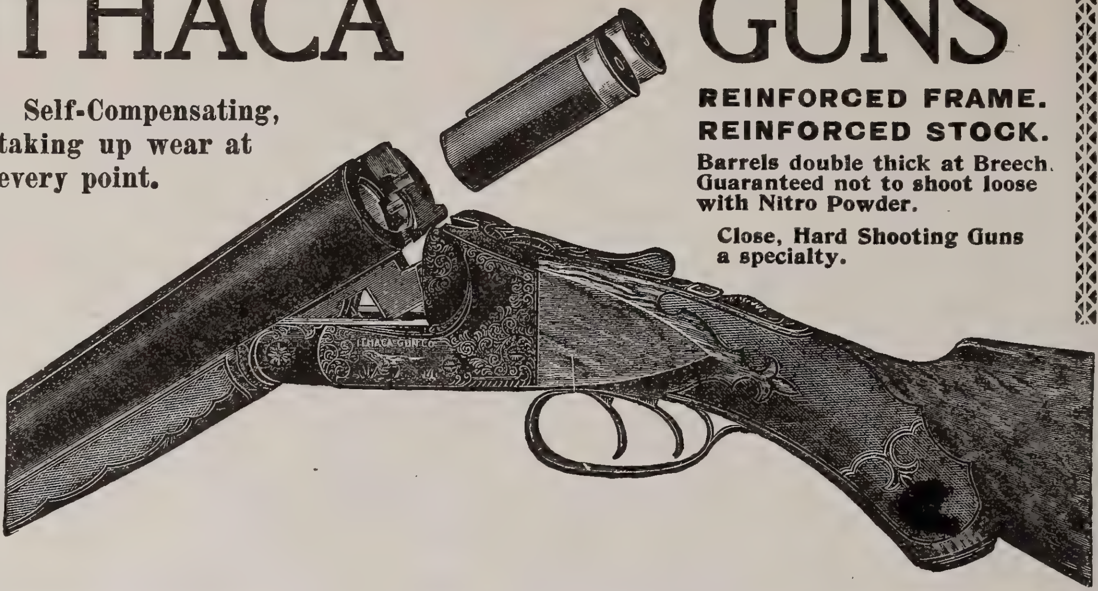
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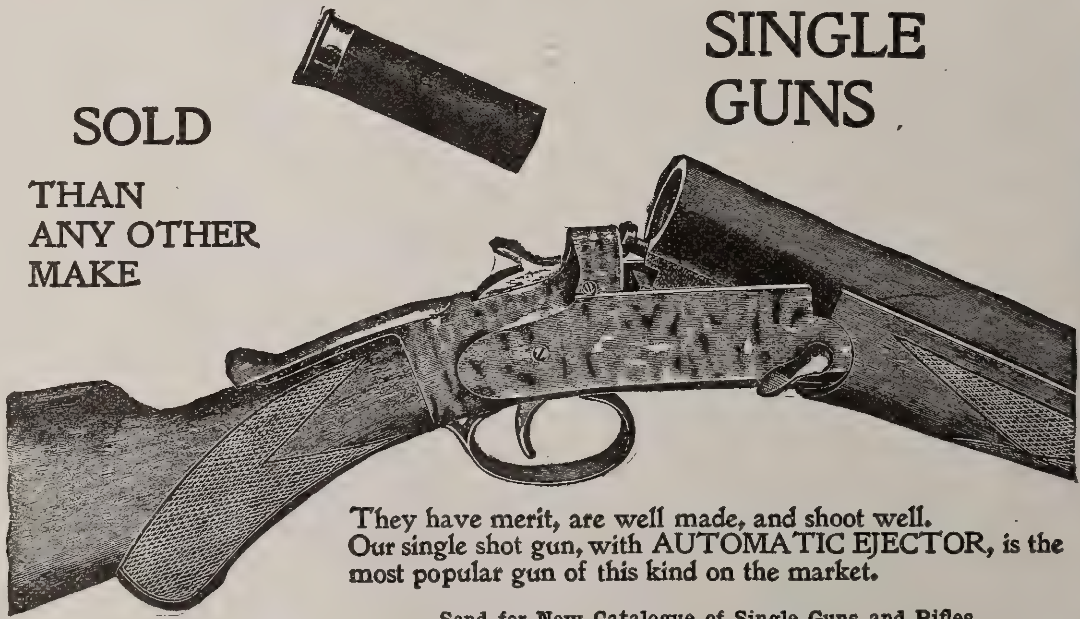

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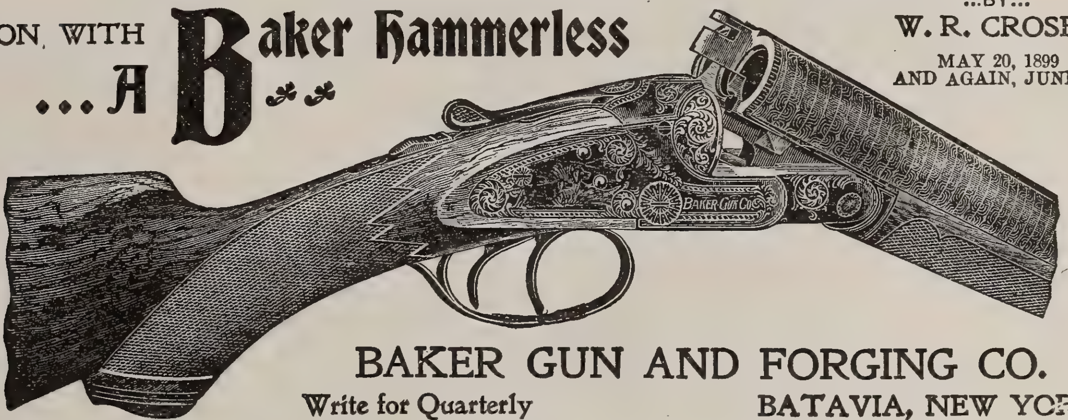
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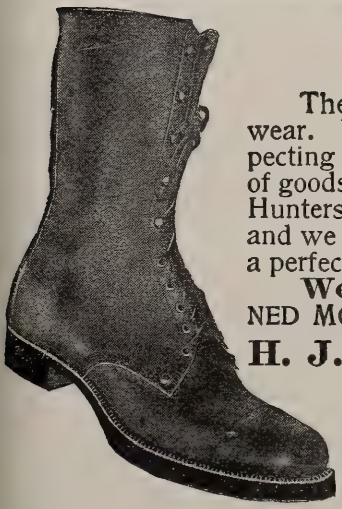

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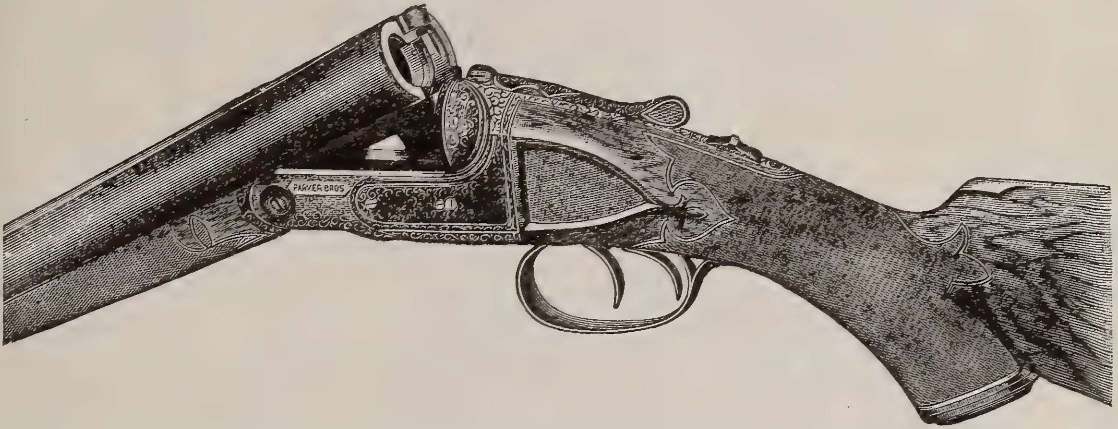

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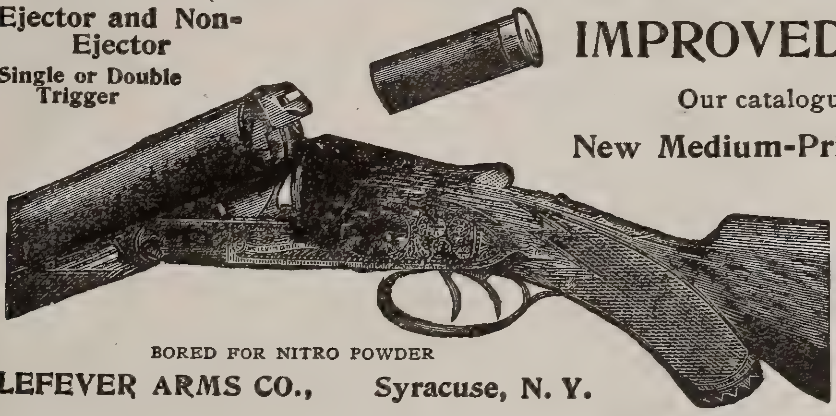

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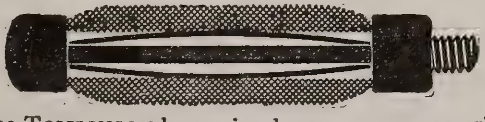

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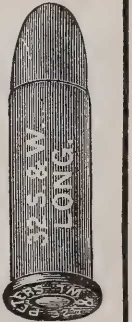

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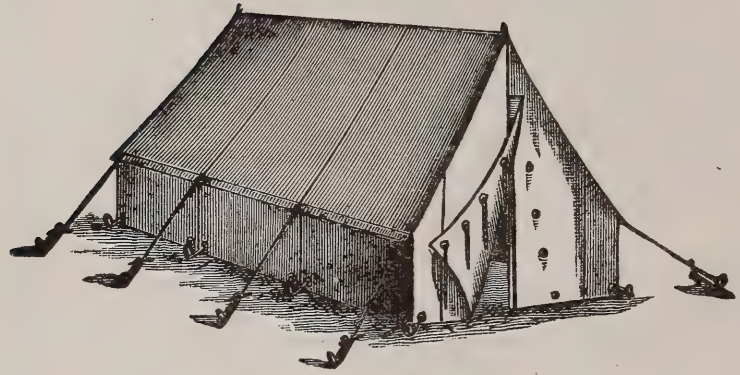

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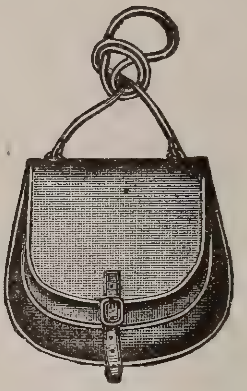

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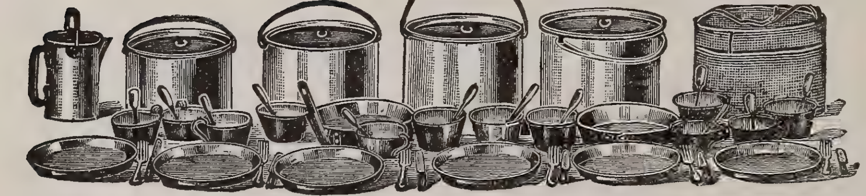

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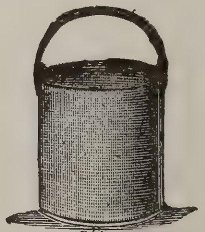

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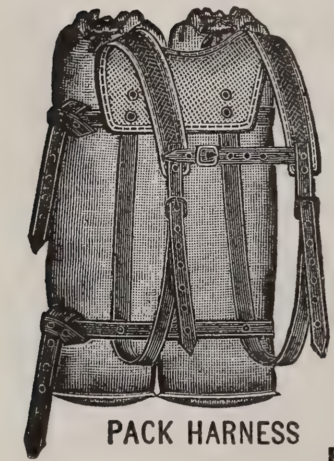

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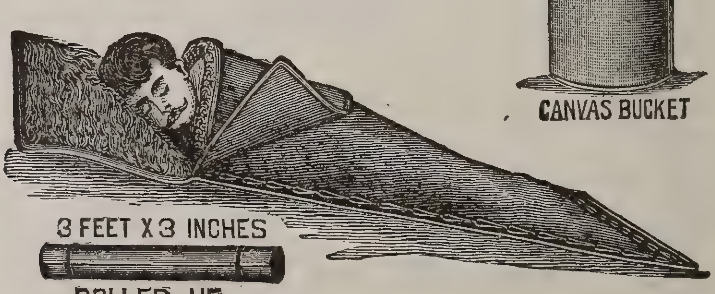

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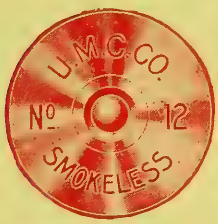

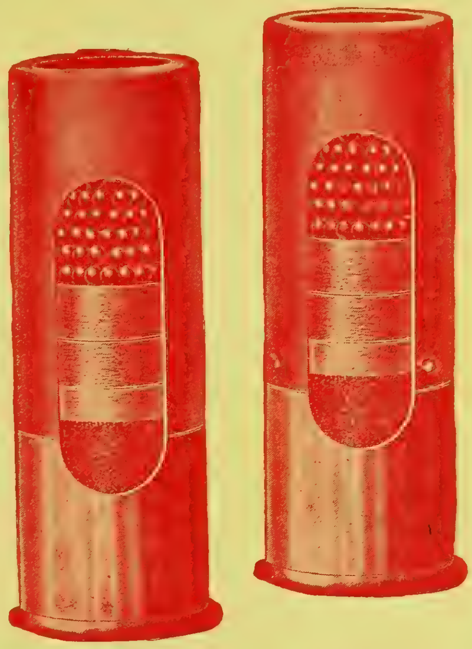

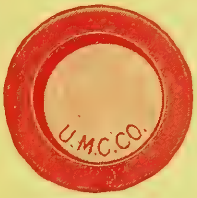

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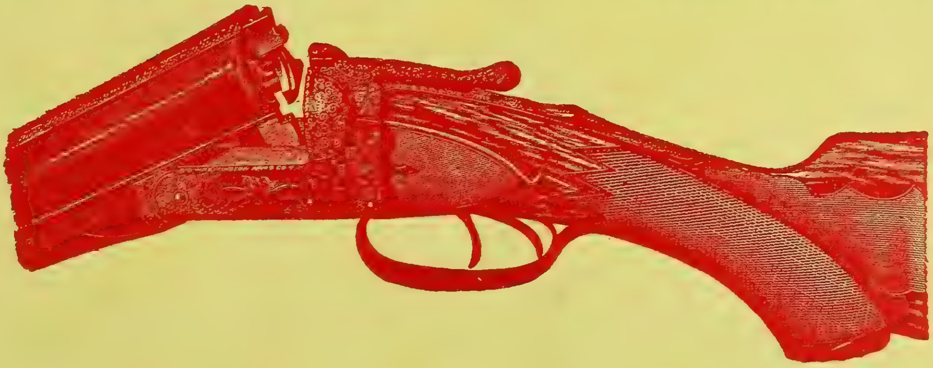

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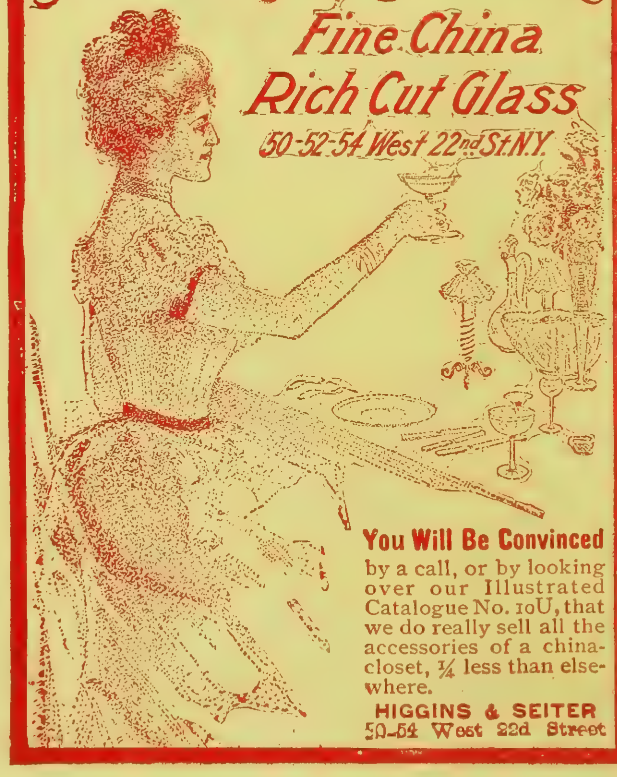

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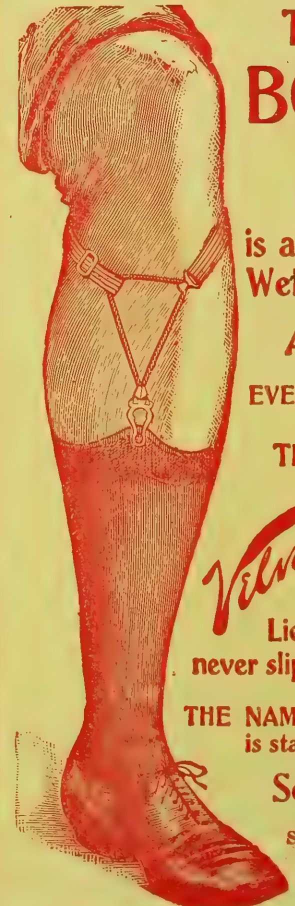

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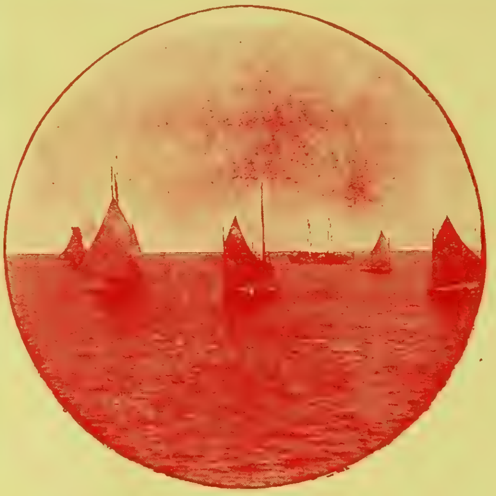

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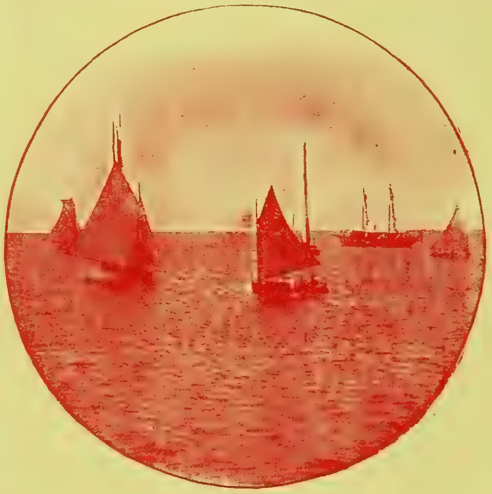

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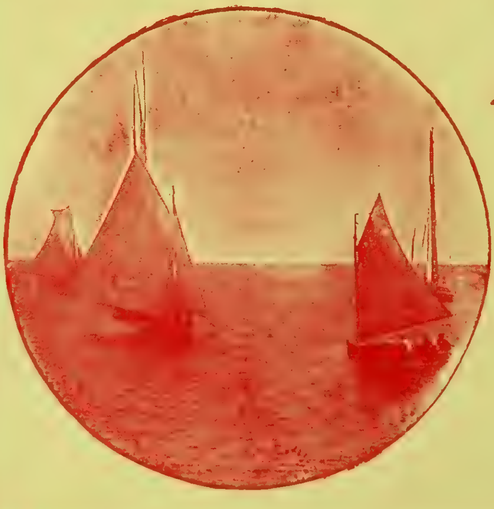

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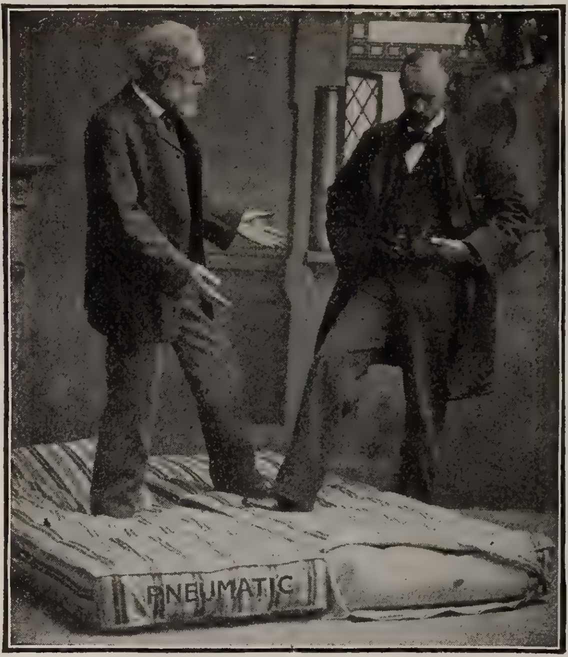

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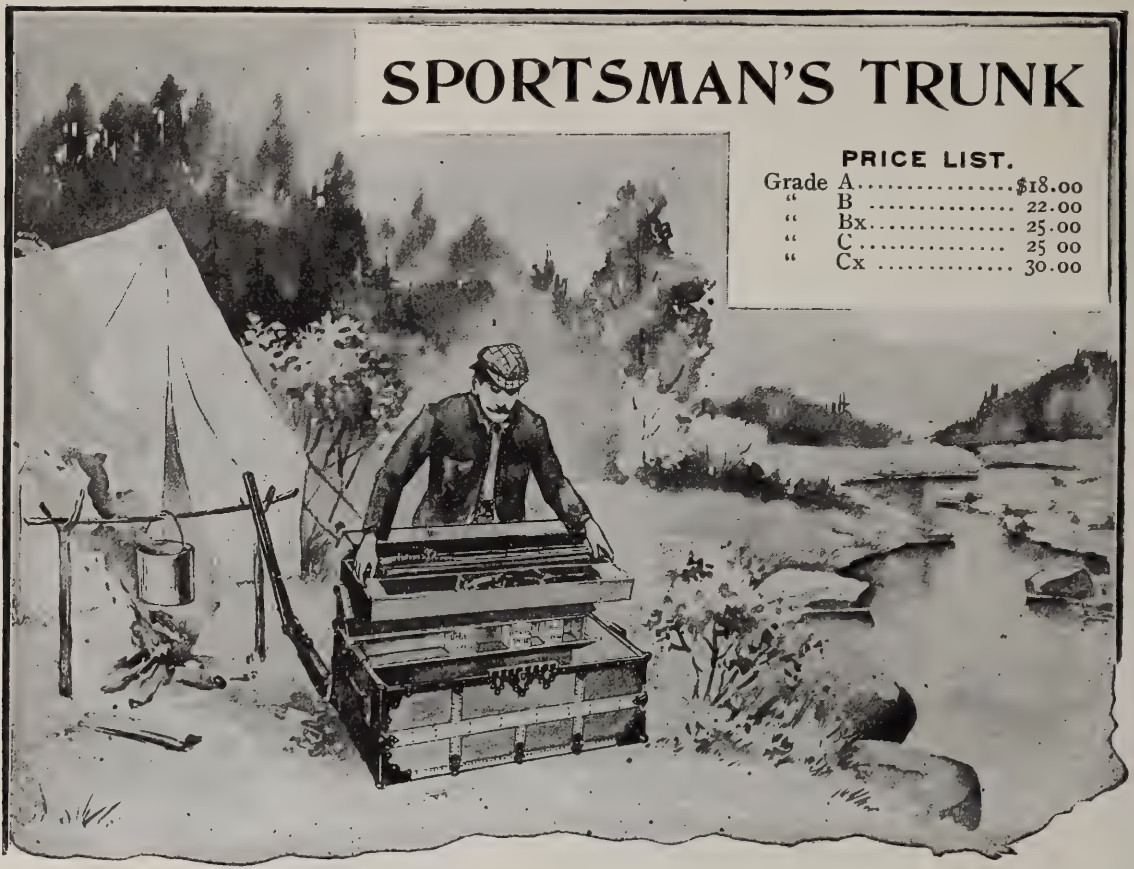

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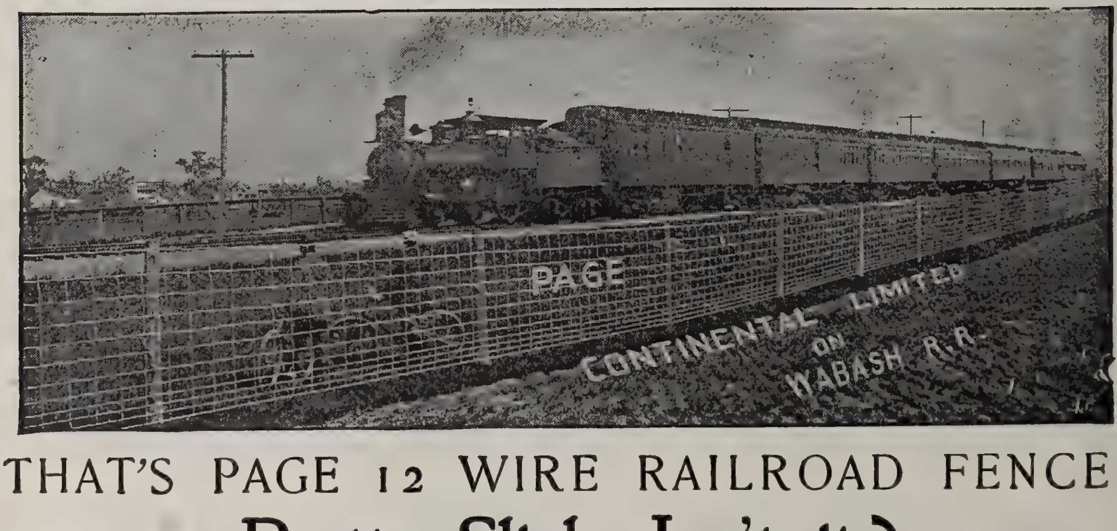

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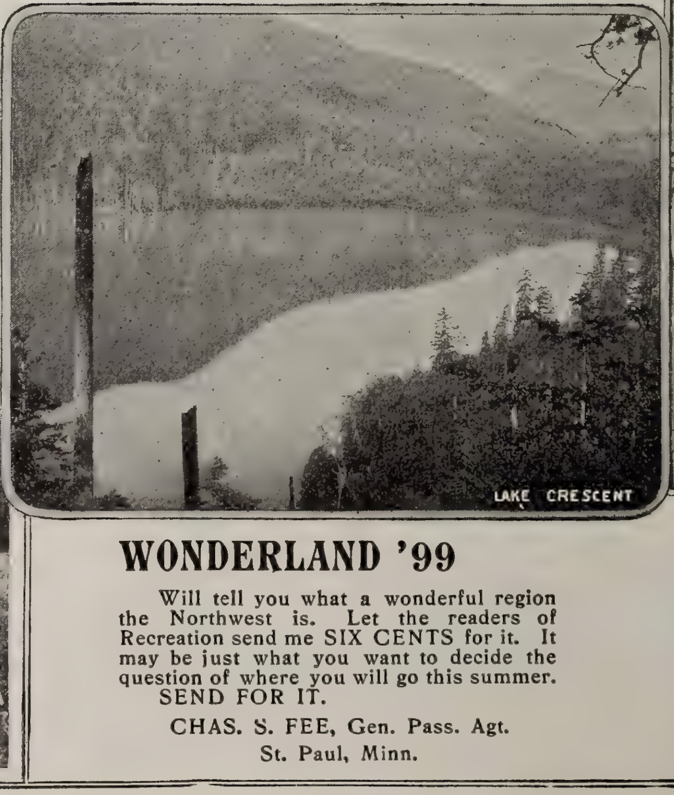

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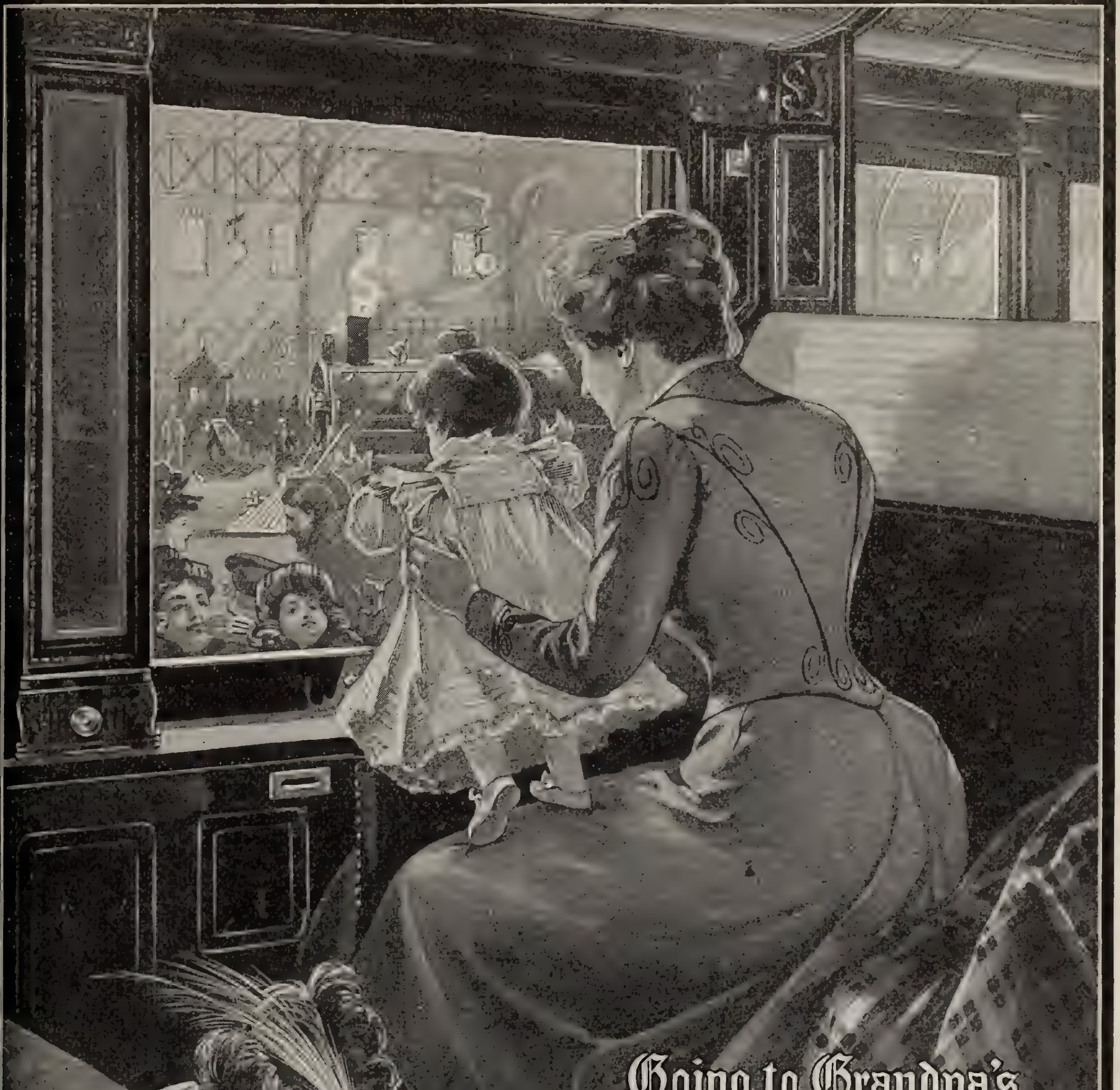
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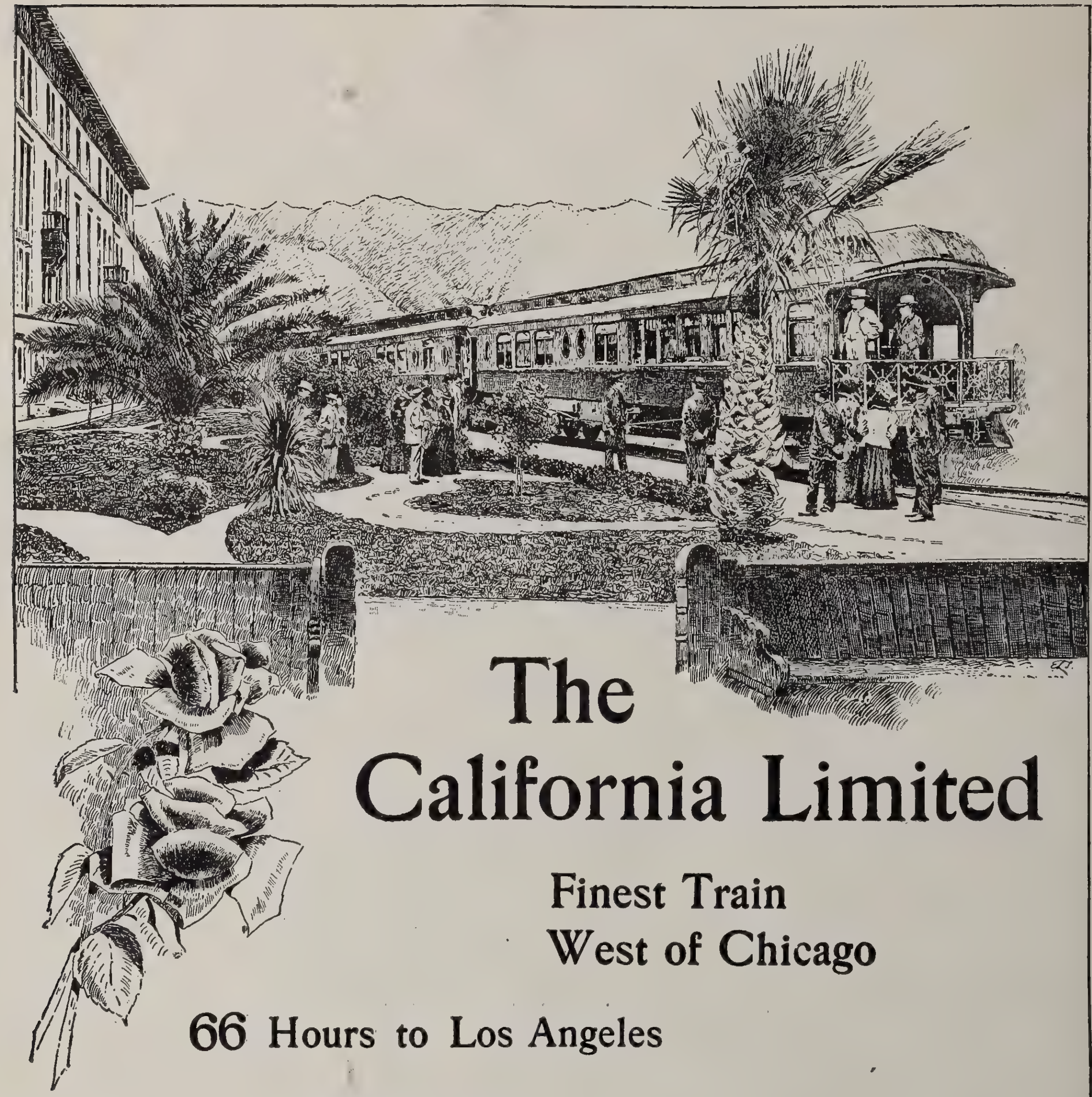

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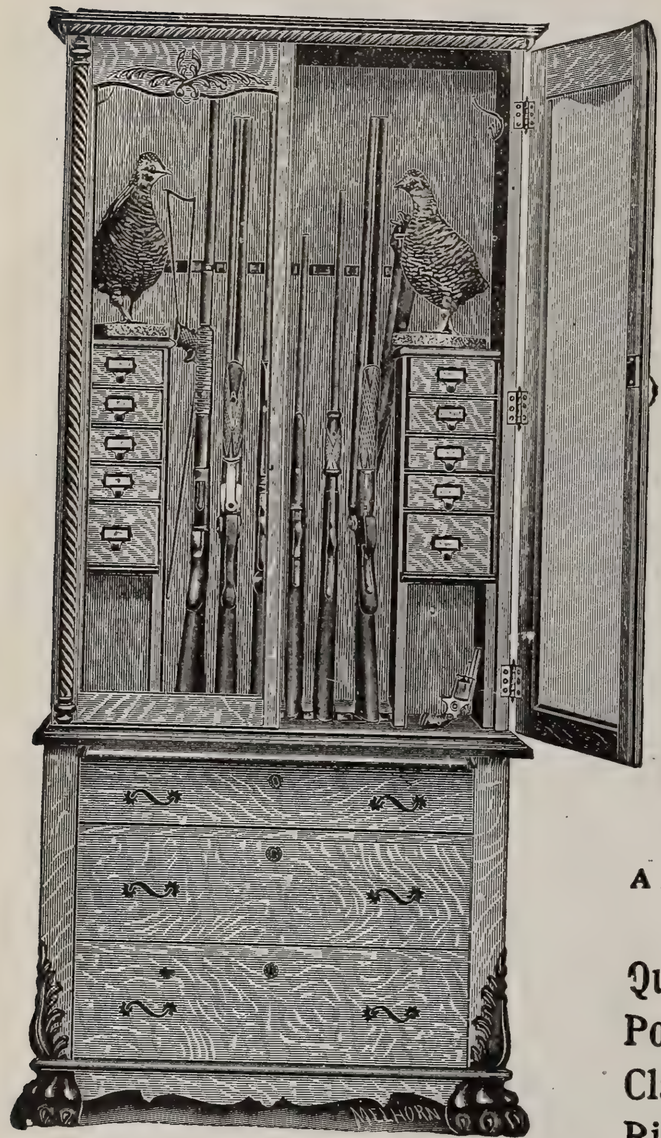

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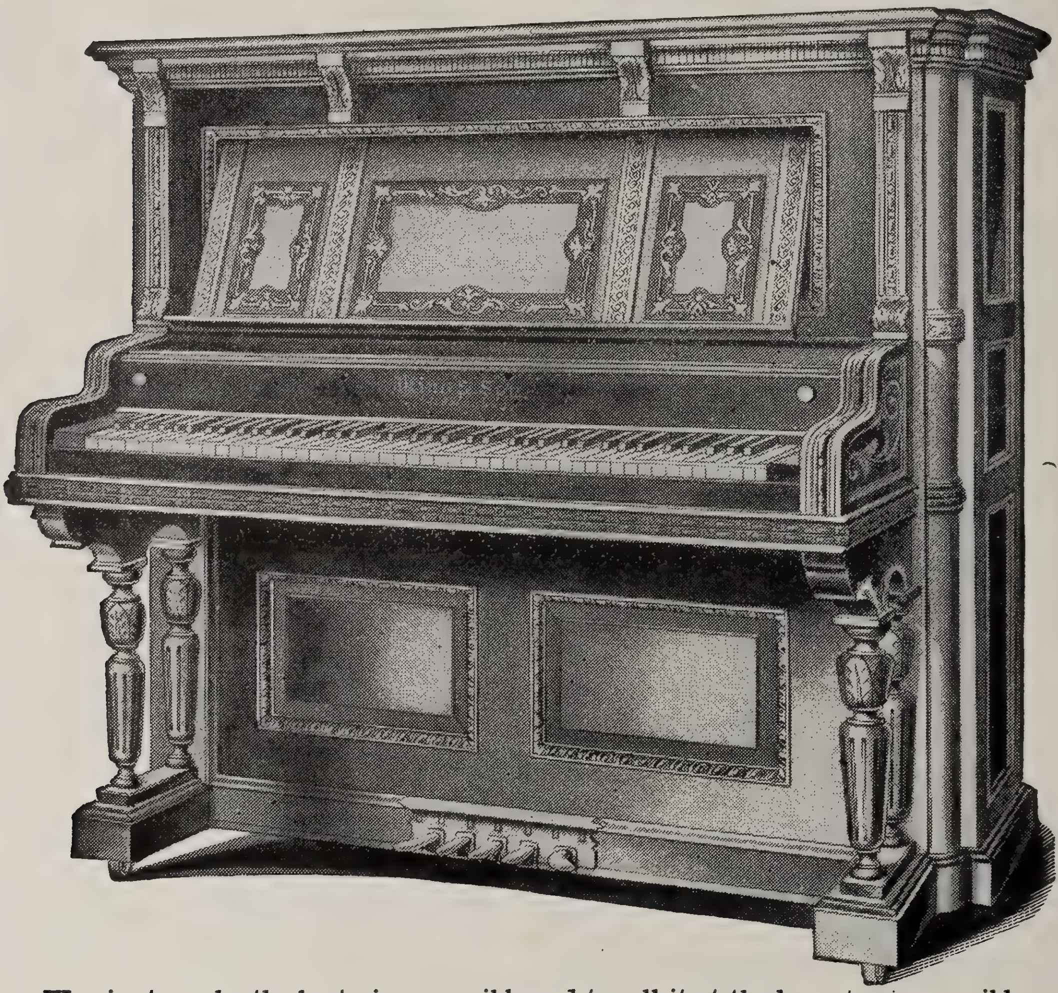

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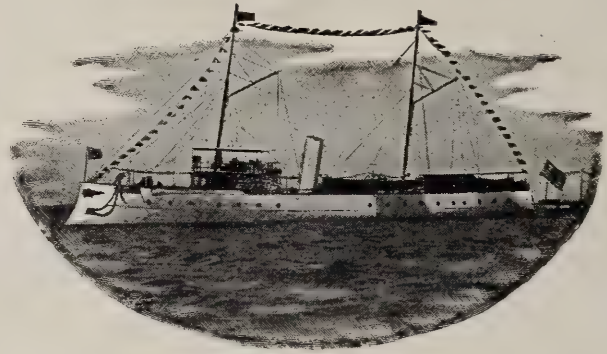

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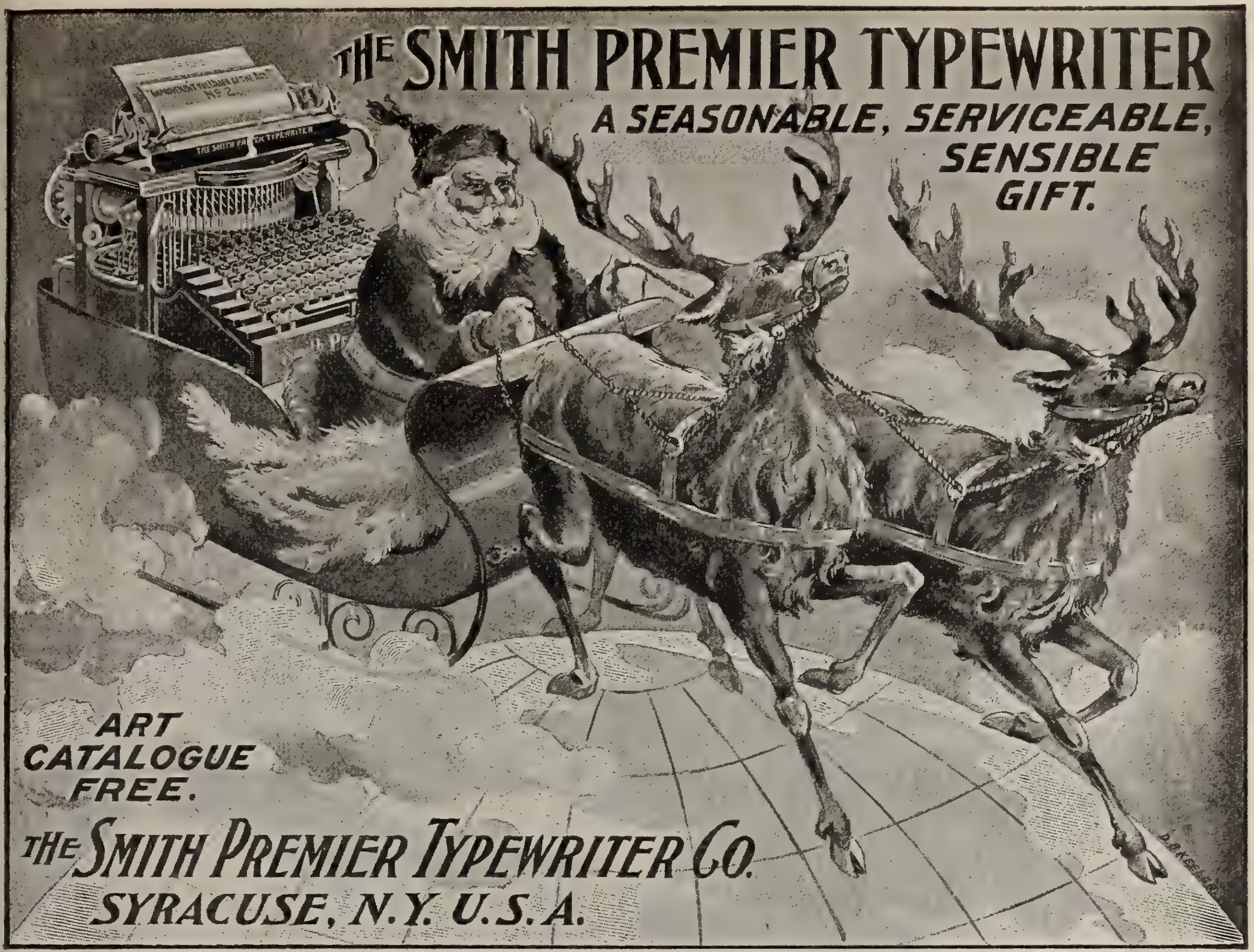
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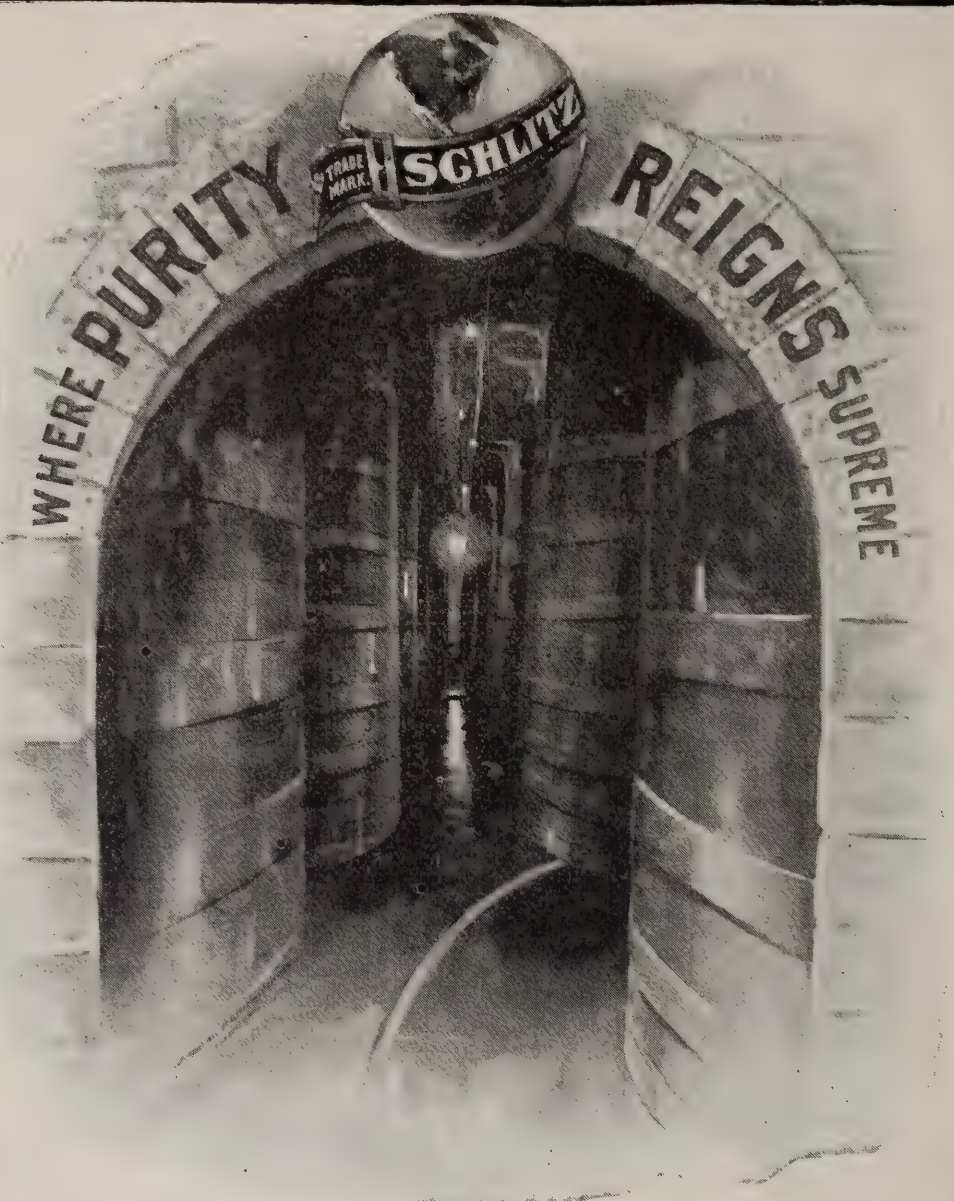

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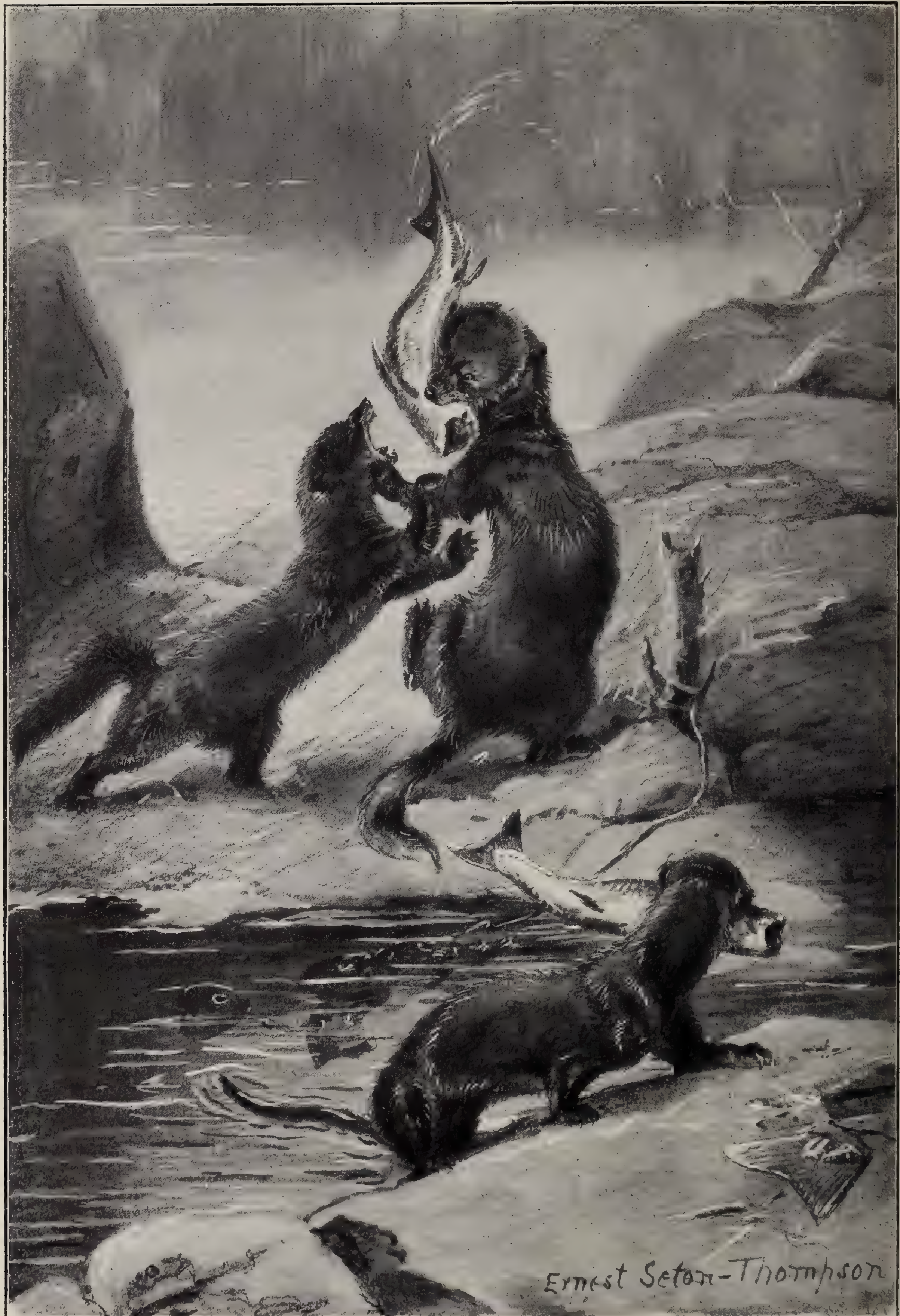

Ernest Seton-Thompson

"TWO OR 3 MINKS HAD HAD AN ALL NIGHT FESTIVAL WITH OUR FISH."

RECREATION

Volume XI. DECEMBER, 1899. Number 6.

G. O. SHIELDS (COQUINA), Editor and Manager.

THE MINK'S FESTIVAL.

R. C. FORD.

It was a perfect day in August and the lake scarcely stirred. Now and then a breeze came to us from the West, but only when Frank, one of the guides, pulled at his pipe and held the smoking stem toward the sunset so that Manitou would breathe on us. And when he breathed we smelled the odor of the Great Woods. The Archean shore we were skirting was asleep, and no sound disturbed the wilderness, unless a rabbit started or an eagle screamed from the clouds. For days the canoes had been headed South, and it was time: The baking powder was gone, the flour nearly so, and delicacies were but a memory. But no matter, the railroad in 2 days!

Late in the afternoon the arm of the lake narrowed and the shore broke up into islands. We began to notice a current, and the canoes shot on faster, owing to the stream and the quickened dip of the paddles to keep time to Frank's voyageur song,

"*Canot d'écorce que va voler.*"

Soon the shores narrowed into a river, and a muffled roar came up from below. Another bend and the river dipped, then suddenly dropped out of sight. The canoes edged shoreward and landed where a portage path led off into the woods. We had been canoeing 4 weeks, and a portage no longer disconcerted or discouraged us. We had learned many things in a month in the Great Woods; among them, that every trail has an end.

We soon had the dunnage ready to pack across the divide, for we wanted to camp that night at the other end of the portage. When finally everything was ashore but the big canoe and half the party had adjusted their loads, bowed their heads under the pack-straps and disappeared down the path, Luke, the chief guide, gave a yell and pointed back up the river. There, before our very eyes, we saw a big pair of antlers and a gourd-like head sweeping across the river with mighty strokes.

"Caribou! caribou!" shouted Luke in his excitement, and sprang for a rifle.

He knelt in the grass where the path spread out at the landing place and opened a fusillade on the swimming animal, which then for the first time seemed to realize its danger. The water jumped in little spurts when the bullets struck, and with frantic lunges the great antlers and head sought the shore. The Winchester smoked and roared, and the balls still cut and stung the water up the river, but none reached that swaying head. Those of us who had no rifles yelled and threshed around like mad, hoping to disconcert the game, and for a time we succeeded. The creature turned once or twice as if to go back to where it came from; but finally we saw its dripping form rise up at the bank, then plunge into the woods.

"Canoe! Canoe!" yelled the guide, and 3 or 4 of us pushed off the big canoe and sprang in. Luke stood up in the stern and paddled like a demon. His Indian nature was aroused for once. Off around the island shot the canoe. There was still hope of intercepting the caribou, for it had another arm of the river to swim. Luke bent his back, dug his paddle deep into the current, yelled and swore. His crew bent their backs likewise, and panted and sweat. But we were too late. The caribou was already in the water again when the big canoe rounded the island, and our shots did not reach it. They only increased its frantic efforts to escape. We edged on, emptying shot guns and the Winchester at the swimming head, but at last there was the shore, a snort, a lunge and the caribou was beyond pursuit.*

We camped that night on the bank of a small lake near the portage, which seemed full of black bass. An hour before sunset we went out and caught about a dozen of them. We cooked 2 or 3 for dinner and placed the rest in a small pool, from which we could easily take them without landing nets, and where we hoped to keep them alive for breakfast; but when we went after them the next morning we found that 2 or 3 minks had had a glorious all-night festival on our fish, and had left nothing of them but the heads and tails.

We were up early next morning, hurried to the river and in an hour everybody was fishing. Even the Botanist, who for 4 weeks had carried a botanizing box and press by day, and slept with them for a pillow at night, caught the contagion that came from the roaring falls and gurgling pools and rapids. He threw aside his plants and fled with the others to the river.

Much ignominy had the Botanist endured for science sake. He owned no gun, carried no rod, and his limited supply of hooks others had long since snagged on old roots and rocks. He might possibly see sermons in flowers, or hear them in the streams, but catch fish—never! This was the opinion which others cherished of his powers when the canoes turned South in the Great Woods. The Botanist said nothing—not anything aloud; but he knew in his soul that science and fishing were one. Ten minutes later he was dangling a willow pole over a pool below the falls and muttering to himself,

"Bubble, bubble, seethe and roar,
Here I pull a fish to shore."

Apparently the charm was effective, for suddenly there was a flash, the pole bent down into the boiling pool and the line sawed back and forth. Other men in his place would have yelled, or grown excited, or been overcome by a blue funk. Not so the Botanist. Science upheld him in that trying moment, and suffused his soul with calm.

He was calm but prepared for the worst. Every time the pole straightened a little and the line came up, he caught sight of a dim shape that leaped and swayed and flopped and jerked. The line was slight, the hook small and the fish a monster. Even science could do nothing there but hope and pray. For a quarter of an hour the contest went on. Then the fish was spent, the Botanist victorious. Carefully he pulled the fish ashore, viewing it with a look of triumph, wonder even, for the catch surpassed his fondest dreams. What trout had ever grown so large before? What one had ever shone like that one, ever had such mottled sides, such exquisite coloring? Thus thinking the Botanist threw away his tackle, and started for camp in a fever that was meant to be nonchalance disguised.

At the camp the angler met with an ovation. As one by one the other anglers straggled in and beheld the trout lying in state, like a dead king on a bier, respect for science began to grow within them. The Indians, too, soberly shook hands with the Botanist and said he had "killed a great fish;" and true it was for the scales pulled down to ¾ of a pound when hooked under its jaw. 'Twas glory enough for one man, or for one day.

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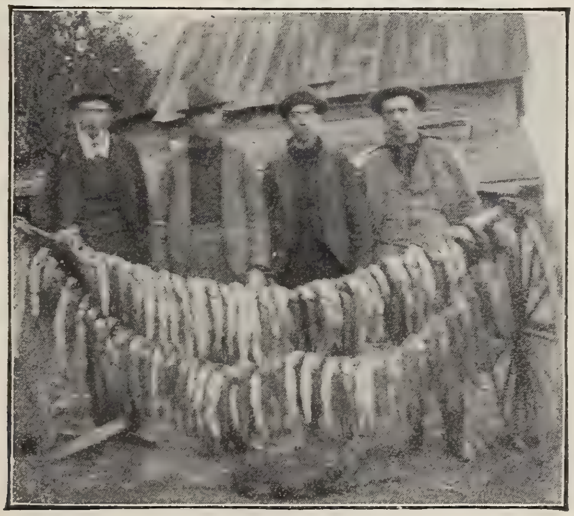
* Was not this in close season? If so, you should not have molested the caribou.—ED.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY J. E. TYLOR.

THE INTERRUPTED FEAST.

Winner of 1st prize in RECREATION'S 4th Annual Photo Competition. Made with Eastman's No. 4 Senior Kodak, full stop, time, 1-15 second. Sun was behind light clouds when this exposure was made.



ANOTHER BUNCH OF HOGS.

E. R. Dampier, Herb. and Reub. Heald and Spencer Folkedal brought in about 200 pounds of pike Sunday evening, the result of a day's fishing at Ten Mile lake. —Fergus Falls, Minn., paper.

I wrote these swine asking if this report was correct and here is their answer:

Yours of the 15th inst. at hand. In reply would offer the enclosed photo, a poor picture, but good evidence of our work. We caught 200 pike, not 200 pounds of pike. Our fish weighed in the neighborhood of 450 pounds. In the picture you can see but about half of the catch as the fish are strung double. We used minnows for bait and were only out 2½ hours. This is a little larger catch than usual in this locality, but fish of all kinds abound in the lakes about here, and large catches are not unusual.

E. R. Dampier, Fergus Falls, Minn.

Grandma: "What time did Mr. Lippincott leave last night, Gracie?"

Gracie: "Why, grandma, he started home at—"

Grandma (mildly): "Never mind when he started; I asked you when he left."—Brooklyn Life.

"I paid $4 for that dog."

"That seems a good deal for a dog like that."

"But the dog has a wonderful pedigree."

"How far back do they trace it? To the dog that Noah took on the ark?"

"This dog's ancestor didn't go on the ark."

"Why not?"

"He had a bark of his own."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A TRAMP IN THE OLYMPICS.

RALPH CLARK.

Probably one of the least known parts of our land is the region, about 60 miles square, occupied by the Olympic mountains, where, if one go inland 2 miles from almost any point on salt water, he will be in a wilderness inhabited by but few settlers and the fast diminishing larger game. For several years I had desired to visit that section, and finally on December 24, 1894, with a companion, landed at Port Crescent from the little steamer which made tri-weekly trips from Seattle to Cape Flattery. Shouldering our rifles and packs we made ready to start into the woods.

Our first night was to be passed at a little cabin on the shore of Lake Crescent, a beautiful sheet of water, completely shut in by the mountains, and lying about 10 miles back from the Straits of Juan du Fuca. This lake is in the direct line of travel between the straits and the Quillayute valley, and because occasionally hunters, ranchers and timber cruisers stop at the aforementioned cabin, it has assumed the name of hotel. Colonel John Hardin is proprietor and factotum. But the fame and dignity of this house rest not solely on the fact that it is called a hotel; Uncle Sam has decided that it shall be officially recognized, and a post office is concealed somewhere about the premises. Bill Dawson is postmaster and shares the joys and sorrows of the colonel's life.

When we landed from the steamer late in the afternoon of December 24, a 2-gallon demijohn was tenderly lifted off, and of course instantly found someone to receipt for it. The recipient was a typical miner, a certain Major Cherry, and from him we learned that the whiskey was a present to the people at the lake and he had been commissioned to get it over the trail. He was an entertaining old fellow, possessed of considerable education, but showing traces of hardship. Soon after starting, he said:

"Gentlemen, I don't know if you ever indulge, but it seems hardly fair not to offer you a drink." After receiving assurance that we did not use stimulants, he remarked:

"Well, I believe I'll just try it, because it may not be worth packing over the trail, and in that case I ought to know it at once."

As he raised the demijohn, he added:

"But, gentlemen, permit me to say there can be no doubt that 'this is the forest's prime evil.' "

For a few miles our conversation was of the outside world and the current events, but the major's first drink was only a starter, and as he transferred his load, or as he expressed it, "shifted cargo," he became more loquacious and began to repeat history and poetry for our edification, beginning with his favorite theme, the Relief of Lucknow. The old fellow, though not slow in some respects, was not very fleet of foot after partaking of a few drinks of "prime evil," and we left him to come on as best he could, and hastened on to the lake, arriving about 7 p. m. Guided by the light from the cabin we followed a few rods along the shore, and were soon enjoying the hospitality of Colonel Hardin, who arose from a game of pedro to welcome us.

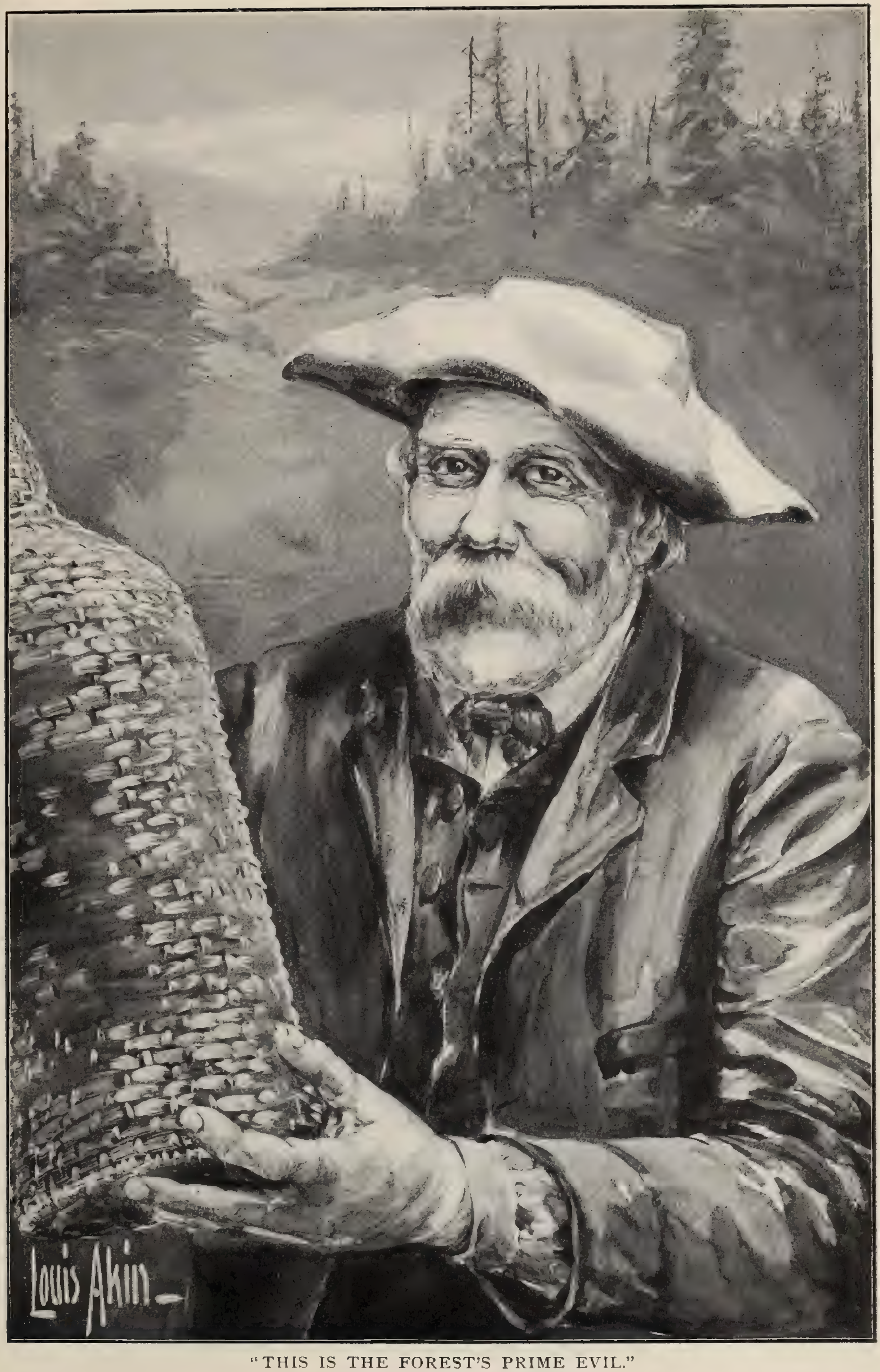
While we were eating supper I observed a look of anxiety on the colonel's face, which was explained when he asked if a demijohn had been put off the steamer. We answered that one had been, that it had been given to Major Cherry, and that we had left him several miles down the trail, performing the paradoxical feat of simultaneously increasing and diminishing his load. The colonel sighed and dolefully remarked to Dawson:

"Our Merry Yuletide is a d—n failure this year; we orter all 3 gone."

About 10 p. m. unsteady steps were heard outside, a fumbling at the latch, and the door opened, showing Cherry—hatless, covered with mud, the globe broken from his lantern, but the demijohn still uninjured. He was wise enough not to try to sit down on so small an object as a chair, but seated himself rather uncertainly on a trunk near the stove, while Dawson lifted the demijohn with the air of one who could tell the exact amount remaining, without the trouble of raising and lowering it an indefinite number of times, as others are wont to do. The result seemed to satisfy him, and instead of the outburst I had expected, he began to joke Cherry on his appearance. The latter defended himself, principally by the phrase:

"You're a liar, Bill Dawson."

So the evening wore away, Postmaster Dawson occasionally taking down the postal rules and reading to Cherry the statutes relating to the presence in post-



"THIS IS THE FOREST'S PRIME EVIL."

offices of drunk and disorderly persons, Cherry meanwhile laconically expressing a doubt as to the postmaster's veracity, the colonel serving as a court of appellate jurisdiction.

Finally the major, to floor his persecutor once for all, said: "Bill Dawson, git yer book o' rules." The postmaster did so. "What do 'ey say about bein' drunk on top 'er office?"

"Nothing is said about that," replied the postmaster.

"Well, then, w'at yer talking 'bout; they ain't no rule can touch me; I'm on the roof o' yer office." The mystery was explained; the trunk was the postoffice.

They were boon companions, a convivial trio, and I wondered at the chance that had brought them together. According to their statements, the colonel, after serving in the Confederate army as a scout, had followed the life of a "hustler" in several of the mining towns of the West; Major Cherry had been an engineer in the construction of the Hudson river railroad, afterward drifting into the mining districts; and Dawson had once held a lucrative position on a Liverpool-Calcutta steamer. What circumstance of love, fortune or adventure had shaped the course of each till, on this Christmas eve, we found them established in a cabin in the mountains?

With thoughts of this nature, we crawled up stairs to bed after hanging up our socks back of the stove, not on account of Christmas traditions, but because they were wet. The other occupants of the cabin were left to their own Christmas cheer. Every sound came up through the loose board floor, but we were tired and soon fell asleep. They must have overflowed in the exuberance of "spirits," for later on we were awakened by a pistol-shot, and when I expressed a query as to what was going on, my companion drowsily replied that they were probably shooting at the knot-holes in the ceiling, and turning over went to sleep. I was disgusted with his small regard for human life and spent an hour of wakefulness, trying to make out the words of the song that staggered up from below, and wondering how we wouldbetter spend the next day in case we had no engagement with the coroner.

Nearly all Christendom had expressed good will to men before we arose the next morning; at least the late riser on the Pacific coast may be reasonably sure of being one of the last with his "Merry Christmas."

Before we sat down to breakfast we noticed a skiff coming across the lake, and while we were eating, 3 ranchers came to the cabin. One intimated the possibility of there being a letter for him, but the others gave no excuse for calling. I wondered at it, but my partner, who was quite philosophical, explained it thus: "You see, in the woods, and especially in mountainous regions, the air is so pure that the least odor is noticeable at a great distance, and the sense of smell is very acute. A wolf will detect a carcass miles away; throw a few salmon on the bank of a river and a bear will soon find them." Still I did not comprehend and he added: "Well, remain in the vicinity of that demijohn and before noon you will have a more complete census of this region than the government got in 1890."

Owing to the fact that we had slept late and would not be able to reach our next stopping place before dark, we concluded to stay one day at the lake. True to my companion's prediction, we were able to see most of the inhabitants living within a half-day's journey of Hardin's cabin.

Next morning we started early and canoed to the upper end of the lake, which extends 11 miles in an irregular curve to the South and West. It is entirely shut in by mountains which slope from its very shore to a height of 3,000 or 4,000 feet, the highest being the "Storm King," on the East side. As the sun rose, lighting the peaks to the West and finally bursting into full splendor above the crest of the Storm King, we agreed that it was the grandest picture we had ever seen.

From the head of the lake we struck off on the trail which, after 7 miles of twisting and turning, rising and falling, brought us to the Solduck river, the upper course of the Quillayute. The trail led through giant firs, spruce, and occasional cedars, and across numerous little streams which laughingly invited us to refreshment. Our packs were not above 30 pounds each; there was no snow on this part of the trail and tramping was easy. Those who are accustomed to mountain excursions know the exhilaration and pleasure we experienced.

After striking the Solduck, we found plenty of snow, and progress was slower, but we were near the end of the day's journey. Two miles up the river we came out into a little clearing, where a brook joins the larger stream, and in the fork formed by them at the foot of a large cottonwood was the cabin of an old Norwegian. It was dusk when we crossed the brook, and rapped at the cabin door. Old Iver gave us a hearty welcome and before the informal introduction was over began preparing us a supper of venison, potatoes and coffee, while we shed our packs and surveyed our surroundings.

How long since you, who read this, have been in one of these 12x14 cabins, occupied by a pioneer, miles from civilization? This was a typical one. The door had a common wooden latch, and on the inside was a fresh deer's hide. On the walls hung an assortment of clothing, traps, jerked venison, and partly-filled sacks, while overhead, reaching almost across the room, were the *skis*, or Norwegian snow-shoes. On a small shelf in one corner were a few dishes, and in another corner was the bed, over which hung a rifle. One small window tried to light the room.

To this place old Iver had come from distant Norway to make a home in the wilderness. He did not seem at all disturbed at having his family so suddenly enlarged. Instead, he seemed to rather enjoy it. Supper over, and our pipes lighted, he entertained us with accounts of his adventures, of being lost in the woods, of his first elk, and his narrow escape from a cougar which he had killed the previous year.

We stayed 3 nights and then went with him back 10 miles farther into the mountains. This journey was made on the crust of the snow, which was covered thickly with frost crystals of various sizes, some being fully 2 inches across, and of exquisite shapes. They stood up on the snow at an angle of about 45 degrees, and resembled a myriad of white butterflies.

Our destination was the vacant cabin, on whose door we found the following inscription: "Make yourself to home, but d—n the man what steals anything." We obeyed. Iver said the owner had been away 3 months, but to all appearances nothing had been molested.

Two of us laid in a supply of wood while the other prepared supper. That night and the following were bitterly cold, and though we kept up the fire, water froze in the cabin. Near by were 4 hot sulphur springs.

We hunted nearly every day, but saw no large game, though old signs of elk and deer were abundant. Iver was disappointed as much as we, for he had promised us an elk, but luck was against us, or skill was not with us, for we saw no fresh signs.

On the 4th day we put the cabin to rights. Five days later we were on the steamer, bound for civilization.

The next week I heard that a band of 36 elk had been seen 2 miles from Lake Crescent, and several had been killed. I reported to my hunting partner, whose characteristic reply was:

"Yes, I've no doubt of it. Those elk are smooth; they keep one eye on the colonel's register and when dead shots are after them they swear off on valleys, taking their 6-point antlers and $2 teeth up on high Olympus. Meanwhile you and I tramp around the country, sleep in cold cabins, live on hard-tack and sulphur water, and finally come home to be jeered at by the local press."

AMATEUR PHOTO BY EVAN LEWIS.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN BIG HORN.

Winner of 2nd prize in RECREATION's 4th Annual Photo Competition. Made with No. 2 Eastman's Bulls-Eye, regular lens, Eastman's roll film, 5-16 inch stop. Snap shot.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY WILL J. DICK.

A LIKELY SPOT FOR PICKEREL.

Winner of 4th prize in RECREATION's 4th Annual Photo Competition, time 1-5 second, stop 16.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY D. H. PALMER.

MOTHER BITTERN AND HER CHICKS, JUST HATCHED.

Winner of 5th prize in RECREATION's 4th Annual Photo Competition. Made with long focus camera, Bausch & Lomb rapid rectilinear lens, Unicum shutter, stop 16, exposure 2 seconds,

ON SNOW SHOES IN ALASKA.

JULIUS STERNBERG.

On March 3, '96, William York, my partner and I, started from Juneau on a hunting trip and prospecting tour into the mountains Northeast from there. We sailed from the San Point to Sunset Cove, about 10 miles distant, and going ashore tried our snow shoes to accustom ourselves to them. On the 6th we started across country, but the hills were so rough and rocky we could not travel on our shoes, so returned to our boat. On the next day we sailed for William Henry bay, a distance of 28 miles, where we arrived at 7 in the evening. Taking most of our supplies ashore that night, we started the next morning on our long journey across the range. Only 2½ miles were covered the first day on account of our being compelled to make 3 loads of our outfit, due to the soft snow.

An extra fall of 2 feet of new snow made the going still more difficult, and despite the fact that we worked hard only another 2½ miles were covered on the following day. We then packed our stuff across the river, which is about ¼ mile wide at that point. We had with us a sleigh, but the country was so rough we could not haul a load on it during the greater portion of our trip, and in such cases we packed the stuff on our backs.

On the 11th it stormed all day, and we stayed in camp. I killed 7 ptarmigan, and York killed one; so we had plenty of fresh meat. It cleared up next morning, and we broke a trail in the snow, about 5 miles, on our snow shoes. Then we returned to camp in the afternoon, loaded our sleigh, and started on the trail next morning. We made 6 miles that day and camped at the head of a small canyon, going back to bring up the remainder of our stuff to the new camp the next day. Later we broke a trail, 3 miles farther up, for the sleigh. On the 15th we broke trail again 6 miles over the mountain, and on our way back to camp killed a porcupine, which we poisoned and left for some wolves we had seen signs of. We also poisoned some bits of ptarmigan and placed them for these varmints. On the 16th we hauled our stuff up the canyon, between 2 mountains, to a point about 500 feet above our last camp, and about 4 miles distant from it. In the afternoon, we returned and brought up the rest of our stuff. Another porcupine was killed there, so we called it " Porcupine Camp."

On the 17th we each took a load of stuff half way to the summit. Then the snow became so soft we were compelled to cache the packs and return to camp. The next day we took the remainder of our supplies and packed them to the summit, returning half way to get the stuff we had left the day before. We remained there for a bit, doing some hunting. We started a wolverine early in the morning, and followed him a long distance, but failed to get a shot. In the afternoon, we killed a porcupine. On the 20th, we made another march with heavy packs, and returned to the summit camp, killing a grouse and porcupine on the way. The next day we managed to lug our stuff about a mile on the sleigh, though we found it difficult and dangerous traveling. In the morning, while the snow was hard, we made some lively runs down the mountains in open places, and took some dangerous chances, but landed safe on a favorable camp site. This we called " Black Canyon Camp."

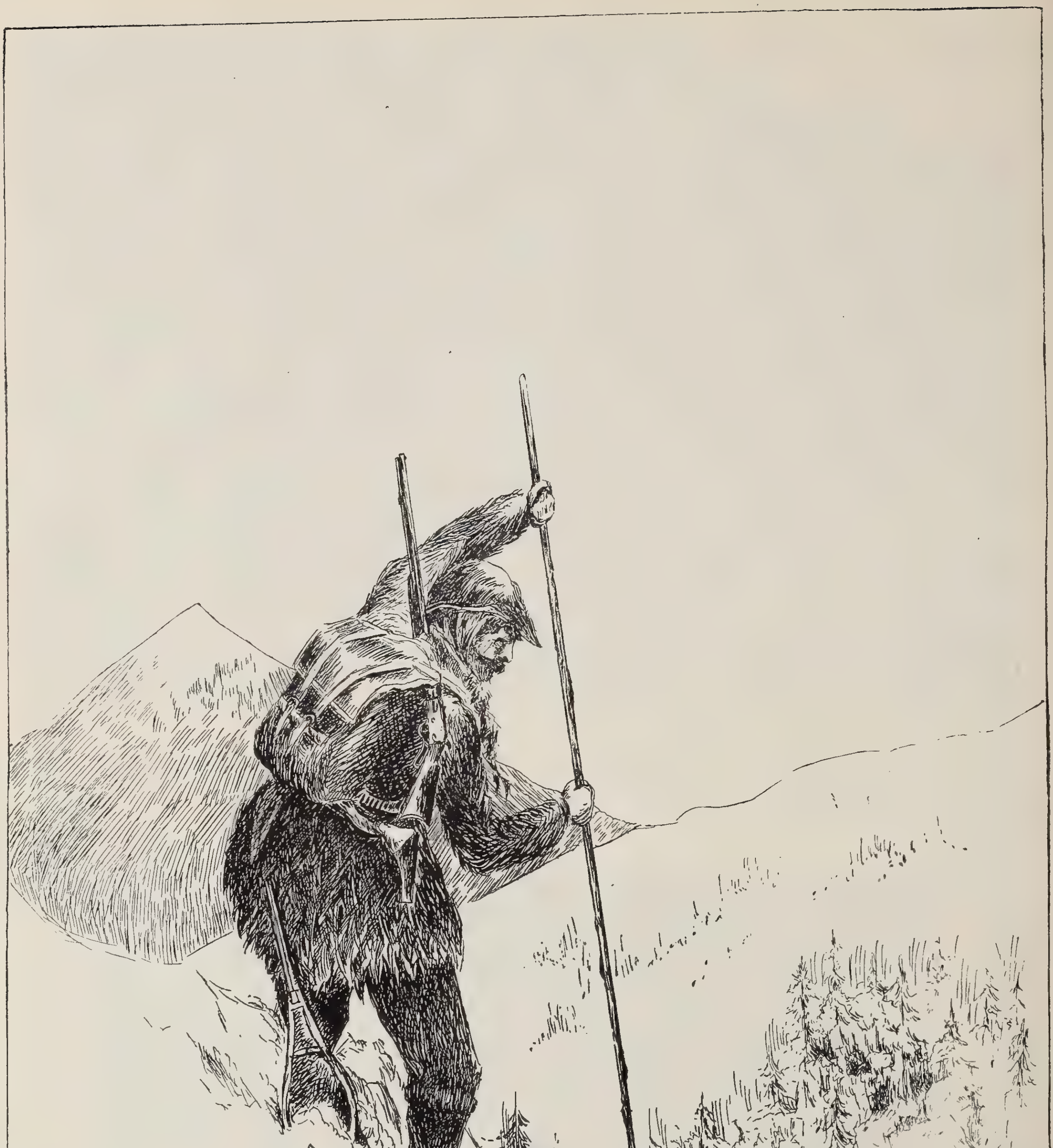
On the morning of the 22d, it was snowing so hard we could not see 20 feet ahead of us, so we gathered a good supply of wood, and stayed in camp until the afternoon, when the storm stopped, and we set some traps. On the 23d, the weather was fine, and we put in the day breaking trail ahead.

The 24th we pushed still farther ahead, and in the afternoon put out some more traps and brought up those we had set the night before at the other camp. On the following morning the snow began to fall again and for 4 consecutive days it held out, making our traveling next to impossible. We pushed on, however, and at last when the sun came out we pitched camp on a range 5,000 feet above the sea level.

There we caught the first bit of fur—a pine marten. The reason we had not succeeded before was that the snow fell so fast it buried traps and bait as fast as we could put them out. The snow was then about 15 feet deep on the level. On the 31st another blizzard set in, and before it stopped had added another 3½ feet of new snow to that already deposited on the range.

On the afternoon of April 1st the sun came out and I made a few pictures with my 4 x 5 camera. York skinned the marten and stretched the skin to dry. We repaired our snow shoes, and got ready for further work the next day. We attempted to break trail again, but the weather was so stormy we lost our course, and were compelled to back track on way to camp. We considered ourselves lucky in being able to do this, for the storm filled up our tracks almost as fast as we made them.

On the 2d we started again and, the weather having settled, on the 3d we went on breaking trail. On the 5th, we loaded all our stuff on the sleigh, and made a long run to the flats at the foot of the range we had been struggling with so long. The weather having cleared up again, we exposed some more plates on the more interesting objects in this region. We finally got our tent up in a sheltered nook, on the edge of the flats, put


Roland H. Clark.
1899

"WE MADE SOME LIVELY RUNS DOWN THE MOUNTAINS."

our stuff in it, gathered plenty of dry wood, and were once more comfortable.

On the first trip out of camp, we ran across a wolverine, but before I could get my six-shooter out, he was about 40 yards away. I fired several shots at him, and finally got him. We stayed about there for some time and, having put everything in shape, took an 8 mile spin up the flats on our snow shoes, and put out several traps. We killed some ptarmigan, which are abundant everywhere in these hills, and afford the most welcome change from bacon and bread.

On the 12th, we again went into the mountains in search of a pass that would lead us to Bartlett Bay. We went up the canyon for several miles, and were surprised to see the bay at the foot of the range at the other side. We were then about 10,000 feet above the sea. The following day we crossed the summit at 11 o'clock, went about 3 miles down on the other side, and pitched the camp. It grew steadily warmer and on the 15th the snow softened to such an extent that it was difficult to travel; still we made about twenty miles, and landed at salt water.

At 5 o'clock on the morning of the 16th, we started back to our hunting ground. A Siwash took us about 7 miles in his canoe, and from there we made the trip over the mountains where we landed in time for supper. On the 18th, we climbed the mountains again to look for bear. A warm wind was blowing, from the ocean, and the snow had softened rapidly. I started down the mountain side, when a snow slide started with me, and carried me about 200 feet, burying me some 8 or 10 feet under the snow. I was not hurt, and managed to dig out before I suffered any damage from want of air.

During the next few days we visited our traps regularly, but got nothing larger than some martens and wolverines.

On April 29th York took his blankets and some grub and went on our back trail for 6 miles to look after some traps he had put out. He spent 4 days on the trip, and brought back several wolverine and marten skins.

The next day the sun shone warm, and the snow melted rapidly. That was the first day for bear. York sighted a big brown bear on the mountain side, went after him and got 2 shots at him, one of which wounded him, but he made his escape down through a big canyon. I made a tour of my traps and found 2 wolves and a wolverine had been around to inspect several of them, but the animals were all too shy to take the bait.

On the first day of May, with clear and almost hot weather, the bear hunting became interesting. That was what we really had come for, and what we had been waiting for all the time. I put out some more traps, and followed a bear trail about 3 miles, but without success. York returned, and together we built a temporary cabin.

On the 2d of May the weather was cloudy, and threatened rain, so we did not go far from camp. York cut down a big tree and started to build a canoe. On the morning of May 4th, we left camp at 5 o'clock and before going a mile York killed a black bear. I went across a low range of hills, to look after my traps, and returned to camp in the afternoon. York had skinned the bear, and in the evening we scraped and stretched the skin. The next day we put out some bear traps and took some small furs from the smaller traps we had out. On the 6th we saw a bear from the cabin door, and after a climb of about 1,800 feet up the mountain we finally got him. On the evening of the 10th, while York was looking after his traps, I caught sight of a bear, but failed to get him; but later, while loafing about the foot hills near camp, I killed another.

We were having more or less rain, and during the wet spell we remained in the cabin, cleaning and stretching our furs. Bear skins require a great deal of care and a great deal of hard work to get them in shape for packing home, for market. Every pound of weight counts on a trip, so we fleshed the skins down carefully, and dried them until the minimum weight was reached. On the 15th, I killed another bear, and 5 mountain goats, all before noon, and was in camp again at 2 P.M. York reached camp about 7 in the evening, having killed one bear. I brought in with me a saddle of young goat, which made another welcome change of diet. On the 18th we were together returning to camp from our regular tour of the traps, when we saw a bear on a ridge above us. We went up a small canyon about 200 feet, got within 200 yards of Bruin, fired at him. and missed. York followed him up the mountain, while I went down, and waited for him. He came in my direction, and I killed him.

On the 19th, York added another bear to the string and several grouse and ptarmigan. A good many days we were in camp the sun shone too brightly for bear hunting. These animals travel in cloudy weather. On the 20th York killed a big brown bear, while I worked on the canoe. In the evening I made a short hunt up the mountain, and saw 2 bears and a wolverine, but didn't get a shot. On the 22d York made the round of his traps and found a bear in one, which he killed. On his way back to camp he shot another, making 2 to his score for the day. On my rounds I killed one bear. The 3 skins were worth nearly $100. Good bear skins sell in Juneau at $35 to $40. On the 23d I killed another bear that was a good 300 hundred yards away. I had to shoot him 5 times before I got him. On the 26th York killed 2 more, one of which was in a trap.

On the 27th, having finished our canoe and burned it out on the inside, we put it in water for the first time, and found that it set well. On the 28th we shot 2 more bears.

We had built our cabin on the snow, and when the snow began to melt, the house began to drift out of plumb. We therefore spent a good portion of a day in taking the snow out from under the lower logs, so as to let them down to the earth, but found there were still 5 feet of snow packed under them. In the afternoon I made a short hunt, and killed still another bear. On the 30th the weather was cloudy and threatened rain, so we knew the bears would be out. We made a long tour of our traps, but found only one bear, which York killed.

On the 31st York went out to see if he could find the bear he had crippled a few days before. Sure enough he found her. He had shot her in the left hind leg. She had gone but about 100 yards when she lay down and bled to death.

From the 4th to the 31st of May we caught 39 bears and from this on we lived on bear, goat and birds, our grub being gone. I saw one bear but didn't get him. It was not until the 5th of the next month that we added to our pile of skins. Then York caught a bear. On the 6th and 7th it rained again as it had on the 3d and 4th and it looked as if we should be able to cross Muir glacier on the 18th. We dragged our canoe about 3 miles over the lake to open water, where we could cross. On the 9th we went over to inspect the glacier, and found it all right for the first 6 miles. There were still about 2 feet of snow on it, which made hard traveling, but by examining carefully in front of us with a pole, we were able to shy around the crevices. In 10 hours' hard traveling we crossed the entire stretch of ice, and reached the Glacier House at 10 o'clock at night.

You can readily understand how glad we were to get under a roof again, and to eat a square meal at a table. We were thoroughly tired and slept till nearly noon the next day. When we got up, the steamer "Topeka" was plying up the bay through the floating ice. On the morning of the 11th, the "Queen" came in. We bought some flour, bacon, coffee, salt and other things we needed from the "Topeka," enough to last us for 10 days. Then we loafed around the Glacier House for 2 days, read the newspapers, rested and talked with the tourists we found there. On the 14th, we started to return to our cabin for our skins, traps, etc. The traveling had greatly improved, and we crossed in 6½ hours. The snow had entirely disappeared, and the vast field of ice stretched as far as we could see, in every direction. It was a beautiful sight, but was tiresome to our eyes, and we could not long have looked at it without smoked glasses. As we neared our camp, we found a bear in one of our traps, which we killed, and took the skin with us. During the next few days we finished fleshing and drying our skins, collected our traps, and on the 16th we packed our stuff up the lake to where our canoe was. On the 17th we loaded everything on our sleigh, and again spun out across the ice field. This time it took us 10 hours to cross the glacier to salt water. In two days we returned to Juneau by steamer.

Our 4 months' work, while exceedingly laborious, has paid. We have brought in about $700 worth of furs, and there are hundreds of bears, as well as smaller fur bearing animals, left in the district where we trapped, for those who may wish to go there later. We should be glad to give information to any sportsmen who may desire to visit that or other portions of Alaska, and to go with them, and show them where to find the finest fishing and hunting that can be found anywhere in the territory. Mail addressed in care of RECREATION will always reach us.

AT CHUCKLEA.

STAM.

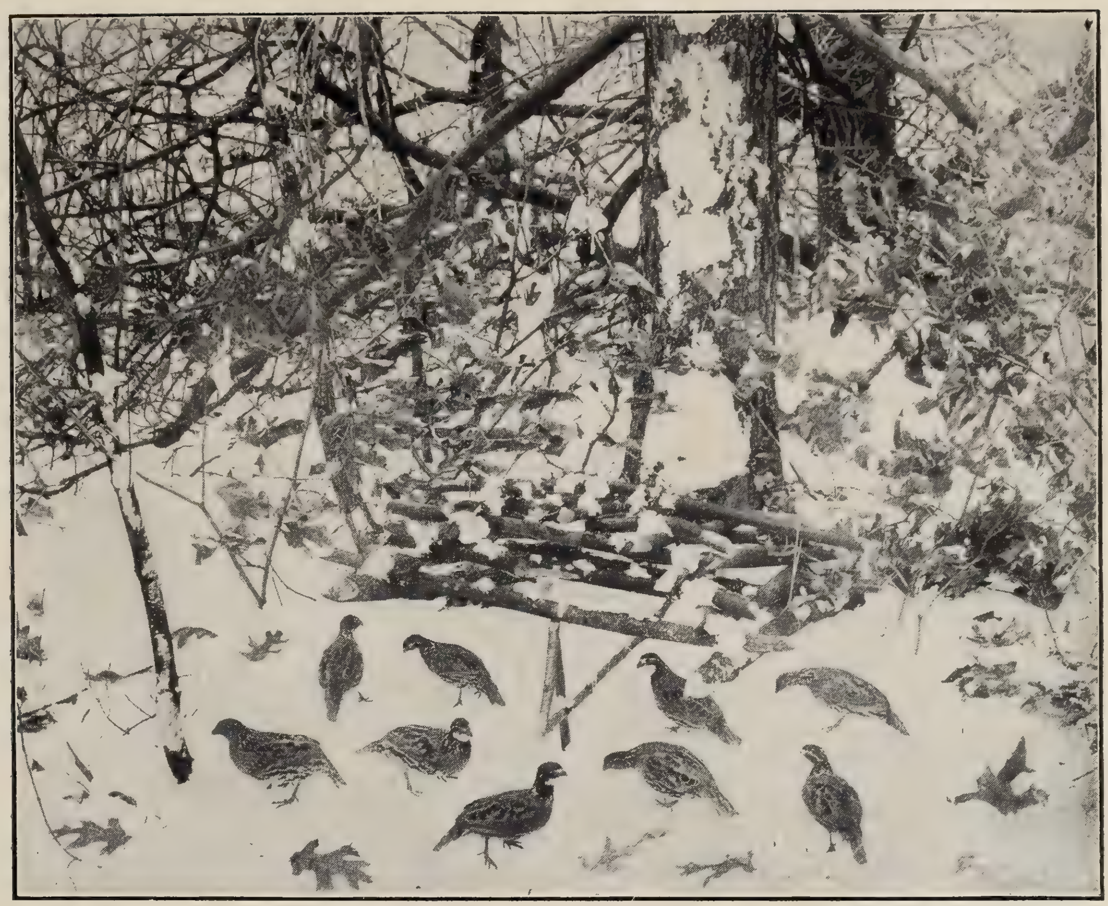
I like to take quiet saunters across lots, along musical brooks and mossy old stone walls, and read the many items of interest that Nature's pages ever offer to those who care for and can enjoy them. This morning there was hand or foot writing all along the old wall that is the North boundary to my 2 acre farm. That mischief maker, the red squirrel had peeled the outer shuck from a butternut and left the nut on the wall, possibly to dry in the sun, so he could the safer store it for winter use. This was right over the front door of Chucklea, Mme. Woodchuck's summer home. She has evidently lived there all the season, as the smooth dirt and trampled grass tell us that; but we have not seen her since that fateful day last spring when we released her from the trap, on discovering that she was not Mr. Skunk, for whom it was set.

Many a time have I thought of her, and the little midget of a chuck, her baby, which was rolled up in a fuzzy ball beside her.

All summer the great weeds have grown taller along the wall, as if to hide the going in and out of its tenants, just past the butternut tree. I see, by fresh dirt thrown out, where some member of the scent family lives, probably the scamps I met in my chicken yard the other night by lamplight. Some saucy crows fly cawing over as I continue along, and they doubtless have an eye on my young chickens, and scold at my presence, the black rascals.

A small brown bird flits about among the dense weeds just over the wall, and a red squirrel chatters among the walnut trees in the pasture.

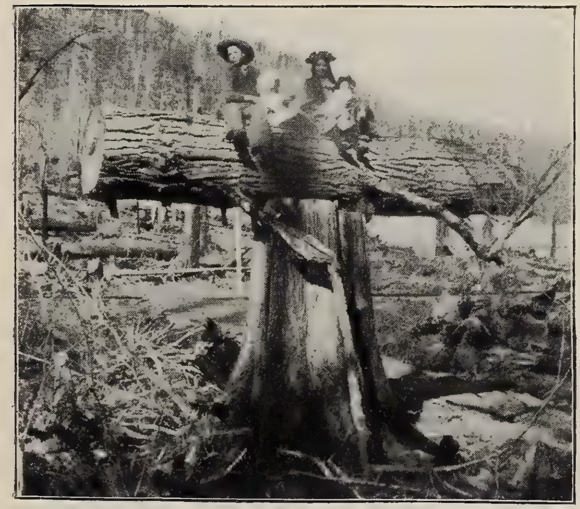
A stout young rabbit went hopping across the garden the other evening, evidently sizing up the growing truck.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY GUION MILLER.

THE FROZEN TRIGGER.

Winner of 6th prize in RECREATION's 4th Annual Photo Competition. Made with Eastman Kodak, 16 stop, 1-25 second.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY A. G. KUGLER.

A RECORD OF DEEP SNOW.

I send you a photo, the peculiarity of which consists in the fact that the log is balanced on the stump by chance. The tree was cut in winter, while the snow was above the top of stump, which is about 15 feet high. The scene is near Whitewater, B. C.

A. G. Kugler, Rossland, B. C.

Have you a friend anywhere in the woods, in the mountains or on the farm, who longs for something to read in the long winter evenings, or in the long summer days? Send him RECREATION. It will please him a whole year and he will rise up and call you blessed. And it only costs you $1.

"Pa," said Willie, "may I ask you just one more question before I go to bed?"

"Yes, my boy. What is it?"

"If I'd been your brother, would I have been my own uncle?"—Harper's Bazar.

THE MISFORTUNES OF A GOLD HUNTER.

C. J.

Fred and I made up our minds something must be done, and that very soon. Business had not recovered from the depression—this was in 1896—and matters seemed to be growing worse and worse. Fred had a week or 2 of employment, but we were discouraged with business prospects. The times looked as if they had come to stay.

Now the 3 great newspapers of San Francisco were daily filled with glowing accounts of the mining interests of the State; telling of men who were striking it rich in prospecting for quartz ledges, while one could make a living on almost any creek, at placer mining. "The country had only been scratched over by the men of '49," etc., etc.

There was not much to lose, and everything to gain. We decided to go prospecting. The extreme Northern counties, we learned, had been the least worked; while a miner could easily replenish his larder, if out of luck, for game was plentiful. Finally enough money was scraped up to land us in Redding, with 2 pack animals.

This was in May, and the mountains were still covered with snow 6 to 60 feet deep in places. Grand old Shasta rose above countless billows of inferior peaks, while there seemed no break nor clearing in the primeval forest of giant firs and pines. Here had been the home of Captain Jack and his Modoc warriors, who made their last stand in the lava beds.

To the North of Mount Shasta, we prospected along the trail, into Trinity county, making our first permanent camp in a gulch there. Some lumber was found with which sluice-boxes were built. Then work with pick and shovel was begun with a will. After working a week, as the gravel prospected fairly well, a clean-up was made. Imagine our disgust, when, panning all the dirt from the box, we had exactly $3.

However, this paid for enough flour and bacon to carry us 2 weeks. Off we went for a new place. Finding a spot that prospected several colors to the pan, we started in again; but with no better success.

To add to our misfortunes, a stone falling from the bank broke my right arm, above the wrist. Here was a predicament for 2 men so ill prepared for it! Fred bandaged the broken arm with old rags and a piece of pine; doing it so well that in a month I was able to use it again. My companion worked harder than before, while I was disabled, and cleaned up about $4. It was then decided to emigrate again, so packing our animals we started for a new El Dorado.

Traveling up Trinity river, we had good fishing, sometimes catching 20 big trout in an hour or so. Our course took us across the Scott mountains, to the Klamath river country, where we heard there were plenty of deer and few white people. We were told we should meet a funny character in these mountains: an old woman, who for many years kept the toll gate on the Oregon trail. It was said she would surely greet us with a few "swear words." One of our animals was a young mule, and we were breaking him with an almost empty pack saddle, loading ourselves with all we could conveniently carry. When passing the old woman's house, she came out, looked at the empty saddle, then at us.

"Why in h— don't you byes put your pack on that d— mule?" was her cheerful greeting.

I should like to transport the reader to the Scott mountains, and through the Klamath canyon. From the trail winding about through the mountain passes, sometimes going around precipices where a slip of the foot meant death, the river thundering down a steep declivity, hundreds of feet below, was a scene to fascinate any man, and to drive an artist wild with enthusiasm.

After several weeks of traveling and prospecting, we arrived at the last mining camp in California, "Happy camp," Siskiyou county. It is inhabited by about 10 whites, 50 Chinese and as many Klamath half-breed Indians.

Prospecting in this neighborhood, we found there was gold in larger quantities in the old channels of the river, high above its present course, where it had cut its way centuries ago. To develop property of that kind would cost more than we could afford, for ditches would have to be dug and water brought from a distance. All mining claims having access to water rights have long since been taken up. Hydraulic mining is controlled in California by the Chinese, who send most of the proceeds of the mines to China.

Fred and I began to feel about this time like writing to some of the San Francisco papers, offering a reward to any one who would tell us where we could make 2 bits a day; but we forbore and started at it again. Game was plentiful; bear, deer and cougar, or mountain lions, with occasionally a chance at an elk.

Two white deer skins on poles—albinos—are used i the annual "white deer-skin dance" which is to commemorate the going down of the flood and the origin of the Klamath tribe. A legend of these Indians corresponds to our own Adam and Eve story.

The head-dress of the men on state occasions is made of the scalps of woodpeckers; the upper bill being left on the scalp. They are really ornamental. The squaws make exquisite basket-work of grasses of different colors woven into Oriental patterns. Some are bowl-shaped and are worn for hats.

In placer mining districts the whites are usually those who have entirely lost ambition or are too old to make another start in life. There is a fascination about mining that keeps men at it until, grown old and infirm, they go to the poorhouse to end their days.

There are now over 5,000 prospectors and placer miners in the State. About once a year one of them strikes something. The poor man's mining claims disappeared with the passing of the men of '49. It is wonderful what enterprise and sticking qualities some of those "Argonauts" had.

Go as far as you please, into remote mountain fastnesses, and you will see the solitary stone chimney and decaying logs of an old miner's cabin—the only monument left to some hardy pioneer, who left home and friends for gold—that article of man's discontent. Some of them found it, in large quantities, too.

In one's travels through the mountains, one meets with many an old white headed fellow, who tells, as he sits by the fireplace, cooking his beans, how he took out his $50 a day from some river bar. He will also tell you he thought there was so much it would last forever; so he "blew it in" as fast as he made it, in drunken orgies, faro banks and poker games.

It takes a lot of capital to open a quartz mine in proper shape, and the original discoverer has not enough cash, generally, to do it. He goes after some capitalist, who, for a half interest, advances the money. In a year or so the capitalist owns the mine and the original owner has some business experience. I can recall several such cases. Near Happy Camp there is, or rather has been, a rich hydraulic mine. The original owner was an inventive genius who spent his time trying to solve aerial navigation and perpetual motion. His Chinese miners made a daily clean-up, while he was away, and all quit rich. A woman employed as cook in the camp is now driving her carriage in a large Eastern city. It is estimated the mine paid about $175,000 a year; but, through bad management, the owner got nothing.

Although it has been some years since this mine was worked, there are still a few old miners scratching up and rocking on the bed rock. They make about 25 cents a day, and are perfectly happy. Most of them have squaw wives, who rustle firewood and attend to the bean-patches.

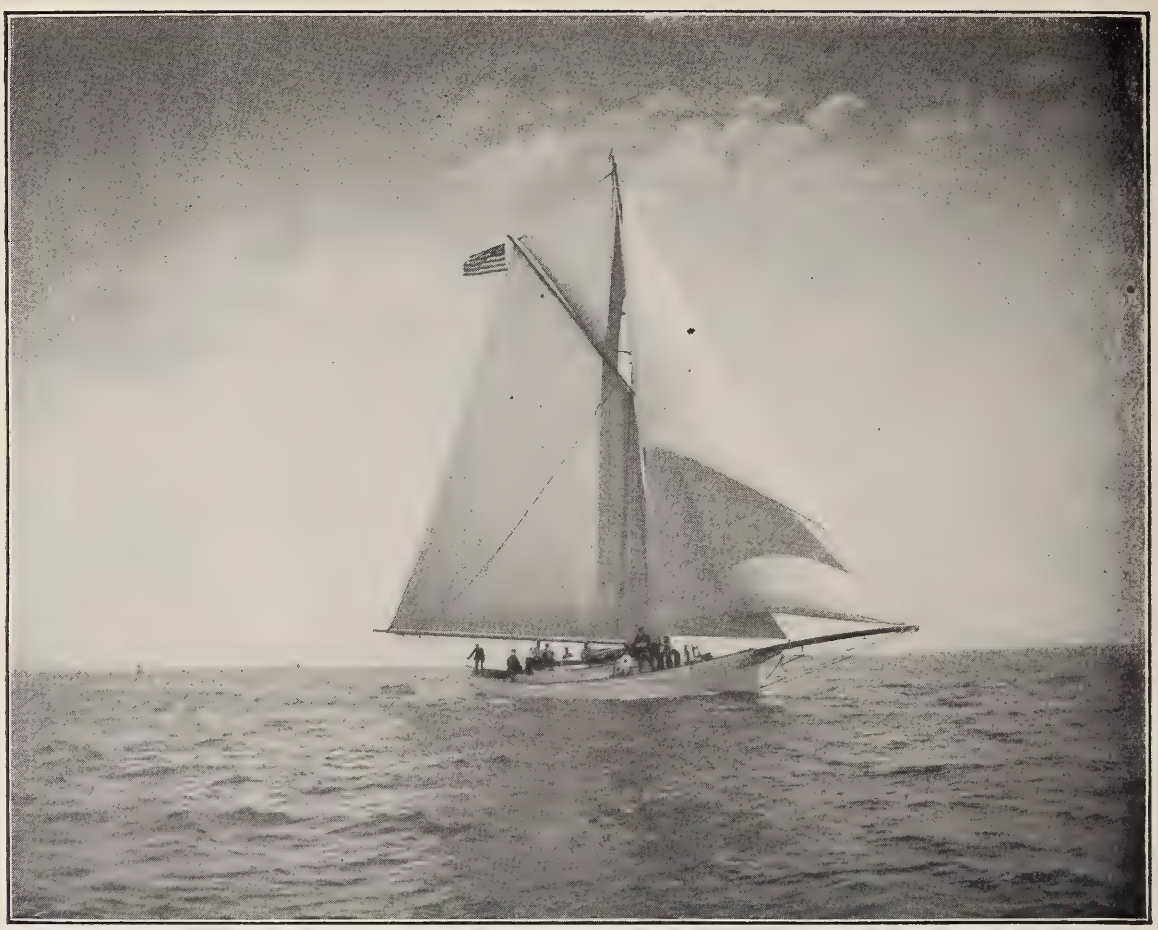
There are more peculiar race mixtures on the Klamath river than I have ever heard of elsewhere. I have seen women who were a mixture of Chinese, negro, Indian and Spanish. There are Irish, Greeks, Chilians and Kanakas, who have married the native Americans; their children, are, almost without exception, comely.

The climate of Northern California is fine in summer; no rain from May until September. A tent is unnecessary. When winter comes, it is one continual downpour of snow, rain and sleet, with fog, for 6 months. There are a few spots in California having a good climate. The rest is vile, much overestimated, to most Eastern minds.

It was a year since Fred and I had seen a train or heard a steam whistle. We had not made much in our mining and had decided we did not want to get rich, anyhow. A humble clerkship in some city was more productive of 3 square meals a day, we were firmly convinced. Then, too, the coming administration promised a brighter business outlook.

While busy tightening the cinches on our pack saddles, preparatory to saying good-by to the mountains, I could hear Fred's melodious voice raised in song:

"A telegraph man in his office sat
Out West, out West,
When in rushed a tramp without coat, or hat,
Or vest, or vest;
'Come, send this message right over the track:
"The Prod. is a wreck and is coming back;
Have plenty of veal for one in the rack."'
Sing tra-la-la-la!"



AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. J. JONES.

EVALYN UNDER FULL SAIL.

Winner of 7th prize in RECREATION'S 4th Annual Photo Competition. Made with Cyclone camera, time 1-70 second.

THEY'RE BUILT THAT WAY.

E. E. HICKOCK.

A man may take a hundred trout,
And be a man,
Although a hog ;
But he who would a song bird kill,
He is not human,
He's a dog.

And what of her who wears a bird,
Of dainty plumage,
On her hat ;
Has she no thought? or does she care,
For all the shame,
In such as that.

For he who kills, and she who wears,
Are equal,
In their guilt ;
They have no heed but for themselves,
They're both alike,
They're that way built.

A BIT OF NEW ENGLAND SPORT.

PEMIGEWASSET.

During the autumn of 1893 I was at a picturesque little hamlet in the backwoods of New Hampshire, for 2 weeks' grouse-shooting. Among a multitude of pleasant memories of days afield, there is one connected with this trip which I delight to bring to mind, and which may bear recital to the readers of this magazine.

I had been hunting several days, over a young pointer whose incomplete education and generally erratic ideas had necessitated an immense amount of careful attention and re-arrangement. My patience had been sorely tried, my nervous system severely strained and both the dog and I needed diversion. I make it a point in such cases to give that needed separation for at least one day and accordingly decided to leave the dog to enjoy a day's idleness at the farm. Then I gave myself up to the pleasure of a still-hunt after the elusive ruffed grouse.

Here let me digress a bit to remark that for a lover of the gun, who is not bent on making a big bag, there is a rare type of recreation to be found in a day thus spent. You meet the grouse on something like equal terms, the advantage lying often with the bird, and when you bring an old cock grouse to bag you are sure to have earned your reward. You match your endurance, your alertness, your experience against the bird's. In short it is your craft opposed to his, and you invariably leave the woods with a heightened respect for the manifold defences with which Nature has endowed this king of Northern game birds.

I left the house early on one of those marvelous October mornings, the mere recollection of which quickens the hunter's pulse and in the dreary days of Winter increases the restless spirit which waits their return. The early morning mists partly concealed the glorious array of tints which clothed the grand old maples, but underneath my feet spread a carpet the colors of which the Orient could not rival.

Before the house ran a cheery little stream, soon lost to view in one of the prettiest bits of woodland that ever sheltered a flock of birds. Through the entire cover and parallel to the course of the stream ran a disused cart-road which years before, in a more prosperous era of the hamlet's existence, had been the thoroughfare to a neighboring grist mill.

An earlier and more enterprising generation had battled with the unproductive soil, built tanneries and a smithy by the stream and reared families who, rather than continue the unequal fight, had drifted to the cities, or into the great West, leaving the scene of their fathers' sturdy struggle to lapse back, forfeit to old Mother Nature.

No longer the creak of heavily-laden wagons echoed among the beeches. The only signs and sounds of life proceeded from the rightful inhabitants of such a solitude. The squirrels and the blue-jays, the grouse and the wood-duck claimed all this territory as their home.

Entering the cover about mid-way between the old road and the stream, I had a range of perhaps 25 yards on either hand, with an opening which marked the water-course on one side and on the other the woodland aisle where formerly the road had wound its uncertain way. Birds I knew were there, for a few days previously my dog and I had had a demoralizing meeting with a round half dozen of them but a short distance into the cover.

The moisture of the slowly melting frost made the leaves noiseless under my moccasined feet as I penetrated deeper and deeper into the wood. My expectant ears, with a keen and eager sense, waited the springing of the first bird, while my forefinger fairly itched for a call to action.

It came—and came as the call to our volunteers in the late war—to find me unprepared. A particularly savage outburst from a venturesome squirrel in a neighboring tree top attracted my attention for a moment, when whir-r-r rose a grouse to my right and made like the speedy traveler that she was, in the direction of the old road. Was I surprised? Did I shoot? Yes, to both questions. But did I stop her? Emphatically no! She had full steam on and the throttle wide open when she crossed the road and I was conscious, as I pulled the trigger, of being yards behind.

I wasn't exactly "rattled" but the episode left me in a mood to gently "cuss" and sputter, draw up a series of resolutions—and then on again.

The beauty of that wood was wonderful. The hues of ferns, of moss, of fallen leaves and the blue sky overhead making a scene not to be surpassed in coloring by any landscape of the imagination. I was continually admiring the lavish charms which Nature had laid bare on this rarest of autumnal mornings and then, back would go my mind to the lost opportunity of a few minutes before, and I would re-read the riot-act to myself and examine the "safety" on my little Lefever. I was not to be found unprepared at the next summons.

As I neared a little hemlock thicket I heard a bird make a little preliminary run and rise on the farther side. Another followed. Then another and another. The cover was dense and a glimpse of the last was all I had as I hurried to get into firing position.

More quiet cussing, more resolutions, another reading of the riot act.

But really, I was not grievously at fault. The birds were simply showing me that it's hard to beat a grouse at his own game.

They had flown straight away and knowing about where they would stop, I shut my teeth hard on a bit of leaf and hurried on determinedly. I approached the little alder "run" which I had fixed upon as the scene of probable carnage and walked boldly in. Yes, they were there—for a moment.

One started almost at my gun's muzzle and doubled away to the left, dipping so low that I overshot. Another followed and rose so abruptly that I undershot, while as I stood there with an empty, smoking gun, the other pair whirred straight away down the cart road, as pretty and futile an opportunity as ever maddened a hunter. Oh, for a "pump-gun," or a Gatling, or any old thing to throw at them for spite! But, my dear brethren, you who have felt, done and been "done" similarly, why should I call to your minds the agony, the gasping, speechless search for fitting words that follows such a scene? I feel sure of your sympathy.

Drawing up a brand new series of resolutions, I sat down, revised and corrected them, had them suitably engrossed and followed on.

The end of the cover was but a short distance away and I knew the last pair must have turned, crossed the brook and mounted a hillside to the left. My internal machinery announced breakfast time but I knew that after flushing the birds so frequently they would now lie closer than ever, so I lost little time in getting after them.

As I neared the crest of the hill a grand, old sachem broke from in front of me and endeavored to swing back across the brook. When he topped the birches, his bulk seemed positively huge and, leading him well, I saw him crumple up like a bit of paper as I fired, and the "thump" of his body as he dropped into the little valley assured me his days were over.

When I descended to the lower ground and approached him a glazing eye and a feeble flutter plainly showed death near, but brave, old patriarch that he was, he tried to come toward me menacingly, ruffle up, anxious to do battle with his ebbing strength. He was game to the last. His effort was too much and he toppled over on the leaves, dead.

Admiring his beautiful plumage of soft browns and grays I smoothed out the feathers tenderly and with deep respect for his noble and dauntless courage, I tenderly placed him in my coat.

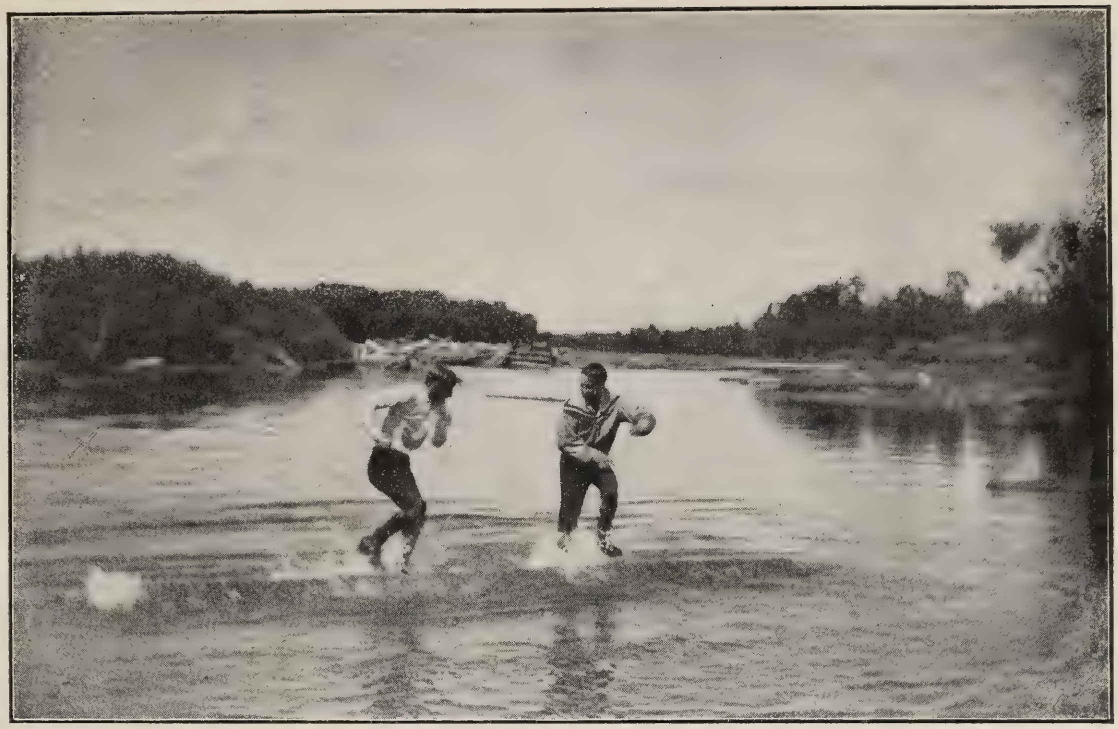
I mounted to the hill top and looked down on the quiet little hamlet. Here and there were faint, blue wreaths of smoke curling up from chimneys above the awaking rustic households. Quiet was all about me, another day of life about to commence—and feeling in my pocket the still warm body of our noblest game bird from which life had just departed, a touch of remorse came over me, a sharp contrast indeed to the mood which had possessed me for the hour past. I had had my hunt, proved my supremacy, exulted in it and—shouldered my gun and wended a thoughtful way homeward through the quiet wood.

Mrs. Green (reading from newspaper)—"Silk hose only $2.50 a pair."

Mr. Green—That's nothing, I can buy a whole length of hose for $2.50.

Mrs. Green—But you cannot use the length to the same advantage that I can use the pair.

Mr. Green—Yes I can. I can get 25 feet in my length and you can get only 2 feet in your pair.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY CHAS. E. PRICE.

LOG ROLLING IN MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Winner of 8th prize in RECREATION's 4th Annual Photo Competition. Stop 8, 1-100 sec. exposure.

A TOAST TO THE TOASTER AND TOASTED.

DR. G. A. MACK.

Here's fun to Coquina and game to his spear,
  Here's to the doughty pair—
The man and the weapon that game swine fear
  When venturing from their lair.

And here's to the game which Coquina stalks,
  Corrals, and kills, and roasts
On prairie, marsh, and through woodland walks,
  Wherever he hears their boasts.

When in due time they reach Gehenna,
  Wan, bristly, porcine ghosts,
May they there be done to a burnt sienna
  In everlasting roasts.

SEA OTTER HUNTING.

J. F. WILLIAMS.

In the fall of '96 my partner and I went to our winter hunting grounds, on Hinchingbrook Island, where my partner had spent the 2 previous winters with profit. He is an expert trapper and all round woodsman.

Brown bears, silver-gray foxes, land otters and minks were to be found on the island, and the fall is the time to catch them. After the snow falls they have no trails, and will not go near a trap.

Arriving at the houses we had plenty of hard work putting out our gear; 7 set-guns, 5 bear traps and about 40 smaller ones, and to take a 9 ton schoooner out of the water. It was necessary, also, to build a small hunting house 7 miles farther up coast; catch and salt salmon for winter use, to be stored in caches near by; and, finally, to gather wood for winter. This had to be brought 2 miles across the bay. Each alternate day, too, the traps had to be visited, each taking ½ the job. This work occupied us from before daylight till 3 or 4 o'clock p.m. We had too many irons in the fire.

Sea otter were plentiful all along the coast, and in stormy weather came into a small bay 7 miles from the house, and there we had built the small cabin mentioned above.

December 24th a Southeast gale brought the desired opportunity, and with rifles, 50 rounds apiece, and grub for 2 days, we set out on our snow-shoes for the little cabin, arriving at 1 p.m. We lingered only long enough to eat a cold lunch and then hurried down to our blind on a timbered bluff 200 feet high.

We had no sooner placed ourselves, with our .45's in readiness, than we discovered 2 large otters, 125 yards away. These we did not disturb, hoping for a more favorable shot. Thirteen otters were in sight, 6 in a bunch. Presently we saw 2 swimming toward us, which we made out to be a mother and her young. By turns, while waiting for them, we slipped back out of sight to thrash our hands to warm them, the other watching while this process went on.

After what seemed a week they got within 130 yards of us, where they lay still for about 20 minutes. As they were in better range for me than for Bill, the shot fell to me. Taking careful aim, I pulled on the mother, but overshot. They dived, coming up again 120 yards from us, where both could shoot.

Each scored a hit on the mother, which was instantly killed, and began drifting backward. For a time the young lost its mother, but soon found her body, and tried to work it off-shore.

We could easily have killed the young otter, but in doing so might have perforated the mother's body so as to sink it. When, at last, the kitten became separated from its companion, we both bombarded it. I firing 13 shots, Bill 15. I turned it over twice, and Bill's 15th shot killed it.

Both bodies floated toward the breakers, and feeling sure they would come ashore we went back to the cabin to warm and eat. After supper we walked the beach all night in hope of finding our victims, resuming again next morning. For 2 days we kept up the search, but never found them. We might have killed others, but never hunted again. It was idle to destroy what we could not get.

There are many ways of spending Christmas, but the foregoing tells how Bill and I put in Christmas, 1896.

A SOUTHERN ILLINOIS COON HUNT.

H. H. VERTREES.

The sky was clear one November evening as the moon rose behind a clump of tall brushy trees which surmounted the huge bluff rising abruptly from the low bottom land on which our cosy camp had been made several days before.

The call of an owl rang out through the evening air, then, all was silent.

We had finished our supper, and were waiting for the fourth member of the hunting party who had promised to bring his pack of hounds.

As we had expected, the fisherman who owned the hounds, was true to his word, was now within hearing, and soon arrived at our camp.

For a week we had been shooting at quails, prairie chickens and late ducks, waiting for a night that would not be too windy or rainy to hunt coons with pleasure and comfort.

Our opportunity had come, and we lost no time in starting. After a brisk walk of 20 minutes we reached the woods, one mile from camp. We then lost the dogs.

They passed out of sight at once, but we soon heard yelps, signifying that some one of the number had struck something and was trying to follow it. The yelps grew louder, and soon we decided they had treed.

Advancing as rapidly as the underbrush, logs and ditches would permit, we soon found ourselves at the head of a large ravine, where the dogs had housed up the *procyon lotor* in the hollow of a large butternut tree.

The ax was brought into play and, after each had taken his turn with it, a hole large enough to extract a coon was made and we pulled him snarling out of his comfortable quarters, and tossed him among the eager hounds.

For a short time the air was full of hair, snarls and howls. The yelps from the hounds, and the squawks of the coon at once created an unearthly roar never equaled, unless by a Democratic primary.

Having finished coon number one, a fine large male with a thick glossy coat of fur, we started our victorious hounds in another direction and waited to hear their deep voices herald the news of another trail.

The second coon seemed hard to find and we grew impatient long before we heard from them again. At last, however, Hobson's deep bass broke the silence and the others presently chimed in. We walked in their direction and soon had the satisfaction of seeing our game.

The coon was running along the top of an old rail fence trying to escape from the angry mob on the ground behind him. This could not be accomplished, however. Therefore, the coon made for the nearest tree.

We approached and cast the bull's-eye light upon him, making him descend. Our dogs quickly ended his career and we bagged our second coon.

We are believers in the theory that if every hunter kills all the game he can find, the time is near when the game supply in the United States will be exhausted and a hunt for raccoons a thing of the past. Therefore, having already taken 2 fine specimens, we returned to camp, feeling proud of the dogs, and satisfied with our hunt.

HOBBLE YOUR HORSES.

JOHN BOWMAN.

Hunters have varied experiences. Some are pleasant, others are not. Among the latter about the most disagreeable is to have your horses stray from you when you are miles from civilization.

This will try the patience of a saint. You feel all the pangs of a shipwrecked mariner, and only those who have experienced it can form any idea of the sensation it arouses in you. In the first place you and your partner start for a week's hunt with a double team, and after arriving at a suitable place for your camp you turn the horses loose. Your partner assures you they will not leave camp and that it is no use to hobble them, and you feel reassured. After finishing your hunt you return to hook up your team and lo, there is not a horse in sight. For the next 10 minutes you both sit down and " cuss a blue streak " after which you feel a little relief. You give your partner a look of " I told you so " and each of you gets a bridle or rope and prepares to run those horses down. After trudging along for, as you judge, 10 or 12 miles, but which really is only 4 or 5 at the most, you see way up on a side of the mountain, quietly feeding with a bunch of other horses, your 2 pet horses that never leave camp. By this time you are pretty well fagged out and you sit down to rest and lay plans to capture your truant steeds. You both start up the mountain and circle around in different directions until you get so close to the horses you begin to think you will have no trouble at all. Suddenly the leader of the bunch sees you and with a neigh he breaks and runs, with the rest following. Again you take an intermission for cussing and to pay your respects to the equine kingdom. When you have cooled down and the atmosphere has assumed its natural color, you make another trial. With a great deal of manœuvering and chasing up and down hill, sweating, swearing, and yelling, you at last capture (?) your steeds and climb on their backs with a firm resolve never to leave camp without first hobbling your horses.

An ounce of prevention is worth a 10 mile walk any day.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY EDWARD E. C. GIBBS

THEY BITE BEST BEFORE THE STORM.

Winner of the 8th prize in RECREATION'S 4th Annual Competition.

THE JOYS OF CAMPING.

W. H. FOOTNER.

'Midst darkness deep, 'tis dead of night,
  I lie 'neath arching tree.
From Heaven's vault, like jewels bright,
  The stars peep through at me.

The camp fire's dying embers gleam,
  The hooting owl awakes,
And with a nearby, gurgling stream,
  Alone the silence breaks.

Then the rippled bay below me sings
  A faint, sweet song of rest,
And while I think of many things,
  I sink in slumber blest.

But other ditties then I hear,
  And apprehensions rise;
For skeeter songs break on my ear,
  And each his bill applies.

A whirr, a buzz, a biting sting;
  My peace is gone, 'tis clear.
To them I wouldn't do a thing,
  Would they but linger near.

With murder in my heart I rise,
  And try to kill the beasts.
'Tis vain. My efforts they despise,
  And still keep at their feasts.

DECEMBER.

A. L. L.

This latest of the months is bitter cold;
  Now come deep snows, North winds, and leaden skies;
The truthful angler and the hunter bold
  Just hug the fire, and tell the darnedest lies.

OLD DAYS IN OLD IRELAND.

GREENHEART.

I wonder how many readers of RECREATION are, like myself, graduates of what used to be one of the greatest schools in the world for anglers and wildfowl shooters—the Western counties of Ireland.

It is now 22 years since I had my first day's shooting. I was only 13 years old, and the gun was a heavy, double, 12 gauge muzzle-loader, belonging to my father. Before permitting me to go afield, the dear old gentleman had, with paternal caution, snicked the charger on the powder flask down to 2½ drachms and fixed the nozzle of the shot pouch to correspond. Of course he told me why he did so; and in this as in all other matters where my welfare was concerned I found he was right. He also made me promise that I would load and use only one barrel at first; pointing out the danger of charging the second barrel while the first was loaded and capped. With a good supply of ammunition—and advice—I started, and verily would not have exchanged places with a lord. Possibly some readers will smile when I give my score for 5 hours of hunting. It was, 11 green plovers (locally called lapwing), 6 golden plovers, and 3 teal.

At that time wildfowl were so plentiful that I, a mere boy, using half of a gun too heavy for me, and charges too light for the weapon, made this good bag. A good shot who knew the country and the birds was then limited in his sport only by the quantity of game and ammunition he and his attendant could carry.

During a mild winter—and the winters there are usually mild—the green meadows and dry uplands literally swarmed with plover and curlew. Day after day, from November to March, they were there, and never appeared to grow scarcer. So numerous were they, and so easy to approach, that local sportsmen looked on them almost with loathing, despite the fact that all members of the plover family, when found away from salt water, are delicious eating. By the way, in my callow days it was considered quite a feat for a man to succeed in killing a curlew. They seem to have as many lives as the proverbial cat, each life protected by shot proof armor, and guarded by innumerable eyes and ears.

The more pretentious shooters turned their attention to snipe and duck shooting. Every reedy pool and marshy patch held its half dozen or so of the long-bills; and the large tracts of bog and fenland sheltered them in thousands. Should a hard frost set in, some of them, like the plover, migrated to the coast. Those that remained frequented springs and unfrozen rivulets, where they were sometimes trapped and snared in great numbers. At the present time snipe and duck shooting in the British Islands go hand in hand, for this is the breech-loading age, and a variety of ammunition can be carried and used as the occasion arises. In the days of the muzzle loader this was not so easy, and if the sportsman wanted ducks, he went out prepared for ducks only.

Most of the duck shooting was done on the morning and evening flights, and by night, in favorable weather. Mallard, widgeon, several kinds of diving ducks, shoveller and teal were there in numbers to delight the heart of even the most insatiable gunner. Teal were hardly considered worth powder and shot, and on flight shooting were usually allowed to pass unnoticed. On the Kilglass bottoms, within a few miles of where I lived, geese used to congregate in large numbers during late winter and early spring. How many queer devices we used to get within shot of them on the open plain! How many weary hours we used to spend (perhaps seated snugly in a foot or so of water at the bottom of some drain) in hopes they would feed or fly within range! Our hopes were sometimes crowned with glorious success, and sometimes with miserable failure.

Besides the wildfowl, red game—pheasants, partridges and woodcocks—were abundant. The pheasants, hatched in the preserves, would often stray to the open farm lands and, in season, were lawful prey for any licensed shooter. As tillage was then almost entirely confined to the arable or higher ground, partridges were quite numerous, and several coveys could generally be located within one parish. Good cock shooting was to be had in the coverts. These of course were strictly preserved for the owner and his friends.

All the district of which I write teemed with bird life during the winter months, from crows to wrens and from jack-snipe to geese. Ah's me! "Times have altered trade's unfeeling train usurps the land," or rather tries to improve it. The beautiful lakes which God made and stocked are stinking and unwholesome pools. The marshes and fens which He formed and peopled with feathered creatures are dry and barren. The fish are gone, the fowl are gone; and the fools who sanctioned it all, find they have paid a bitterly big price for their whistle.

Nine tenths of the "improved" land, deprived of its periodical irrigation, has become worthless. Too stiff and cold to be economically tilled, it will grow nothing but dry, coarse grass, or gigantic thistles; and the fool farmer who is paying rent and drainage tax for it, finds on his hands a white elephant of his own raising.

ON A NEW ENGLAND MARSH.

WALDO.

"Can you get away for an afternoon with the ducks?" inquired my friend the taxidermist, who is likewise a naturalist. "I can," said I; "but tell me, sir, by what magic can you produce duck-shooting within an afternoon's trip of the city?"

The taxidermist regarded me quizzically. "Have you ever hunted ducks where they are scarce and wary?" he inquired. "Can you stand absolutely motionless, with nothing in sight, for a half-hour at a time?' "I can," said I. "Then meet me at my house in time to catch the 2 o'clock car," said he. "The average sportsman here will tell you that duck-shooting is a sport of the past; and so it is for him."

At 2 o'clock, rubber-booted and in hunting togs, we were speeding out of the city. In 20 minutes we were on the outskirts of a suburb, and in a little hollow the taxidermist signalled to stop. Then came a mile tramp over the meadows past little mud-holes and ponds, each of which had in the old days more than once contributed to the taxidermist's bag. Then the long, silent Connecticut gleamed in the distance. Cautiously we stole to its edge. As well might we have crept to the edge of the drinking fountain in City Square. The taxidermist did not look disappointed, therefore I tried not to. And why should I? Was it not enough just to be tramping away from human habitation and sound of human life, alone with dear old Mother Nature, breathing her gloriously pure air, basking in her sunshine, listening to the lap of water and the twitter of the sparrows in the hedge? Was not this, after all, the real charm of hunting?

So we tramped the meadows, kicking through the tangled clumps of grass on the edge of set-backs, in quest of short-eared owls for the taxidermist, now and then getting one, and again missing, as they rose with their erratic flight, so like that of a snipe.

Gradually the afternoon wore on, and just as a great, glorious ball of fire touched the tops of the distant matchless Berkshire hills, we reached the river's edge again at the mouth of a tiny creek.

Wading out into the rice and willows, we took our stands side by side. Slowly the sun sank and the shadows deepened. With chirps and twitterings of half-forgotten summer songs, hundreds of tree sparrows and finches settled in the rice, some within arm's reach. An owl flitted by with ghostly noiselessness. The golden glow in the west softened and the dusk deepened. Farther and farther out into the river stole the black shadow line of the opposite shore. Now and again a sparrow trilled a sleepy "good-night." A mile away, at some farm house, a hound bays, and the still night air brings it as if it were but just over the bank. Silently and motionless we stand, with feet and hands numb with the cold.

Then, without warning, 6 swiftly moving forms loom out of the dusk, making for the creek. Not a motion from either of us until they are abreast. Then the guns speak as one, and with a splash 2 birds fall, while, with a startled "quack, quack," the others jump higher and vanish in the gathering darkness. A few minutes later the whistle of wings behind us gives warning of another flock, but we dare not turn, for they will be gone. Over they come, and we miss. Then 2 more flocks come and circle at long range. We move not, for we will not take the chance of so long a shot, giving the birds unnecessary alarm. Suspiciously they circle and then a series of splashes in the blackness beyond tell us they have joined the others in the river.

Silence reigns, and still we wait. The moon comes up and a flood of silvery light gives a weird outline to familiar objects. The shore is indented with coves that we have never seen before. Only the sky, with its twinkling stars, is familiar. A sparrow moves uneasily and makes sleepy complaint. A rustling in the rice above us and a contented quack tell us that unseen a flock of ducks have reached their feeding grounds.

From out the intense blackness in mid-river comes a subdued, inquiring "quack." "Quack," responds the taxidermist, decidedly. Again comes the query; again the decided answer. Then, out on the edge of the shadow appears an incoming line of silver. It is the wake made by our wary interlocutor swimming in. A minute later we see him, black in the moonlight. The taxidermist's gun speaks, and, with a whistle of wings, the ducks above us leave the rice, while a still, black form drifts in to our feet.

Thus ended the first of many such evenings with my friend the taxidermist, and the charm of those silent watches in the gathering dusk has brightened many a weary hour. Three ducks we had, killed within 5 miles of the city's center, not by fickle chance, but by patient study of the ways and habits of our game, than which I know of none more wary or quicker to take alarm. Many a night have we returned empty-handed, but the hunts were none the less enjoyable. Indeed, I am inclined to think the pleasure was the greater, in that the shy black fellows had outwitted us, and we knew that next time we must be still more alert. Perchance a mere lifting of the hand had been our undoing. And after all, the game itself is but an added pleasure; for, to the true sportsman, the real, the true enjoyment must ever be in the hunt, not in the killing. If the quarry be the winner, his pleasure will be but the keener, for he knows there still lives game to tax his utmost skill in the future.

HUNTING MUSKRATS.

AVON WOODS.

One day last November a friend and I took our hammerless guns from their cases and started for Bullrush lake, which lies over toward the foot-hills, about 6 miles from Denver. We left town about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and after getting off the electric train at the nearest point, we walked 2 miles to the lake. There had been a light fall of snow that morning, and we hoped to reach the lake in time to get a brace of mallards as they came in for their evening feed. We were a little late, however, and arrived when it was almost too dark to see to shoot. There were but few ducks stirring and we did not get even a good shot.

The sun had long since sunk behind the great range of the Rockies and as his light gradually died away in the west, the nearly full moon sent her shimmering rays over the earth. For nearly half an hour we stood drinking in the cool, fresh air, glad to be away from the office and out of the city, even for an hour.

I had ceased to scan the horizon for the approach of those dark objects so familiar to a sportsman in watching an evening flight, and my wits seemed to have gone wool-gathering, when I was suddenly startled from my reverie by a sharp splash in the water just beyond us, near some rushes. We decided it was caused by muskrats at play. We walked up to where we had heard the splashing, and as we were nearing the place my friend said, "Watch me call out that rat." He then waded out to the edge of the rushes that lined the lake at that point beyond which were large open spaces or bayous, and beyond these again rushes. As I had no waders I was compelled to remain on shore and content myself with watching the experiment.

My friend was an adept at imitating the quack of a duck with his own voice. When he reached a place that suited him he remained quiet for some minutes. Then he raised one foot to the surface and splashed the water gently, uttering a most natural imitation of a female mallard, which reverberated over the water in the deathlike stillness. This seemed to me a strange way of coaxing out a muskrat, and I thought my friend was jesting, or had caught sight of a flock of ducks and was trying to decoy them in; but I was mistaken, for in less than half a minute, as I watched the water in the reflection of the moon, I saw a fine, large muskrat swimming directly toward him, turning its head from right to left as if looking for something. My friend stood perfectly still until the rat came within 8 or 10 feet of him, when it ran its head squarely into a charge of number 5 shot.

My friend brought the rat to the shore, and as he threw him down on the snow, he said, "This rat has evidently been in the habit of catching and eating wounded ducks, and perhaps of pulling down those that were not wounded and drowning them. This time he mistook my quacking for that of a duck, and you see the consequence."

After a few minutes he admonished me to be silent again while he called out another. Then he waded out again and repeated his splashing and quacking. This time he repeated the call several times, at intervals of 2 or 3 minutes. Then his pet gun spoke again, and another rat life went out. After a few minutes he repeated the experiment with equal success, except that this last rat was farther out where the water was so deep he could not get him.

The shooting did not seem to frighten the rats much, perhaps because they were used to the shooting about the lake.

We skinned the rats by the light of the moon, and as we sauntered homeward, although we had no ducks, we at least had some duck thieves, and felt quite satisfied with our evening's experience.

A week or so later we again visited the same lake and on the opposite side from the scene of our former sport, my friend called out a rat in the same manner, made him swim about 40 yards after his supposed prey and now his hide is being tanned with the others at the furriers.

PHOTOGRAPHING WILD DEER.

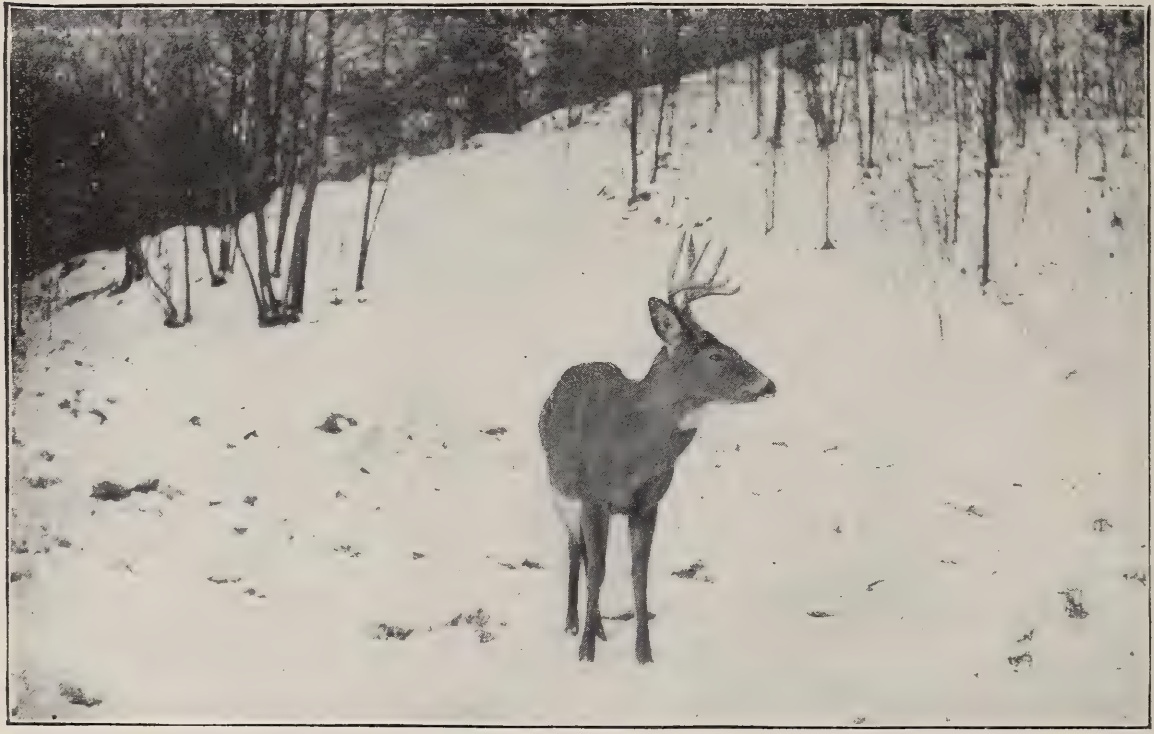
CHAS. W. DAKE.

The pictures sent you to be entered in your fourth annual competition are of wild deer and the negatives were made at our camp in Northern Michigan.

"On the River Bottoms" was taken just at the edge of a series of alders that grows on the bank of the river. The exposure was made by a white thread.

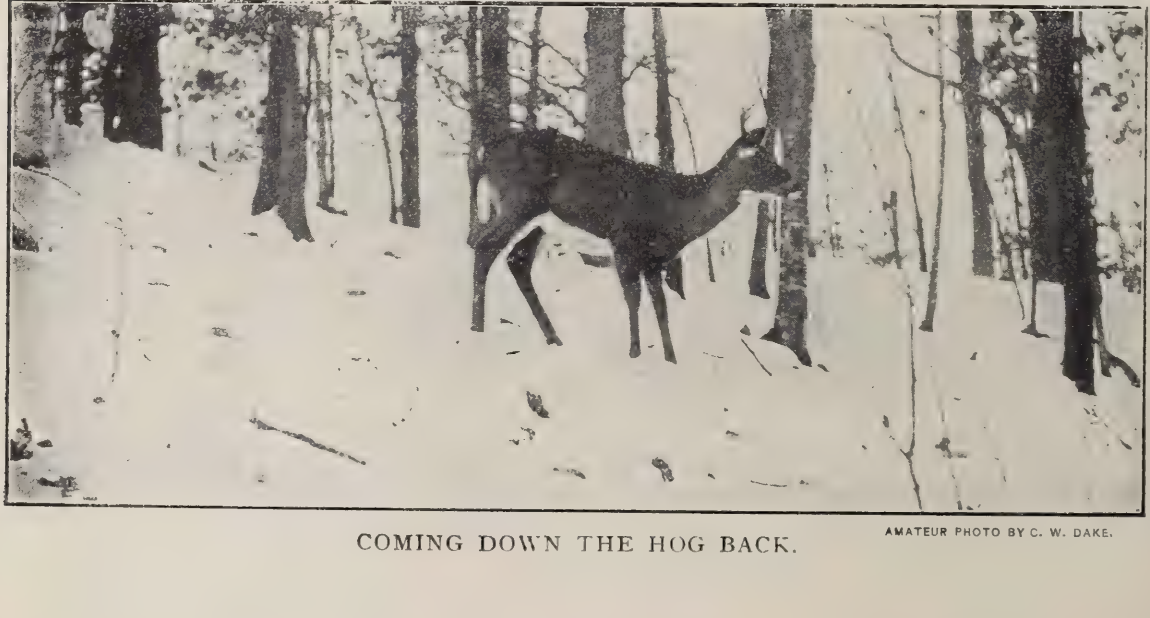
"Coming Down the Hogback" was made on a ridge where a small rivulet had washed away a big ravine, making a point projecting from the table land. This exposure was also made by a thread.

"On the Table Land" was taken on a big flat hill, which we called the table land, and was exposed from behind a small ridge where a tree had fallen and turned up the ground. This exposure was made with the bulb. The picture, "Making the Best of It," was taken while in camp on



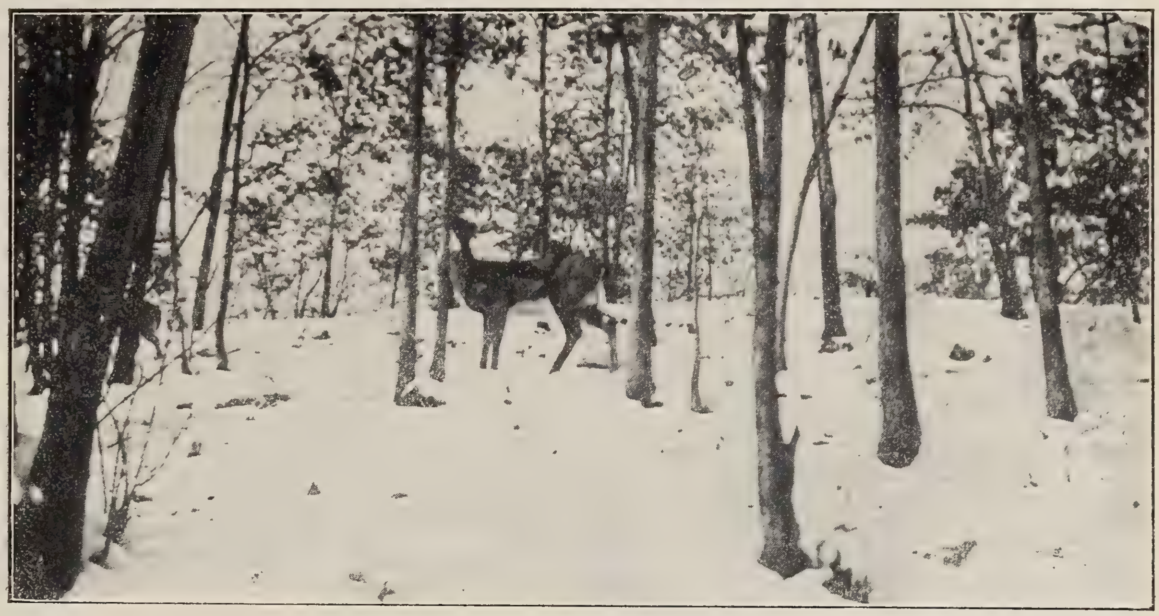
ON THE RIVER BOTTOM. AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. W. DAKE.

Winner of the 10th prize in RECREATION'S 4th Annual Photo Competition. Made with Kodet Special camera, Kodet R. R. Lens, 8 f. stop, 1-50 sec. exposure.



COMING DOWN THE HOG BACK. AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. W. DAKE.

the Little Manistee river. The exposure was made with a thread pulled by myself with right hand, which you will see is a little out of position.



AMATEUR PHOTO BY C. W. DAKE.

ON THE TABLE LANDS.

I have found the best plan in taking deer pictures is to let the deer do the exposing by means of a thread, using a white one in winter and a dark one in summer, care being taken to set the camera so the deer must come in focus before exposing. Of course you do not always get a good negative, but you can get a larger image than in any other way. Besides it is almost impossible to have the deer come close enough to make a good image, as you can see by the picture, "On the Table Land." Out of 24 exposures I got 4 good negatives.

Roland H. Clarke
1899

"WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE IT?"

A CHRISTMAS IN THE WOODS

RUPE BARMBY.

Christmas day of the year 1860 I spent in a fashion and under circumstances which, no doubt, the ordinary man would think too rude to be desirable. Yet I can with truth affirm that no Christmas day in almost 40 which have passed since then gives greater pleasure to recall.

In the fall of the year of which I write a friend and I decided to lay down a line of traps in a wild and unknown tract that stretched for many miles North of the village where we lived.

The case is different now, but at that time the villagers could tell us little of its character, and were entirely ignorant of how far it extended.

Before cold weather came we built a cabin in a sheltered spot far in the forest. We "toted" in our traps and other things, and felt prepared to face the winter's work. By Christmas eve we had settled down, 50 miles from home. While thousands of our fellows were indulging in the customs peculiar to the night, the children eagerly expectant of a visit from old Santa Claus, we sat before our roaring log fire and listened to the moaning of the winds outside.

At break of day we woke, and, looking out, beheld a sight that far surpassed any Christmas decorations we had ever seen.

Before us stood a host of trees, each bending with its sparkling weight of snow, coldly brilliant in the morning sun.

The dark green spruces strikingly contrasted with the pure white snow, and blended with the clear blue sky beyond. We thrilled with pleasure at the grandeur of nature's Christmas day.

The night before we had planned a hunting trip to celebrate the holiday; and, breakfast past, we were soon ready for the start.

It is common belief that winter in the woods is full of hardship and discomfort, yet it need not be the case. The forest depths afford protection from the chilling winds which sweep unchecked across the open plains.

To one who loves Dame Nature, winter in the woods has many pleasant features that compensate for the loss of civilization's luxuries.

The beauty of the forest on that Christmas day is far beyond description. The snow on every side bore traces of abounding game—a hunter's compensation surely. Grouse, rabbits, foxes, otters, lynx and deer were there in plenty,—but that was 40 years ago. That special day we passed all these, deeming big game alone worthy of the holiday. Luck favored us, for soon we found the tracks of moose, and hour by hour followed the trail through brush and open space.

Imagine my astonishment to find the tracks led directly in the direction of our hut. We saw no trace of them on starting out, and were forced to the conclusion that the game was close at hand. The animal had evidently been interested in our cabin, as the trail completely circled it and then led on into the woods beyond. We followed eagerly, with extra care, fearing to frighten the game and spoil our morning's work.

Soon the tracks merged into a beaten path, from which we knew we had stumbled on the runaway of a numerous herd. A short time later a snapping twig not far away betrayed the presence of the object of our chase. Instinctively we stopped, each nerve and muscle tightly strung.

Suddenly 3 moose came into view, and, perfectly unconscious of our presence, slowly moved along. A moment more and both our rifles cracked. Roused to the danger 2 bounded out of sight, but one fell and hurrying to where he lay we realized the prize we had obtained.

The remainder of the day was spent in carrying the meat to camp, and no trifling task it was. Before our glowing fire we passed the evening, tired, but with the satisfaction a good day's work alone can give. It was a simple Christmas, it is true, yet it had a liberal share of pleasure, the memory of which is ever bright and fresh with me, though almost 40 years ago.

"The Brown-Joneses don't speak to us any more."

"What's the trouble?"

"Well, we locked up and went off to the country Saturday and left their Sunday dinner in our ice-chest."—Detroit Free Press.

FIRST MEAT FOR THE GIRL.

CHARLES CLAYTON.

Nell's cheeks were thin and pale when she arrived at the station, 18 miles from our camp. As she was helped down the steps of the car, she looked as if her frail young body had lost all the strength it ever had. However, she returned with warm affection the salutations of her older sister and her gray haired father, while our handshakings were responded to with a firm grip.

Jim, our guide, stowed away Nell's baggage in the spring wagon, and by the time the train had disappeared, we were packed, 3-a-seat, and were making our way to camp.

For months Nell Farley had been struggling with knowledge in a college, in New York. Her father had gone for his annual outing to a place 75 miles from Denver, and with him he had taken his daughter Bessie. Nell had followed, under the advice of her doctor. Mr. Eddington and I were guests in camp.

From the day Nell arrived she began to improve. In a few days a faint bloom came to her cheeks, and her spirits increased correspondingly. The fresh mountain air was proving its qualities, and when 2 weeks had passed, Nell looked as strong and hearty as any of us.

She had begged to join in the daily trips into the mountains, but to her entreaties her father said, "A sick girl must stay in camp and leave deer killing to us."

Camp was something lonely to Nell, for several times Bess went with the hunters. Nell determined, should she be left alone again, to take a trip by herself and prove it was in the power of the "sick girl" to bring back a deer.

It was not long before the opportunity came. One morning the camp was astir early and preparations were made for a longer trip than usual. Daylight was breaking when breakfast was over, and Nell was waving us a good-by from a hammock.

The sound of horse's feet was still echoing among the hills when Nell entered the tent and slipped from its case her repeating rifle. Ten minutes later she was making her way on her pony in the opposite direction from that taken by the party. About 3 miles from camp, she halted at the bank of a stream. So far not a sign of deer had she seen, and she was beginning to think her trip would probably end without even a sight of a pair of antlers.

Slipping from the saddle she crossed the reins behind a tree and started toward a knoll, where a better view could be had. As she reached the top she was startled by seeing, not 40 yards away, a young buck on the bank of the stream. His head was raised high and he apparently scented danger. He had not seen Nell, for she had dropped behind a rock. Slowly she pushed the muzzle of the rifle past the rock, took a steady aim and pulled the trigger. At the report the buck fell, not 10 feet from where he had been standing.

It was a joyous moment for Nell as she stood over the buck, lying full length at her feet. Now a problem and a difficult one arose. She had killed a deer, but how could she get it to camp? It seemed to her she would never be able to get it on the pony's back. Nothing risked nothing gained, was her thought. Placing her rifle against a tree, she brought up the pony. As soon as he caught sight of the deer no amount of coaxing would induce the stubborn little brute to approach closer than a dozen yards.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY W. H. HUBBARD.

IT WAS A JOYOUS MOMENT FOR NELL AS SHE STOOD OVER THE BUCK.

Nell was almost ready to give up, when

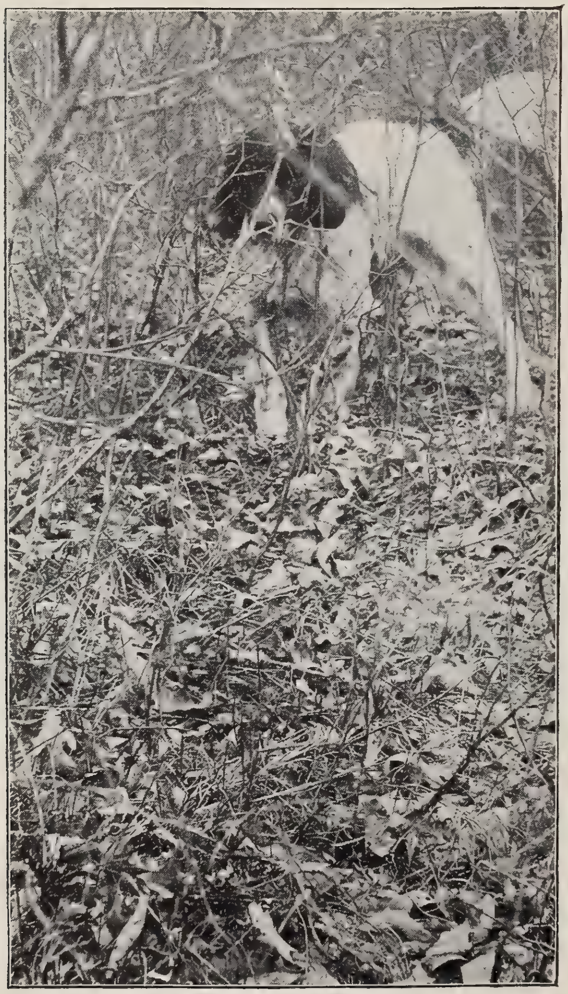
she remembered Jim's telling one day of blindfolding a green pony, to get a bear across its back. Off came Nell's jacket. Tying the sleeves about the pony's neck, the girl hung the body of the jacket over the pony's eyes. The animal at once stood still and meek beside the buck.

Now came a tussle to get the deer on the pony's back. After a few attempts, Nell discovered she was unequal to the task. A lucky thought soon brought her from the dilemma. A ledge a few yards away was reached by a slope. Up this Nell dragged the buck. Leading the pony beneath the ledge, she let the buck down into the saddle, and fastened it there with her lariat. Then, leading the pony, she made her way to camp, where she arrived as her father's party came in from the opposite side.

When the exclamations of surprise were over, Nell told her story. During the remaining weeks in camp, she was always one of the party that made trips after big game.

A GREAT FEAT IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

I hand you herewith a photo of my dog "Phil" pointing a woodcock. I found the nest early in April. It contained 2 large, light chocolate-colored eggs, splashed with dark chocolate. After laying 2 more eggs the bird commenced to sit. This photo was taken 2 days before she hatched. The period of incubation was 21 days. During this time we had a snow storm, with enough snow to make sleighing. The nest was on F. E. Larrabee's pine tree farm, about 200 feet from the electric street car line, the same distance from the main road from Marlboro to Hudson, and about the same from the steam railroad. It was in an open spot, though surrounded by brush. I exposed 4 plates and got only one good negative. The bird shows rather dimly in the lower left hand corner of the picture.



WOODCOCK ON NEST.

After the photo was made we went up and put our hands on the woodcock before she took flight.

Phil is the best bird dog in this section. He was sired by H. W. Eager's English setter, and his dam is a Gordon. Fully 300 birds were shot over him before he was a year old, commencing at 7½ months. He is owned by Alonzo Simons.

Joseph P. Nourse, Hudson, Mass.

AMATEUR PHOTO BY L. C. BURNETT JR.

GOLDEN EAGLES AT BREAKFAST.

THE PROFESSOR'S STORY.

F. I. SHERMAN.

I am a scientist, and you will pardon me if I stick closer to facts than is generally considered a fisherman's habit.

I have spent many years studying the animal kingdom, and, I hope, I have made some discoveries of value.

One of the most interesting branches of this study has been observing the effect upon animals produced by entire change of environment—as a lion, transferred from the jungles of Africa to the cage of a traveling menagerie—a horse from the broad prairies of the West to the thills of a cart, and man from his primitive, nude state to silk tile and patent leather shoes.

The following experiment was first suggested to me while resting on the bank of a trout stream one day last summer.

I had just fixed myself comfortably under a shade tree and lighted a cigar, when I noticed a small green frog sitting on the bank blinking at the blue vault and apparently enjoying himself as thoroughly on land as in water.

Noting his perfect composure out of his native element, my mind began reasoning as follows:

"The frog is amphibious. He can live comfortably either on land or in water. The frog has no scales; other amphibious animals are without scales; query, May not this very absence of scales be the reason they are amphibious?"

The trout, like the frog, has no scales. Why may not the trout, if properly trained, be capable of living out of water? You follow my reasoning?

It was a new thought. The attempt, so far as I knew, had never been made. I determined to try the experiment.

Fortune favored me in my pursuit of knowledge. The last fish I caught that evening was a trout about 15 inches long.

I placed him carefully in my creel, and when I got home he was still alive. I at once put him in a large stone watering-trough I have in my back yard.

He was a little wobbly at first, and spent part of the time on his head, and part on his tail, and several times turned the white side up; but he gradually recovered his presence of mind, and settled quietly to the bottom, to study this sudden change.

The next morning he was himself again, and seemed to adapt himself to his new home and a few red worms, and to experience no inconvenience from the change.

I began my experiment at once by turning off the pipe that supplied the trough. Then I removed a few bucketfuls of water.

The next day I removed one bucketful of water. The following day another, and so on until the trout's back was barely covered.

I left him in this condition several days, and he seemed perfectly happy.

I then lowered the water until his back was uncovered. Still he took his daily rations of red worms.

I kept lowering it gradually until his upper lip was out of water. This did not affect him, but I noticed he had developed a new faculty. In going after a worm he set his fins against the bottom of the trough and pushed himself along in this way. My experiment was becoming interesting.

Day by day I reduced the water, a little at a time, until finally I removed the last drop, and still my trout lived. To my surprise he developed wonderful locomotive powers out of his two fins. He could move quite rapidly from one end of the trough to the other.

After a few days I removed him to the kitchen, where we had a smooth oilcloth covering the floor.

This exactly suited him, and he very quickly grew familiar with his surroundings and soon became a household pet.

Dan, we called him; and it was surprising how quickly he developed his intellectual powers.

He soon knew all the children, and would follow them around the house, using his fins to propel himself, as the seal does on land.

Dan soon got to know the sound of the dinner-bell, and the instant he heard it, off he would hobble to the table, and, leaning over on one fin, he would flop the other until his dinner was set before him, when he would settle down perfectly satisfied, and fall to with a relish.

I was naturally elated over my experiment, and anticipated a great amount of future pleasure in exhibiting Dan to my incredulous friends. But a most unfortunate accident put an end to my experiment and Dan's life at the same time.

Dan had been an inmate of my house 3 months. I was preparing to go down to my office one morning, when there came up a sudden shower, which delayed me a half hour. When the rain ceased I ventured out, and found the gutter in front of my house running full of water.

In order to reach my carriage I had to cross this gutter on a narrow plank. Unfortunately I didn't notice that Dan was following me.

Poor fellow! In trying to crawl across the plank he slipped off, fell into the water, and—*was drowned.*

A ONE BIRD HUNT.

F. W. DECKER.

Game of all kinds is scarce in Northeastern Orange county. Many a disappointed sportsman can testify to that. Everything is scarce in that region but prohibitionists and book agents, and they furnish very dull sport. Some watchdogs, however, find pleasant diversion chasing the latter.

I started to tell about a hunt a friend and I had. My friend, whom I will call Bentley, owned 2 good bird dogs—he said they were good, so, of course, they were—and was very fond of telling about past glories in the field. It chanced last fall that we decided to take a day off, and have some sport with dog and gun. We started out about 8 o'clock in the morning, and worked over some of the best ground one could wish to see. All forenoon we were in good cover for partridges, but we did not see a thing to shoot at. The birds, if any had ever been there, must have taken a day off too, and gone traveling for their health.

When we stopped for lunch we were discouraged. The dogs were discouraged. I think our watches were discouraged, too, for mine had stopped at quarter past 11. Our noon hour was made interesting by Bentley, who told stories about his dogs. He explained their good points, and how they could not fail to take first prize at any bench show. He also told how he loved to hunt, and that the sound of a gun was the sweetest music he ever heard.

Luncheon over, the hunt was resumed. By this time the humorous part of my nature had gotten the better of the other part, and I determined to have some fun with Bentley if I could. We were in the brush on one side of some open fields, and I informed Bentley of my intention to cross over to the brush on the other side, as it looked like better cover over there for birds. He said it was of no use to go, as there were no birds on either side, and he did not believe there were any "between Mason and Dixon's line and the Mohawk river." I went over just the same, and after going in the brush a little way, I fired 3 shots in quick succession.

In a few minutes Bentley came rushing over to me, calling his dogs along. He thought I had found a covey of birds, and was coming to help me shoot them, and to bring the dogs to my assistance.

"Did you get any?" he asked.

"No."

"What did you shoot at?"

"I didn't shoot at anything."

"Why, I heard 3 shots over here," said he.

"So did I."

"Who fired them?"

"I did."

"I thought you said you didn't shoot at anything," said Bentley, looking rather perplexed.

"Well, I *didn't.*"

"What in —— did you fire those 3 shots for then?"

I had to then tell the truth.

"You said a little while ago that the sound of a gun was the sweetest music you ever heard, and I thought you would enjoy hearing them."

Bentley looked daggers at me.

"I have heard of nearly all kinds of fools," said he, "but this is the first time I ever saw one try to shoot holes in the air." Silence reigned supreme.

For about half an hour we worked on "my side" of the open lots, not talking much. Sociability was restored by Bentley calling my attention to the splendid way in which his dogs were working. I noticed they were getting quite enthusiastic about something, and it was very evident they scented game. Soon one of them pointed, and as we were edging up carefully, the other dashed ahead and flushed a grouse out of some raspberry bushes at the edge of the timber. It was a violation of sportsmen's rules for a dog to act like that, but he and his master seemed to be wholly unconscious of it. The bird got up about 40 yards ahead of us, and we both blazed away at it, Bentley unloading both barrels of his Daly, and I sending 2½ ounces of number eights out of my Winchester. The bird got the benefit of all the 4 loads of shot, and fell completely riddled. One dog picked it up and started to run off with it, and the other ran after him, like one chicken chasing another with a worm in its mouth. Bentley ran after them, yelling at them to come back, and in 5 or 10 minutes succeeded in getting the bird, which was none the better for its little adventure with the dogs.

Of course we both claimed it, and so we decided to toss up a cent, to see who should take it. I chose heads, and lost, not much to my sorrow, because the way it was shot to pieces, and chewed by the dog, it was about ready for fricassee. We trudged home in the gathering gloom of October's early twilight, Bentley congratulating himself all the way for owning such good dogs.

"Just think," he said, as we parted, "if it had not been for those dogs, this hunt would have ended in a fizzle."

FROM THE GAME FIELDS.

A DAY AMONG THE MOUNTAINS IN CUBA.

At 5:30 a. m. on April 27, '99, my brother, a guide and I left Trinidad, Cuba, for a day's shooting among the Guamuhaya mountains. At 8 A. M., we reached San Juan springs, the source of the San Juan river, 8 miles from Trinidad. This place is so beautiful and game is so abundant, we decided to spend the day there.

The lovely little valley known as San Juan de Letian is in the heart of the Guamuhaya mountains, at the North of the town of Trinidad. This valley runs North and South. Its height above sea level is about 2,00· feet. The San Juan river rises at the head of this valley, plunges down a deep canyon, enters the picturesque valley of San Luis and follows it to the sea. Near Trinidad it is known by the names of "Guaurabo" or "Tayaba." The falls of this river present a grand sight. Below the falls almost all species of fresh water fish abound, but above only shrimps are to be found. The mountains surrounding this little valley open at the North, where the river gushes out from the earth. On the South the mountains form a deep canyon, where the crystal waters pass through.

The difference of temperature between San Juan and Trinidad in all seasons of the year is 8 to 10 degrees Fahr. During the winter, in the early morning, light frost covers the mountain sides, while their summits are enveloped in dense fog. The San Juan valley is one of the most healthful spots in Cuba. The waters of the San Juan river have no equal for purity. The spring is a large pool surrounded by rocky walls. The water issues from 2 grottos in the wall and is of a deep blue color, wonderfully clear and exceedingly cold. In its deepest part it is not over 12 feet.

The road to San Juan is a stony path, which winds around the steep mountain sides. Only one horse at time can walk on the narrow path. In many places in the course of the journey the path passes on the very edge of precipices, hundreds of feet high.

From one spot on the mountains, nearly 2,000 feet above the sea level, a magnificent view of the San Luis valley is obtained. The several plantations dotting this valley can be plainly seen. Beautiful groves of palm trees adorn this vast stretch of level ground. Farther on across the valley can be seen the bays of Caselda and El Macio, the numerous keys close to the coast, and lastly the boundless sea.

Leaving the guide to select a good spot for the camp and make the necessary preparations for breakfast, my brother and I went to a palm grove near, where we could hear a great number of "torcaces," a species of pigeon larger than the domestic birds. We shot 6 as they flew from one tree to another.

In the afternoon we saddled our horses and started down the valley, on the way shooting several torcaces and quails. We entered a thick forest of palm and redstreak trees, growing in a deep canyon. There we shot 18 torcaces and 2 jutias. The jutia is a kind of opossum, feeding entirely on nuts, leaves and roots of trees. Its flesh is highly esteemed by the natives. There are 2 species of jutia, the conga and the carabali.

We took home 23 torcaces, 3 quails, 2 jutias and 2 doves. Could have shot a great deal more game, but had sufficient.

Three sportsmen (?) were at San Juan a few days previous. They shot 182 torcaces in one day! At this rate the game will not last much longer.

O. A. Fischer, Trinidad de Cuba.

IDAHO NOTES.

The Oregon Short Line railroad should direct the tourist hunter to Miller mountain, near Banner, for bear. I have seen 6 this summer, not to mention 3 cubs, and I have not been hunting bear. At Sulphur creek we saw a fine set of fan horns from a white-tailed buck killed by a Boise man. They were to every appearance like miniature moose horns. Lone creek would be a paradise for sportsmen were it only more accessible to the railroad. There are more bear there than in any other place I ever saw. Big horns and deer are also plentiful. Buck Culver caught 4 bear cubs last spring near the Payette river. After vain attempts to sell them he took them back and turned them loose. Buck is one of the worst old game butchers in Idaho, and deserves a berth in the penitentiary, as well as in the hog pen.

One tenderfoot initiated himself in the fool hen business by shooting 2 of them through the body at a distance of about 5 yards. When asked why he did not shoot their heads off he replied that he was afraid he would miss them and then they would fly. He mistook them for young grouse. One evening, on making camp, he went to get some water. After taking a long, deliberate look at the stream he carefully waded it, gained the opposite shore, walked to a deeper pool a short distance below, where he filled the buckets, and then waded back. When asked why, he said the water on our side looked warm. One evening he chopped a dry tree almost off, intending to fell it for firewood. When he gave it a deliberate push to see if it would not break off where chopped what was his disgust to have it turn out at the roots and come down with a crash. On Loon creek we saw a tall, slender black pine tree in a grove of them. The tenderfoot cut it down and measured it. Length 48½ feet, diameter 2½ inches. Next! The word "tenderfoot" is now obsolete in Idaho. They are at present known as "Johnny-come-latelys."

One of the best summer outings to be imagined for a family or party would be the Oregon Short Line to Ketchum or Hailey, Idaho; thence by wagon up the Salmon river to Stanley basin and the Red Fish lakes. Excellent fishing abounds; large and small game in abundance and the finest scenery in Idaho. August would be the most pleasant time to start. While there recently I took so many views of the superb scenery the tenderfoot remarked I would wear out my lens. Stanley basin is a paradise for grouse hunters. Red fish were a wonder to the tenderfoot. The Sawtooth mountains shadow Stanley basin, and beside furnishing grand views, are the home of numerous goats and sheep. The foothills furnish range for deer, bear and a few elk. There are many trout streams, alive with brook trout.

The hide hunters did not make their usual slaughter at Sulphur creek this year. It is to be hoped our game warden, Arbuckle, will keep watch on that vicinity hereafter during the licking season.

Old John Jackson, the discoverer of Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, is mining near us, and, in fact, worked for us a good part of the summer.

M. W. Miner, Banner, Idaho.

"WHAT IS IT?"

I should like very much to know the name of the animal described below. I went out coon hunting one night with a party of friends and two dogs. The dogs struck a hot trail and were close to the animal when we overtook them. We were in a cornfield and the dogs were in a small piece of woods, when something jumped the fence from the woods into the cornfield and came within 15 or 20 feet of us before it saw us. It was white, with one black spot as large as my hand on its back, and was built apparently somewhat like a fox. It was as tall as a small hound, had a bushy tail and a gait like a cat.

One of the party thought it was a dog and whistled for it. When it heard the whistle it stopped short and then sneaked behind a corn shock. The dogs came up just then, and it went back into the woods. It didn't seem at all afraid, but took its time to it. It jumped to the top rail of a high fence and over without effort.

The dogs soon caught up with it, and one of the party who was in the woods happened to be within 15 feet of it when the dogs jumped on it, but it turned around and hit each dog on the side of the head, turning them end for end. The dogs wouldn't follow it any more, but lay down with all the sand knocked out of them. They are fierce fighters usually, and one of them is pretty heavy, but they were completely whipped. They were scratched on the sides of their heads when we examined them. The animal uttered no sound and didn't seem to fear the dogs.

People living there had heard some strange animal yelling at night, and it had been seen twice before—once by an old lady, after dark, who at first thought it a lamb, and again by a young man, who told what an enormous cat he had seen.

I enclose a clipping from a county paper also. Can any one tell me what the animal is? It has not been seen since that night, I believe.

George G. Hibbard, Athens, Ohio.

ANSWER.

There is no such species of animal as you describe on this continent. The brute may possibly have been an albino lynx, partially white, with a bit of his natural color on his back, which would appear dark or black in the night. The degree of courage you attribute to him, however, is unusual, if not entirely unknown, in this species. The lynx usually gets away from dogs as fast as he can and never fights unless compelled to. There is absolutely no possibility of this having been a specimen of a new species. The fauna of your State, in fact, of all the States, is well known and well defined by scientists, and there are no missing links. EDITOR.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.

Game in this county, Carrituck, is more plentiful than for many years. Feed is abundant and quails raised large broods. Deer and bear are numerous.

We have few dogs that will run bear, and as they are hunted but little they increase in a way that is surprising.

I notice RECREATION has lots to say about guns and ammunition but very little about dogs.

Without dogs any kind of land shooting loses at least ¾ of its sport.

Of course, every man thinks his own dog is the best, but I should like to say a word about what seems to be a neglected breed, i. e., the once famous Chesapeake bay dog. Heretofore, I have confined my attention almost exclusively to setters and have owned some good ones. The climate here does not agree, however, with high bred setters, and I lost my last one last summer.

For awhile I said I would have no more dogs, as it is like losing a true and tried friend to have one die; but a friend sent me my present dog and money could not buy him. He is now about 8 months old and works as well as many old dogs. When he came he was 4 months old and was just getting over 2 broken legs, which had been run over by a cart. He also was in poor health and handicapped by the good old Sunday School book name of "Towser." My first effort to help him was to abbreviate his name to "Trousers," and then plenty of good grub and the whole of Currituck sound to swim in did the rest. He is brave, extremely affectionate, kind to children, and has almost human intelligence. Of course, he will not point birds, but he never loses a cripple in or out of the water, and he even loves to hunt.

This is my first experience with this breed of dog, but I shall never own any other kind if I can have one of these.

Why sportsmen do not take more interest in these dogs is a mystery only to be accounted for by the fact that they are so little known.

Since writing the above have heard of 2 that will point birds. Does any reader know of any more that will?

A. Sidney Doane, Currituck, N. C.

SURPRISED BY A GRIZZLY.

I was day herd at the foot of the Crazy mountains in the summer of '78, in berry season. One day I tied my horse at the head of a gulch and went into the bushes looking for currants. I was having good success when all at once I heard a stick snap and kind of a snort such as a hog gives when startled. Looking up I saw a big grizzly bear not 10 feet away. She looked 9 feet high. Out came my .45, and with quick aim I let her have it. Such a racket I never heard before, a roar between that of a mad bull and that of a lion.

She rolled over twice and then charged. I had looked for the best way to run, and as there was a thick clump of trees 10 feet behind me I dashed into it, the bear right at my heels. I managed to squeeze through between cedars a short distance, but she could not make much headway, so I turned and gave her another shot. This only seemed to make her madder, and finding she could not get through, she started to back out. I thought that was my time to get to my horse, and forcing my way out, started to run, but she got out about as quickly as I did. I had to run up a steep bank, and as I reached the top she was at the bottom. I knew I had to stop here there or never, so I shot her twice, as quickly as I could. She reared, pawed the air, and bellowed, and rolled over.

I ran to where I had left my horse, but he had gone. He could not stand the racket the bear made. I had just got on open ground when I met Joe Abbott coming with him. We went back and found the old girl dead, not 10 feet from the foot of the bank. One paw had been broken by my first shot, one shot had struck just over the eye and glanced off, one in the side of the neck, and one in the throat. That settled it.

H. F. Hackett, Lakeview, Idaho.

SLAUGHTER IN CANADA.

Though a clergyman I am deeply interested in that manly and invigorating sport which we get with rod and gun.

I wish you every success in the great work of education you have undertaken. The manly way in which you denounce unsportsmanlike conduct cannot be too strongly commended.

Here in Canada, as I suppose in the United States, fish and game, excepting deer, are becoming scarcer every year. In Ontario each hunter is allowed 2 deer, and as the open season is only 2 weeks, from Nov. 1st to 15th, it frequently happens that many have to content themselves with a single buck, and some none. In consequence deer are becoming more numerous, while other game, not so well protected, is being rapidly reduced in numbers. Is it not a pity there are still some in this advanced civilization who mistake slaughter for sport, and who fancy that any animal or bird, no matter how interesting, useful or beautiful, is their legitimate prey? Surely we shall have made a great stride toward the millennium when all who profess to be sportsmen shall appreciate the sacredness of life and constantly remember God does not create His beautiful creatures merely to be sacrificed in wanton brutality.

How much more interesting is one of these creatures alive than dead! And how dreary would the forest be but for the birds and squirrels that man so ruthlessly destroys!

Some game still remains here, chiefly grouse, deer and an occasional bear.

I. H. Teney, Craighurst, Can.

HOW TO PRESERVE GAME.

If we don't protect our quails in some way we will soon have no use for dog or gun.

Last fall we had in this section a lot of birds left after the shooting season.

Most of our quail were very young and smaller last season, and we had a gentlemanly set of sportsmen in our vicinity, for they spared the "peeps," but our hard winter didn't. A good many farmers are willing to feed and protect the birds, but they take the wrong way for it. They throw the grain out ready threshed, which is kind, but the first snow or sleet that falls covers it up, and frequently the birds suffer before they put out any more feed.

I wish RECREATION and every man who belongs to the L. A. S. would tell his neighbor farmer to spare a dozen sheaves of wheat in the beginning of the winter. I know any sportsman in our section would be willing to pay for a bushel of wheat in the sheaf, and build an "A" tent with it near where the birds are known to be. This will serve for food and protection from winter and hawks. The latter destroy more of our birds in the river district than any other enemy of the quail. We have the bird hawk and the "sharp shin;" and even the duck hawk has been known to leave the river several miles in winter in search of quails.

The openings in the wheat tent should be small both at the ends and sides. A hawk will not pursue the quail if it retreats into the tent. A bird stands cold weather much better by having to thresh his own grain.

Now, Brother Shields, if I am right, publish this so that the 300,000 readers of your valuable magazine may take an interest in the protection of the birds. I don't feel like slaughtering birds, but I do like to see my dog work on them. I did not kill more than a dozen last fall, but I saw my dog make 3 points that were pleasure enough for a whole season's work.

L. C. Danner, Wormleysburgh, Pa.

THE KLONDIKE IS FLAT.

I have just returned here after a jaunt in the Rockies. Left here latter part of March, with 3 dogs, moccasins and furs, and got back clad mostly in whiskers and a money belt. Found some quartz, but none good enough to stay with. Went 2 months without a sight of game. I then killed a bull caribou and in the same week a moose; so we, men and dogs, proceeded to lay on some fat.

This town is dead. You should draw a circle of 1,000 miles around it and never step inside of it. There has not been a new creek discovered in a year. Lots of the same old stampedes, but no gold—that is, not enough to work. Gold Run is the only tributary of Dominion that any work is being done on, and outside of the old creeks there is not a claim here you could give away.

There is a strike reported from near St. Michaels, and if I could sell out what I have here at 10 cents on the dollar I would go down and see what the fuss is about. I feel sure, however, it is simply a steamboat stampede. The down river boats are doing nothing and we have been anticipating they would have a "strike" down there, same as at Atlin last year. I hear Atlin has only a few claims worth working and that the rest is pure fake.

I hardly know what I shall do next; about made up my mind to go up Hunker or Bonanza and look for some spot far away on the hill side that has been missed, but the government comes out now and says no more locations or relocations on Bonanza or Eldorado, and Hunker and Dominion soon to follow. More official grafting. The fractions are to be sold at Ottawa. More grafting. I have some claims on 40 Mile and may go down there, but the reports from that country are far from encouraging.

If the snow had held out on our last trip we might have been on the Peel, Beaver or Porcupine; but we ran low on grub about the time the snow went off the hills and so had to come down in the valleys to hunt. There we killed some meat and that brought us home.

E. A. Jackson, Dawson.

GUN DEALERS SHOULD JOIN THE L. A. S.

A gun dealer wrote me the other day:

"You deserve the gratitude and the cordial support of every maker of and dealer in sportsmen's goods, for your war on the game and fish hogs. The sooner this slaughter can be stopped the better for gun and fishing tackle makers.

"A pot hunter buys a cheap shotgun, a bag of shot and a few pounds of cheap powder, and there is little in his trade for the dealer. A decent sportsmen buys a good gun, a supply of the best grade of loaded shells, a good suit of hunting clothing, a good rod and reel, a full outfit of flies and other tackle. His bill is likely to run up to $100 or more and to be duplicated several times during the year. It is, therefore, easy to decide which class of men the dealers should encourage.

"RECREATION is driving the game and fish hogs out of existence. It is increasing the supply of game and game fishes, and is therefore making it possible for real sportsmen to have good sport for a hundred years to come. All makers of and dealers in sportsmen's goods should stand solidly with RECREATION."

It is gratifying to have the sympathy of gun makers, ammunition makers, tackle makers and dealers in these various goods, yet it would be an additional satisfaction to have all such join the L. A. S. and help us in this work of game protection, at least to the extent of $1 a year each.

DENIES THE CHARGE.

Mr. Wm. Nelsen, Phillips, Price Co., Wis.

Dear Sir: I am informed you make a business of killing deer in close season, and write to ask you if this report is correct.

The League of American Sportsmen was organized for the purpose of enforcing the game laws, and I trust you will observe the laws in future, whether you have been doing so heretofore or not. If you do not, it will become my duty to send an officer after you. Awaiting your kind reply, I am, yours truly,

G. O. Shields.

ANSWER.

Phillips, Wis., Sept. 4.

My dear Sir:—Any one who told you I hunt or kill deer out of season is a liar. The slaughter of deer here in July, by shining, was frightful. It should be made a penitentiary offence. Nothing seems to stop it. Does were slaughtered that had fawns awaiting their return. The curs who falsely report others are the ones who have been doing the dirty work themselves. I never shot a deer out of season in my life. I know of 7 deer killed here by men who work in the mill and hunt Sundays. The law is not enforced. The appointment of game wardens is political.

W. Nelsen.

GAME NOTES.

We have great sport in winter running coons, wildcats, foxes, etc. We hunt deer in November and December, sometimes 100 miles from home, and get all the meat we want to bring home. We do not run deer with dogs, but we sometimes follow a wounded deer with a pair of dogs. My father is fond of hunting, and I am taking lessons. This is a good country for game. Deer are protected from January 1st to September 1st. Meat cannot be saved except in November and December. We use a Winchester single shot .38-56 rifle for deer. Sometimes we get Mexican lions while on our long hunts.

Luman Goodrich, San Antonio, Tex.

I am proud to see you roast game hogs. If any State in the Union should be protected it is Kentucky. In the river above there is fine fishing. Hunting is good in the fall. Ducks, quails and small ground animals are abundant, but if the game hogs pot game 2 years longer as they have the last 2 seasons quails will be as scarce in Kentucky as in Indiana. Many hundreds were trapped and many shot in huddles. There should be a stop put to this, and every game hog that can be found arrested.

P. J. Cartwright, Bowling Green, Ky.

I am in hearty accord with your efforts to preserve our game and exterminate game hogs. There is great need of such being made.

My home for more than 20 years has been in Western Minnesota, where I have had a good opportunity to notice the effects of the advancement of civilization on our wild game, and certainly unless some potent work is done to preserve the game, we shall soon be without deer, ruffed grouse, quails, ducks, geese, or even prairie chickens.

M. E. Chamberlin, Madison, Wis.

We had a law in Colorado which limited bags of ducks to 20 a day, which was bad enough, but 50 a day is now the limit, not over 100 in possession at one time. This almost means one may kill 100 ducks in one day and get off free if caught. It is not so hard to kill 100 ducks in one day out here. Two hogs killed in ½ day 178 ducks, when the 20 bird limit was in force. Our dove season opens on July 15th, when many young birds have not yet left their nests.

J. Dickson, Denver, Colo.

For some reason small game is scarce here. No doubt the Indians are chiefly to blame, for they hunt incessantly during the fall and winter; or perhaps the great forest fire that swept through this district 5 or 6 years ago killed our birds and small animals. Deer are plentiful, but are hard to get, owing to the dense growth of bush that sprang up after the fire. The fishing in our lakes is good, large strings of bass and pike being taken from them.

A. S. Cordery, Brook Park, Minn.

Mr. Austin, in March RECREATION, tells about cats as game destroyers. I agree with him. Cats in this part of Long Island kill more rabbits, quails and song birds than all the guns. One day last summer I saw one cat have 2 quails and 3 rabbits. A load of No. 4 shot killed her.

Game is scarce here. RECREATION is the best magazine published.

R. A. Latham, Orient Point, L. I.

I am heartily in accord with your movement against game and fish hogs. You certainly appeal to the finer instincts of all true sportsmen in your work. I am sure every reasonable man must agree with you in limiting the kill for day or season, and all fair minded sportsmen should stand by you. Let us give the game a chance for its life.

Dr. C. P. Robbins, Louisville, Ky.

I cannot tell you how much I appreciate your valuable magazine and the work you are doing in bringing before the public the fact that we need strict laws and a higher standard of sportsmanship to prevent the extinction of our game and fish. The Naugatuck valley, from Bridgeport to Winsted, is full of men who hunt out of season and who have no respect for law.

E. W. Phelps, Elizabeth, N. J.

A friend and I recently spent a morning plover shooting on the Assawaman meadows, in Accomack county, Va. We reached the ground long before daylight, set up our decoys, and before 9 a. m. shot 36 birds. So large a bag is not often made here, but the tide and other conditions happened to be just right for the birds. Lynn Perry, Temperanceville, Va.

This is a great hunting country. We have thousands of acres of level land, on which nothing will grow but sage brush and rabbits. Being only 40 miles from Los Angeles we have many visitors in the hunting season. Back in the mountains large game, such as deer, lions and lynx, may be found.

Robert Charlton, Claremont, Cal.

Game wintered well here; 10,000 elk were seen in one day last winter within 3 miles of the ranch, and many much nearer. Can see elk any day from the house. A large bunch fed on my haystack all winter. Antelope are always in sight, in summer and fall.

H. De Kalb, Big Piney, Wyo.

Rabbits are again becoming plentiful here. Last year they were scarce. Quails the same. Coons, 'possums, wolves, squirrels and sometimes a few wildcats are found. Geese and ducks were abundant last spring.

Ed. Richardson, Mound Valley, Kan.

I appreciate RECREATION because it is in line with my 30 years' effort, both as a private citizen and as Vice-President of the National Sportsmen's Association, to shame, dissuade and punish game hogs.

J. N. Phillips, Los Angeles, Cal.

The way you give it to the game hogs is just right, and I hope you will not stop. Before I read RECREATION I used to hunt out of season sometimes, but you have opened my eyes and I have quit.

F. W. Odiorne, Springfield, Ill.

Grouse and quails would increase much more rapidly in this locality if woodcock shooting were barred during July and fall shooting were to open on October 1 instead of 15th, as at present. A man has no business in the woods with a gun during the breeding season.

C. B. Hall, Erie, Pa.

I favor the establishment of the national park, but I think Mr. Cristadoro's idea of letting Indians stay inside a national park is rather poor policy. I have been among them 20 years, and do not believe there ever will be an Indian who will not kill game when he has a chance.

W. F. Hill, Wells, Wyo.

Young rabbits are becoming plentiful here now. Duck shooting was fairly good last season. Two of us got 16 in the 1st 3 miles from town. There are quails here, chickens, grouse, coyotes, squirrels, etc. Also trout, bass, carp, chub and catfish.

J. Q., Jr., Salt Lake, Utah.

Quails are plentiful in this vicinity, having increased in number during the past 2 years. Larger game is growing scarce. Deer and turkeys have been hunted so much out of season that they have been either killed or driven into less accessible retreats.

W. W. Decker, Tarpon Springs, Fla.

I am especially interested in the game protection department of RECREATION. Give it to the game hogs, Coquina. Down with them. What name could be more appropriate than the one you have given them?

W. C. Whittimore, Redlands, Calif.

The State has passed a new bounty law this winter reducing the bounty to $2 on coyotes, hence there will be fewer killed than before. They have not perceptibly decreased for the last 5 years.

M. P. Dunham, Clearwater, Mont.

I heard some quails last summer and saw a few squirrels. There seems little game left. Foxes have increased so they are getting troublesome, and, I think, cause the scarcity of small game.

E. H. Palmer, Hyde Park, Mass.

When a hunter gets his matches wet he can readily light them if he rubs the sulphur end briskly through his hair a few minutes. The electricity and friction in the hair will dry the sulphur so it will light. E. V. S., Boston, Minn.

FISH AND FISHING.

HOW TO CATCH LANDLOCKED SALMON.

Can you tell me how to catch landlocked salmon? We have some in a deep lake near here, but they refuse the ordinary baits.

We are sure there are some in the lake, for a few have been speared at night. Grayling and trout fishing is good, in these parts. Quails are fast finding a home in our depleted pine lands.

Rev. Wm. Childs, Kalkaska, Mich.

ANSWER.

The foregoing was referred to Dr. W. C. Kendall of the U. S. Fish Commission, who is devoting the summer to a study of the salmon in the lakes and streams of Maine, and who has had much experience with this species. He sends the following suggestions on "How to catch salmon, if you can":

The time of year has much to do with it. Salmon of Sebago lake are commonly fished for in the spring when the ice first leaves and when the salmon are following the smelts into shallow water. Then smelts and shiners are used on single hooks or Archer spinners. Then the artificial devices are also used successfully,—silver phantoms resembling smelts, the Stanley trout or imitation smelt,—am not sure of its correct name, but it is simply aluminum wire so twisted as to resemble a swimming fish. They are commonly spoken of as "the Stanley," and of course have hooks. Then there is the "Caledonia," also a minnow imitation, which proved successful at the head of Sebago lake about the middle of July.

The minnow known here as "Rock shiner" (*Rhinichthys atronasus*) seems to be an excellent live bait.

The various trolling devices, such as spoons, spinners, etc., are successful at one time or another; but when that time may be expected no one can tell without trying. My guide and I have had some success. About June 1 one salmon was taken on a small silver phantom. About the middle of June a number of strikes were had on different things. Once while trolling with a shiner (*Semotilus atromaculatus*) on a single hook sunk about 15 feet with fully 100 feet of line out a good strike was had; and shortly afterward when trolling at the surface with a large salmon fly ("thunder and lightning") and still again with spinner at the surface one was hooked but lost. "Spinner" here means a small spoon with a single salmon hook attached. I caught 2 large salmon at the surface. About the first of July one struck an ordinary spoon hook. So it does not seem to make much difference what you use, if they happen to want it; and if they don't want it they will not take it; and they don't always want the same thing.

Most of my fish (5 or 6 ounces up to 4 pounds) have been caught in the outlet in very rapid water, casting into the swiftest part where the meeting with the stiller waters at the side causes less turmoil, but never in a still pool. Swift water is the place.

The greatest success has been on small trout flies, such as "queen of the water," "dusty miller," "professor," or any small grayish fly. Different waters act differently, so what might work well for Sebago lake might not do at all in other lakes.

One salmon weighing 10¾ pounds, taken on a salmon fly, contained 14 smelts, each about 5 or 6 inches long. What they eat is what you want for bait, or something resembling it. And then you must go where their natural food is found, for it is there they will be found.

I would suggest that Mr. Childs try shiners and phantoms, also spoons and spinners with a salmon fly on them, at different times and different depths. Especially early spring should be tried if any small fish are then running up to spawn. He should also try live bait in still fishing at different depths.

In Sebago lake, after weeks pass without anybody's getting a bite, the fish begin to strike and an occasional salmon is taken. This is most apt to happen when fishing on the banks or sides of bars where they slope off into water 25 to 50 feet deep. And I have no doubt if one were to fish at the bottom in about 150 feet of water, where the smelts are found in summer, he would meet with success.

I understand they use other methods at Rangeley and Moosehead lakes. In Rangeley, fly casting is common.

WHEN, WHERE AND HOW TO GET WEAKFISH.

Will you please give me some information in regard to catching weakfish? What is the best time to take them and what bait should be used?

J. Male, New Haven, Conn.

ANSWER.

Few of our coast line fishes enjoy more popularity from the angler's standpoint than the weakfish (also locally known as squeteague and squit). To have him at his best he should never be allowed to touch that destructive agent to fish flavor, viz., ice. It is not, however, his grace or flavor which so particularly endears him to the heart, but his prime qualities as a biter and fighter when hooked. That at one time there was a close relationship between him and the lord of the brook and lake (*fontinalis*) there is small room for doubt. The contour of body and fin is nearly identical, and there are many characteristics in common. Angling for weakfish is practiced in many ways and constitutes the sport of thousands of people who care little for other sort. These fish are taken from the beach, direct, from July until November, when conditions are favorable, and furnish grand sport to those who are competent to do the expert casting necessary. But it is in river and bay fishing that they play the most important part, and where they can best be studied and enjoyed. They will bite on both flood and ebb tide both night and day, but by all odds the night and ebb tides are the best. While they are willing to take a variety of baits, shedder crab is beyond question the most reliable bait to be used. My method is and has been for a number of years as follows: First secure an agreeable companion who will stick at the sport no matter if the beginning is a little slow. Next obtain a good, safe, dry boat. Having reached the grounds known to be the resort of weakfish, anchor just outside the channel way, and if possible close to an oyster reef, as the weakfish is much given to running in the shallows during the night. I use for tackle a good, hand-made split bamboo rod with sufficient backbone to strike sharply against the tideway, as it is necessary to set the hook firmly at the strike; a 1-0 "Silver King" reel which will hold 200 yards of the 12 thread regular, or 15-thread special line; and either a 5-0 or 6-0 Kirby Limerick hook. Now I hear a chorus of voices. "Carlisle," says one; "Aberdeen," says another; while "The Sproat is the only hook which can be used to advantage," says a third. But, brethren, I have used all kinds and conditions of hooks, and never found any to equal the above mentioned favorite, in all respects. Then with line just sufficiently leaded to keep the bait well down and to steady a medium sized float, pay off to the tide, until the strike is felt. It is not necessary to watch the float. When a weakfish takes a floating bait it is done with a snap and a rush which set at rest all questions as to the nature of the disturbance, and should he be of good size there is work for both tackle and angler. There are but few fishes more beautiful when first taken from the water. The same specimen seen later in the fishmonger's stall would not be recognized save for his form.

L. H.

AT BLUE POND.

When my friend, whom I had been for a week expecting, at last arrived, we planned a fishing trip for the following day. We made an early start next morning and picking up our guide began our 5-mile jaunt through the woods. Half of the way was easy, there being a trail as far as Windfall pond. That we crossed in a dugout. Then our climb began, first up a mountain and then down it to the pond we were seeking. There we dragged our boat from its hiding place, rigged our rods and fished, or, rather, tried to fish. At dusk we had but 5 little trout for our pains. We passed the night in a shakedown, bedded with balsam boughs, and at 4 a. m. were ready to try the fish again. In a few moments we landed 2 beauties, each over a pound. Then we caught 2 or 3 smaller ones, and then my line began to cut the water and I knew I had a fish worth having. It was 20 minutes before I could get him to the surface. Then the net went under him and a 2½ pound fish was mine. We fished until 10 o'clock and went home with 42 trout, weighing 22 pounds. Anyone wanting good sport can not do better than at Blue pond, on the New York & Ottawa R. R. It is within easy reaching distance of the State lands in township 20, Franklin county, N. Y.

Rex, Derrick, N. Y.

FISHING IN IDAHO.

Fishing has been poor this season owing to the continued high water caused by excessive snow on the mountains. The catches of trout would admit no one to the hog pen. On the middle fork of the Salmon river we caught a few rainbow trout. Brook trout were abundant there but we did not fish for them.

Never before were there so many camping parties in the mountains. Boise and vicinity furnish the most. They haunt the trout streams but seldom reach the good game resorts. The first party we met was at Cape Horn. The young ladies were dressed in big overalls of blue denim, cowboy hats and bike boots; hair in the breeze and riding horseback. We first supposed them to be Indians, but discovered our mistake on approaching them. They inquired for a good camping place. When I began to unsling my camera they gave exclamations of horror, put spurs to their horses and vanished among the black pines, sending back yells of derision. The ladies of the next party we met displayed the very best of taste. They were armed with Bristol steel rods and wore regulation army hats, blue shirt waists and tailor made bike skirts which they had carefully tucked into the tops of their boots.

M. W. Miner, Banner, Idaho.

ENFORCE THE FISH AND GAME LAWS.

Another meeting of the Pennsylvania State Game Association has been held. They congratulated themselves upon their noble work of game protection, then adjourned to meet again.

They seem to think they have protected our fish and game in the most successful manner from the depredations of unsportsmanlike gunners and fishers. Such is not the case; congratulations are not in order. During the past year our game has suffered severely. Hundreds of rabbits and pheasants were brought into this city last fall, among which were many obtained either out of season or in an illegal manner. There were rabbits in our various markets which were taken by ferrets and not shot, as the law requires. The fine for using a ferret is heavy, and why is it the law is not enforced?

The papers from all over the State are full of articles showing that some trout stream or other has been blown up with dynamite. This kind of thing is going on around us all the time. In Wyoming county the game is left to the mercy of the pot hunter, while Bowman's creek is a paradise for the unsportsmanlike fisher. Nets are set nightly, and hundreds of trout are caught illegally in this way. With Pennsylvania producing some of the finest fishing grounds in the country, it is wrong to allow such exhibitions of barbarism. The Pennsylvania State Game Association had better enforce the law and do less congratulating.—Scranton, Pa., paper.

FISH INTERESTS IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Your favor of the 24th inst. was received some days ago but I have not had time for a reply. I have not been able to learn the names of the men who fished the posted brook, but think they will be looked after. The city government, at a meeting last week, voted to repost the Poor Farm brook nearly its entire length.

Mr. Henry S. Graves, superintendent of home farm, has been appointed a special officer to arrest trespassers. Fishermen are much pleased and hope to have the order enforced. An effort is being made to stock Lake Quinsigamond with trout, also. About 300 large trout have been put in already by the Lake Quinsigamond Game Fish Association. They are rearing a large number of salmon and English lake trout at the State hatchery in Wilkinsonville to put in later. Mr. Henry A. Mourer, president of above club, and Mr. E. S. Knowles went to the hatchery recently and brought home 100 1½ and 2 pounders (old breeders) and put them in the lake.

E. C. Hazen, Worcester, Mass.

A COLD DAY FOR FISHERMEN.

Yesterday was a bad day for fishermen—especially for those who have been fishing with nets. On Tuesday Fish Commissioner Finley, of Palmyra, Game Protector Lamphere and John W. Pierce, of Weedsport, arrived in town, ostensibly for the purpose of placing muskalonge fry in the bay. Incidentally, however, they went out rowing toward evening. They rowed over to the point inlet and picked up a large trap net, and on their way back stopped in front of the picnic ground and picked up another net, in which they found several barrels of black bass and other game fish. The next morning they made another trip and, as Game Protector Carver, of Wayne county, had seen fit recently to come over here after nets, they took occasion to return the compliment by going over in Wayne county. As they rowed along the lake shore to Port Bay they picked up 11 trap nets and nearly a mile of gill net, occasionally stopping to build a fire to warm themselves, and using the nets for fuel. Farther up the lake, by means of a glass, boats could be seen rowing rapidly hither and thither. Thinking a regatta might be taking place, the party rowed toward the spot, but the boats suddenly disappeared, and forms could be seen scurrying up the bank, carrying large bundles. In fact, it was evident the parties in the boats had important business elsewhere and that the regatta had been declared off. Finding it impossible to make the acquaintance of any of Game Protector Carver's constituents, the party returned to town, while a blue haze hung along the shore, the aromatic odor of Wayne county tar plainly discernible. The nets captured were generally about a half mile from shore and were partially filled with eels, black bass and other fish, it being estimated that some 3 or 4 tons of fish were liberated. It was the largest haul of nets ever made in these parts.—Fairhaven (N. Y.) Register.

Here are some officers who deserve to have their salaries doubled and to be appointed for life. Editor.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE CROP.

Both Suncook and Half-Moon lakes are stocked with small mouth black bass. Pickerel and various pan fish are also caught. The bass do not rise to the fly, but minnows, frogs, helgramites and grasshoppers are used as bait. The bottom of both lakes is of rock, partially covered with sand; the water is clear, and the lakes are fed by brooks and springs.

The fish average 2 pounds, but some good ones have been taken, principally in September and October. In 1896 I took a small mouth bass weighing 7½ pounds and in '98 one of 6¾. Little pot fishing is done here, as the farmers are up to city methods, and realize the importance of game and fish preservation.

Several deer have been seen here recently and rabbits, quails, ruffed grouse, woodcock and plover are plentiful. This section is seldom visited by sportsmen and few of the farmers shoot; so good shooting can be had in season.

Robert L. Wood, North Barnstead, N. H.

HE GOT A BITE.

I like your fish stories very much, although some of your correspondents tell pretty tall stories which they should not do, even about fishing.

What would be good for a sore arm that was bitten by a fish?

More than a year ago I went fishing out on Shiloh, which, by the way, is a mighty fine bass hole. While washing some frog legs in the creek, near the roots of an elm tree, I was attacked, caught, bitten, or whatever you may call it, by an 8¼ pound bass, which made a jump at the frog legs, taking with them my hand and arm up nearly to my shoulder. I ran to the tent, dragging the fish with me, and the boys succeeded in taking him off from me; but the result has been a series of unpleasant wounds which will not heal.

Now, are fish bites more poisonous than other bites, and what would you do if you were I?

Arch Davenport, Ft. Scott, Kan.

ADMIT THEIR GUILT.

A good bit of fishing was done this week by Deputies McDonald, Witherow, Gillett and Patterson, and Charlie Hanck and Joe Love. They went out Monday morning and returned Tuesday afternoon. In the 2 part days they landed 305 trout, and not one in the lot was under 8 inches.—Marquette, Mich., paper.

In answer to your question as to whether we caught 305 trout, it is true. We went out one morning, drove 22 miles, fished in the afternoon, and camped over night. Fished again in the morning, and left for home at noon. They did not all weigh a pound, nor any of them, in fact; but were all nice brook trout, the best kind for eating.

Charles J. Hanck, Marquette, Mich.

You caught at least twice as many as you should. If you had quit when you got enough and left the others for your neighbors they would have thought a great deal more of you, and would not have asked me to roast you, as several of them have. EDITOR.

FISH NOTES.

In the case of the state of Iowa vs. Beardsley, from the Mahaska district, the supreme court has just decided that no dam could be built across a river in Iowa to prevent the free passage of fish up and down the stream, and in this particular case the defendant was ordered to put in a fish way in his dam across Skunk river, as provided by law.

This is a very important case and affects every water power in the state not provided with fish ways. The case was appealed by Commissioner Delevan in 1895 and a decision was only reached last week, the opinion being given by Judge Granger. Mr. Delevan now hopes to have Bonaparte dam, near the mouth of the Des Moines river, provided with a fish way.—Boone, Iowa, paper.

In the summer of 1898 I was out for 6 weeks in the Cascade mountains with E. E. Cleaver. We camped around Davis lake, Crescent lake and Summit lake, and found them ideal. The trout range from a few ounces to 4 pounds, are pure silver in color and the gamiest species I ever cast a fly over. They also take the spoon well.

H. S. Garfield, Pendleton, Oreg.

Last September Fred. R. Emerick, proprietor of the New Mackinac hotel, at Mackinac island, caught a small-mouth black bass in Brevoort lake, which weighed 7 pounds 6 ounces. Will you kindly let us know whether this has ever been exceeded? We have an idea this is a record breaker.

Dr. S., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Does anyone know of a larger?

EDITOR.

We have some good fishing here—bass, pickerel, sun fish and trout. I planted this year 50,000 lake trout and 20,000 rainbow trout.

Henry Belinger, Superior, Wis.

Black bass are plentiful in the Iowa river. I fished at Alden, Iowa, 2 weeks last season.

Charles Griffey, New Sharon, Ia.

On May 30th John England caught a muskalonge weighing 30 pounds, at Nemakgon lake.

W. B., Cable, Wis.

"You big, dog-gasted duffer," cried the star center-fielder. "Did you say I was out?"

"Precisely," replied the umpire. "You are just $25 out." And he carefully noted the fine in his little book.—Philadelphia North American.

Have you a friend anywhere in the woods, in the mountains or on the farm, who longs for something to read in the long winter evenings, or in the long summer days? Send him RECREATION. It will please him a whole year and he will rise up and call you blessed. And it only costs you $1.

HOW TO LOAD SMOKELESS POWDER.

In nearly every issue of RECREATION appear letters asking for information about reloading smokeless rifle ammunition. As the different factories have not seen fit to answer such inquiries I will give your readers my experience. Having been identified with the gun business for many years, I have had excellent opportunities to study and experiment with smokeless powders.

The shooter with an experimental turn of mind has done more to bring smokeless powders and smokeless powder rifles into disrepute than anyone else.

A large percentage of the shooters cannot understand why a smokeless powder which gives good results in a shotgun should not do equally well in a rifle.

The experimenter often loads a rifle cartridge with a load of smokeless shotgun powder and fires it in a rifle. Whether the arm was built for smokeless or black powder makes very little difference in the results. If a small load is used the barrel is likely to be swelled, the breech action jammed so that it cannot be opened, the stock split, and the arm practically ruined. Should the experimenter be one of those people who have an unusual amount of self-assurance, he will use a shell full of powder for his experiment, with result that about 6 inches of the breech end of his barrel will be blown to atoms, the receiver or frame split or broken, the bolt more or less disfigured, according to the make of rifle used. The broken end of the band will have a bright, crystallized appearance, and none of the turned up, torn appearance which occurs from a wreck caused by black powder.

One man returned a rifle to the maker with an affidavit from 6 men to the effect that the rifle was wrecked while shooting factory ammunition, as they never reloaded their cartridges.

The magazine was loaded, and on cutting it open to get the cartridges out, they were all found reloaded. On drawing the loads the shells were found full of the most dense and violent shotgun powder made. Over 6 inches of the breech end of the barrel was blown to atoms. The receiver was split, the empty shell forced against the bolt so hard that the primer pocket was nearly flat and the head of the shell was considerably larger than its original size. Still this man had the nerve to send in an affidavit that he was using "factory ammunition." The 6 men who swore to it are to-day liable to imprisonment for perjury.

Another rifle came back in about the same condition. It was a complete wreck and the letter which accompanied it was remarkable. Here is an extract from it: "This powder shot so well in my shotgun that I thought I would try it in my rifle. I only fired one shot. Please fix the rifle as cheap as possible."

He got a new rifle, for all that could be used of the old one was the front sight, butt plate and some parts of the lock. The bolt was uninjured, but the extractor and cartridge guide were blown out of it. This is the only instance of the many which have come under my observation where the experimenter owned up, without any apology or excuse, that it was his own fault.

Now let us see what is the cause of the marked difference in the action of smokeless powder in a shotgun or in a rifle. In the first place, the conditions are entirely different. In a shotgun we have soft felt wadding to confine the gas, with a loose body of small pellets of shot to be moved by the gas, and a top shot wad well crimped, to hold the shot until there is gas pressure enough to start it at a high velocity. Did you ever try to shoot a smokeless shotgun shell that was not crimped? If so you found that you had at least 25 per cent. less pattern or penetration than you would get with the same load well crimped. Shotgun smokeless powder burns quick and imparts a high velocity to the charge of shot. Too high a velocity breaks up the pattern.

In a rifle, the conditions are these: A metal jacketed projectile with a lead core, which not only fits the bore of the rifle but is 1-1000 of an inch larger than the diameter of the barrel at the bottom of the grooves. While the friction of the wadding and shot is comparatively little in a shotgun, the resistance of a jacketed bullet in a rifle barrel is very great. When the gas pressure forces the bullet out of the shell, the bullet must be driven into the rifling of the barrel. When once seated in the rifling, the friction is comparatively uniform until the bullet leaves the muzzle.

Let us suppose an experiment. Should you load a shotgun shell with 3 drams of smokeless rifle powder, wad, shot and crimp it, and fire it in a shotgun, the shot might travel 40 yards; but more likely it would roll out of the muzzle of the gun.

With some makes of rifle powder, the wads will not be driven out of the gun barrel.

You ask why? Because there is not enough resistance to the wads and shot to cause the powder to exert its full energy. Another reason is that the volume of gas liberated in the 12 gauge tube has too much space to expand, as it was intended to be fired in a tube 1-30th of an inch in diameter instead of in a tube ¾ of an inch in diameter.

While the rifle powder is too slow for a shotgun, the shotgun powder is too violent for a rifle, although the rifle is built to withstand many times the bursting strain required in a shotgun. The modern smokeless rifle is subjected to a bursting strain of 65,000 to 75,000 pounds to the square inch, every time it is fired. This enormous strain and the intense heat have a peculiar effect on the inside of a smokeless rifle barrel, never observed in a black powder rifle. The lands and grooves of a smokeless rifle barrel become hardened from firing it. In cutting off a barrel that has been fired many times you will find that a hacksaw will cut very nicely until you get nearly to the bore of the barrel; but it will not touch a thin ring of metal, perhaps 1-16 of an inch thick, which forms the bore of the barrel. This hardening is more apparent at the breech than at the muzzle, and begins to show at the breech after the first few shots have been fired. After a few thousand shots this hard wall becomes from 1-16 to 1-32 of an inch thick at the breech and muzzle, which seems to be about the limit.

When the great 13-inch guns were made for the United States battleships the life of the guns was estimated at 20 shots; but after 200 shots they are still as good as new and show no signs of wearing out. Doubtless the same action has taken place in the 13-inch cannon as in the smokeless rifle. This hardening of the inside of the rifle barrel adds materially to the life of the barrel.

Much has been said about the life of a barrel when used with smokeless powder and jacketed bullets; but I am not able to say just how many shots can be fired before the barrel will be worn out.

One barrel I know of has fired over 5,000 shots with full loads, and will still make a 2-inch bunch of 10 shots at 75 yards. One afternoon I fired 1,000 full jacketed bullets through a barrel without cleaning, and then made a 2½ inch group at 75 yards. While firing the 1,000 shots I poured water through the barrel frequently to keep it cool enough to handle, and when the barrel was cleaned out finally, there was no more dirt or residue in it than there would be after a single shot.

Many complain of their barrels getting "gummy," but of all the many thousand cartridges I have fired with Savage powder I have never seen anything of the kind. Some powders leave a gummy deposit in the barrel, while others leave a metallic deposit which is as firm as if it were electroplated on the inside of the barrel.

As to reloading: I have shot one shell 30 times in one afternoon with full loads, merely resizing when it was too much expanded to go into the chamber readily. A shell that has been fired and laid away a month or so will not stand more than one or 2 shots without splitting or breaking. New shells with the primer snapped in them, and used for dummies, will soon split, and have all the appearance of a shell burst from firing. Old empty shells become brittle, having lost all life or elasticity from the fulminate of the strong primer, and excessive breech pressure.

This proves conclusively that the bad effect on the shells of a smokeless rifle is caused by the primer and pressure combined; because a moderate load, say of 15 or 20 grains, will stand reloading many times, provided you commence with new shells and not those which have been fired with full charges. A load of 20 grains will do good work and is plenty strong enough for all ordinary shooting. The Savage miniature load does splendid work up to 100 yards, and the shells can be reloaded many times; but great care must be exercised in reloading to get uniform results. The powder is clean, but the barrel must be cleaned thoroughly as soon as you are through shooting. The best way to prevent rust from miniature loads is to shoot one or 2 full loads after using them.

MORE ABOUT SMOKELESS POWDER.

Will some one who is capable of answering a hard question reply to this:

Why cannot Savage powder be used in a shotgun or in a .22, or .38-55, or .50-110 as well as in a .30-30, if used in same quantity as black powder?

Why cannot any other smokeless powder be used, same quantity, by measure, as black powder? Most makers of smokeless powder claim their products contain no nitro glycerine. Smokeless powder burns slowly, as compared with black powder, when exposed to open air. Does it burn more rapidly when confined than when not confined? If so, why? When smokeless powder is uniform it burns slower; no recoil; no smoke and not much noise. Why then will it burst a gun or knock out the breech worse than black powder? All smokeless steel barrels are lighter than those in guns made for black powder, and the makers claim they use the best steel they can get for black powder guns, as well as for smokeless guns.

Is it a fact that any smokeless shotgun powder, or any rifle powder, can be used in any gun with the same measure that is used for black powder, if the powder is not packed or pressed together? Can it be used with safety?

It is much harder on a gun with a 10-inch twist to put fine, quick burning black powder in it, than to use the slow burning smokeless that blazes up so mildly when lighted with a match. Try to light a full charge of black powder for an 8 gauge shotgun, with a match, and note the difference.

Why will not any rifle use Savage smokeless powder? Why I refer to Savage is because I believe that is about as powerful an arm as any made.

H. J. D., Buffalo, Minn.

I referred this to a powder expert who says:

Savage powder, which by the way is a German product, only designated as Savage powder because it is the powder used by the Savage Arms Co. in loading cartridges, is a high power powder made only for use in high power guns of .30-30 or similar caliber. All powders made for such rifles are slow burning and require the resistance arising from the metal cased bullet and rapid twist. When, however, they are confined in the manner mentioned they develop a very high power and a greater strength than ordinary black powder rifles are built to withstand. Powders of this kind would burn too slowly to give good velocity in a shot gun.

As to substituting a smokeless powder for black powder and using it in the same quantity as black powder, that is absolute folly. With some nitro powders such an experiment would certainly burst the gun. The only safe way to do is to follow the directions given by the manufacturer of the powder, as to the guns in which it is to be used, as well as to the charges adapted for such guns. This ought to be easily understood when it is known that there are 2 kinds of nitro powders, those measuring bulk for bulk with black powder, and the dense powders which perhaps do not occupy ½ the space that the black powder does.

Again, while the use of a slow burning powder in a shot gun would fail by reason of the fact that it would not exert sufficient force to propel the shot, any attempt to use the shot gun powder in a rifle would certainly prove disastrous. Shot gun powder burns too quickly to be used in a rifle, and would cause trouble. While many experiments in the way of interchanging powders and loads may be made with black powder without any particular risk, it must be remembered that smokeless powder is an entirely different article, and for this reason if for no other the manufacturer's instructions as to the manner of using his powder should be followed. Nine-tenths of all the complaints against smokeless powder have arisen from the belief many people entertain that they know more about a powder than the man who makes it. They insist on following their own course, meet with disaster and then kick.

As to the burning of powders in the barrel and out of it: Black powder burns rapidly under all conditions, merely because it requires only fire to ignite it. That smokeless powder deflagrates in the open air but explodes with great force when in a gun is explained by the fact that it requires flame to ignite it, that such flame must be of a certain quality and must dispel a certain amount of heat. It is well known that black powder primers will not fire smokeless powder effectively.

Concerning the bursting of gun barrels with smokeless powder it may be said that while such accidents occurred during the early days of nitro powder, when the compounds were far from perfect, they are rarely heard of now. When they do occur they may generally be attributed to overloading, or to some violation of the maker's instructions.

Steel barrels for rifles are an advantage over the ordinary style of barrel only in that they are made expressly for the use of smokeless powder. They may be lighter in weight than many of the black powder barrels, but are made of a material especially designed to withstand great pressure. Their real application is to the high power .30 caliber rifles. They are further desirable in that the metal cased bullets do not wear the rifling so fast as if the steel were soft.

RIFLES AND CARTRIDGES.

Forest Hill, N. J.

Editor RECREATION:

Laid up as we are in city offices, you and I, old campaigners in the mountains for years at a time, in the midst of elk, deer, cougar and bear, can at least give information for the help of others who now take their outings as we once took ours.

One of your correspondents asks about the Hotchkiss rifle and the .45-70 cartridge. Twelve years' use of that rifle ought to qualify me to say something about it. I chose a Hotchkiss because I could have its chambers lengthened for the .45-90 cartridge, length 2 4-10 inches, with regular magazine of 5 .45-70's to fall back on.

Long, constant use proved it an ideal combination.

Of all the elk and deer I shot in 2 years' steady hunting, not more than 5 called for the magazine. That 90 grain cartridge, with either the 405 or 500 grain bullet, laid them dead at the first shot. Sometimes I felt I might almost as well use a single shot rifle; and then, on a double shot, or a third and fourth of a band, I patted the old stock and blessed the magazine. There is no difference in accuracy between a magazine and a single shot rifle, and, in emergencies that come in all hunting, the magazine makes all the difference in the world. For accuracy, power, ease of manipulation and wearing quality, the Hotchkiss is the equal of any .45 caliber in existence. It is made by the Winchester Co., which is as good as saying that all parts are of singular perfection. Nine-tenths of the arms used by miners and cowboys are Winchesters, yet I never saw one out of order. Gunsmiths have told me they seldom have a Winchester brought in for repairs.

The Hotchkiss is light, too, 8¼ pounds—a great item when it comes to tramping; and if I were going to get another gun I would have it cut to 22 inches, to still further reduce its weight. The day of crowbars is past, but never try to convince a mountain man of this. He will hug his 12 pound rifle and wish it weighed 13.

The Hotchkiss is about the cheapest magazine rifle in the market. Outside the army it has never had much notice, and dealers offer them, new, at absurdly low prices. All the same, it is the gun I would choose to take to the woods or the mountains.

The bolt lever action never seemed to take with the men I knew in the hills. In comparison, they would work their Winchester levers back and forth like a cross cut saw. To their sturdy strength the very amount of swing and motion seemed to count. I admit the lever action never pleased me, and always seemed a detriment to the looks of the gun; while the Hotchkiss, with its mere trigger guard, had the neatness of the olden time. All this is, of course, on one side or the other, prejudice. As old Chaucer says:

"For, whanne that he himself concluded had,
He thought eche other mannes wit so bad,
That impossible it were to replie
Against his choice. This was his fantasie!"

There is a good deal of "fantasie" about guns, and some about men.

The .45-70 cartridge is being constantly brought up, either for defense or for ridicule, in the wordy war now going on between the old and new cartridges. After costly experiments by the Ordnance Department, this caliber and these proportions of lead and powder were selected as combining the most desirable elements in a cartridge, viz., accuracy, power and range. Its diameter admitted length for bearing on the barrels, and consequent accuracy, with bulk of lead for force and blow. As all the 70 grains of powder were not consumed, a remedy was found by adding to the weight of the bullet until the time required for overcoming the greater *vis inertiæ* of the lead should consume all the powder; 500 grains of lead were found to do this. This cartridge was used in all government arms until the introduction of the .30-40.

When the Winchester Co. brought out its light weight 22 inch rifles, with fluid steel barrel, out of its 16 different cartridges it chose the .45-70. They advertise 4 different weights of bullets for the .45-70, and Mr. Gould chose the .45-70 for his now well known 330 grain hollow bullet. There lie great possibilities in the old .45-70. The shell holds, even full, 82 grains. By barely fastening the bullet in the shell for convenience of use, or by setting it ahead of the cartridge, one can use the 405 or 500 or 535 grooved bullets, or the 550 grain patched bullet.

In military use the .45-70 is effective at 800 yards. For hunting purposes it is fairly certain at 100 yards; effective at 200, 300 or 400 yards, according as it is held. I have used the rifle for 50 years, and beyond 100 yards I do not feel certain of my game. Beyond 100 yards the ordinary sights on a rifle will cover half the side of a deer, even when held aright. In all my hunting with skilled hunters I have found that, like myself, they set 100 yards as the limit of a sure shot. Of course, much longer shots will at times hit and kill, more hit and don't kill, and more still don't hit at all. Gordon Cummings, Sir Samuel Baker and others say the same thing, and what we want in a rifle is that it shall hit and kill at the ordinary hunting distance.

It is my opinion that no cartridge will do that more effectively and repeatedly than the .45-70 with its different bullets. To me the difference between the .45-70 and the .30-30 is in the matter of range. In a forest country, where the great majority of shots are at under 100 yards, this is not important. What one wants there is accuracy and power. In the mountain and prairie regions range becomes more important, and the game, especially antelope, is shot at longer distances. But, even then, beyond 100 yards it is guess work. You guess at the distance. Your holding and sighting are, in great measure, guess work, and beyond 200 yards all downright luck. And so the prevalent testimony of the Maine and Adirondack guides is for the larger bores. They go back to the .45's and .50's.

The drop of the .30-30 at 100 yards is 2 inches; that of the .45-70 is a little over 3 inches; not an appreciable difference. At 200 yards, the drop is 5 inches for the .30-30; 13 inches for the .45-70; this is a difference th-t tells. At 300 yards the drop is, for the first, 13 inches; for the second, 32 inches; which, at that range, would be conclusive for the .30.

The penetration of the .45-70 is all that could be desired. The Winchester table—and I advise all interested to send for a Winchester catalogue—says it will pierce 14 ⅞ inch boards. The Ideal Co. has an ingenious device to improve the .45-70 bullet. It is a bullet top up with a bevelled shank, to be cast separately. It is then inserted in the regular mould and the regular mixture poured in. So the tip can be of solder, or even of antimony, for penetration, or of soft lead for mushrooming. It is well worth the consideration of those outfitting for a hunting expedition.

Boone.

HOW TO LOAD.

In reading your magazine I often notice articles on loading shells for shot guns. Many of these articles are both interesting and instructive. They are the first thing I look for when I get RECREATION. This is a subject to which I have given much thought and experiment, having loaded thousands of shells with nitro powder. I find no trouble in loading Dupont's, W. A., or Gold Dust, when following makers' directions, except as to W. A. I loaded 63 grains of the latter in a 2⅝ Blue Rival shell, using regular wadding, same as for all others. Result: gun boomed like a cannon, kicked like a 1600-pound mule, burst the shells at the folded rim, smoke issued from the breech and made the bells ring in my ears like Christmas chimes. I fancy I hear some W. A. man calling out, "You didn't know how to load it, and used a common measure and had some old trap of a gun;" but the powder was weighed on 4 different druggists' scales and one diamond scale, and was just the amount recommended on the can for medium to strong loads. Furthermore it was fired in a new No. 3 gun. Then I drew the balance of the loads, because I could not give them away to anyone who had seen the trial (some 10 to 15 members of the club) and I dared not give them to anyone who had not seen the trial. Therefore I drew the loads and reloaded with 54 grains and have never seen nor used a more pleasant or effective load. The experiment convinced me the powder was not uniform in pressure. If so it could not be reliable and might prove too weak or too strong at some critical time, resulting in lost birds if weak or in a burst gun if too strong, neither of which is particularly enchanting to a common trapshooter.

Were it not for the disagreeable effluvia that arises from Gold Dust I should prefer it to all others. In ease of loading, sure ignition, quickness and effectiveness it is unsurpassed.

I cannot understand why the makers of Gold Dust don't advertise it in RECREATION. If they would do so they would sell 100 pounds in the East where they now sell one pound.

But, taking all points into consideration, I am in line with the great majority of the shooters, and pronounce in favor of Dupont. In this I do not decry other brands.

There is one point, however, which I am unable to understand. That is, many recommend the use of an 11½ or even an 11 gauge wad somewhere over the powder and others advise a 12 gauge. Now, if the large wad be placed first as most recommend, then every man knows, who has ever pushed a wad into a shell, that the shell is enlarged so the 12's are loose following. Again, if the 12's be of any use in the propulsion of the load through the barrel why is it then necessary to make use of the 11½ or 11? If the larger wad be right, then it follows the smaller are of little, if any value, except to raise the shot in the shell up to proper place to crimp and it becomes a waste, trouble and needless expense to use any except the shortest shell on the market. Again, all our modern made guns are said by their respective makers to be bored for No. 12 wads. My experience along this line convinces me that the maker knows what he is talking about, and that larger wads get up a little more friction on the point of contact, commonly the shoulder and cheek of the shooter and the stock of the gun, but no better results are obtained at the other end. Try 10 of each kind on a target at 35 yards and note results. You will find equal penetration and better pattern where all 12 gauge wads are used.

John H. Vernon, Sioux City, Ia.

AGAIN THE .30-30.

N. L. Davis is too hard on the .30-30. I used one last fall in Maine and I think any gun from the .38-56 is sufficient for nearly all big game, except the grizzly bear. I never had a chance at one of them but if I had should prefer a .45-70 or .45-90. The .30-40 has the best penetration but I do not like the shape of it and it is too light at the muzzle. I bought a .30-30 because it is elegant in shape, light and well balanced. However, I came near condemning it. For my first shot at a deer I stepped on a little tree lying down. I looked ahead about 60 yards and saw a fine buck standing behind another tree. I thought I could take him through the shoulder. I wasn't very steady, for I was in a poor position. I shot and he nearly fell to the ground, but hobbled off. I followed about 60 yards and he went between 2 saplings. This opened the wound and the blood spurted out. I followed him and shot again. He hobbled off, cracking brush as he went. I shot once more, but the brush was too thick. He got in the creek and I had to give him up. I thought then if I had the gun I had carried before, which was a .45-75, I would have got that buck. The .30-30 came in all right afterward, however. Even the big caliber has failed to draw blood at times so as to track. I thought if I got another chance I would take the buck in the head and the .30-30 got its chance again. I left camp early and went nearly 3 miles to watch for deer. I had also seen a few moose tracks. As I was going through the woods I stopped to pick up something and when I raised my head there stood what I took to be a large cow moose, with big ears, only 25 yards away. There was a down tree between us and a limb with yellow leaves on ran above the head. I looked at it a few minutes but dared not shoot. She turned her head slowly and then I saw it was a bull. He held his head high and looked back in the woods, where he had come from. I put my gun against the tree. The moose straightened and looked at me. I stood about 4 feet lower than he did and I thought there was a chance for the ball to glance, but I had the satisfaction of seeing him go down behind the tree at the first shot. I stood ready to see what he would do. He began to kick and struggle, turned partly around, and got his head higher and higher. Then he arose partly up in front and I shot him 4 inches back of the point of his shoulder. That ball finished him. I found it had splintered a rib. It tore a hole as big as a hen's egg, nearly cut his heart and went through his lungs. He was filled with blood, but we did not find the bullet. The shot in his head, hit even with his eyes and 2 inches in from the right eye, bulged his eye out so much that I pressed it back with a stick. Either shot would have killed him. He would have weighed 1,000 or 1,100 pounds.

My .30-30 shoots through 7 or 8 inches of dry timber with soft pointed bullets, so I cannot see that N. L. Davis's .30 would not shoot through the shoulder of an elk, but I agree that the hole where the bullet goes in is small. If they would make the .38-56 with high explosive smokeless powder, 8 or 8¼ pounds in weight, I should prefer it above all others.

L. Broost, North Baltimore, O.

AMERICAN VS. BELGIAN GUNS.

For the past 8 years I have made a study of guns and ammunition and during that time I have had considerable experience in hunting both large and small game, with rifles and shot guns. I have experimented with different makes of guns, different sizes and different ammunitions. I have read the communications in RECREATION with great interest. In July issue, A. J. Applegate, of Wichita, Kan., says he has a 20 gauge Belgian shot gun with which he can stand alongside of any 12 gauge gun made and kill at the same distance, or farther, bird for bird; or hit target for target.

If his Belgian gun can do that it is the best one I ever heard of. I have seen many Belgian guns but never yet saw one that was as good as some guns made in the United States. Without doubt a 20 gauge is large enough for light shooting, such as snipe, doves or quails; but for ducks or trap shooting I have never seen a small bore gun that could hold up with the larger gauges, especially a 20 gauge and at the same distance. I think the 12 or 16 bore guns made in America are the right size for all ordinary shooting, either in the field or at the trap. They give the best satisfaction ordinarily. I am now using an American gun, made by the Winchester Arms Company, 1897 model, slide action, 12 gauge, rolled steel barrel. It would retail for about $17.50 or $18. I should like to shoot this gun, either in the field or at the traps, with any 20 gauge Belgian gun I ever heard of, both to shoot the same distance, and if a 20 gauge Belgian was ever made that can do the work of the American made 12 gauge gun, I will yet have to be convinced.

Mr. Applegate says he has a Winchester .22 caliber rifle that he thinks is as effective on deer or turkeys as a larger caliber. I know the Winchester .22 caliber is a strong and wicked shooting little gun, but when it comes to killing deer with any .22 caliber rifle I think it would be advisable to get the deer in some small yard where they could not get away. I have hunted and killed deer in the Rockies and nothing smaller than the .38-55-255 will suit me to hunt with. When I shoot a deer I want it to fall and stay there until I can reach it. Many hunters are using the .30 caliber rifle now, but I am satisfied many deer are shot with the .30 gun and are never afterward found, especially in the mountains. The .30 caliber is a long range gun and a man hunting with one is likely to take chances on long shots, and may hit the deer, but when he gets to the place the deer may be 2 or 3 miles away, dead as a hammer. In such a case it would be rather hard to find, when, on the other hand, if the man was using a shorter range gun he would not take so many chances, and would bag as much game. At least that has been my experience. I enjoy reading, in RECREATION, the different opinions in regard to large and small caliber guns, especially rifles.

George W. Nellis, Dannebrog, Neb.

SPORTING RIFLE SMOKELESS.

As I have always been greatly interested in the correspondence published in your magazine relative to the tests made with different rifles and different powders, I take this opportunity of recording the result of a test which my 2 sons and I have just completed. The results obtained were so excellent I believe they will be interesting to riflemen throughout the country.

For years I have been in doubt as to the relative values of the high power, small caliber rifles and the big bore black powder hunting guns. I appreciate the excellent qualities of the .30 caliber in being smokeless and in giving a high velocity, but I could never be convinced that the small lead pencil bullet would be as good a killer as or give the crushing force of the .45-90; therefore, I have stuck to my heavy guns, and have only sought to find a smokeless powder that could be satisfactorily used in them, thus doing away with the principal objections. I have now found that powder.

Recently I obtained a can of Laflin & Rand's Sporting Rifle Smokeless and have found it superior to any powder I have ever used. While in camp, with the aid of my 2 sons, I tested this powder thoroughly in the following guns: .38-55, .40-82 and .45-90. The charges of powder and weight of bullets used were as follows:

.38-55, 18 grs. powder, 255 grs. lead.
.40-82, 24 grs. powder, 260 grs. lead.
.45-90, 28 grs. powder, 300 grs. lead.

Our shooting was done at 100, 300, 500, and 1,000 yards, and I have never before been able to obtain such perfect accuracy. There was but little recoil and absolutely no smoke. The velocity was somewhat greater than that obtained with black powder and the trajectory a little flatter. It certainly is the cleanest powder I ever used and hardly darkens the inside of a rifle barrel. I have used all kinds of powder for 30 years and never before have I secured such excellent results as with this new powder. Our tests also covered the statement made by the manufacturers of the powder to the effect that the powder was waterproof and could be fired as well after being soaked in water as before. We found this to be the case; it only being necessary to remove the surface water from the grains of powder with a cloth in order to obtain the same results as when dry powder is used. This quality will undoubtedly make the powder priceless to riflemen, as all who have had experience know what it means to find themselves in the backwoods with wet powder.

Many of the Maine guides have taken up the use of Sporting Rifle Smokeless and there is no doubt that in a short time it will be used exclusively in the big bore black powder hunting rifles. I advise all sportsmen who contemplate a trip to the Maine woods to bring ammunition loaded with this powder.

John Cushman, Registered Guide, Sherman, Me.

GOOD LOADS AND POOR.

Editor RECREATION:—I have a .25-36 repeater and will give some loads I have tried:

(1.) Regular load, 23 grains Dupont, .30 caliber and 117 grain metal patched bullet, both soft point and hard. I think this as accurate as the .32-40 and much more powerful. The full patch bullet holds up at 600 yards better than the soft point.

(2.) Eighty-six grain copper patch, grooved U. M. C. bullet, with either 25 grains (measure) Dupont No. 1, or 20 grains (measure) Dupont .30 caliber. A fine load up to 200 yards. Must have a velocity close to 2,000 f. s. Is a great load for woodchucks; kills them cleaner than any .32-40 I ever saw.

(3.) Eighty-six grain lead bullet (.25-20), (1 to 15) with 21 grains (measure) Dupont's No. 1. Good up to 200 yards.

(4.) Eighty-six grain bullet, as in No. 3, with 25 grains (measured) King's semi-smokeless. Very high velocity and accurate; also clean.

(5.) One hundred and ten grains lead (1 to 10), with 28 grains (measure) Dupont No. 1. If well greased, especially on point, will not lead barrel, and holds up at 600 yards, almost if not quite as well as load No. 1. Accurate and cheap, but must be well lubricated.

The above loads I know are all right. No. 2 especially is fine, and probably the best all around load. Will give some which were failures:

(a.) One hundred and seventeen grains

copper patch bullet with 35 grains (measure) King's semi-smokeless. This resulted in the powder burning on in a hard ring just forward of chamber. Shooting wild.

(b.) Same, only with black rifle powder. Same result.

(c.) One hundred and ten grain bullet, as in No. 5, with any amount of King's semi-smokeless greater than 20 grains. Result as in a and b. Also same result with a paper patch bullet of 117 grains. The poor results of these loads I laid to the high initial pressure caused by the heavy bullet taking the quick twist, as the 86 grain bullets, both copper patch and lead, do not cause the King's semi to burn on. This powder is fine in a slower twist rifle, as it is clean and its velocity high. I have not tried a paper patch with the high pressure powder, but have seen a 112 grain conical slug, pure lead, shot from a .32-40 16-inch twist, using 55 grains Hazard F. G. powder. This was loaded from muzzle, with a round linen patch. After slug was pushed through the barrel and the patch taken off, it barely showed the marks of the rifling. The velocity must have been nearly 2,000 f. s., yet it was accurate and did not lead or strip. So I see no reason why a paper patch would not hold in a .30 or .25 caliber smokeless.

Q. E. D.

THE .22 CARTRIDGES.

Seattle, Wash.

Editor RECREATION:—In June RECREATION H. D. Barnes makes inquiries concerning point-blank range of .22 short cartridges. The editor replies that this cartridge will do good work at 100 yards, and that 25 yards would be about right for point-blank shooting. I think the word "yards" must be a misprint and that "feet" was meant. Stevens and other makers recommend the .22 short as doing good work "up to 125 feet;" beyond that manufacturers make no claim for it.

I use a 26-inch, '97 model repeater, and can do monotonously good work with it and U. M. C. short, smokeless cartridges. The .22 long rifle cartridge has great range and power, reaching a fair-sized target over 200 yards, but I have not been able to do as fine work with it at short ranges as with the .22 short smokeless. The .22 Winchester R. F. cartridge is a superb little load for small game, but I think the cartridge better than the gun which was made for it. The Winchester, model '90, is a nice shooting and effective arm, but it is too much of a "boy's gun" in dimensions and appearance. If one could get a 26-inch barrel, half octagon, many would prefer it to any other .22.

I regret exceedingly to miss the Marlin's adv. from the best sportsman's journal extant. It pains me to think that the firm whose guns I have always considered above reproach should be so losing ground in public favor that they can no longer afford to stand side by side with other well-known firms.

C. H. Stonebridge, in June RECREATION, has some interesting things to say about his experience with a .30-30. If he had told us what ammunition he used we should have much light on the subject. I use a .30-30, and find a great difference in effects of the Winchester round point, soft-nose ball and the U. M. C. flat point. Naturally the latter is the more destructive, and I doubt if any game hit fairly with the flat-nose, soft-point bullet would get away from a hunter who knew his work.

F. E. W.

A KRAG-JORGENSON SHOT.

In March RECREATION ".40-82" asks for a description of the Krag-Jorgenson and Mauser rifles and ammunition. Though both rifles are familiar to me, I hardly know how to describe them, but if the gentleman will give me his address I will mail him a cartridge of each. The guns are very similar and are both good shooters. I saw a wonderful shot with one the other day. I was out with my camera and met 3 corporals with their Krags, out for a holiday. One offered to let me shoot his gun, and in looking around for something to try it on, I saw a buzzard perched on the rocks of one of the cliffs through which the Yumuri river flows. I set the sights for 300 yards, but the bullet threw dust at what looked to be 6 inches below the mark. The corporal then took the gun and set the sights for 500 yards. His bullet bored a hole through the unfortunate bird. It is against the law to kill these birds here. They certainly are a blessing to this climate. If I had thought there might be a fatal result I should not have set the example to the soldier by firing the first shot.

"RECREATION'S Friend," in January number, wants to know something about the .22 Colt repeater. I should like to tell him some of the things this gun will do, but will not, as I am a friend of RECREATION, too. Before I went into the army I disposed of my Colt, but when I get back to the States I intend to get another, if they have an ad. in RECREATION. If not, I will get one that is advertised in this magazine. This is not pretty spite talk; it is simple business. If a firm does not advertise in the magazine for which I pay my money, the publisher cannot give me as much magazine for that money. Therefore, I support the firm that does pay the publisher to give me my money's worth, for that is exactly what it amounts to.

Geo. L. Cable, Surgeon U. S. A., Matanzas, Cuba.

PREFERS .38-55.

Mr. Hill asserts in September Recreation that the .30-30 gets in its work when it hits a bone, but believes the bullet too small for bleeding an animal when it fails to hit a vital spot or a bone, and goes through the fleshy parts. In the fall of 1897 I had sufficient experience with the .30-30 to convince me that a gun of larger caliber is more reliable for general results. For instance, I shot a large doe, running 200 yards broadside, and hit her 3 times before she dropped, the first 2 shots passing between the ribs on both sides (through the intestines), the third striking the backbone. All 3 were soft-nosed bullets, the first 2 shots inflicting but a small hole while the third struck a bone and flattened. The bullet separated in its course, the casing and lead tearing an ugly wound. I cannot therefore agree with many hunters that the soft-nose bullet tears a larger hole in its exit than where it enters, providing it is not flattened in its course by a bone before it passes out. In this latter case is where the .30-30 has made its reputation.

For a medium caliber, carrying sufficient weight and penetration for any game, I believe the .38-55 smokeless will fill the bill. The modern .30-30 or the .303 Savage cannot surpass it for general results.

Fred Naegele, Helena, Mont.

DEFENDS THE SHOT GUN.

I am much interested in Recreation. Your readers have confidence in it, which is not always the case with other publications. In the game notes of the August number I see that Bob, Kishacoquillar, Pa., wants to prohibit the use of shot guns for 10 years in order to increase the game.

That could not be done. The hundreds of gun manufactories throughout the country would be ruined, causing a panic in business and commerce.

I think the only way is to join the L. A. S. and help Coquina protect the game.

I don't see why the arms companies and sporting goods companies don't talk a little more plainly in their catalogues. If they would be more explicit about the mode of making guns, ammunition, etc., than about their excellence and beauty, the next generation of hunters would know the hammer of a gun from the trigger. Others should imitate the Winchester catalogue.

There is no game here except doves, larks, squirrels, etc., and occasionally a duck.

Y. K., Louisville, Ky.

SMALL SHOT.

Tell H. H. Larkin I consider the .25-20 Winchester a fine rifle for ducks, geese, squirrels and turkeys. I have one with which I shot a large hawk and a squirrel and doubled them up in good shape. It tears as much as a .32-20 Winchester. I intend trying it on deer and rabbits. Do you recommend using the 86-grain metal-patched ball in my .25-20 rifle? I read in Recreation of A. H. Verrill's .25 caliber explosive bullet. I find the ordinary lead bullet expands fully as much as his.

LeDoux Bringhurst, Alexandria, La.

Having heard considerable talk in relation to the merits of the new .30-caliber Winchester, '95 model, and not knowing what it will do, I wish some one who has used it would advise me what the effects are if an animal is hit in the fleshy parts with a soft-point ball, as in a paunch shot, supposing said shot to have been made within 250 yards. Will ball expand as the .50-caliber express does? I have used the latter rifle in Arizona on mule deer and Virginia deer, and always found it highly satisfactory.

J. H. Isbester, Evanston, Ill.

I shoot nothing but a .32-40 Winchester and think I can kill a deer as easily as anybody who shoots a .25-35. The .32-40 is an excellent little gun. It is accurate at 400 yards and will drop a deer at 200 every time. If anyone wants an all around gun he will make no mistake in buying a .32-40. It is more accurate than the .30-30.

Winchester, Lake Forest, Ill.

Will some reader tell us something about the accuracy of the "miniature" cartridge "black powder" and "paper patched," for the Savage rifle? Are these cartridges accurate? If they are I should think the Savage the best all around rifle on the market.

Walter Diehm, St. Louis, Mo.

I have a Stevens .25-calibre, which I think the best single rifle ever made. The Stevens is cheap, simple and durable.

J. D. French, Dewitt, Mo.

Will some of the readers of Recreation please inform me where I can buy a Howard rifle?

G. O. Lien, Foldahl, Minn.

Will some one tell me about the shooting qualities of the Winchester repeating shotgun, and if a choke bore is good for field and duck shooting?

F. A. Musser, Witmer, Pa.

NATURAL HISTORY.

CHILDREN AND BIRDS.

Prof. Lange, of St. Paul, in his paper on "Nature Study in Its Relation to Life," said in part:

There are those who insist that religion has failed to bring happiness to humanity, and there are many who claim that science and education have equally failed. Professor Scheer, in his "Thousand Years of German Civilization," states that one of the most secluded and ignorant peasant districts in the Black Forest has the smallest percentage of criminals in the whole of enlightened Germany.

In other words, the study of zoology has been thus far much more destructive of animal life than preservative; while scarcely an attempt has been made to teach a true appreciation of nature's beauties and an intelligent sympathy with our speechless kin of the air, the field and the forest. It is true that there have lived seers and prophets in our midst that preached not only the brotherhood of mankind, but the brotherhood of all life. In the works of Whittier, Thoreau, Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow and others we find the true sentiment toward nature. The very breezes from the prairie and the whisper of hoary trees pervade their works.

What can we teachers do in this matter? We can do more than any other body of men and women.

1. We must not try to follow the universities in stuffing birds and mammals. In the common school, study birds and other animals with eyes and opera glasses outdoors, and from good pictures in the school room, and let alone those that cannot be reached in that way. We do not want more birds in dusty, mouldering collections; we want more birds to fly in the woods and fields and to sing from tree and bush. The boy egg collector, the amateur collector and the market collector are unmitigated nuisances and belong where birds do not sing.

2. No intelligent interest in nature can exist where there is no knowledge. We must teach nature study in every school of the land. The time we give up to it is doubly made up by the gain and inspiration it brings for other studies.

3. Lady teachers must set a good example by not wearing any other feathers than those of ostrichs, domesticated birds and game birds.

4. It gives me great pleasure here to refer to the Audubon societies, organized for the protection of birds, and to the League of American Sportsmen, organized for the protection of game, birds, fish and forests. Both societies are growing rapidly. . . .

I shall close with relating an incident which happened to me not long ago. I had agreed to make a wagon trip of 200 miles with an European acquaintance, on condition that he should interpret to me and comment upon everything he saw, before he asked me any questions about it. He agreed, and I promised myself considerable information and not a little amusement from the trip.

On the evening of the third day he said: "Now I give it up, what are those little square, uninhabited shanties of which we have passed quite a few?" "What do you think they are?" I replied. "At first," he answered, "I thought they were township jails, but that can't be, because there are no traces of iron bars about them. The nearest thing to them I have ever seen are poorhouses in small villages (I began to be interested), but I have not seen a soul around them. You tell me that there are not more than 10 lazy paupers in the whole country, and that nearly every farmer is a wealthy man, and that you have no poor, landless, crowded peasantry." "Before I explain to you, tell me why you thought they might be jails." "Well," he said, "you do some things here in a queer way. I thought you had them fixed up in that style to make the building and its surroundings harmonize with the inward desolation of the prison." "Oh," I broke in, "stop your nonsense. You know well enough they are schoolhouses." "No, indeed," he protested, "I did not; and I would have been afraid to say so, if I had thought it. I have seen such fine school buildings in your cities, although your people seem to prefer to invest in fine buildings rather than in good salaries for good teachers, that I never thought of schoolhouses." After considerable argument and explanation, however, he seemed convinced of that, and replied: "Do you practical people really believe that in such desolate shanties you can inspire your teachers and children to admire and love the beautiful in art, literature, and nature? There is no harmony, no nature, no art; nothing but the crudeness of neglect about them. Do you mean to say that your wealthy farmers and your wealthy State allow children to spend the most impressible years of their lives in spots of such discordant desolation? Really, if you have not fooled me, I can readily explain why, with your miserable mud roads and such country schools, your population shows such an abnormally strong drift towards the cities."

THE TEN TO ONE CLUB.

Miss Helen A. Ball, of Worcester, Mass., makes the following interesting report:

There have been interesting developments in the work of the Ten to One clubs. The children have entered into the work earnestly, and it is cheering to see the numbers of birdhouses that have been put up in different parts of the city. One sees them from the train in passing through Quinsigamond, and it is especially good to find them in thickly settled districts. Birds are not disturbed by noise. I have seen a robin singing on the top of a ragged elm while a frightful din went up from a foundry and snorting engines just below. Birds have shown themselves quick to respond to signs of friendliness on the part of man, and no more interesting experiment could be tried than that of attracting them to the narrow city dooryard.

The work of the clubs consists, besides building houses, in putting out strings and various kinds of building material, keeping basins filled with water, for drinking and bathing, planting shrubs and plants that are especially attractive to birds, keeping careful notes of all nests discovered and protecting the same so far as possible. In 2 schoolyards, shrubs and plants have been set out, with a special view to furnishing food for birds. Sunflowers are planted for the goldfinches and viburnum and enonymus and pokeberry, which attract many species, have been added. All sorts of building materials have been furnished. One boy, after having had his hair cut, placed the clippings on a bush and had the satisfaction of seeing the birds carry them away. Some children prepared pans of mud, placed them under trees frequented by robins, and saw the birds use the mud for their nest walls.

One club discusses the subject of ventilation, deciding that a house with only one opening cannot have proper ventilation. Small holes have, therefore, been made on the opposite side, and, as a final triumph in the sanitary construction of birdhouses, one house has been built with a movable roof, allowing the house to be properly cleaned at any time. Some houses show that the builders had access to very few tools, perhaps nothing more than a knife, using a stone for a hammer. But the boys and girls took evident delight in using such materials and tools as they could find.

In a seventh grade club the girls have discussed the question whether they ought to wear feathers on their hats. Since the hats had already been bought and the girls felt that nothing more could be afforded this season, the question was laid on the table, to be taken up at some future time, when new hats were to be thought of. From another club comes the report of rescuing a nest with young birds that had fallen from a tree. The nest was replaced and apparently all went well with the family. A broken leg has been set with splints.

The tragic side has not been lacking, and heart-breaking stories have been told. One little girl had a birdhouse which she was sure had met the approval of a wren. A boy threw a stone and the house was knocked down beyond repair. Certain boys have stoned nests and killed some birds, hanging them on the trees, just to torment the boys who were trying to protect nests.

In spite of some discouragements, it cannot fail to mean something in the protection of birds that between 2,000 and 3,000 children are actively engaged in this work, and it need hardly be pointed out that, educationally, it already counts for a great deal.

A SONGLESS NEW ENGLAND.

An old New England farmer sat recently at the door of the old homestead. "Seventy years ago," said he, "when I was a boy and came down in the morning the air rang with the song of birds. On every tree there was a chorus of songsters. The woods were full of game. In those days we never heard of paris green, with which to drive the bugs from the potato vines and squashes. A simple 'scarecrow' served the purpose of keeping the crows from the corn. For the rest, when the fields were once planted they grew undisturbed. Now there are next to no birds. The air is tuneless. But for every vegetable there is a bug. The bulk of the farmer's time is spent in fighting bugs. Paris green or sprays of deadly poisons are a daily necessity. The world seems dead to me. The birds are gone and I feel no more at home."

It is therefore gratifying to see that the legislatures of several states have been aroused to the necessity of doing something before it is too late. In Rhode Island the legislature has appointed a regular bird commission, consisting of eminent gentlemen, to take hold of the matter. The commissioners are authorized to employ deputies in each county, with power to arrest persons violating the bird laws of the state. Detectives will also aid in the work, and it is hoped that with the co-operation of citizens idle boys with shot guns on their shoulders, scouring the woods in mere wantonness, for young, innocent songbirds, will be snatched up and punished. Ignorant foreigners, too, with no better business than shooting innocent birds, that are of no earthly use for food, should be taught better.

Thanks to the tenderness that best becomes the gentler sex, thousands of women have already discarded the feathers of song birds in their hats, but it is still said that 170,000,000 bird skins are annually sold to ornament female hats, and that of this number 40,000,000 come to the United States. Thoughtful women are beginning to see that hats can be made fashionable as well as beautiful without the use of the plumage of wild birds. There are always available the feathers of ostriches and other domesticated birds. Some of the humanitarian "hat reform" societies are holding autumnal exhibitions, designed to show that a pretty hat is possible without resort to waste and cruelty.

A birdless and songless New England! How dismal it will seem. Over 30 species of birds, once plentiful among us, are already extinct. Shall we complete the ruin and sacrifice, or by timely efforts save to the soil and to nature harmony a priceless boon?—Boston Globe.

PARTRIDGES IN ARIZONA.

Gambel's partridge, *Callipepla gambeli*, Massena partridge, *Cyrtony montezumæ*, scaled partridge, *Callipepla squamata*, and masked bob white, *Colinus ridgwayi*, are common residents of Southwestern Arizona. The 3 first named can, in fact, each in its particular habitat, be found from the Colorado to the Rio Grande, but the United States residence of the masked bob white is almost wholly confined to the new county of Santa Cruz, this territory. All of these birds have at birth the wildness inherent in the species, and with the exception of the Massena are not easily tamed. Have known the Gambels to breed in captivity, but they were always wild. If anything, the scaled are even more so. I cannot speak of the masked bob white for I never had personal knowledge of one in captivity. I am, however, convinced that the Massena is susceptible of complete domestication. My attention has been called to mountain ranches where these birds became as tame as domestic fowl. My own observations in this direction have been somewhat limited, but sufficient to convince me that the bird is capable of domestication. A year ago a pair was sent to me from San Ygnacio, Sonora. Unfortunately the male escaped en route, but the female arrived in good condition and is a healthy bird to-day. At the request of a young neighbor, Mrs. Paul Heermans, who fancied it for a pet, I gave it to her, and it soon became "one of the family." Because of its aptitude in picking up insects she named it "Bugs," and as Bugs it answers every call. Never was a household pet more thoroughly at home, or apparently more attached to its mistress. Each morning it waits for admission to her bed room, and when admitted flies in and nestles down beside her. It knows the leading point of a spring door and watches its chances for a hurried in or out as the door swings either way. If it finds one door closed, it straightway tries another, and keeps up a little peeking cry till the door is opened. Many things are told of its intelligence. At Crittenden, on the Sonoita, a little bunch was reported "at home," but I heard later that the chickens had gradually killed them off. The Massena, the male especially, is a beautiful bird, is larger and more plump than its congeners and, unless all signs fail, it can be made more useful to man than it now is. Later I hope to secure a number of them for practical experimentation. Will then report results.

Herbert Brown, Yuma, Ariz.

ARBOR AND BIRD DAY IN ST. PAUL.

Arbor and bird day was generally observed in the public schools of St. Paul.

The senior class of the central high school had an extensive celebration.

Principal Bryant spoke of the spirit intended to be inculcated by arbor day, and in referring to the inauguration of bird day in connection with arbor day, said:

"The birds have much to do, when we come to think about it, with our great forests. The forests are their homes and they are friends of the trees as we are. No forest or grove is complete without the song of birds and without nests here and there among the branches. To save the trees is to save them, but when the trees are gone the birds have no homes."

The principal address was by Prof. D. Lange, the naturalist of the high school. His subject was "Bird and Game Protection."

Last year, he said, a complete bird census of the country, taken under the direction of Prof. Hornaday, of the New York Zoological Society, showed an average decrease of about 40 per cent. in bird life. In Florida the decrease was 75 per cent.

"The destruction of the creatures," he said, "which nature intended to be the living, singing flowers of the woods and groves, is due to several causes, the principal of which are these:

"Too much and hoggish hunting of game birds, especially in the spring; indiscriminate shooting of everything on wings. Boys who have not been taught better or whose judgment is not yet superior to their killing instinct, are the principal offenders, but as so many full-grown fools and even gray-headed fools set them the example, we can hardly blame the boys. Egg and bird collecting by men and boys is another cause; also the fashion of wearing birds on hats. Another cause is the increase of the English sparrow."

He spoke of the unnecessary collections which were made by many boys at the instance of teachers. This was a mistake on the part of the teacher. The ubiquitous gunner in and around St. Paul, who shot at everything from a bird to a frog, was responsible alone, he said, for the fact that aquatic birds shunned so widely the adjacent lakes and streams.

"The St. Paul Audubon Society will work together with the police and the state game warden," he said, "to teach bird protection to those fellows who shoot every living thing, everywhere and at all seasons."—St. Paul Dispatch.

DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS FOR PLUMAGE.

A friend sends me a clipping from the San Francisco Bulletin containing a 3 column illustrated article by Adelaide Knapp on the destruction of bird life for the ornamentation of women's hats. The subject is handled in a most remarkable and interesting manner, and, owing to the large sale of the Bulletin, is sure to do a vast amount of good. If all the great dailies would take up this subject and ventilate the pride of women who think they must make up in feathers what they lack in intellect, we might hope to have a few song birds 5 years hence.

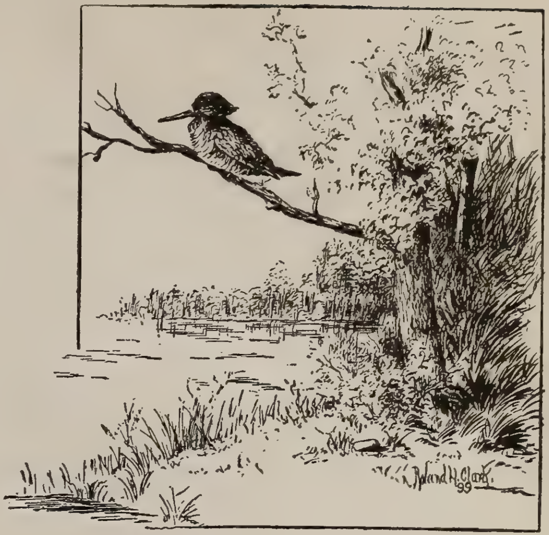
In the course of her excellent article Miss Knapp says:

> **Birds are the highesf form of wild life we have. In beauty, in poetic charm and in actual intelligence they exceed all other wild creatures ; but aside from these considerations, which ought to prompt civilized beings to protect them, they fill a most important part in the economy of nature. The increase of rodent and insect pests in this country is directly traceable to the decrease, appalling in its rapidity, of our bird population. American birds are being swiftly exterminated and many useful varieties are already extinct. Under normal conditions bird mortality is always great. Naturalists tell us birds rarely die a natural death. They have a great number of enemies. Snakes, squirrels, rats, predacious members of their own race—and small boys--steal their eggs and destroy their fledgelings. They die by thousands in every severe storm. Myriads of them are blown out to sea by every great wind. The mania for egg collecting which attacks nearly every boy, at some time ; the mania that attacks the average man with a holiday and a gun, to go out and kill things ; the ignorance of farmers, who often regard as enemies the very creatures who are doing yeoman service in field and orchard, are decimating the numbers of the birds. All these causes combined, however, are not so deadly operative for destruction as the thoughtlessness, the folly, the vanity which demands the slaughter of birds for mere personal adornment.**

THE KINGFISHER.

The kingfisher, whether in rest or in motion, draws our attention and admiration. When he stands on an outstretched branch resting for hours at a time in statue-like indolence, his attitude is one of deep gravity. Every azure feather scintillates with metallic brilliancy in the sun. His head is large in proportion to his body, giving him a pugnacious appearance. His bill is not unlike that of a snipe, but is heavier and more tapering. The stroke of his wings is regular, his flight easy and swift. While flying he heralds his approach by a clattering, penetrating cry.

He alights across a cove from me, on the bough of a decayed oak. To this cove the water lily takes kindly. Its blossoms cradle the gauze-winged dragon-fly and on its leathery leaves warily moves the hideous water spider. A falling stone strikes the water. The agile pickerel that had pushed its nose above the surface darts to the darkest nook; the dragon-fly soars aloft and the immaculate water lily sways on the disturbed waters.



I have been deceived. 'Twas no rock. Forth from the water springs the kingfisher and in his beak he bears a silvery minnow.

Francis J. Maurin, Elizabeth, Minn.

THREE CUBS.

L. J. Blaisdell, the veteran bear hunter of Weld, Me., has 3 black cubs, which he captured in the mountains a short time ago. He has been hunting the mother here for several days, but has not been able to get a shot at her.

The old bear left the cubs to take care of themselves, and they immediately took to the trees when Blaisdell came up with them, but the hunter, undeterred by 20 feet of limbless spruce and the probability of the mother's return, climbed after them and soon had them securely tied.

They are as cunning as kittens and lap milk readily. Mr. Blaisdell intends to sell them, as the legislature took the bounty off bears last winter.

Notwithstanding the large number of deer shot here last fall, they are reported by the gum gatherers as being plentiful.

Nearly all the cottages around Lake Webb have been engaged for next summer, and sportsmen and guides are waiting impatiently for the open season for salmon and trout. The Lake Webb Sportsmen's Association has been stocking the lake with the above named fish for several years and the fishing next spring promises to be exceptionally good.

The guides and owners of cottages and fishing camps own and support a fish hatchery at their own expense, except that now and then the town votes money to aid them. Many tourists remain here all summer, attracted by the beautiful mountain scenery.

N. G. Foster, Weld, Franklin Co., Maine.

ANOTHER VOICE AGAINST BIRD MILLINERY.

An excellent opportunity is afforded the thinking women of Keene this winter to exert a lasting influence for good by discouraging the use of birds' feathers, wings and breasts for hat decorations. The milliners of New York and the other large cities have established the fashion this year in this direction, in spite of the growing public sentiment against such a relic of barbarism and the protests of the press, the Audubon and other societies for the protection of birds. The League of American Sportsmen is doing a great work in every state in the union for the protection and propagation of the song, as well as the game, birds; but much of the work of every such organization will be discounted, if an artificial demand is to be created for plumage, that is endorsed by women who know better, but who think it necessary to bow to the dictates of fickle fashion. Already the new fashion is being considerably adopted locally, and now is the time for concerted, positive action on the part of the intelligent women of the city—especially the club women.—Keene, N. H., Sentinel.

CALIFORNIA WOMEN WORK FOR BIRD PROTECTION.

The Ebell Society, of Oakland, Cal., the oldest and largest social and literary club of women in the state, has decided to fight vigorously the fashion of wearing plumage on women's hats. They purpose to show that in California, at least, there are women who have the good taste to devise, the kindliness of heart to desire, and the ability to procure headgear that shall not be a reproach to humane society.

One feature of their work will be an exhibition at their beautiful club house of hats and bonnets that shall be artistically trimmed without using the skins, heads or breasts of birds. Ostrich plumes, cocks' plumes and ornaments made from the plumage of domestic fowls will be allowed, but nothing procured at the cost of life.

The Ebell Society cannot be too strongly commended for this work. It is time every woman in America should feel herself personally responsible for the slaughter of birds, and should refuse to wear their plumage.

FEED THE BIRDS.

The more I read Recreation the more I am convinced the stand you have taken in preserving nature's gifts and in roasting the pot hunters and game hogs is right. Though you are severe in some cases, I fully believe the time has come when sternness is necessary. Your readers here stand by you to a man and greatly respect you as an upright judge, a faithful advocate, a sportsman and a gentleman. Though the undertaking is an arduous one, requiring much hard labor, the victory will be yours, and ultimately we shall have laws forbidding the sale of game in the Empire State, at least.

I wish more effort might be spent in trying to tame wild birds about our homes. I have found them by care and patience to become so tame as to allow food to be given them when on their nests and to come back year after year to renew their acquaintance.

I would like to ask, through Recreation, what has caused the blue bird to be so scarce. Is it owing to destroying so many stump fences and in this way reducing the number of nesting places?

I hope you may never tire of the noble work you have undertaken, and that you may soon reap a grand harvest.

D. O. Palmer, Cortland, N. Y.

The reason blue birds are scarce is that they have been killed off by men and boys, who should themselves be killed for destroying such beautiful creatures.

Editor.

FINED FOR SELLING ROBINS.

W. M. Moreland, a game and fish dealer, was arraigned in the Police Court yesterday, charged with the sale of 12 robins, in violation of the game law. Deputy Game Warden Zeller appeared as the complainant and Moreland entered a plea of guilty. His attorney stated in defense that the birds had been shipped to Moreland without solicitation and had arrived minus heads and plumage. They were contained in a barrel of fish. The attorney further stated that his client was not in the habit of selling such birds.

Judge Scott in disposing of the case said a man who would shoot robins should be subjected to a heavier fine than the law provided for and characterized the war on the birds as an outrage. In view of the circumstances he imposed the only penalty provided, $2 for each bird.—Washington (D. C.) Times.

That judge's head is level. He should join the L. A. S. at once and help us to protect the birds.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.

It does me good to read the way you stick the game hogs.

Some of the old fellows squeal, but their bristles are the longest. Recreation is doing excellent work in the way of protecting the fast decreasing game. The fearless editor knows what he is doing. I wish there were more of his stripe. Recreation will live and be backed by all true sportsmen. I have been a constant reader of your magazine for some time and do not see how any sportsman can be without it. Best wishes for the editor and his magazine.

A. A. Beckwith, St. Francis, Minn.

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Dr. Frank Dunham, Chief Warden, Lander.

Applications for membership and orders for badges should be addressed to Arthur F. Rice, Secretary, 19 W. 24th St., New York.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW YORK.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
New York,	Conrad L. Meyer,	46 W Broadway.
Livingston,	M. De La Vergne,	Lakeville.
Nassau,	Willett Smith,	Freeport, L. I.
Albany,	C. D. Johnson,	Newtonville, N. Y.
Allegany,	J. D. Holden,	Belmont, N. Y.
Broome,	M. A. Baker,	Whitney's Point, N. Y.
Cayuga,	H. M. Haskell,	Weedsport, N. Y.
Cortland,	J. A. Wood,	Cortland, N. Y.
Chemung,	Fred. Uhle,	Hendy Creek, N. Y.
Erie,	E. P. Door,	103 D. S. Morgan Building, Buffalo, N. Y.
	Marvin H. Butler,	Morilla, N. Y.
Essex,	W. H. Broughton,	Moriah, N. Y.
Franklin,	Jas. Eccles,	St. Regis Falls.
Montgomery,	Charles W. Scharf,	Canajoharie, N. Y.
Oneida,	E. J. Breeze,	Forestport, N. Y.
Orange,	Wilson Crans,	Middletown, N. Y.
	J. Hampton Kidd,	Newburgh, N. Y.
Rensselaer,	Capt. J. B. Taylor,	Rensselaer, N. Y.
Richmond,	Lewis Morris,	Port Richmond, N. Y.
Schenectady,	J. W. Furnside,	Schenectady, N. Y.
Suffolk,	F. J. Fellows,	Islip, L. I.
	P. F. Tabor,	Orient, L. I.
Tioga,	Geo. Wood,	Owego, N. Y.
Washington,	C. L. Allen,	Sandy Hill, N. Y.
Westchester,	George Poth,	Pleasantville, N. Y.
Essex,	H. E. Braman,	Keene Valley, N. Y.
Rockland,	A. Woodward,	Ramapo, N. Y.
Sullivan,	Ernest W. Kenne,	Mongaup Valley, N. Y.
Dutchess, Columbia,	A. B. Miller,	Jackson's Corners, N. Y.
Broome,	John Sullivan,	Sanataria Springs, N. Y.
Orange,	Thomas Harris,	Port Jervis, N. Y.
St. Lawrence,	J. W. Aitchison,	Madrid, N. Y.
Onondago,	James Lush,	Memphis, N. Y.
Yates,	B. L. Wren,	Penn Yan, N. Y.
Dutchess,	Chas. H. DeLong,	Pawling, N. Y.
Dutchess,	Jacob Tompkins,	Billings, . N. Y.

LOCAL WARDENS IN OHIO.

Stark,	A. Dangeleisen,	Massillon.
Franklin,	Brook L. Terry,	208 Woodward Av., Columbus.
Cuyahoga,	A. W. Hitch,	161 Osborn St., Cleveland.
Clark,	Fred C. Ross,	169 W. Main St., Springfield.
Erie,	David Sutton,	418 Jackson St., Sandusky.
Fulton,	L. C. Berry,	Swanton.
Allen,	S. W. Knisely,	Lima.
Hamilton,	W. C. Rippey,	4465 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati.
Knox,	Grant Phillips,	Mt. Vernon.
Lorain,	T. J. Bates,	Elyria.
Ottawa,	Frank B. Shirley,	Lakeside.
Muskingum,	Frank D. Abell,	Zanesville.
Scioto,	J. F. Kelley,	Portsmouth.
Highland,	James G. Lyle,	Hillsboro.

LOCAL WARDENS IN CONNECTICUT.

Fairfield,	George B. Bliss,	2 Park Row, Stamford, Ct.

County.	Name of Warden.	Address.
	Harvey C. Went,	11 Park St., Bridgeport, Ct.
Hartford,	Abbott C. Collins,	783 Main Street, Hartford, Ct.
(County Warden, care Conn. Mutual Life Ins. Co.		
Litchfield,	Dr. H. L. Ross,	P. O. Box 100, Canaan, Ct.
New Haven,	Wilbur E. Beach,	318 Chapel Street, New Haven, Ct.

LOCAL WARDENS IN NEW JERSEY.

Morris,	D. W. Clark,	Newfoundland.
Somerset,	G. E. Morris,	Somerville.
Morris,	Francis E. Cook,	Butler.
Passaic,	L. M. Lefevre,	Pompton Plains.
Sussex,	Isaac D Williams,	Branchville.
Morris,	Joseph Pellet,	Pompton Plains.
Union,	A. H. Miller,	Cranford.
	C. M. Hawkins,	Roselle.
Warren,	Jacob Young, Reuben Warner,	Phillipsburg.

LOCAL WARDENS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Venango,	G. D. Benedict,	Pleasantville.
Northumberland,	W. A. Reppard,	Shamokin.
Potter,	Byron Bassett,	Coudersport.
Crawford,	Jasper Tillotson,	Tillotson.

LOCAL WARDENS IN MICHIGAN.

Kalkaska,	W. H. Dunham,	Kalkaska.
Kalamazoo,	C. E. Miller,	Augusta.

LOCAL WARDENS IN WYOMING.

Fremont,	Nelson Yarnall,	Dubois.
Uinta,	S. N. Leak, W. L. Simpson,	Jackson.
Carbon,	Kirk Dyer,	Medicine Bow.

DISCOUNTS TO LEAGUE MEMBERS.

The following firms have agreed to give members of the L. A. S. a discount of from 2 per cent. to 10 per cent. on all goods bought of them. In ordering please give L. A. S. number:

Syracuse Arms Co., Syracuse, N. Y. Guns.
Davenport Fire Arms Co., Norwich, Conn. Shot guns, rifles.
Gundlach Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y. Photographic goods.
Blair Camera Co., Boston, Mass. Photographic goods.
Folmer & Schwing, 271 Canal Street, New York City. Photographic goods.
The Bostwick Gun and Sporting Goods Co., 1528 Arapahoe St., Denver, Col.
W. H. Langdon, Bridgeport, Conn. Sportmen's goods.
New York Condensed Milk Co., 71 Hudson Street, New York City. Condensed products.
Oneida Community, Kenwood, N. Y. Traps.
Metz & Schloerb, Oshkosh, Wis. Moccasins, hunting shoes, etc.
Novelty Cutlery Co., Canton, O. Pocket cutlery, ink erasers, etc.
M. A. Shipley, 432 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa. Fishing tackle.
Willis Arms & Cycle Co., Kansas City, Mo. Bicycles, athletic and sportsmen's goods.
Percy S. Selous, Greenville, Mich. Naturalist and taxidermist.

GAME PROTECTION IN CALIFORNIA.

I want to add a word of good cheer to the reports on bird and game protection which are coming in to RECREATION daily. At last "law and order" seem to be gaining ground in California, with reference to game protection. A few days since a dealer in San Francisco was caught with a consignment of wild ducks in his market, the Game and Fish Commission having been given a tip in the matter, and a few days later the violator of the law paid a fine of $150, which doubtless was also accompanied with the proverbial "moral effect." Santa Clara has a wide-awake Game and Fish Protective Association, which is not composed alone of outsiders, who would see our laws enforced, but its membership includes almost every sportsman in the country. Several fearless attorneys are also members and prosecute violations vigorously and gratuitously. Numerous game wardens have been appointed throughout the country and all the fishing and hunting districts are known to be so thoroughly patrolled that few would dare to risk detection, no matter how evil might be their designs. Several men who shot quails and doves out of season have paid $10 a bird for their sport, and the prospects of thorough protection for both game and fish were never as good as at present.

As to the widespread circulation of RECREATION: In June last I spent a night in the mountain town of Placerville, en route to the higher Sierras. Wishing the June number of RECREATION, I went to a small news-stand, with some misgivings, but the proprietor showed no surprise at my request and handed me the magazine in a manner which told it was one of his regular periodicals.

I see frequent references to the destruction of bluejays, the testimony being both pro and con. Personally I have not made a study of the subject, but for sentimental reasons, if no other, I favor giving the bluejay the liberty he has always enjoyed. That he may rob birds' nests and eat young birds probably no one will deny, but the same destruction might also be properly charged up to the shrike or butcherbird. Although much is written about the destruction of quails' eggs by the bluejay, Mr. H. W. Carriger, of Sonoma, Cal., who spends much time afield, tells me he doubts if any one has seen this occurrence, it seeming to be more a matter of hearsay, which is accepted as truth by common consent. The quail possesses just as much sagacity in concealing its nest as the bluejay would have to use to discover it. Santa Clara county was until recently possessed of a game warden who sounded his knowledge through the daily papers. In one article he informed us that the birds we had always known as blue-fronted (crested) jay (*Cyanocitta stelleri frontalis*), and the Californian jay (*Aphelocoma californica*), were both "bluejays," the crested one being the male and the other the female. We were likewise told that the bluejay of this section was a predacious fisher, and was rapidly diminishing the fish in our mountain streams! If he was correct in any particular it probably referred to the kingfisher. Probably many who read this warden's startling articles supposed he knew something whereof he spoke, but such was not the fact. Thus are erroneous ideas sometimes perpetuated, and I believe that much of the crime laid at the bluejay's door is the result of prejudice, and will not be borne out by investigation. Mr. R. H. Beck, of Berryessa, Cal., has examined the stomachs of a number of jays and reported that the principal food found was acorns. Such systematic investigation is the only way by which we can get at results.

If quails have become scarce I do not think the bluejay has had any more to do with it than the change of the moon. When the balance of nature was adjusted centuries ago the bluejays were doubtless a part of the animal creation, and until recently no one has ever thought of charging up the scarcity of quails to this source. The case is somewhat a parallel of the recent one in which it is attempted to charge the seals and sea lions on this coast with destroying the salmon. The fishermen are doubtless the real cause in the latter case, and, with the quail, the pot-hunter will be found much more of a menace than the bluejay. The latter are bold, noisy fellows, to be sure, but they lend life and sound to many a deep canon which might otherwise seldom be awakened from its deep gloom.

I quote from "Farmers' Bulletin No. 54," issued by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in 1897, and entitled "Some Summer Birds and Their Relations to Agriculture." It says: "In an investigation of the food of the bluejay, 292 stomachs were examined, which showed that animal matter comprised 24 per cent. and vegetable matter 76 per cent. of the bird's diet. So much has been said about the nest-robbing habits of the jay that special search was made for traces of birds or birds' eggs in the stomachs, with the result that shells of small birds' eggs were found in 3 and the remains of young birds in only 2 stomachs. Such negative evidence is not sufficient to controvert the great mass of testimony on this point, but it shows that the habit is not so prevalent as has been believed. Besides birds and their eggs, the jay eats mice, fish, salamanders, snails and crustaceans, which altogether constitute but little more than one per cent. of its diet. The insect food is made up of beetles, grasshoppers, caterpillars and a few species of other orders, all noxious except some 3½ per cent. of predacious beetles. Thus, something more than 19 per cent. of the whole food consists of harmful insects."

Shall we not, therefore, give the bluejay his due?

C. Barlow.

TO STOP THE SALE OF GAME.

Editor RECREATION:

There is some strife here with regard to game laws and the protection of game. But little game comes here in the fall, and then we have market hunters who live on the lake and make a business of hunting as long as they can make a cent. Some of them use 2 guns on birds before they can get up and away. I should like to see the shipping and selling of game stopped. That is the only way to save our game. A party of some 8 went from here to Texas, and report that they kill ducks and geese there the year round. While in Sabine Pass one man brought in 105 ducks killed in half a day, and another man claimed an average of 125 a day. It is a shame that after protecting the game here it should be slaughtered in the South all winter by market hunters.

Texas is a good State for the L. A. S. to work on. I would join the L. A. S. or any other league if it could only stop the sale of game.

C. A. Coorey, Lowell, Wis.

ANSWER.

You say you would be willing to join the L. A. S. if it could stop the slaughter of game in the South, and the sale of game there and elsewhere.

These are the primary objects for which the league was organized and for which its officers are working diligently all the time. We are doing a great deal more work in the interest of the Western and Southern States than we are on behalf of the Eastern States.

We have little game left to protect, here in the East, and so our efforts are aimed mainly at the West and South.

Do not wait for the League to effect this reform before joining, but join now and help us with this work. Your dollar and your moral support will be of material benefit to us. In numbers there is strength.

We have already 31 members in your State and have organized a working division there, with the Hon. Jas. T. Drought, of Milwaukee, as chief warden. He is doing active and aggressive work throughout the State, in creating public sentiment in favor of game protection, and you and every other sportsmen should be glad to aid him to the small extent of $1.

EDITOR.

A PROFESSOR FINED.

Professor R. B. Moore, of the Missouri State university, and 7 of his students went to Brevoort lake in the upper peninsula of Michigan last July and went into camp. On the 29th of the month 2 of the boys, Herbert Haaz and Eugene Kultcher, were on the lake in a boat when they saw a cow moose swimming across the lake. They gave chase and when within a few yards of the animal shot and killed it. Prof. Moore and the other boys went out and helped to tow the game ashore. Then they skinned it and hung it up.

Deputy Wardens Brewster, of Grand Rapids, and Coulter, of Charlevoix, were notified of the killing and went after the party. They found them in camp with the game in their possession and the whole outfit was arrested and taken into St. Ignace. They were tried before a jury of 6 men who, after considering the evidence for 2 hours, disagreed. A new trial was had, when Moore and Kultcher were found guilty. The other lads were discharged and Kultcher was let off under a suspended sentence. Moore, however, paid a fine of $56, and costs to the amount of $67—total, $123.

This proved an expensive picnic for the professor and it is safe to say he and his kids will learn all about the game laws of any state they may decide to visit hereafter on their summer camping trip.

It would seem that a man who assumes to teach the young idea how to shoot should also teach it when to shoot and what to shoot at. It would be well for all instructors to make a record of this case, for future reference.

This is said to be the third moose killed in the upper peninsula of Michigan during the past summer, in violation of law. That state has on its statute books a law prohibiting the killing of moose at any time, and if the Michigan game wardens can enforce it, there is no reason why moose should not again become plentiful in the upper peninsula. A number of these are known to have crossed the "Soo" river, into Michigan, during the past winter and others will doubtless follow if the pot hunters can be made to let them alone.

POLITICS TO BLAME.

Mr. Morse, of Portland, Mich., was appointed chief game and fish warden by Governor Pingree, on the resignation of Mr. Osborne, who secured an appointment to the railway commission. Before Mr. Osborne resigned, he insisted on Mr. Morse's appointment. His influence with the governor was used after he had secured Morse's promise to appoint and to re-appoint a certain slate of deputy wardens which he (Osborne) furnished.

It is the same old story: a political deal within a deal. I am confident we have better men in this state than either Osborne or Morse, or, rather, men who, if unhampered by political promises, could do better than either of them.

There is no doubt in my mind that we can improve our present game and fish conditions in this state; but just so long as these appointments are within the power of the political ring, just so long will they be as corrupt as any other political offices are.

I believe Morse a good man, but I do not believe he can do all he should, simply because he is tied down by a lot of promises. Had it not been for certain political deals, there is little doubt in my mind that we should have been able to put a bill through our legislature which would have prohibited the sale of game and fish. That is the kind of law I want in this State, and I won't be satisfied until we get it.

When I get where I can have more time, as I expect will be the case very shortly, it is my intention to put in some hard licks for game and fish protection; but before I can do it successfully, I have got to get next to a lot of people, and may possibly be obliged to resort to some wire pulling that is not quite in accordance with my tastes.

J. Elmer Pratt, C. W. Mich. Div., Grand Rapids, Mich.

I think I can get some members for the L. A. S. If game ever needed protection the need is here. There has not been a week this winter that some one has not been bombarding it, but the deputy warden we have had has been unable to procure many convictions. Where he did convict, the fines would be $1 and the costs something like that, so a warden could not pay his expenses—getting no salary and only ½ of the fine.

We have had wardens who would sell themselves to sportsmen for anything from a bottle of whiskey to $20, for any violation of the game law. If things don't change I shall be pleased to send you this man's name; or you can write to Senator Spooner of Wisconsin. I am sure that gentleman lined his pocket some 2 years ago, and there are a good many others sailing in the same boat. Game hogs! We have them here with bristles 3 feet long and barbed like fish hooks. I hope game may be better protected by our new warden.

Frank L. Peterson, Jackson, Wyo.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt has lately joined the L. A. S., and Gov. Jos. F. Johnston, of Alabama, has been a member for a year past. I have recently sent out a letter to the governors of all the States, inviting them to join, and expect favorable responses from many of them.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

MAIL SERVICE IN THE KLONDIKE.

Doubtless you have ere this received my letter informing you that the book, "Camping and Camp Outfits," had not reached me. It has not yet come, but probably will in a year or 2.

At the time of my writing the reason for this delay did not occur to me, but I am wiser now. It is like this:

The book is from a popular writer and on an interesting subject, and such visitors are rare in the frigid zone. It was addressed to Bennett, and probably reached that point. And thence it started on its long journey? Oh, no! The postoffice fellows all had to have a good, long whack at it. Then the Northwest mounted police—a considerable body of men—had to read it. When all Bennett had done with it it was forwarded to the next post, Caribou Crossing, to be devoured by all the men there, and in that neighborhood.

To cut it short, I suppose my book will have to be read and re-read by every Canadian official in the Northwest Territory. When they have done with it I shall probably be presented with the cover.

This is no extravagant statement, but a true picture. The same fate has befallen all the RECREATIONS sent to me. Had this book been "Rustlings in the Rockies" I should not stand a living show ever to see the wrapper.

When "Camping and Camp Outfits" reaches me, if age has not too far
"Sapped the leaning walls of life"
I'll write you.

Geo. E. Lucas, Dawson City, N. W. Ty.

SEND THEM RECREATION.

A number of persons have sent me 10 to 20 subscriptions each for RECREATION, to be sent to friends or acquaintances purely for missionary purposes, and I believe there is no better way known among men to educate hunters up to the modern standard of sportsmanship than by placing this magazine in their hands. I know thousands of men who were formerly unblushing game butchers, who are now preaching the gospel of moderation and of game protection everywhere. They now quit when they get enough and advise their friends to do so. They say this is entirely due to having read RECREATION.

If well-to-do sportsmen and sportsmen's clubs everywhere would subscribe for large numbers of copies of RECREATION to be mailed regularly to game hogs, the result would be that nearly all such would be reformed within a year or 2.

I make a special rate on RECREATION for such purposes, where 10 or more copies are ordered at once. The larger the number ordered the better for all concerned. If 100,000 copies of this magazine went out every month on this plan, well distributed throughout the United States and Canada, it would make a wonderful difference in the amount of game that will be living 5 years hence. Think this matter over and let me hear from you.

WRITE FOR IT.

Progressive sportsmen naturally want to know all there is to be learned regarding their craft, and every day presents some new opportunity in this line. Now it is the King Powder Co., of Cincinnati. Mr. Lindsley, the secretary of this company, has just put out the 10th edition of his "Hand Book for Trap Shooters and Sportsmen." It is replete with points on powder, loaded shells, etc. This book also contains a digest of the game laws of the United States and Canadian provinces; trap rules of the American Shooting Association, and rules for rifle and pistol competition. There are also some valuable hints on how to organize a gun club, and on dog training, by Jack Parker.

Another book put out by Mr. Lindsley is called "Hints on King's Semi-Smokeless Powder." This is full of good, meaty suggestions, and should be in the hands of every shooter. Send for these books and mention RECREATION.

Reed City, Mich., Aug. 9, 1899.

W. L. Marble, Gladstone, Mich.

Dear Sir: I used one of your pocket axes last summer, in land cruising and estimating timber, and find it a perfect tool for what it was intended for. For any light camping outfit, for blazing lines, marking corners, trying windfalls or dead timber, it is as good as a heavy ax; but the main point of advantage over all others is the convenience in carrying. I carry mine in my inside coat pocket and always have it with me when in the woods. While it is a perfect ax for hunters, it is one that every timber estimator, log scaler or camp foreman in the woods should have. Enclosed find $5. I wish to send 2 axes to friends of mine on the Pacific Coast.

Yours truly,

E. T. Merrill.

THE SPORTSMEN'S SHOW.

As previously announced, the 6th annual Sportsmen's Show, under the auspices of the National Sportsmen's Association, will open in Madison Square Garden, New York City, March 1st, 1900, lasting 17 days. This will include 3 Saturdays. From the interest displayed during the show of '98, it is evident the Sportsmen's Show, as conducted by this Association, is a feature that is looked forward to by the general public, and is an educator and a medium of bringing the general public in direct contact with the manufacturers of sportsmen's goods.

From inquiries already received, it is likely the number of exhibitors will be larger this year than ever before.

Bowling Green, Ky., Aug. 25, 1899.
Page Woven Wire Fence Co., Adrian, Mich.

Gentlemen: The 180 rods of Page Fence put up for me by W. T. Miller, your agent, is a great satisfaction to me and has changed public opinion here about wire fencing. So much inferior wire fencing has been put up in this vicinity that people have thought all wire fencing a failure; but my Page Fence is greatly admired by all observers.

Yours truly,
James Waters.

TRADE NOTES.

The Martin reel you sent me is great. With it and a light split bamboo trout rod I caught 2 large salmon in the raging current of Grand river, Newfoundland. One of these leaped 12 times and broke water twice more.

F. G. Warner, Cape Breton, N. S.

RECREATION ought to have the patronage of all the railroads in the country. A fellow pays only $1 a year for RECREATION, reads it through, takes his grip and gun and pays the railroad $60 fare for a trip to the game fields.

R. R. Biggs, Glasco, Kan.

I received the New Model Forehand revolver O. K. It is a magnificent weapon and a most accurate shooter. It will always be a mystery to me how you can give such a valuable weapon for so small a club.

A. M. Barnes, Philadelphia, Pa.

Received the premium, Stevens pistol, this morning and tried it at once. I am well pleased with it and thank you for it. It is just like RECREATION, O. K.

Robert Bennewitz, Walcott, Ia.

I have fully tested the Bo Peep camera sent me as premium for subscriptions to RECREATION, and find it a fine instrument.

T. A. Chapman, Davenport, Ia.

The Abercrombie waterproof tent sent me for 8 subscriptions received and it is all right; better than I expected. Two days and nights in a heavy rain convinced me it is really waterproof.

Will H. Smith, Detroit, Mich.

Mr. U. Nehring, 16 E. 42d St., New York.

Dear Sir: I have tried the Copying Lens I bought of you and it is the finest thing out.

J. L. Robson, 132 State St., Batavia, N. Y.

EDITOR'S CORNER.

Admiral Dewey is one of the most patient men that has been before the public eye in many a year. It is safe to say no man in the world was ever photographed so often, and so diligently, and so recklessly as Dewey has been, yet in spite of all the contortions and distortions that have been made of him, he still submits gracefully to every camera carrier who approaches him and asks for a shot. In the parade, he ran a much more serious line of fire than he did when passing Cavite and Corregidor. It is safe to say that 100,000 cameras were trained on him, and that 200,000 plates were shot away at him between Grant's Tomb and the great arch at 23d street. It would be one of the great sights of the world to see a print from each of these negatives pasted up, and all put on view at once. I doubt if there is a picture gallery in New York big enough to hold them. If the dear old Admiral could see such a collection, he would be haunted with nightmares for a year to come.

General Otis in a telegraphic report to the War Department, covering recent military operations, said: "Colonel Bell cleared the country yesterday west of Guagua to and including Florida Blanca, making captures of officers, men and property."

This is the kind of man Colonel Bell is. He is a dear friend of mine with whom I hunted buffalo in the Yellowstone country, in 1880, and is well known to readers of RECREATION. He has been promoted 5 times for gallant and meritorious conduct on the field of battle, and is now Colonel of the 27th U. S. Vol. It is safe to say he will clean up any outfit of Philippines against whom he may be sent, and if his life is spared I shall expect to see him come home from the Philippines wearing one or 2 stars.

ZOO SPECIMENS ARE COMING IN.

The following additions have been made to the RECREATION group in the New York Zoological Park, since last report :

Sept. 28 Lynx maculatus—Wild Cat. One specimen presented by G. O. Shields, New York.

Oct. 10 Bascanium constrictor flaviventris—Blue Racer. One specimen, presented by Percy Selous, Greenville, Mich.

Let us have a larger list for the next issue. Can you not send in a specimen of some kind?

Police Judge Treadwell, of San Francisco, Cal., recently fined Henry Mitchell, a game dealer, $150 for having in his possession a lot of wild ducks, in close season. This is said to be the heaviest fine ever imposed on a California dealer for a similar offense, and if all magistrates everywhere would make a record of this case and emulate Judge Treadwell's example, whenever offenders come before them, they would receive the gratitude of all good sportsmen. Verily a Daniel has come to judgment, and his influence and his example will prove of far-reaching effect. It will no doubt be many a day before another San Francisco dealer will offer game for sale in close season.

Lieut.-Col. Philip Reade, an old time and valued contributor to RECREATION, who did excellent work in the Cuban war as an aid on Gen. Lawton's staff, and who returned from Cuba in July, has been assigned to duty as Inspector General, Department of Dakota, with headquarters at Ft. Snelling, Minn. Col. Reade's duties in this capacity will require him to travel over a large portion of the Northwest, which will certainly be agreeable to him. He saw many years of service in that region during the Indian wars, and it will please Phil. to be able to ride over the plains in a Pullman sleeping car, and without having to dodge bullets.

On a recent Sunday morning I saw 39 cameras trained on the Dewey arch at one time, and this is no exception to the display made there every Sunday since the arch was built. In fact, a great many pictures of the arch are made every day, but more on Sunday than on any other day, because of there being less traffic on the street at that time than during week days.

Patrick McGinley, of Simpson, Pa., went out shooting on a certain Sunday in September. Deputy Sheriff Purdy heard him and, summoning Constable Gilby to his aid, went in search of the shooter. They caught Pat with a rabbit in his possession, the shooting of which, at that time of year, is prohibited by the state law. Pat was taken before the local justice and bound over to the court in the sum of $500. As he could not furnish a bond he was sent to jail. He will have plenty of time there to make up his mind as to whether he will violate the game law again. The chances are 10 to 1 he will not.

The Southern Pacific Railway company has instructed its dining car conductors and other employees not to buy fish or game killed in close season; and this would be an excellent step for all railway companies to take.

She (looking up from her newspaper): "I see the collector of customs has seized another lot of dresses belonging to some woman coming home from Europe."

"Yes?"

She: "Well, I think they should change his title and call him the collector of costumes."

It only costs $1 to please a man or a boy a whole year. RECREATION does it. $1.

BOOK NOTICES.

C. M. Russell, the cowboy artist, has issued a series of 12 drawings illustrating the past and present life of the Western Indian, which is unique in its way. The drawings are full of life, action and realism, and bring up vividly to the mind of every old-timer on the frontier scenes that were common 30 years ago, but which no man will ever witness again.

Mr. Russel was born on the great plains and has ridden them from Mexico to British Columbia and from the Missouri to the Cascades, on almost every trail. He has imbibed the real feeling of the red man and of the frontier white man. His pictures are an epitome of the West in its wildest days, and a copy of his book should have a place in the home of every man who is interested in the history of that great country.

It is published by the W. C. Ridgley Printing Co., Great Falls, Mont., and sells at $5.

"Jess, or Bits of Wayside Gospel," by Henry Lloyd Jones, is an extremely wholesome book. It has a most elevating tone and tends to lift men above the sordid drudgery and wretchedness of this world and to put them in closer touch with the world beyond. It illustrates most forcibly the fact that life is not a dream, but life is filled with realities and responsibilities which we must meet. Published by the Macmillan Co., 66 Fifth Ave., New York. $1.50.

ACROSS MISSOURI.

W. H. NELSON.

Leaving Cincinnati at 8 P. M., I reached St. Louis at 7:30 A. M. next day. The hours passed quickly, being spent chiefly in sleep. I found the train and sleeper conductors polite and obliging. The former, especially—an old gentleman, presumably a soldier—was particularly affable. The porter, on the other hand, seemed to have a grudge against the whole traveling public. Why is it that a man occupying a position so exalted, who has the traveler at his mercy, who can compel him to wait on his ebon pleasure for a berth, to have his shoes polished, to ask humbly for any little act of kindness, and to pay well for it afterward—or before—cannot be more content with his rank and authority? Why is it he cannot find breath to answer a humble inquiry in an audible voice and articulate his words intelligibly? Why does his language sink into half-heard grunts as soon as he dons his white jacket? Why does he give the old gentleman in plain clothes 2 flips front and 2 back with his whisk broom and a crushing smash on the poor hat, and sullenly pocket a half dollar without a word of recognition, then go obsequiously off to the next man, who happens to be a dude in fine raiment, dust him solicitously and content himself smilingly with a smooth quarter? Verily, the porter is a law unto himself, with just little enough humanity in him to show off well the arboreal traits of his quadrumanal ancestors.

I had the honor to ride in the section adjoining one occupied by the wife and granddaughter of Capt. Peabody, chief official of the road. It was pleasant to see the extreme affability of our porter as he served that section; how quickly his icy majesty would thaw beneath the gentle eyes of the silver haired lady, whose serene kindliness would never have disclosed the authority she might have assumed. Heaven is always near to a sweet woman.

In St. Louis Union depot my business led me to the Burlington agent, E. L. Williams. I wish I could tell how grateful I am for the kindness he showed me. Rushed as he was with business, having a hundred hurrying things and people to attend to, a score of feverish explanations from impatient travelers to listen to, and a thousand questions to answer, he never for a moment lost his tranquil patience; he heard everything, answered every question, helped every one. When I, a crippled invalid, in my turn, came to him, he listened politely to my statement, told me what I would have to do, and, in view of my helplessness, did it for me, going through a drenching storm to do it, and all kindly, promptly, gladly. I should have found ample excuse for him had he been gruff, but he wasn't. Not a cloud crossed his brow; not a rasp fell from his lips. God bless him! Nor is my debt of gratitude the less that I remember with a glow his kindness to a girl who made the long journey from the East to Denver alone a year ago, and who, like myself, received the kindness of a courteous gentleman at his hands. I should have been grateful under any circumstances for any girl's sake, but she was my daughter, and so, for a reason doubly dear, I am his debtor. Words are but weak instruments, and I found my tongue stiff when I tried to offer my thanks, but I hope Mr. Williams may chance upon this page of RECREATION, that he may know the lame old man, who so stiffly and stumblingly tried to say "I thank you" on that stormy morning in St. Louis, carries his generous courtesy in warm remembrance—a glowing gladness shared, I am sure, with many another traveler.

It was 8:35 P. M. when my train pulled out of the Union station, bound for Denver, over the great Burlington route. The train was crowded from the engine to the hind draw-bar of the rear sleeper. The officers of the train made me comfortable at once, relieved me of my tickets and allowed me to go to bed.

Across Missouri I rolled in comfort that would have been celestial luxury to a boy who wore the same kind of colors I did eight and thirty years ago, when Pap Price and Gen. Lyons disputed for the possession of that fertile State. But Quantrell and his grizzly riders ride no more. Pap Price sleeps, doubtless as peacefully as if he had never tried to steal Missouri. Lyon, gallant, indomitable Lyon, has long rested in that slumber which war's harshest thunders cannot disturb, and the boys in blue and the boys in gray have bridged the bloody chasm with a structure whose foundations were laid in cement which can never crumble—the blood of the best and bravest of the North and the South—at Manila and at Santiago de Cuba.

The sun was shining bright and clear, the storm was over, the trees were radiant in the freshened glow of their new dress of green, as we rolled by the sand bluffs that wall in Saint Jo, that healthy young giant of the West—a city made thrifty by the railroads and famous by the assassination of Jesse James.

Here I left the sleeper and went into the day coach to try for a day and a night the qualities of that thing unknown in the sordid East—the reclining chair. Yes, it was left for the West—that region where, if money is scarce, hearts are big and enterprise is not manacled in fetters of gold—to make the humble passenger in the "day coach" comfortable.

The only vacant seat was beside a Jewish rabbi. He did not view my coming with delight, but after an hour or 2 his prejudice thawed and he became a warm hearted, as he was a brilliant minded, companion.

In the same car with me, only a few seats ahead, was a group—a young husband and wife, with 2 two little ones—in whom I became much interested. They were from Missouri, from the town which had just been wiped from the earth by a cyclone. The baby coughed terribly and seemed threatened with croup. The young father left the care of it entirely to the weary mother, and she seemed ready to die from the ceaseless care. If, now and then, the brute took the wailing little one, it was only to hold it in the open window, where, if the strong wind that blew in bore to the father's lungs the genial mildness of May, to the poor baby it carried the lurking deadliness of Dakota's frost. I could feel it. They were bound for some mining camp in Idaho. I wonder if the baby lived to get there. Their train was waiting at Denver, and they pulled out at once. I had tried to be of some use to the gentle young mother, and I shook hands with them as they started for their car, bidding them good-by, and adjuring the great lout of a husband to take the baby off the mother's hands and give her a few hours of rest, unless he wished to bury mother and baby both in Idaho. The lumbering savage did not seem to relish my advice, but there were tears in the tired woman's eyes when she said farewell.

If you wish to visit Denver and to come with comfort and speed, watched over and provided for by gentlemen, take the Great Burlington route, the royal highway to the grand, free, hearty West.

WILD HOGS.

V. V. M.

In '96 I went with a party of friends to Eastern Texas to hunt wild hogs. We went by rail as far as Will's Point. There we bought supplies and hired rigs to take us to the wildest part of the country. We first went to the Saline river, but were told by some farmers there that the wild hogs had all been killed out. We were much disappointed but decided to hunt anything we could find.

One morning I stole away to hunt squirrels before any one was up. I had walked about 3 miles when my dogs disappeared. The woods toward which I was walking were about a mile away. I was in an opening of tall, dead weeds. There were no trees near me, but a short distance away there was a little bush about 9 feet high. I paid little attention to it at that time, but I shall always hold it dear in my memory, for had it not been for that bush I should have been torn in pieces.

I sat down to rest and to fill my rifle magazine when to my horror I heard a sound I had never heard before, and hope never to hear again—the grunt of wild hogs. My first impulse was to climb a tree, but when I saw there was none I could reach my blood seemed to freeze. Had my hair been short it would have raised up like the bristles on the hogs. By the time I recovered from the first shock they were so close to me I could only dash to the bush and climb into it. Woman-like, I dropped my game bag, which left me with only a few cartridges in my rifle. Before I had settled myself in the tree the hogs bounded out into view. My dogs were after them and fighting them for all they were worth. One hog saw me and made a break for me. He reared up on the first fork of the bush and was about to get my foot, the only secure hold I had. Then I let the gun down between his eyes and fired. He fell back, but not dead. The noise attracted the attention of the other hogs and the war was on. I had no reinforcement nor could I retreat. The only thing I could do was to fight to a finish. I shot and wounded 3 or 4 hogs. Then my ammunition gave out and I was in for it. I began pounding the hogs over the head with my rifleas they reared up on the bush, and the dogs caught them in the sides. We at last got the best of them, but I think every one was wounded in some way. They would run away for a few minutes and then come back more enraged than ever. Had my strength failed me it would have all been over with me. We gave them such a hard fight that at last they scampered away and did not come back. The one I shot first was so badly wounded he could not go away, but neither could he make any fight.

After it was all over I fainted and fell from the bush. When I recovered I found one of my dogs in bad shape. He had been torn and bitten so badly he only lived one hour.

I reclimbed the tree and waited for my friends to come after me. My wounded hog began to recover somewhat and I would not have lost that hog for anything, so I picked up my courage to get down and hunt for my game bag, running back to the bush whenever I heard a noise. I finally secured the bag, reloaded my rifle and gave Mr. Hog another bullet, which finished him.

I was found at 5 o'clock that evening. We took the hog into camp and the boys took the measurement of his tusks. They were 5½ inches long. His bristles measured 3 and 4 inches, and his nose was long and sharp. Some said the hogs were old razor backs that had been turned loose and had grown up wild, and others said they were the native wild hogs.

The boys went out the next day and killed 2 more hogs, but we could never find the others. We could not eat the meat as it was rank. I still have a desire to go hog hunting again, but will go horseback and take a shotgun the next time.

PURE AND IMPURE FOODS.

"What a Man Eats He Is."

LET YOUR MEAT BILLS BE SMALL.

A writer in Harper's Weekly has recently interviewed Professor Atwater in regard to meat eating. Among other valuable rules of diet, the professor advocates the buying of less meat and asks consumers to be contented with less expensive cuts.

After bringing out the fact that the cereals and many of the vegetables also contain proteids, he continues:

"Now to come to the question of comparative cost. A given amount of nutriment in meat costs very much more than it does in flour and other vegetable foods. The reason for this is simple. An acre of land will produce a certain amount of wheat, which may be converted directly into food for man; or this acre will produce so much grass or fodder, which may be used as raw material for fattening a steer. The animal requires two years of development, more or less, before it is ready for food; and when it is finally butchered, only about 58 per cent. of its total weight is sold as meat, and part of that is bone. A given amount of nutriment in meat costs several times as much as it does in flour or other cereal products, or in vegetables. Twenty-five cents will buy, say, one pound of sirloin of beef, whereas it will buy over 8 pounds of flour, which contains more than 8 times as much nutriment; it will buy 10 pounds of corn meal, which is more than 10 times as rich in fuel and body-building substances; it will buy 20 pounds of potatoes, containing at least 8 times the nutriment of a pound of steak, 5 pounds of beans, 3½ of codfish, and so on. A quart of milk, ¾ pound of sirloin steak, and 5 ounces of wheat flour contain about the same amounts of nutritive material, whereas the prices are very different, the milk and the flour costing only a very small percentage of the cost of the steak. Few people realize these facts.

ARE WE GETTING TOO FAT?

From certain observations and conclusions of the U. S. Anthropological Department, the unwelcome fact is brought to our knowledge that we are, as a race, becoming entirely too fat. Says a writer in the New York Journal:

"Figures collected from makers of 'store clothes' show that within the last 10 years there has been an average increase of 1¼ inches in the girth of Americans. It has been necessary to introduce a new size in the ready-made tailoring business. Waistcoats and trousers are now made to contain an American with a circumference of 47¼ inches, whereas the limit in 1889 was 46 inches. That size, the leading tailors then believed, would never be exceeded.

"An increase in 10 years of 1¼ inches in the equatorial measurement of the residents of this country, if maintained continuously at that ratio, means an increase in 100 years of 12 inches, and in 1,000 years of 125 inches. In other words, in the year 2899 there will be Americans at large who will be 16 feet around.

"These figures are not official, the Anthropological Department not having brought the calculation to its legitimate conclusion, but any one with the slightest knowledge of mathematics can verify them for himself.

"A remarkable reason is given by the Anthropological Department for this added avoirdupois. It is said to be due to the increased consumption of farinaceous food. The dairy lunch counters which have sprung up in thousands during the past few years are to blame. They feed the public on things which go to make up adipose tissue. The average citizen a few years ago used to lunch on a slice of roast beef, but he now takes a bowl of milk full of crackers, a saucer of cornstarch pudding and a hunk of pie. These articles are exceedingly fattening.

"'Our customers are certainly getting much stouter,' said the manager of a Park Row dairy lunch when the matter was called to his attention. 'I had never thought of it before, but now it is mentioned, I remember that the last 50 chairs we had made were much wider than any we have ever ordered before.' "

Of course, a great deal of the above is "newspaperesque," pure and simple, yet the fact remains that the American people, taken as a whole, are undoubtedly and undeniably becoming more fleshy. Uncle Sam is becoming more and more like John Bull as time goes by!

DUCK SHOOTING NEAR LAKE WINNIPEG.

E. B. BUCHAN REESOR.

Two years ago Harry Northup and I took a trip to the famous breeding grounds where the Red river empties into Lake Winnipeg. We drove to Selkirk, about 26 miles distant, taking our provisions and shooting outfit with us, and sending my canoe by train.

Six o'clock in the afternoon saw us at old Fort Garry, a former stronghold of the Hudson's Bay Company, and still used by them as a trading post. There we made our first stop and a raid on our luncheon.

We reached Selkirk that evening and found everything in readiness for us. The rector of the Church of England, who was a friend of Harry's, had attended to that. Leaving the horse in his care we packed our canoe, secured our hardtack in a convenient place and pushed on.

With noiseless paddles we skimmed along beside the green banks of St. Peter's Indian reserve until dark. Then we made for a landing, whereon to camp for the night. We couldn't have chosen a worse spot, but when our fire was made, and supper cooked and eaten we were too tired to paddle any farther, so we decided to remain. We had no tent, but spread our rubber sheets and rugs out, brought up the canoe for a canopy and prepared to sleep. The mosquitoes were upon us in thousands.

When I could stand it no longer I took the canoe and a rubber blanket and sought the middle of the river, leaving Harry, who didn't believe the mosquitoes would hug the bank.

I fell asleep and dreamed of giant mosquitoes with great flapping wings and deafening quack-quacks. When I opened my eyes the sight that greeted them was sufficient to drive sleep far from me. The canoe had drifted among the rushes, and all around, as far as eye could see, were ducks—big ducks and little ducks, ducks of all sorts and descriptions, teal, mallard, widgeon, an occasional redhead and canvasback, gadwalls, buffle-heads, shovelers and pintails—all dipping, splashing, circling and gabbling as free and happy as ducks could be, without fear of slaughter and without a thought of September 1st.

I held my breath and felt for my gun. Not there; I had left it on the bank! As silently as I could I turned the canoe and paddled up stream ¼ of a mile before I saw Harry, stretched out at full length and wrapped like a mummy. I tried in vain to get him out. The idiot yawned, blinked, turned over and slept—yes, actually slept again. Seizing my gun I ran to the canoe, jumped in, and was soon among the rushes. A plump canvasback was just rising from the water, about 20 yards away, and disregarding those nearer, I aimed at him. Down he came, and 2 others of like kind, rising from the same neighborhood, swiftly followed. Two I picked up easily, but not so the third. Under reeds, beside rushes, up and down, round and round, I hunted, but no duck. The live ones had no interest for me until my game was my own and I spent fully ½ an hour before I found him, wedged tightly in a tangle of the close growing rushes.

With my spoils I returned to camp. Harry had prepared breakfast, and after a dive in the cool water and a race on the bank in place of a towel, we ate a meal that lightened the box by several pounds. Harry was infected with my enthusiasm, so we packed our outfit and started. We halted about a mile nearer the mouth of the river than the scene of my triple capture. For an hour the whirr of wings, the bang of the guns and the splash of water as the pretty creatures dropped, filled the air. Then we stopped and the search began. It lasted the greater part of the morning and resulted in a dozen birds.

We then started to find Devil's lake, our objective point. When we arrived dinner was our first thought and never have ducks tasted so good. Almost before sundown we prepared ourselves for sleep, for Monday was to be the day of real sport and we wanted to be up before the sun.

A cold wind blew up during the night and in the morning heavy clouds hung low, sprinkling occasional flurries of soft snow over the lake. It was the best weather we could have had for our shooting. Breakfast was a hurried meal, and putting a few ducks into the canoe for decoys we pulled off. We soon reached a good hiding place, turned our backs on each other and prepared for sport. A single mallard, high up, came down, kerchuck, with my first barrel, and I picked it up at once. I had barely got my gun ready again when a flock of ducks come shambling down by the rushes and I brought down 2 of them. I then left the canoe to Harry and took a position in the rushes a short distance away. There was clear, open water on 3 sides of me for about 40 yards, and behind me was marsh. I had no sooner taken my place than a flock of widgeon came down, 2 of them falling to my shot. I could hear Harry in the distance, but time and game were too precious for me to take note of his shots. A slight flurry of snow set in and for 15 or 20 minutes I did not have much shooting. I began to feel the cold, when suddenly I heard a "honk-honk" up the marsh. The sound sent all thoughts of discomfort from me and trying to squeeze myself into a cartridge bag I waited. Along came the honker, a plump Canada goose, leisurely looking for his breakfast. At 30 yards I took aim and he tumbled. I could not set him up with the ducks so I took him into the blind and waited for the snow to cease falling. Just as I had got snug, a flock of blue-wing came down and strung right across the water in front of me. I let them have both barrels for luck, got 3 of them and had to use a No. 7 on one of them. The snow and rain ceased and the ducks, flying high, did not come near my blind for ½ an hour. My fingers were so cold I felt like shooting at anything within 100 yards, just to warm them. While I was seriously thinking of taking a shot at nothing, snow began to fall again, and with it came a flock of geese. Luck was with me and I got 2 at an expense of 3 cartridges. Retrieving my geese, I had hardly got into my blind when a flock of gadwalls came right before me. I brought down one and before I could fire a second barrel I had to devote my attention to getting out of the way as he was falling plump over my head like a rock. Then the birds came thick and fast, sometimes double, oftener in singles, with occasional flocks and all big ducks.

My cartridge bag and belt were nearly empty when Harry called to me that he had 40 birds, that he saw a steamer going up the river and that he thought we might get a tow if we were quick about it.

Gathering my 65* ducks and 3 geese I piled my game in the canoe, jumped in myself and we pulled to the camp. There we hastily threw in our outfit and Sunday's ducks, and in less than ½ an hour the big steamer was swiftly pulling us up the river. It was late in the afternoon when we reached Selkirk. We made arrangements to leave some of our ducks in the government fish freezers until steady cold weather set in, and then we started home, with excellent bags, lightened somewhat by a plump ½ dozen brace we had sent to the parsonage.

Why did you kill so many ducks? Why did you not stop when you got enough? One-half the number you killed would have been ample for 2 men for 2 days. The fact that you put the birds in cold storage and kept them for another time does not excuse you. ED.

A PLEASANT POINT YARN.

W. C. BAKER.

Four matches, in quick succession, flared up luridly, casting shadows on the gray rocks and sturdy tree trunks; 4 pipes glowed cheerfully in the gloom beneath our favorite pine, and 4 tired but happy hunters settled back to smoke and talk. It was the finishing touch to a most enjoyable day.

We had returned to camp at sunset, laden with trophies of our skill. Supper had appeased our appetite, sharpened by the out-door labors of the day. The dreaded task of washing dishes had been finished. The camp was put in order; there was nothing else to do. With tired limbs and minds at ease we stretched out lazily on the brown pine needles, and smoked in silence. It was a fitting close of a glorious day.

We were on the very tip of Pleasant Point. It was nearly high tide; and in the dusk the point looked like an isolated rock surrounded by a sea. The night breeze was stirring, and the water made low music as it splashed on the rocks below. From the grass at times came the "quack! quack!" of a restless duck; and a solitary heron, passing overhead, startled us with his croak. Far away on the hills the lights in the farm-houses blinked cheerfully; and down on the Kennebec, we could see the glow from a passing steamer. For a time we enjoyed the night in silence, but soon we fell to talking and the conversation turned to fights with Indians in the West.

"I tell you, boys," said Joe, "there have been Indian fights about here, too, in bygone days. In 1722, I think it was, there was an Indian massacre at B——, and the ending of it was right on this Point, a few feet from this very spot." We were all more or less acquainted with the tale, but place and hour gave interest to the story we had not felt before.

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*You killed at least 3 times as many as you should.—EDITOR.

"Tell it to us, Joe," we said in chorus.

"Well," said Joe, "it happened this way. A large party of Indians belonging to the Norridgewick tribe, came up the river in canoes, by night, and landed, early in the morning, near Mason Rock. Then they divided into 3 bands, one of which went into ambush at the foot of Stone's hill—it was called Fish-house hill then. Another made a circuit, and approached the town from the South, at a point near where the college buildings stand. The third band went to the 'Carrying-place,' across the river. The 3 parties made attacks about the same time. Two men coming down Fish-house hill toward the landing were first fired at. One fell wounded and was captured. The other jumped from that high bank into the river, swam across the 'Cove,' and warned the soldiers at the fort.

"Meanwhile, 2 houses had been attacked, one near the 'Carrying-place,' the other at the opposite edge of the settlement. Two families were murdered or taken captive—just which is not exactly known, as no member of either was ever seen again. The savages burned these houses, and several more whose inmates had taken refuge in the fort. A family living near Rocky hill escaped by hiding in the bushes near the brook and watched the redskins plunder and destroy their home.

"Late in the afternoon the Indians gathered at an old house on Fish-house hill, with their spoils and captives. The garrison at the fort soon had a small cannon trained on the rods, which made them take to their canoes. Returning down the river, they landed on this point, and camped, probably in the little opening just behind this rise. Then they gave themselves up to the delights of torturing their captives. There was a great dance and pow-wow, I suppose, with the cruelties as a kind of finale.

"Well, it seems there was another garrison down below here somewhere. They had seen the smoke from the burning houses and heard the cannon. In those days there was no question as to what was going on! A party of 22 started up the river in 2 whale boats. Rounding that point of land down there at the 'Chops,' they saw the Indians' camp fire on this point. Muffling their oars, they came across the bay, and in the darkness stealthily approached the point. They landed quietly, and creeping to the summit of the rise, beheld the Indians sleeping near their fire. The party were more than they could fight; so they fired a volley and retreated to their boats. They laid off in the bay till sunrise; and seeing no sign of life, landed the second time. The Indians had gone, taking their dead and wounded with them. It is said that volley killed 20, as the whites had taken care to pick their men."

"What did they find on the point, Joe?"—for the narrator had paused.

"They found the mutilated body of a man, bound to a tree—his arms and legs cut off and his tongue torn out," growled Joe.

Again there was silence. The lights of the farm-houses had disappeared, but down on the bank of the Kennebec, from the point where the avenging party had first seen the fire of the savages, a solitary beacon gleamed. We turned toward the pine-covered knoll, behind which the poor captive had suffered, and involuntarily shivered.

"That's a gruesome kind of a yarn to sleep on," said one; and all agreed with him, though nothing else was said.

As we mounted the rise, and passed through the little thicket, the inviting lights of our camp shone reassuringly, and we soon lay down to sleep. Our bunks were comfortable and no dreams of Indians disturbed us through the night. Before gray dawn we sallied out to test our skill against the ducks.

SKUNK FARMING FOR PROFIT.

RAMSAY MACNAUGHTON.

It has occurred to but few that skunk farming offers a new field for money making that involves no risk and requires little if any capital. It is a much needed industry and cannot be overdone, suffer through competition, nor become unprofitable. Many isolated cases already exist throughout the states and are increasing, but are kept secret so that nothing is known or can be learned of them. Those in the business realize that they have hit on a money maker, and dread its discovery and adoption by others. Therein lies their only weak point. There can never by any possibility be too many raising skunks. This is easily proven. Furs are in ever widening demand, while the animals, being wild, are subject to steady extermination. With hardly one exception can they be domesticated profitably. That one exception is the skunk. Besides, it is one of the only 3 fur-bearing animals (the bear and the domestic cat are the other 2) that has a natural black color. All other furs that appear black are dyed, and can never compete with the natural black, which invariably sells first and at top prices. While we have many proofs that a number of the still considered dangerous animals are so only when starving or alarmed, and by nature are good-humored, domestic, and partial to man, the skunk is away in the lead. Skunks, in fact, are like cats and kittens, just as tame and gentle, far less mischievous, and if not as useful, vastly more profitable and even more prolific.

The profitable side might not at first glance be evident, for the skins are worth 10 cents each; but that is for Canadian skunks. It is curious that while the choicest of the world's furs come almost exclusively from Canada, and its skunks are of a mammoth size unknown elsewhere, they are inferior. They may be termed a badly overgrown species, always with long, broad stripes of white fur, leaving little black. The quality is hairy and wiry rather than furry, with a woolly undergrowth. The flanks and belly are thin or devoid of fur. The pelt is so thick that when dressed it makes a heavy, clumsy, inferior article, and for most purposes requires dyeing, which increases expense. In the far Northwest, among the Indians, the skunk skins, like those of the little inferior muskrat of that region, are sure to get dried in the sun or by camp fires, and so rapidly that the pelt "burns". While this is not always detectible, it causes the pelt to go to pieces and become worthless when being dressed. The low price explains this careless drying by the Indians, who prepare all other skins in true red man fashion.

The skunk of the states is a very different creature. Though not so large, it is of excellent size, heavily furred, fine as silk, rather free from hair, which is discernible only to an expert, the color an immaculate glossy black, with steel blue-black under fur to the roots, and no wooliness. The pelt is as thin as parchment, and sound, and dresses like a piece of snow-white finest kid. Frequently the fur is entirely free from white, and any one having a fair number of such to send direct to reputable manufacturers has no trouble in getting $1.50 net each for all he can supply. Within the past 10 years the price has ranged up to $2.50 and is always excellent.

The finest skunks in size, quality and all points come from New Jersey, back from the sea or its estuaries and influences. The next choicest come from Pennsylvania, New York, and Michigan, in order named, and are beauties. The Vermont and New Hampshire skunks are big fellows with broad white stripes, and while of good quality are otherwise too much like the Canadians to be worth raising. The choicest in the sections named are found in the well settled fertile farm sections, where they multiply and live so high as to grow unwelcome, and any one can have them who will trap them. For breeding purposes, they can be trapped any time of the year.

Skunks are nearly a half-domesticated cat, and will thrive anywhere. Any abandoned tumble-down building, (the more extensive and rambling the better), out in the country and with an acre enclosed in a poultry wire mesh, is all that is needed for them. They are pronounced vegetarians and like human ones have a weakness for what is called "hen fruit," with the hen thrown in. They need not, however, be fed on milk and honey. The more commonplace swill or garbage is good for them, and vastly more profitable than if fed to pork.

Their offensiveness comes from a little sack, separate and distinct from all else, and is meant only for defense. It is rarely used. The raiser can go among them with the same impunity as among poultry. An accident is yet to be heard of, and need never occur so long as dogs and alarming things are kept away. The man in every skunk neighborhood who has been handed down to history as having kept skunks to spite his neighbors and stirred them up when the wind was in the right direction is wholly a myth. Get your breeding skunks during the summer, when they have neither fur nor salable value and cost nothing. They should be killed and skinned for fur only in January, February and March.

AN EASY WAY TO GET A GRAMOPHONE.

I desire to say a word personally to RECREATION subscribers about the gramophone—the talking machine which uses the flat, signed, indestructible records.

This most wonderful instrument has been such a source of pleasure to me and my friends for the past 12 months that I would rejoice to have one in the possession of every subscriber to this magazine, and if I could afford it I would make every one of you a present of an $18 machine. Not being able to do this, I have done the next best thing, as follows:

Believing that you have only to hear the gramophone yourself to think as much of it as I do, I have made a special arrangement with the National Gram-o-phone Corporation whereby, on receipt from you of only $2.50, simply as a guarantee of good faith, they will ship to you an $18 machine and 6 carefully selected 50-cent records (representing in all $21). After 24 hours' trial, if you do not care to keep the same, reship to the National Gram-o-phone Corporation, 874 Broadway, New York, and if returned in good order your money will be returned to you.

If, on the other hand, you desire to keep it as I am sure you will, you can repay the remainder, $18.50, to your local express agent, through whom it is received, or by paying one dollar extra, pay for it in instalments of $2 a month.

In such respect do I hold my subscribers (to whom this offer is strictly limited) that I have become personally responsible for any balances left unpaid under this arrangement.

I have for some time past been negotiating with the National Gram-o-phone Corporation, 874 Broadway, New York City, to the end that my readers, all of them, might have the opportunity to listen to the gramophone, and have finally succeeded in making an arrangement whereby this end is attained. I have been anxious to do this for my subscribers for the reason that many of them would not otherwise know what a source of real pleasure and entertainment this wonderful instrument is—how much of truly enjoyable diversion it brings into the home circle. By this arrangement, on the payment of $2.50, merely as a guarantee of good faith, a subscriber to RECREATION may have shipped to his address a gramophone and 6 records (his own selection), and may retain the machine for trial 24 hours. If, after giving it this trial, he is not satisfied with the instrument he may, by returning it to the National Gramophone Corporation at the address given above, have the $2.50 returned, and will have incurred no liability in the premises—provided the machine be returned in good order—nor any obligation to purchase.

To sum up, the National Gram-o-phone Corporation will send one of their $18 instruments, and 6 flat, signed, indestructible records, representing in all $21, and allow you to retain it 24 hours. At the end of that time if you want to purchase it the $2.50 you have paid as a guarantee of good faith will apply on the purchase price, and the remainder may be paid in instalments of $2 a month; this would make it easy for many to whom the payment of the whole sum at once might not be entirely convenient.

Last week a famous sportsman went to the shore to shoot geese, and was successful in bringing down 6 geese and 3 ducks. When he landed he met his comrades a few yards from the boat and was trying to get off one of his jokes, telling them he did not get any birds, and explaining how it was almost impossible to get in range of them. Suddenly there was a rustling in the air and a goose perched on the side of the boat. Before the gentleman could get his gun the bird made off. This goose had apparently been dead half an hour. The sportsman did not wait to finish his joke, but hurried to the boat to make sure of the rest of his birds. He is now ready to believe almost any hunting story.

Ernest G. Mackay, New Glasgow, N. S.

Your March number has an article signed "Pigigi," in which the writer tries to make to make people believe he is a true sportsman.

He says he and his party killed 14 deer in 4 days. I wish to compare him with what we call the "Winchester" party, of New Haven, Ct., consisting of president and secretary of W. A. C. O. and others. They, with 7 guides, 13 in all, killed only 13 deer in as many days—all bucks. If all our parties were like the Winchester party we could be sure of plenty of deer and use dogs, too; but we do not believe in dogging and have not used them in 2 years. The result is lots of deer. Our Brown's Tract Guide Ass'n is doing its part toward seeing the game law enforced.

A. R., Fulton Chain, Me.

HOW WE GOT AN ELK.

M. S. G.

It was some years ago that I first contracted elk ague, though I had long before passed through the various stages of buck fever, which, however, did not render me proof against the major disease.

A German friend of my father's wished to take me with him on one of his numerous hunting expeditions. I was only a boy of 15, but he had taken a fancy to me and promised I should kill my first elk on this trip.

Our outfit was a team of good horses, a heavy spring wagon, and 2 saddle ponies. Our destination was Pagoda peak, between White river and Williams fork. We reached the foot of the range, left our wagon and packed up the peak about 8 miles, camping an hour before sundown. We ate a lunch, then mounting our ponies rode West of the peak and through a number of small snow fringed parks. There we found fresh elk sign. My companion stationed me at the edge of the timber, while he skirted the park. We had with us a fine hunting collie, and he stayed to keep me company, seeming to know I would need his help.

I waited until the evening shadows began to grow black in the thick timber. At last came the crack of Henry's rifle to warn me to watch out. I rode out until from behind a knoll I could see the other end of the park, ½ mile away. They were coming toward me at a long, swinging trot, and I could faintly hear Henry's rifle pumping a continuous stream of lead at them.

The band ran in single file. Even in my excitement I could not help noticing their regimental order of retreat. The leader, a magnificent bull, seemed not to notice the disturbance, but preserved his steady trot, the rest following in straight line. As one would be crippled he would drop behind, a sound one taking his place. They at last came opposite me and not 50 yards distant. The dog and I stepped to the top of the knoll in plain view, and though the elk looked our way, they did not quicken their pace. The bunch must then have been 500 yards from Henry's position, and here came his last shot, crashing through the hind leg of a large cow. She stepped aside to take her place behind. Now the dog's work began and away down through the timber they went.

I tried to get a good bead on the leader, but I had it bad, and missed. The bunch then broke file and ran. I was so excited I stood and watched them out of sight, never thinking of shooting again. I turned to get my horse, but he was gone. I caught a glimpse of him going through the timber at full speed. Fearing I would lose him, I started after him, forgetting the elk for the time. At last, nearly tired out, the dog and I met. He had been as unsuccessful as I. He cocked his head on one side, looked at me a moment, then off he went, and I followed. Coming to a small park I saw the dog and horse. The horse was trying to pass, but the faithful dog would not let him. I mounted and we hurried back to where the elk had disappeared.

I was tired, and wanted no more hunting, so I began to call lustily for Henry, and at last, in desperation, I fired a shot, but got no response. Hearing the dog growl behind me I turned. He was looking at a small bunch of timber about 60 feet back of us. Presently he jumped into the timber. I knew by his barking he had found something. Soon he came out, and stood wagging his tail and barking as though coaxing me to explore the thicket. I got off my horse, tied him, and started to investigate. I did not like the look of the place; the interlaced branches made it almost dark inside, so I contented myself with throwing stones into the brush and shouting loudly.

There was no response, and I decided to enter the den. Having a magazine .45-90 Winchester, I felt capable of putting up a good fight. The branches were woven overhead in such a way as to form a low tunnel entrance; so bringing my rifle to a present arms at full cock, I stooped down and looked in. I could see nothing but blackness. Becoming bolder, I took 2 steps inside, and a great dark object sprang up at my feet. My rifle was pointing straight ahead, and without lifting it to my shoulder, I fired. The animal bounded from the thicket; the dog and I followed. We saw running down the hill a large cow elk. The dog got ahead of her, and she stopped to fight, while I sat down on the hillside to make sure of my aim, for I was badly rattled. The cow was standing off the dog in spirited style. Each time he sprang at her throat she would raise and strike him with her forefeet. At last, getting a good aim, I put a ball behind her ear. The first shot entered the left flank, passed through the heart, and into the left shoulder. The hair on her flank was burned to the skin, showing how near she had been to the muzzle of the gun.

I was of course hugely elated, and was skinning my prize when Henry found me. He had 4 elk dead and 6 wounded, to his discredit.

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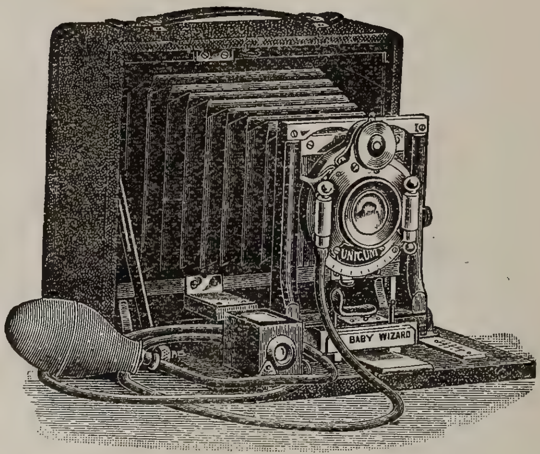

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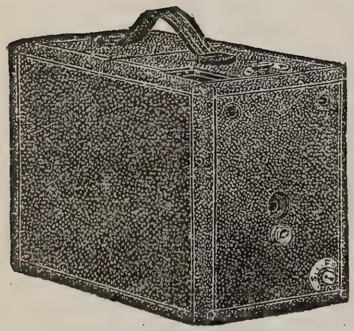

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AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY.

"A Bird on the plate is worth 2 in the bag."

PRIZE WINNERS IN 4TH ANNUAL COMPETITION.

Recreation's 4th annual photo competition closed September 30th, with 755 entries, and it is exceedingly gratifying to me to be able to say that the pictures submitted this year average much better than those of any former contest. All these competitions have brought out fine work, but this lot is away ahead of all. The judges who awarded the prizes are, Mr. W. H. Boardman, editor of the Railway Gazette and President of the Adirondack League Club; Mr. A. F. Rice, Secretary of the League of American Sportsmen, and Mr. L. W. Holst, manager of the American branch of C. P. Goerz, the great Berlin lens maker. These men are eminently fitted in every way for this important work. Mr. Rice is an art connoisseur; Mr. Boardman is an enthusiastic amateur photographer and has made many fine pictures; Mr. Holst, while not a professional photographer, is an expert in everything pertaining to photography, and has made some of the finest photographs I have ever seen.

The first thing the judges did was to go through the entire 755 pictures carefully, and throw out all that were found impossible as winners. On the other end of the table they stacked up the possible winners, and a cursory glance showed there were over 300 of these, while there were but 38 prizes to be distributed. Then came the tug of war. It took these gentlemen nearly all of 2 afternoons to sift the 300 pictures down to 38. Then there was another long consideration as to how these should be arranged, and after a most arduous, careful and conscientious study, they were disposed of in the following order:

1st prize—The Interrupted Feast, made by J. E. Tylor
2nd prize—Rocky Mountain Big Horn, Evan Lewis
3rd prize—Sou' Easter Comin', Rev. Frank E. Ramsdell.
4th prize—A Likely Spot for Pickerel, Will J. Dick.
5th prize—Mother Bittern and Her Chicks, D. H. Palmer.
6th prize—The Frozen Trigger, Guion Miller.
7th prize—Evalyn under Full Sail, W. J. Jones.
8th prize—Log Rolling Contest in Mississippi River, Chas. E. Price.
9th prize—They Bite Best Before a Storm, Edw. E. C. Gibbs.
10th prize—On the River Bottoms, Chas. W. Dake.
11th prize—His Last Run, S. R. Cates.
12th prize—Returning from the Hunt, C. B. Merriam.
13th prize—That Poor Coon, Dr. F. D. Hulburt.
14th prize—Hunting Bob White in Mississippi, O. C. Murray.
15th prize—Recreation, Dr. J. B. Pardoe.
16th prize—A Right Beginning, C. G. Moore.
17th prize—Some Interesting Points, W. H. Davis.
18th prize—Double Dive, F. S. Shepard.
19th prize—Out of Range, Frank E. Foster.
20th prize—Supper Time, O. D. Starr.
21st prize—A Crack Shot, Fred. R. Woodward.
22nd prize—A Red Squirrel, Fred. M. Booth.
23rd prize—At Close Range, H. H. Wells.
24th prize—A Refreshing Drink, Miss Lillie A. Brandt.
25th prize—His Last Dive, Frank C. Pearre.
26th prize—Pine Snake, Wm. H. Fisher.
27th prize—A Dam Good Time, L. P. Cordell.
28th prize—Cowboy Dragging Home a Gray Wolf, Mrs. L. R. Van Houten.
29th prize—Prospecting, Homer Hill.
30th prize—They Are Off, Harry Reeves.
31st prize—Quail Shooting in Tennessee, Geo. T. Baker.
32nd prize—Mated, J. H. Baxter.
33rd prize—Layin' for Chucks, A. H. Verrill.
34th prize—He who expects everything shall not be disappointed, J. R. Peterson.
35th prize—I Have Just Fed My Babies.
36th prize—The Lone Fisherman, S. Harting.
37th prize—The Unloading of Rejah, the Man Killer, L. L. Cross.
38th prize—A Double Point of View, H. W. Stone.

The series of prizes as previously announced would end here, but there were so many other fine pictures, the makers of which the judges wished to reward, that I decided to make a special class of 10 more and to award the makers of each of these pictures a year's subscription to Recreation, making 48 prizes in all. These next 10 are as follows:

39th prize—Black Turtle and Her Eggs, R. E. Prescott.
40th prize—The Turtle Trappers, H. T. Whitmore.
41st prize—At Close Range, Edw. R. Zalinski.
42nd prize—The Glorious Fourth, Mrs. Frank I. Ruhl.
43rd prize—Starting on a Moose Hunt, A. N. Slemmer.
44th prize—Breaking the Record, Roland O. Meisenbach.
45th prize—The Young Botanist, John Boyd.
46th prize—Building a Birch Bark Canoe, J. Wilson.
47th prize—Rough Walking, Geo. C. Embody.
48th prize—Future Deweys, F. E. Mathewson.

The following pictures were highly commended by the judges for various good qualities:

Crabbing, Will J. Dick.
The White Throated Sparrow, A. Verrill.
First Blood, H. D. Cochrane.
Live Partridge on Her Nest, Rev. A. T. Kempton.
A Small Catch, H. D. Cochrane.
The Swimmin' Hole, Will J. Dick.
An Eight Footer, G. H. Moulthrop.
Alone in the Moonlight, Dr. M. L. Christensen.
Tom's First Deer, Geo. A. Bailey.
Antelope Fawns, A. K. Boyles.
Getting Ready for the Chase, R. J. Benford.
Two of a Kind; Resting After the Hunt, Frank C. Pearre.
Hard Luck, H. D. Cochrane.
Road to Minard's Pond, E. J. Ray.
The Joy of Cycling, B. J. Forsythe.
Rose-breasted Grosbeak, A. H. Verrill.
English Setters, Carle E. Lemon.
Black and White Warbler, A. H. Verrill.
Methinks I Smell Camera Powder, A. E. Flint.
White and Black Warbler, A. H. Verrill.
Did It Ever Occur to You, J. R. Peterson.
A Partridge Nest, H. T. Whitmore.
A Cosy Home, I. S. Trostler.
Go Away! I. S. Trostler.
Mr. Shields' Game Hog, Geo. Legge.
Eight Young Sports, Will J. Dick.
Canoeing on the Huron, D. D. Blain.
Fox Squirrel, W. W. Gilman.
Safe at Last, F. R. Raiff.
Not an Affair of Honor, H. S. Johnson.

There were many others that the committee would have been glad to recognize in some way, but the limited space at my disposal in this department would not admit of the printing of a longer list.

I am again deeply grateful to all my friends who have submitted specimens of their work in this competition, and while many are no doubt disappointed at not finding their names in the column of prize winners, yet I trust there may be no dissatisfaction. While you may imagine your picture is better than some that have been placed above it, the judges were, as I have said, honest and conscientious in placing the awards as they did. That you have not succeeded in this instance should not discourage you. On the contrary it should stimulate you to greater efforts next year.

The first 8 of the prize winners are published in this issue of RECREATION, and the others, together with those highly commended, will follow in future issues.

RECREATION'S 5th annual competition will open April 1st, 1900, and every reader of this magazine who uses a camera should begin now to study and to work with a view to turning out a better and a more novel picture for that contest than has ever yet been made.

CAMERA NOTES.

GENE S. PORTER.

My faith in amateur photographers has has been rudely shaken. Because I study and work all my might to produce good pictures, I had supposed other amateurs were doing the same; and I have offered my might by way of help and encouragement on all occasions. I have just returned from that paradise of the amateur, Northern Michigan and Southern Canada, and there were times, numerous times, when I was almost overcome by "that tired feeling," not due in any degree to physical complications. I saw cameras from pocket to Saratoga trunk size, and where one was used intelligently, impossibilities were attempted with 9.

Going up Indian river at 5:30 in the afternoon, in a driving rain, the storm curtains down and the churning and throbbing of the steamer's engine incessant, I saw a lovely young creature take a snapshot at a friend passing on the deck. A few minutes later she turned her battery on me, as I sat chatting with a friend, and made a time exposure.

"Don't move," she cautioned.

"How can I help it with the steamer churning and pounding as it does?" I replied; and added, "You can't take a picture. You will only waste your plates."

"Yes, I suppose so," she said; and click, went her shutter, while I sat there shaking like a jellyfish with the motion of the boat.

Then she condescended to explain, "Taking pictures is like music; you can't advance a bit unless you practice. I am just practicing." And she threw her mackintosh over her camera and settled back in her seat with the air of having set me right, and said a good thing.

A few days later I exposed a plate on what I considered a good thing along Roaring brook, and just as I was folding up my tripod 3 women came on the scene, one carrying a good camera.

"Did you make a picture from here?" she inquired. "Oh! how cute! I must have one, too," and she planted herself in the spot I had just vacated. An insane desire to see it through possessed me, and as she had no tripod, I offered her the use of mine.

"No, thank you," she gurgled. "I never use a tripod; I always hold my camera."

"But it will be impossible," I ventured, "for you to hold it still the length of time required for an exposure in those dense shadows."

"I am not going to bother with a tripod," she said. "I'll just take a snapshot."

"A snapshot?" I gasped. "You surely don't mean it!"

"Oh, I'll use the large stop," she retorted, impatiently, and as I turned away I heard the click of her shutter. A few yards down the path, a woman with a bored look on her face, said to me,

"Don't waste any time on her; she never made a decent picture, and never will."

And the woods were full of "others." The snapshot fiends seemed to literally rage. They snapped in the shadows and snapped in the shade, they snapped in the woods and on the water, they snapped in the very face of old Sol himself. I never would have believed it, if I had not seen it.

Frequently I was tendered bits of advice that were hair curlers. One man said to me, "You don't seem to take many pictures." I answered, dryly, it was impossible for me to take a picture unless I saw one. Then he soared enthusiastically. "Everything here is a picture." Then he lit with the question, "What would you consider a picture?"

I told him I should call a particularly interesting bit of wood or water, or both, a picture, when it had a background, a foreground and a middle distance, with some particular objective point on which to focus as a central idea; a broken foreground, clouds in the sky, an atmospheric effect about it, and the whole properly lighted. I should want time to set up a tripod and focus from 3 or 4 different positions, and time to expose for the shadows if I took it. He went on with a dazed look and his mouth open.

Another man asked me if I did not consider it a great mistake for an amateur to undertake his own developing and finishing.

I thought of the time I heard a professional friend, as he finished developing his own pictures and left the dark room, tell an assistant to "mix the slop and run that amateur truck through." I asked what "slop" was, and found it was the different strengths of developer left by the artist thrown into one pan, and in it the poor amateur's plates, without dusting, washing, or regard to the length of exposure, were dumped. When they showed a fair image they were snatched out, given a dash under the faucet, and cleared in the hypo. A few minutes in running water and they went on the drying rack. Any complaint from the owner was met by "over" or "under time" or any excuse to convince him it was his fault.

I told my questioner of this experience, and then I told him of my home laboratory, with its perfect dark room and ruby light, its closet full of finest chemicals, and how I was taught to weigh and measure them by the Deacon, who was an expert chemist. I told him of my developer, restrainer, and intensifier; how I kept a record and mixed differently for time and snapshots, dusted and washed each plate and stood over it breathlessly, coaxing it up if slow, restraining if too fast, working out the shadows, learning by rich experience where I was wrong on each plate and how to do better next time. I told him of fixing baths and washing apparatus, and the afterwork of printing, toning and mounting. He said it was the most interesting thing he ever heard and that he was going to learn to really take and make pictures, if it was in him.

Amateurs must do their own finishing if they ever hope for success. And when they do it they must go slowly, with mathematical precision and chemical exactitude, unlimited good horse sense and a knowledge of what they are doing gleaned from the text books of the masters of photographic art.

A lens has its limitations, though the average amateur does not seem to realize it. Too much is expected from one lens. There is no such thing as a successful universal lens. George W. Wallace says: "Be careful not to expect one lens to do everything. For varied work there must be a variety of lenses." Many expect one lens to do equally good work on landscapes, portraits or architecture. No such lens exists, and several are needed for grades of work outside of portraits.

I could write a paper as long as the moral law, on the subject of lenses, beginning with the disk of optical glass of perfect purity and following it through the hands of the examiner, after which, if suitable, it goes on the splitting machine, and is cut to the desired sizes. The first operation of grinding is called "roughing it;" next it goes to the grinder, who, with great care, brings the surface to a perfect polish. It is then ground to a true curve and once more polished. Then begins the process of edging.

The lens is cemented to a chuck in a turning lathe and centered while revolving by the light thrown on it from a candle. If the image of the flame is stationary and free from wobbling, it passes muster and the edge is ground. Wilson says, in his *Quarter Century of Photography*, "Upward of 2,000 tools or curves are used, all ground to such accuracy that the curvature of each is known to the fourth place of decimals; their respective radii extending from 30 feet down to the 1-100th of an inch." The lens is then mounted in its brass fitting and sent to the testing room. The greatest care and skill are required to produce a lens, which accounts for its cost. Each photographer should own at least 3, one for landscapes, one for portraits, and one for architecture.

In buying a lens avoid any defect in color by testing on clear white paper. Reject one with bubbles of any size, or scratches, or hair lines. Wilson's test as to whether a lens is properly corrected is to cut a piece a foot square from a newspaper printed with sharp clear-cut type, and paste it on a board with a smooth surface. Set it before the camera, with columns vertical but inclined in a slanting direction, so that the right side shall be 2 inches nearer the lens than the left, keeping the board exactly upright. Focus carefully along the central upright line, and take it full size. Then examine the hair strokes on the letters of the negative with a microscope.

If the lens is properly corrected, then the central lines should be in the sharpest focus. If a part right or left of the center is in better focus than the center then the correction is faulty. If the sharpest image is of a part nearer the lens than the center, the lens is under corrected; if of a part farther from the center, it is over corrected.

In either case it is said to have a chemical focus—that is, its chemical and visual foci do not correspond, a fault of the first magnitude and cause for rejecting the lens entirely.

The angle and the focal length should always be reconsidered in buying and, lastly, use only a chamois skin or the softest cloth to clean a lens, and keep your fingers off.

A few months ago I said, "I love my camera like a living thing, and if I had 2 I should widen the sphere of my affections." The time has come to widen. I now have 4. Three new ones arrived from headquarters, and I was told to "select one and return the others." I am hanging on to all of them like grim death and can't for the life of me tell with which to part.

There is a Magazine Cyclone carrying 12 4x5 plates. In making an exposure, with one turn of a spring down goes the plate and up pops its number. A good machine, for snapshot work especially, owing to this lightning like change of plates.

And there is a Korona. When I examined this it made me think of the compactness of a pocket book and the mechanism of a watch. An instrument for focusing, yet the dark cloth is done away with. A hood over the ground glass is released to take its place, at the touch of a spring.

Then there is an Eastman that, like Pears' soap, needs no recommendation, the name being a guarantee of the highest grade of excellence.

What is meant by giving a plate, on which a snapshot exposure had been made, "instantaneous development?" This means to give it the proper development for an instantaneous exposure. The veriest amateur knows that means the weakest developer and the slowest development used on any plate.

Mr. Nehring, of 16 East 42d street, New York, seems bound to fill some of the long felt wants of the amateur.

A few months ago he put on the market a new enlarging and copying lens. This fits between the combination of any double lens, and when so placed will enlarge any picture; or copy from the object taken with many enlargements.

In August Recreation Mr. Nehring advertises a new snapshot telephoto lens guaranteed to convert any short bellows or folding camera into a long focus machine. making a Korona, a Kodak, a Wizard, or a Ray into a long focus camera suitable for taking birds, or big game from a distance. This seems almost too good to be true, and few amateurs will be long without these valuable attachments.

One wonders when manufacturers will learn to let the Eastman alone. They have a habit of going after infringements of their patents and copyrighted names, and a most disagreeable way of always establishing their rights. It will be remembered they won the spool-film case. They prevented an English firm from calling bicycles Kodaks and established their title to the exclusive right to the use of the word "Solio," as applied to their print paper, after 3 adverse decisions in the lower courts.

Their latest suit, in France, against the firm of Kreguner & Schmand, to establish their claim that "There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak," resulted in a verdict so complete that it stands a unique example of the French characteristic of doing things brown when they do them. I am sure all Recreation readers, Kodak owners especially, will enjoy the rich, juicy, golden brownness to which this verdict is done. The court fixed the Eastmans' damage at 1,500 francs, and ordered the defendants to destroy all circulars containing reference to the word Kodak, or to the Eastman Company; the defendants were made to pay all costs of the trial, and, with a genuine French flourish, the court ordered the publication of the verdict in 5 Parisian and provincial papers, to be chosen by the plaintiffs and paid for by the defendants. I should like to see even a French verdict assume more rounded proportions of completeness than this. In the meantime would it not be well for manufacturers to remember there really is "No Kodak but the Eastman Kodak"?

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE ARMY.

The number of American volunteers who carried cameras in the field, during the war in Cuba, was enormous. In several companies of infantry which I visited they averaged about 5 per cent. In the engineer and signal corps, where the men had better facilities for transportation of baggage, the per cent. rose to 20 or more.

Film cameras, as might be expected, were generally used, though many held to plate machines, despite their attendant difficulties where space and weight were such important factors. In both film and plate cameras, 4 x 5 was practically the maximum size, and the 3½ x 3½ divided honors with the smaller instruments of the folding pocket make. In plate cameras the magazine type was the most popular.

From the standpoint of the ambitious photographer the almost exclusive use of the fixed focus principle was not very gratifying, yet it must be admitted that the fixed focus camera has been brought to a high state of perfection, as the work done with them by soldiers proves.

From the film-makers' point of view the soldiers' cameras must have been eminently satisfactory, as the demand for supplies was always greater than the stocks of dealers. Passing through Cienfuegos, I visited a supply house, and found the proprietor in despair at having laid in such a large stock of plates. Some American newspaper man had advised him to prepare for brisk trade when the soldiers should come. Only a few detachments had then passed through the place, and, coming direct from Havana, were well supplied. On my return I called on him again, and found him in as great despair as before, but only because he could not supply more than a fraction of the demands made on him. A regiment of infantry and a battalion of engineers and signalmen had encamped near the town. So it was everywhere. All the dealers could do was to regret their orders had not been made larger, and promise the soldiers to have more supplies "manana."

As nearly as I could judge the most of the photographs taken were developed in camp by soldiers who had the necessary apparatus, or by professionals in the cities. The desire to see the result was generally too great to let the men send their films, undeveloped, home to their friends. In defiance of all military rules and regulations, developing was extensively carried on in tents at night after "taps" had sounded and all good soldiers were supposed fast asleep. Spare moments in daytime were utilized in printing out, and frames set out in the sun were seen everywhere. So evident was their industry that the amateur enthusiasts were the butt of many jokes on their particular hobby. "Self-toning Matt," "Hypo Bill," "Velox Jack" and "Dark Room Dick" were some sobriquets bestowed on the photo fiends by their comrades, who professed to look on the struggles against difficulties with much amusement, but really with carefully concealed sympathy.

Were the experiences of the soldier photographers collected, I am sure they would form the basis for many an improvement in apparatus. I found out, personally, that a drying frame was well worth the room it occupied in baggage, and that papier-mache, vulcanized fibre and japanned tin trays were far inferior to those made from glossy, hard rubber. Pressed fibre trays were so easily broken, tin trays were responsible for so many scratched films, that to any one intending to do work in a camp I unhesitatingly recommend the trays made of the higher-priced material.

Developers in measured tubes and packages were extremely convenient. Liquid developers were the reverse. I used with some success a candle lantern having a ruby chimney. It packed into a small space and was convenient to set up. It had the defect, however, of not feeding regularly. The wax had a trick of running down into the feeding spring tube, and it did not burn quite long enough without a change of candle. To have to change a candle just at a critical moment is a serious annoyance, especially when the greatest care must be taken that wet fingers do not touch the heated chimney. My chimney was soon cracked, though not seriously. Finally it was broken by the heat, luckily at a time when my work had progressed sufficiently to prevent the accident from being serious. A few minutes sooner, and the stream of light would have spoiled a roll of films.

I tried another candle lamp—a triangular box with ruby front. It had a tendency to leak at the joints, and the reflected heat from the tin sides melted one side of the candle, making it burn unevenly. Another defect it had was that the wax would run down and choke up the air holes at the bottom. It had to be cleaned every time before being used. A candle can be bought anywhere, and it is so easy and clean to carry that as an illuminant it possesses many advantages over oil. With all the disadvantages of candle lamps, I found them better than oil lamps for camp work.

Many men improvised lanterns of orange paper, and much good work was done with them, but the inconvenience of pinning paper together and preventing leakage of light is enough to warrant the invention of a really good collapsible candle lantern for travellers' use.

One of the handiest pieces of apparatus I found was a folding washing basket for plates which I bought in Havana. It was of French manufacture. Made of narrow strips of zinc about 1-16 inch thick and jointed together, it could be opened out to accommodate plates of any size up to 5 x 7. It held 24, back to back. When folded it occupied a space about 4 x 3 x 2 inches. Washing, an operation previously looked on with apprehension, ceased to have terrors, and I advise any one using plates to get something of the kind.

I should like to hear, through RECREATION, from some others who did work in the field under adverse conditions.

HISTORY OF THE 1ST PRIZE WINNER.

Mr. J. E. Tylor, who won first prize, writes thus of his "Interrupted Feast":

I send you herewith 2 negatives, the coon in the tree and "The Interrupted Feast." I have carried a 7 pound camera miles and miles over rugged and difficult country, in addition to gun and other necessaries, hoping to get some unusual and entertaining view; but hope was the sum total of many a trip. Then again, I have been more successful.

I am making lantern slides of some of my best negatives, and last spring illustrated on the screen a little talk entitled, "Hunting with a Camera," which is to be repeated after I make additions.

"The Interrupted Feast" is a picture of a bald eagle, with a rabbit in its talons. As these birds only have white head and tail at 4 years old, the present specimen, being entirely in the gray stage, is evidently a younger bird. It is in the act of flying from the tree, carrying its prey with it.

I had repeatedly visited that tree, and the opportunity of catching the bird with kodak seemed a forlorn hope. However, a nearby fence, with ditch alongside, lined with weeds and bushes, made an excellent hiding place from which the present picture was secured.

J. E. Tylor, Baltimore.

I fully agree with the judges in pronouncing this the most remarkable photograph, all things considered, I have ever seen.

EDITOR.

A WELL LIGHTED COUNTRY.

I have 2 cameras with me here in Cuba, and have made some good pictures. In fact, it is hard to keep from getting a good picture here; the wonderful sunlight making it the ideal country for photography. You might think the shadows would be too dark and abrupt, but such is not the case, probably because of the universal use of light colors, which reflect light into every cranny. I have taken snap shots in houses and gotten good results. One might think that over-exposure would be a common error here, but it is not, with me at least. I use a medium stop and medium shutter on the brightest days, and do not get over-exposure any more than I get under-exposure with the same stop and speed on days a great deal darker.

I send you a little print of the big fort at Castillia, a little town at the outlet of the bay at Cienfuegos. Just across the channel, here about ½-mile wide, is Paso Caballo, the barracks in which are part of the Second U. S. Infantry. From both the fort and the barracks can be seen the spot where the Marblehead cut the cable. There is a pretty romance connected with the building of the fort, too, it having been built by a woman as a ransom for her imprisoned husbands.

I am glad to see the amateur photograph department enlarged. I hope everyone who has something good will tell us. What has become of G. A. C., who last year had several articles in that department? And C. also? Many a good hint did I receive from them. I look in vain for them this year, though I find several others in their places. When amateurs load their plateholders without a light they sometimes have trouble in deciding which is the film side of a plate. Of course, it can easily be told by the touch of practice, but the novice is likely to finger the film too much, thus endangering the plate. I make it a rule not to touch the film with my fingers, but to use the tip of my tongue. On touching the film side the tongue will adhere, just as it would to frosted steel. The glass side does not do this. Always test in the extreme corner of the plate, and no damage will be done. Always test the side you think is the glass, and by noting how they are packed in the box you will not touch the film once in 50 times. Hydrochinone is the best developer for the beginner and pyro the worst. Hydrochinone gives the best results, because there is less likelihood of over-development, as a fixed rule can be laid down when to stop—that is, when the plate darkens on the back. And, then, a beginner's bugbear is thin negatives. With this developer, if the exposure is anywhere near correct you cannot help getting good density and contrast. It is also cheap. I advise the novice to get prepared powders and make up stock solutions from them. In this way you need not use a whole powder if you have 2 or 3 plates to develop. If a non-professional is going out just to get pictures and pleasure, and does not intend to compete for a prize, he will make no mistake in getting a fixed focus camera. Don't take one that you have to stop to focus, pull out slides, push in stops, etc.

Geo. L. Cable, Surgeon, U. S. A.,
Matanzas, Cuba.

I read in your September number that one grain of gold would tone 12 4x5 prints, using the combined bath. Does the same rule hold good in the separate bath? If not, what is the difference?

I should like to know of a good way to clean and polish plates to squeegee prints on.

C. J. Lattin, Florence, Cal.

ANSWER.

1. In the separate bath one grain of gold goes still farther, and from 18 to 24 4x5 prints can be toned with gold, 1 gr.; bi-carbonate soda, 10 to 20 grs.; water, 8 ozs.

2. Clean glass, if fairly clean already, with hot water and a brush; rinse off in cold water and rack till dry, when polish with tissue paper. Have the following solution at hand and rub a few drops on the polished glass, leaving a thin coat. Use a woolen rag and rub briskly. It is excellent for preventing sticking of either gelatin or collodion prints to the glass: Yellow beeswax, shaved, 2 drs.; ether, 1 oz.; when nearly or quite dissolved, add alcohol, 1 oz.; benzole, 1 oz. To clean the glass, if old negatives, soak over night in the following excellent solution: Bichromate of potash, 2 oz.; water, 1 pint; sulphuric acid, 1 ounce. When this is dissolved put the old negatives in with a bit of wool between to separate them, and let them soak all night. Keep the hands out of the solution, as it is quick acting and hurts. The glass will be clean and only needs rinsing under the tap and polishing with tissue. E. W. N.

The picture which won 11th prize in my 4th Annual Photo Competition was published in October RECREATION.

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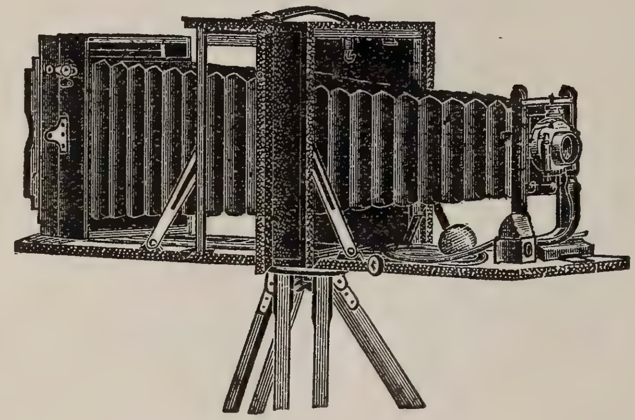

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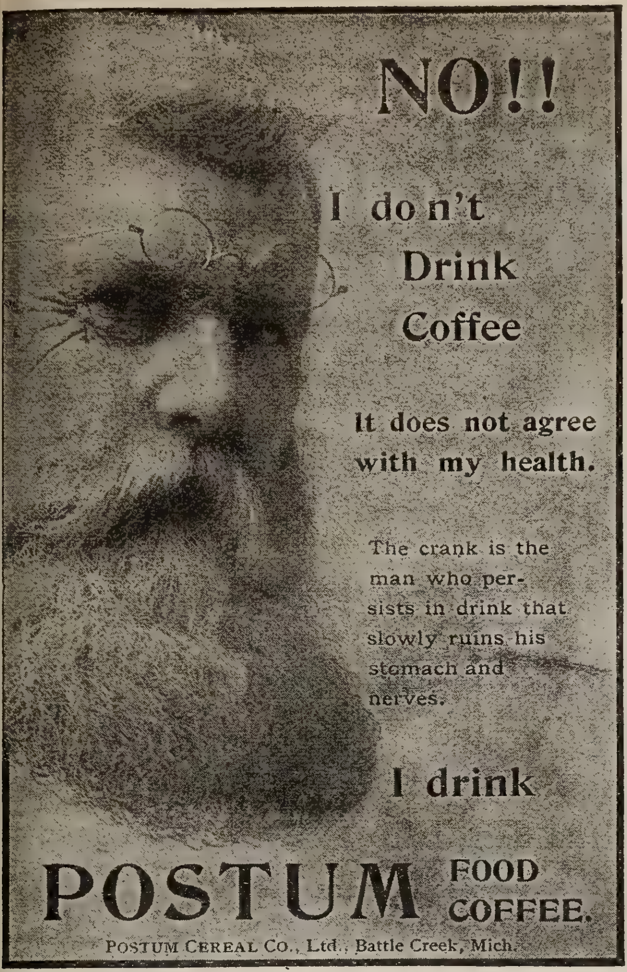

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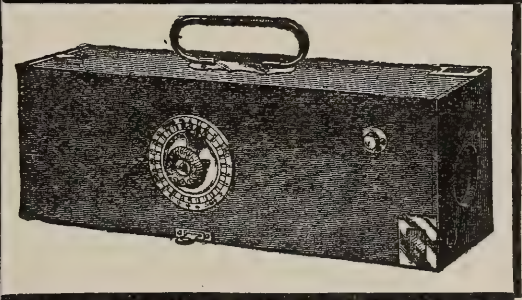

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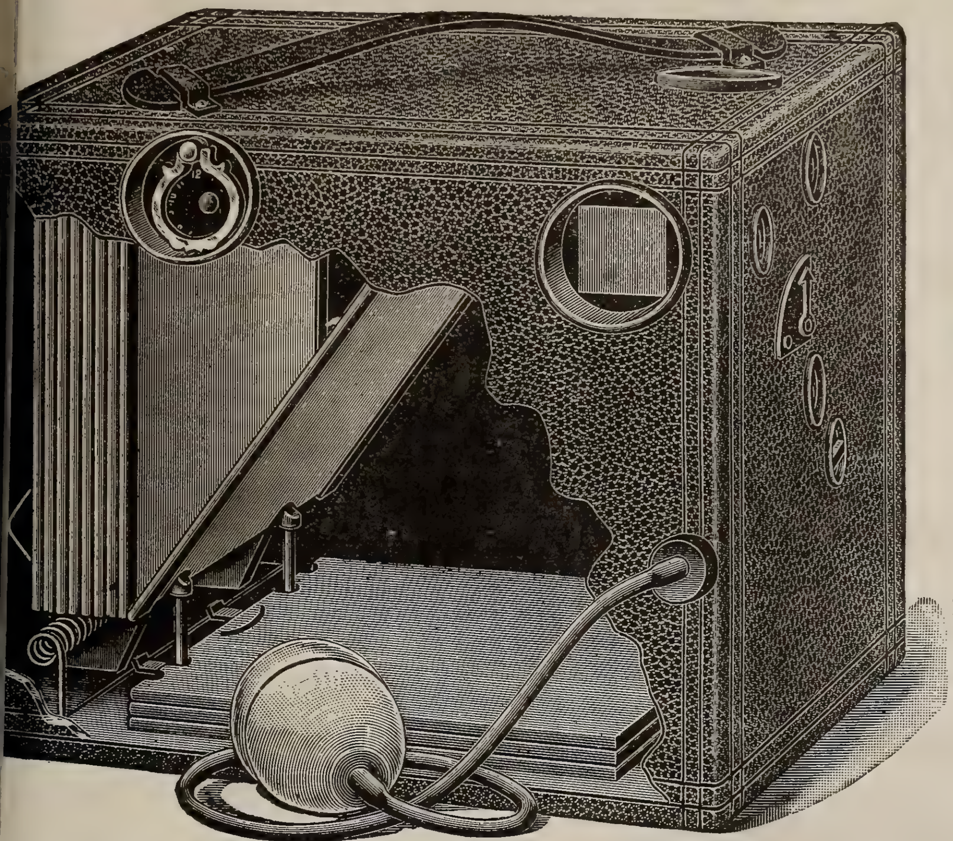

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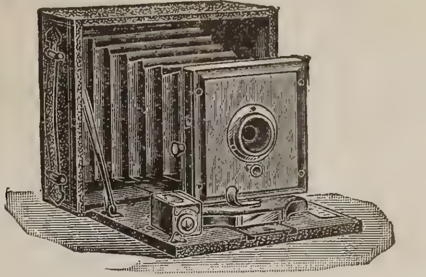

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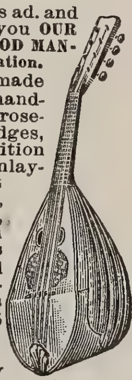

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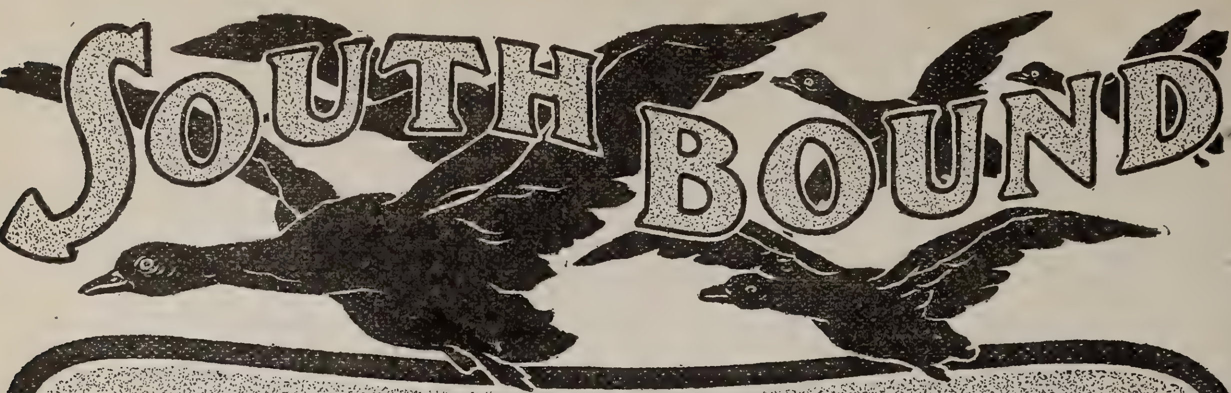

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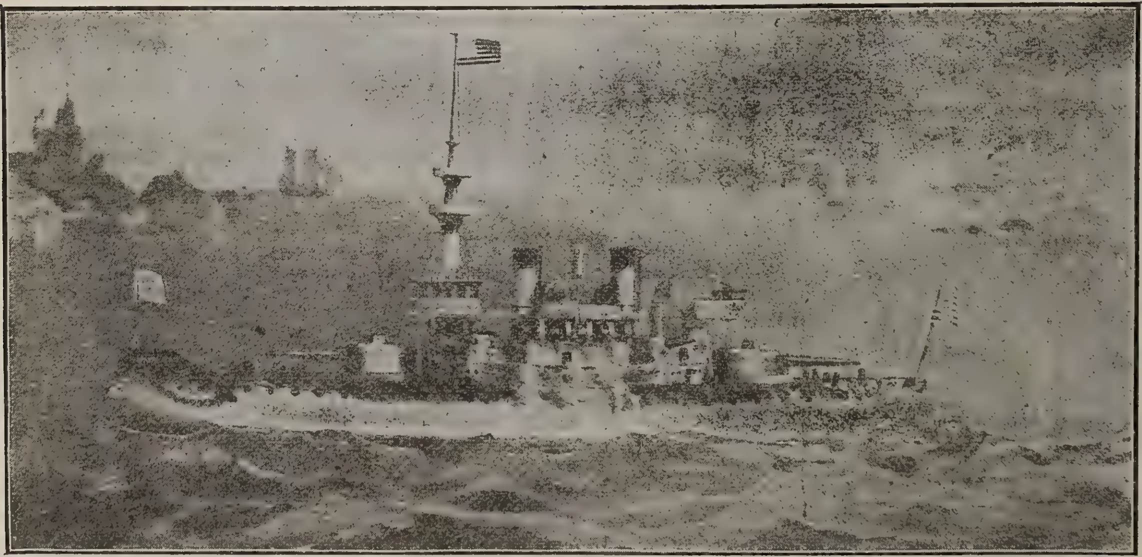
MINIATURE BATTLESHIPS AND CRUISERS
Novel and beautiful toys and ornaments.



Olympia, 42 in. long. Oregon, 38 in. long. Massachusetts, 42 in. long. Indiana, 36 in. long. New York, 36 in. long.
Address G. L. TREMBLY, First St. & Bay, Bayonne, N. J.

"So you are the only surviving participant in the feud?" asked the Northerner. "Do you not feel lonely?"

"Lonely ain't no name for it, mister," said the Kentuckian. "I allow to marry into another feud as quick as I can."—Indianapolis News.

"Will you have some pate de foie gras, uncle?" asked the hostess of her rural relative, who was dining with her.

"Will I have a plate for grass?" echoed the old man in astonishment. "Say, do you think I'm Nebuchadnezzar or a horse?"—Chicago News.

CONDENSED RATIONS.

Recreation has had a great deal to say at different times on the subject of condensed foods for soldiers, sportsmen, yachtsmen, prospectors, etc., and I have made repeated efforts to induce the various manufacturers of these goods to advertise them in order that the thousands of readers of this magazine who are interested in this question might know where to buy goods. I have finally been successful in one instance, and take pleasure in calling the attention of my readers to the ad. of the American Compressed Food Co.

This company has furnished me some samples of these goods, which I have carefully tested in various ways and which I have found entirely as represented by the makers. The emergency ration proper is put up in a can measuring 27 cubic inches, and weighing 20 ounces, containing an equivalent to 3½ pounds of the best known food products, measuring about 125 cubic inches.

The ration in question is composed of evaporated fresh beef, cereals and vegetables, in a perfectly dry state, compressed under 60 tons hydraulic pressure and hermetically sealed, so that it may be carried in a pack anywhere and under any conditions where a pound of shot could be carried.

At the direction of the Secretary of War this food has been subjected to 5 exacting tests by regular army officers, and bodies of troops have made several marches of 5 days' duration during the past year, living on nothing but this ration. Not only were the men maintained in splendid physical condition, but they averaged a gain in weight and strength, as shown by the reports of the surgeons in charge of the tests. So favorable were the results obtained that such officers as General Brooke, General Wood, General Lee, General Davis, General Wilson, 6 chief commissaries and 24 surgeons, in addition to over 200 regular line and staff officers, have certified to the merits of the food and recommended its adoption for the use of the troops. On these wonderfully favorable reports the Secretary of War has supplied a quantity of this food for the use of the troops in the Philippines. The food cannot spoil, and is always ready; can be eaten without cooking if necessary, and is palatable and nutritious.

The package in which the food is contained is air tight and water tight. The man supplied with it may expose his pack to rain, snow or cold weather, and it will not be damaged. Even if his boat should capsize and the pack go to the bottom of the lake or the river it will be as good as ever, if he can recover it a week or a month later.

Contained in each can with the food is a package of high grade, sweetened tea, which, when boiled in 2 quarts of water, instantly makes a palatable and wholesome adjunct to the food.

The company also puts up pea soup and bean soup in compressed tablets weighing 5 1-3 ounces each. A tablet boiled in 2 quarts of water for 3 minutes makes a delicious soup from which, in the absence of other food, a man may make a meal that would sustain him for half a day of hard work.

I have frequently seen the time when I would give $10 for one can of this emergency ration and one package of pea or bean soup. I have seen the time when I would give $25 for enough of this food to last me on a 10 days' trip, all of which I could readily have carried in my pack. Thousands of other men have been similarly situated. For example, the following estimate shows the sportsmen or tourist how much time, labor and trouble he may save by the use of this food.

For a 10 days' trip the usual provisions carried would probably weigh 50 pounds, consisting of rice, flour, bacon, coffee, beans, dried fruits, etc., all liable to deterioration by climatic influences, particularl, rain. On the other hand 10 cans of Standard Emergency Ration, supplemented by, say, 10 soup tablets, would weigh, all told, 12½ pounds.

This food is as great an improvement over the old methods of subsistence supply as the breech loader is superior to the muzzle loader, or as the small bore, high power rifle of to-day excels the old 45 calibre guns of our forefathers.

I predict that hereafter no hunter, fisherman, explorer, prospector or miner will start on a long trip, where transportation facilities are limited, without a supply of this food.

As a cowboy friend of mine once said, this stuff is *multum in plurio plurius*. It is a pleasure to commend so valuable an adjunct to the camping outfit as this, and every reader of Recreation interested in any such proposition should write the American Compressed Food Co., Passaic, N. J., for circulars describing these goods in full.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak: "Has Mr. Crimsonbeak got home for dinner yet, Bridget?"

Bridget: "No, mum."

"I thought I heard him down stairs."

"Sure that was the dog you heard growlin', mum."—Yonkers Statesman.

"That new ladies' magazine proved a complete failure."

"Did it? What was the cause?"

"Why, it was called the Age of Woman, and, of course, that's something the women don't want mentioned."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Whiskey bearing the name "Schweyer" is guarantee of the best—none so delicious—money can hardly buy its equal.

Goods shipped in plain package without marks to indicate contents, and if not perfectly satisfactory send them back at our expense and we will refund your money at once.

4 FULL QUARTS WHISKEY

We are the **only Distillers** in America shipping Pennsylvania Pure Rye to **consumers direct.** Bear this in mind.

SCHWEYER'S PURE 8 YEAR OLD PENNSYLVANIA RYE $3.60 Express Prepaid

The prime old whiskey prescribed for medicinal and general use.

The famous Pennsylvania Rye, for 27 years double copper distilled and **aged in wood** under personal direction of Mr. John Schweyer himself. Never less than **8 years old,** most of it **10 and 12 years old** when first bottled. Sold **direct to the consumer from our distillery** at the low price of $3.60 for four full quarts that cannot be bought elsewhere for less than $6.00.

We also offer our **SEVEN YEAR OLD CABINET PENNSYLVANIA RYE at $3.00** Express Prepaid

$3.00 for **four full quarts.** This is the finest **7** year old rye ever drank and cannot be duplicated for less than $5.00.

We save you all middlemen's profits and guarantee absolutely pure whiskey without adulteration.

We refer to any Commercial Agency, Bank or Express Company in United States.

JOHN SCHWEYER & CO., DISTILLERS,

Address all orders to Warehouse A 0 609, 611, 613 W. 12th St., CHICAGO.

Orders for Ariz., Col., Cal., Idaho, Mont., New Mex., Nev., Ore., Utah, Wash., Wyo., must call for 20 quarts freight prepaid, or write for particulars before remitting

Sportsmen have expended a great deal of time and ingenuity in trying to find or make a practical camping ax; they may quit now, for W. L. Marble, of Gladstone, Mich, has solved the problem. He is now making and selling a pocket ax that is a corker. It is not big enough to cut down a 2 foot tree, but a hunter or prospector seldom has occasion to do this. Marble's ax is all right for any tree 6 inches in diameter or less, yet it weighs less than 2 pounds. For harvesting camp wood, tent poles, or for blazing trails through the woods, or for cutting through a jungle, the Marble ax is immense.

The best feature of it is that it has a metal guard which renders it impossible for a man to cut his ribs with it, even though he should fall on it. Another great scheme which Marble has adopted is in fastening the ax and the handle togeher so that no man can put them asunder, even though he should chop all summer. More profanity has been expended on the ax which slips off the handle than on any other subject the hunter or camper has to deal with. Marble's ax handle is made of metal and is fastened to the ax with a metal screw, and there you are. If you want to know the other good things about this ax write Mr. Marble for his circular, and say you saw the ad. in RECREATION.

"Did I understand you to say somethin' about teachin' the young idea how to shoot?" asked a Kentucky citizen.

"Yes," answered the man who is interested in the work of education.

"Well, so fur as this part of the country is concerned, you're workin' on the wrong line. What you want to do, is to watch the boys at recess, and lam the fust one as brings a gun to school with him."
—Washington Star.

"What is your nationality?" asked the political manager.

"I am an American," was the reply.

"What kind of an American—Irish, German, or what?"

"Just a plain American."

"Sorry, but we can't put you on the ticket," said the political manager. "You'd actually lose votes for us."—Chicago Post.

MAKE YOUR FRIEND
A HOLIDAY PRESENT THAT WILL
MAKE HIM HAPPY
A WHOLE YEAR.
RECREATION IS THE STUFF.
COSTS ONLY $1.

Libby's Mince Meat

Makes a Pie That Melts in your Mouth

Those who know Libby's delicious Mince Meat never bother with the labor of making a winter's supply of home-made.

Libby's is so convenient, wholesome, pure.

Put up in packages enough for two large mince pies.

Ask your grocer or write

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, Chicago.

Drop a postal for book, new edition, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

We do not live

on Fifth Avenue, hence

We do not pay

Fifth Avenue rents. We live in a modest street, and do a modest business.

That's why

we can do the Fifth Avenue style of work at modest prices. Give us a trial and we will convince you of the truth of these statements.

Our Winter Importations now on view.

FRED. C. MARTIN,

Merchant Tailor,

155 West 23d St., New York.

M. A. Frost, of Woodland, and Ernest Smith, of Caribou, made a fishing trip to Beaver brook some days ago. They fished 2 days and caught about 800 brook trout. They never saw trout bite so well as in those 2 days. They camped on the beach at the forks of East and West branch one night and 2 deer attracted by their campfire came up to within 4 or 5 rods of them and stood there 5 minutes. They saw 2 more in the morning.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your letter in regard to fishing, and will say in reply that a friend and I did have a nice lot of brook trout that we caught in 3 days, but we carried them out a distance of 5 miles through the woods. We had about 600 in number and could have caught many more if we had so desired. We went to Beaver brook, a stream that enters into the Aroostook river. Game is plenty in that vicinity. We saw several deer and saw signs of large game. I am going there hunting next month.

Ernest L. Smith, Caribou, Me.

Here is another pair who would no doubt dub themselves "sportsmen," yet they seem bent on taking everything in sight, and leaving nothing for their neighbors.

GOT A DOSE OF THEIR OWN MEDICINE.

Pana, Sept. 19—(Special)—Considerable excitement has been caused here by the fact that Henry Pope and "Waxey" Kreiger, who were drowned in the Okaw on Aug. 7, came to their death by the use of dynamite. There has been a mystery connected with the drowning that has remained unsolved up to this time. Both young men were expert swimmers and the news that both drowned in the same pool simultaneously caused much comment. It now comes out that the fishing party resorted to the use of dynamite to procure fish. Two sticks were thrown in the pool. One exploded, covering the surface of the water with fish. Thinking the other one useless, Pope and Kreiger jumped into the water, but no sooner had they done so than the remaining dynamite stick exploded, killing both young men. The facts have been suppressed owing to the state law in regard to using dynamite in Illinois waters. The other members of the party have all left the city, and it is thought no attempt will be made to apprehend or bring them to trial.—Springfield (Ill.) Register.

Again, I say, it served them right, and I wish every man who uses dynamite for killing fish might meet a smilar fate. The men who do such brutal work can, without exception, be spared and the community will be much better off without them.

EDITOR.

IT ONLY COSTS $1

TO TICKLE A MAN OR A BOY A

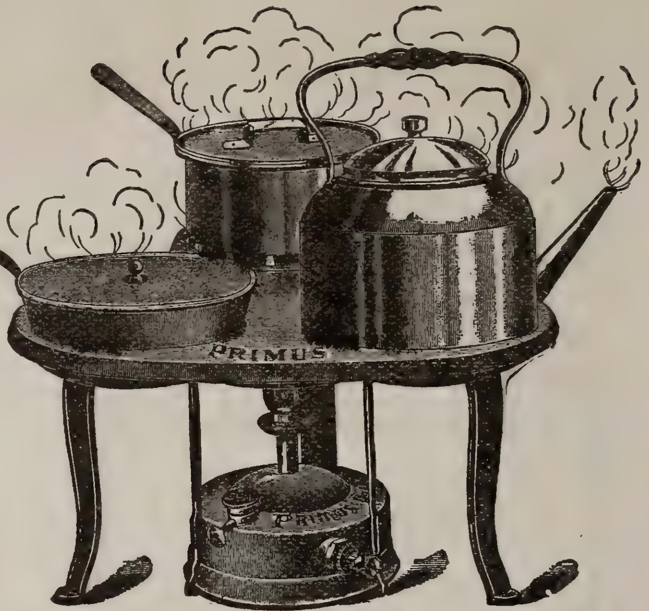
WHOLE YEAR.

RECREATION DOES IT.

$1.

IN ANSWERING ADS PLEASE MENTION RECREATION.

DO YOU EVER
Hunt? Fish? Paddle a Canoe?
Explore? Prospect? Climb Hills
or Sail a Yacht?



If so you have had trouble in starting a fire, or in keeping a fire, especially in bad weather. In cold weather or wet weather, you have wished you could have a fire in your tent to warm you, to dry your clothing and your bedding.

THE PRIMUS OIL STOVE

remedies all such difficulties. It cures all the ills that campers are heir to. It is the one thing needful to make camp life a dream of Elysium.

Wickless	**Blue Flame**
Kerosene-Burning	**Non-explosive**

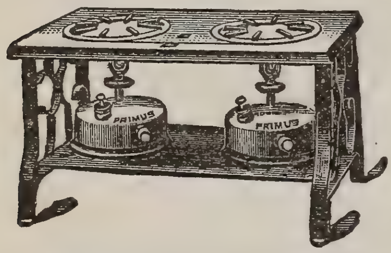
The features which make an oil-burning stove **Perfect**, are **Safety, Simplicity, Efficiency, Economy, Durability, Cleanliness,** all of which are **Perfectly** embodied in the **Primus.**

The **Primus** has no wick, hence its *perfect* combustion.

The **Primus** burns *any grade* kerosene. The flame can be regulated at will.

The **Primus** develops a heat of 2,100° Fahrenheit.

The **Primus** will burn, at its full heat, for **five** *consecutive hours* on a consumption of only *one quart* of kerosene. In other words, **one-fifth** *quart per hour, at a cost of less than one cent.*



DOUBLE STOVE FOR YACHTS

The Primus burns every-day kerosene, without a wick, with a clear, blue, smokeless and sootless flame.

The Primus is Positively Non-Explosive.

The Oil Tank Cannot be Filled While Burning.

The Primus While Burning May be Turned Completely Over Without the Slightest Exposure to Danger.

The Burner Lights Without Smoke. The Flame is Positively Odorless and Sootless.

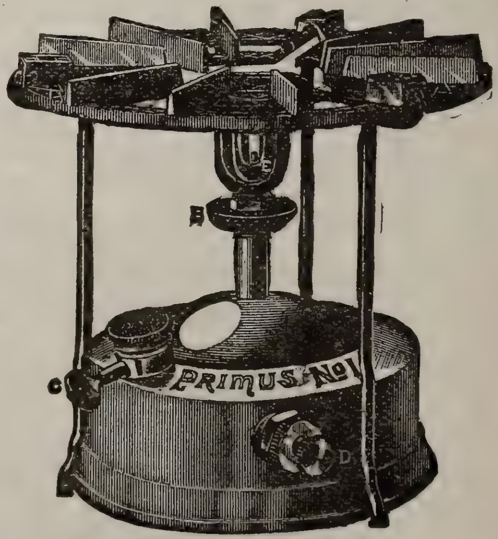
It is by no means probable that any reader of RECREATION will ever give the **Primus** so severe a test as did the celebrated Arctic explorer, Fridtjof Nansen, on his famous voyage. His ship, the *Fram*, was equipped with **Primus** stoves, and when he left the ship to make his "dash to the Pole" on sledges, a **Primus** went with him. The following extract from "Farthest North" gives, in the explorer's own words, his estimate of its value:

Vol. II., page 128: "For the heating was used a gas-petroleum lamp known as the **Primus**, in which the heat turns the petroleum into gas before it is consumed. By this means it renders the combustion unusually complete. Numerous experiments made by Professor Torup in his laboratory proved that the cooker in ordinary circumstances yielded 90 to 93 per cent. of the heat which the petroleum consumed should, by combustion, theoretically evolve. A more satisfactory result, I think, it would be impossible to obtain.

"As fuel, my choice fell on petroleum. Alcohol does not by any means generate so much heat in comparison with its weight as petroleum when the latter is entirely consumed as was the case in the lamp used by us. **We took with us rather more than 4 gallons, and this quantity lasted us more than 120 days, enabling us to cook two hot meals a day and melt an abundance of water.**"

An Alaskan prospector, who has used a **Primus** for several months, writes to a friend thus:

"Our '**Primus**' is a gem. A quart of kerosene lasts a week and cooks three meals a day for us. When it rains and is damp and cool we use it in the tent. Having perfect control over the amount of heat it gives out, it is no trouble to care for; no smoke or odor as in other kerosene stoves."



No. 103 STOVE
The type used by Nansen

Write for circulars and full particulars. Mention RECREATION, Address

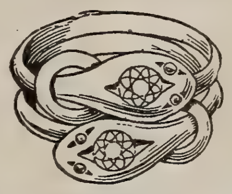
THE PRIMUS COMPANY,

197 Fulton St., NEW YORK.

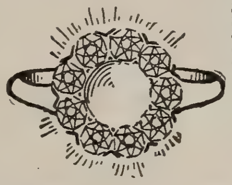
AGENTS.
HOLBROOK, MERRILL & STETSON, San Francisco.
Los Angeles and Sacramento, Cal.
GLOBE GAS LIGHT CO., Boston, Mass.
JAS. SPEAR STOVE & HEATING CO., Phila., Pa.
GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

In Selecting Jewelry

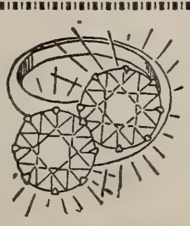
which involves a considerable expenditure of money, great care should be exercised in choosing the PLACE to buy. There is so much spurious jewelry offered to the public nowadays that there is great danger of being fooled. Why not buy where the jewelry business is study, and where only reliable goods are sold? We don't preach a degree of honor greater than that practised by others, but we don't fool you. We give you your money's worth every time.



SNAKE RING, two pure white Diamonds, $25; Diamond and Ruby, Saphire or Emerald, $20; Turquoise and Diamond... 15.00



PEARL Opal, or Turquoise centre, fine White Diamonds around, $50; Ruby, Emerald or Saphire.... 75.00



TWO 2-karat Diamonds, first water Gems....... 85.00

Solid 14 k. Gold Watches.

E. Howard & Co., Elgin, Waltham and Geneva movements, at 20 per cent. less than manufacturers' prices, and 30 per cent. less than WHOLESALE LIST. We allow 30-day trial, and make no charge for repairs for five years.

E. HOWARD & CO., 3 oz. case, solid 14 k. gold, open face or hunting case; list price $50; our price.............................. 35.00

SAME WATCH CASES, Waltham or Elgin movements; list $33; our price.. 25.00

LIGHTER CASES, Waltham or Elgin movement, as low as.................... 18.00

GENEVA hand engraved solid 14 k. gold cases, as low as 15.00

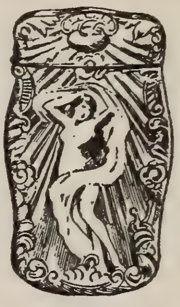
LADIES' size, same description, as low as.. 10.00

These prices are 30 per cent. less than wholesale list and 20 per cent. less than manufacturers' prices.

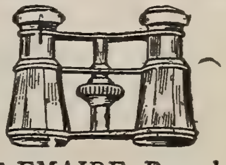
DIAMONDS.

We cut and polish them, save 25 per cent. and duty, guarantee every stone, and allow the full price paid us within one year from date of purchase.

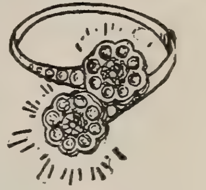
No house in the world can do more.



14 KARAT Gold Match Case, $10; Sterling Silver......... 1.50



LEMAIRE Pearl Opera Glasses..... 5.00
Others upward from $2.00.



PHILOPENA Ring, Twin Cluster of Diamonds, $25; smaller size........ 15.00

Established 1844

MRS. T. LYNCH,

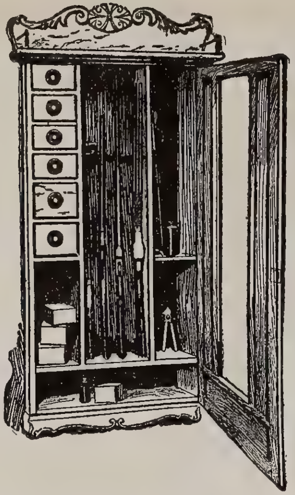
Established 1844

Diamond Importer and Manufacturer of Fine Jewelry and Silverware

1 and 3 Union Square, cor. 14th Street, New York.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE, MAILED FREE.

A
Gun
Cabinet
Given
Away



DEAR READER:—One of our Gun Cabinets presented to your Sportsman friend would make him a lasting and delightful Christmas present, and one which he would appreciate for many years to come.

Quality is the true test of cheapness. There are no better made goods, or better prices than ours.

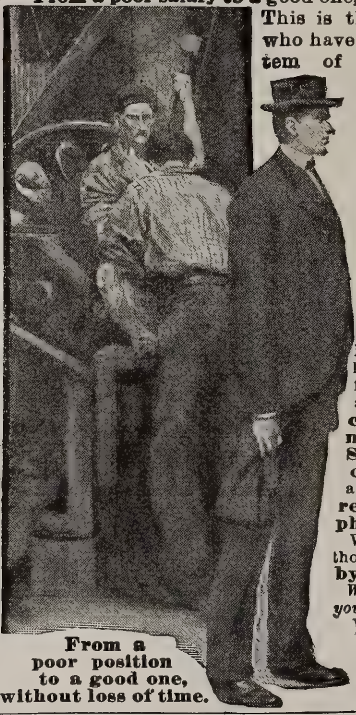
Send us $15.00 and we will ship one of these handsome oak cabinets to any address and guarantee satisfaction.

CIRCULAR FREE

G. S. HUDSON & CO.
ELLISBURG, N. Y.

From One Position to Another

From a poor salary to a good one, without loss of time. This is the story of hundreds who have adopted the new system of education. *We will qualify you for a more lucrative occupation.* The work is done at your leisure right where you are. Instead of waiting years, it is but



From a poor position to a good one, without loss of time.

One Step to Success

Hundreds of our students have advanced directly from the shop to positions as **Mechanical or Architectural Draughtsmen, Electrical and Steam Engineers, Architects, Surveyors and Chemists,** as **Correspondents, Stenographers** and **Bookkeepers.**

We guarantee to give you a thorough technical education **by mail.**

We can refer to a student in your neighborhood.

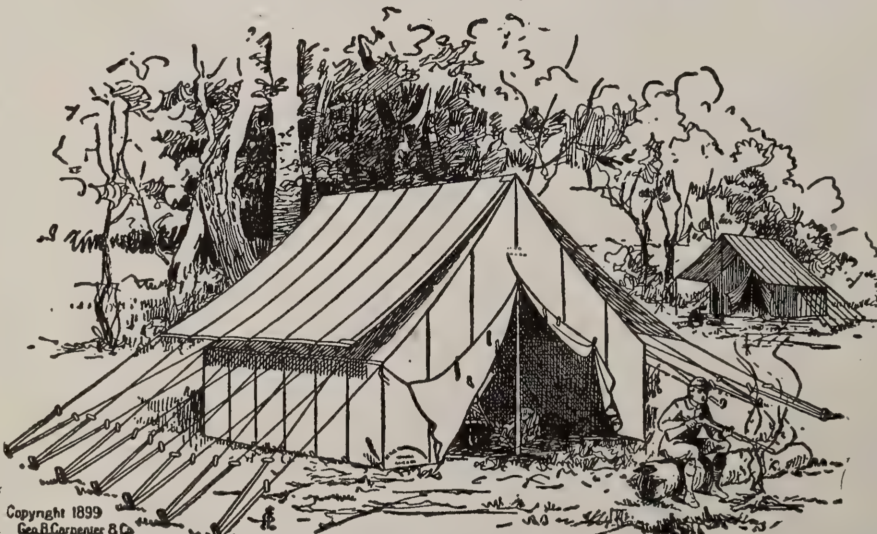
Write and state what profession you wish to enter.

The International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1228, Scranton, Pa.

ESTABLISHED 1840

GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.

Makers of Tents, Flags, and Sails



Camp
Furniture
AND...
Outfits
Rainproof
Covers

CONTRACTORS TO THE
U. S. GOVERNMENT

202, 204, 206, 208 S. WATER STREET
CHICAGO

Send 6 cents in stamps for our new 80-page catalogue of Tents, etc., illustrating every style and size from the largest U. S. army tent to the smallest camping tent.

The Club
MANHATTAN
Cocktails
Prepared & Bottled by
G. F. Heublein & Bro.
NEW YORK HARTFORD LONDON

Why **THE CLUB COCKTAILS** Are Best

From "Town Topics," Nov. 25th

In a great laboratory where quantities like the Club Cocktails are made at a mixing each article is accurately weighed or measured, and the compound is following an exact formula. This insures that each and every cocktail or bottle of cocktails put up shall be precisely correct in its composition. Again recalling the fact that age is necessary to the proper blending of all liquors, it occurred to me that these bottled cocktails, by the time they are used by the consumer, may have already been months or even years in bottle, hence that the blending must be perfect. Reasoning thus, I feel constrained to tell my readers about it, as I know a goodly number of them enjoy a perfect cocktail. I have found the several brands prepared by the Heublein Brothers — Manhattan, Martini, whiskey, gin, vermouth, and York—all excellent.

For the Yacht, Camping Party, Summer Hotel, Fishing Party, Mountains, Sea-Shore, or the Picnic.

These Cocktails are aged, are ready for use, and require only to be POURED OVER CRACKED ICE and strained off to be in perfect condition.

AVOID IMITATIONS

Sold by Dealers generally, and on the Dining and Buffet Cars of the principal railroads.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors
39 Broadway, New York
Hartford, Conn. 20 Piccadilly, W., London, Eng.

A. E. COLBURN

Taxidermist

Artistic, Lifelike Mounting of Mammals, Birds, Game Heads, Etc.

Dealer in Supplies and Specimens

School of Taxidermy

With the practical experience of twelve years in the field, laboratory and museum, I have established a correspondence school of taxidermy. The system is thoroughly practical and is presented with a simplicity and conciseness that enables me to successfully teach those living at a distance. It is intended chiefly to recognize and foster the efforts of the amateur. . . . Free use of workrooms for resident pupils.

Send stamp for Prospectus, Catalogue, etc., which fully explains method of instruction

1233 G STREET, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

I hunted and trapped a little last fall. Got 3 deer, 10 skunks, 4 minks, 48 muskrats and one coon. The coon I have now. He is very fine. They were all males except one muskrat and one skunk.

Can any one explain through RECREATION why there is not more female game? I shot a few ducks and ruffed grouse. Game of all sorts is scarce in this state. There are few deer, no moose or caribou.

I have one of those famous .30-30 Winchesters, that I read so much about in RECREATION, which I intend to practice a little with next fall. It seems to me the full metal patch would be better than the soft point for deer as it would not smash them so badly. Would it?

The Dude, Conway, N. H.

So much wit, mingled with wisdom, has been printed about the prophetic (?) ground hog, that it is a positive relief to see in RECREATION, the word "woodchuck" as referring to the rodent mammal commonly called "ground hog" in Arkansas and Missouri. This name is also common in Montana, the Dakotas and even accepted in Minnesota. RECREATION is correct, as usual, about nature and natural history, for the "ground hawg" is a stranger to writers on natural history, except in mention of provincialism.

The writer might have added that the only real ground hog in this country is the sausage, which the real farmer makes. The kind we buy at the meat market is mostly ground horse, dog, etc.

EDITOR.

ARNICA
TOOTH SOAP

ARNICA
TOOTH SOAP

Beautifies, cleanses, preserves and whitens the teeth, strengthens the gums and sweetens the breath.

The World's Standard Dentifrice for 30 years.

Used in a million homes. Put up in neat and handy boxes—the ideal package for the traveler. No dust, no powder, no liquid to waste, or to stain or soil garments.

25c at all Druggists.

C. H. STRONG & CO., Props.,
Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

For Sale or Exchange: Stevens pocket rifle, 12 inch barrel, in fine condition; good leather carrying case, for best cash offer, or S. & W. target revolver or pistol. A set of .32-20 Winchester reloading tools in fine condition, cost $3.00, for an Ideal Universal powder measure or other sporting goods.

Box 712, Saco, Maine.

Wanted to Buy: The following Gramophone records: Just Tell Them That You Saw Me, sung by Geo. J. Gaskin.—Gwine Back to Dixie, sung by Gaskin.—Home, Sweet Home, by Gaskin.—Moonlight on the Lakes, sung by the Mozart Quartette. Will exchange other records with Gramophone owners,

R. H. Searcy, Eufaula, Ind. Ty.

For Sale: Fresh rice seed. Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ontario, Canada,

The attempted creation of a fishing park, on Grand mesa, in which fishing may be carried on at all seasons, is probably in accordance with the game laws passed by the last legislature. The law permits the same kind of performance in regard to fish as it does in regard to game. Persons or clubs with the means and inclination may convert mountain lakes into private fish ponds and sell the right to fish in them, without regard to a "closed season," just as they may create private game parks, drive the wild game into them and sell the privilege of shooting at any season. Many of the provisions of the law are obnoxious and were placed through the efforts of interested persons. The state authorities should use every proper means to keep these laws inoperative until there is an opportunity to repeal them.—*Rocky Mountain News*.

For Sale: Live Buffalo, Elk, Mountain Sheep, Antelope, Mule Deer, Wolves, Black, Brown, Cinnamon and Grizzly Bears. Prompt and careful shipments.

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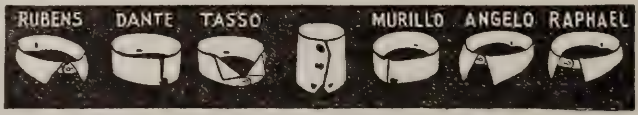

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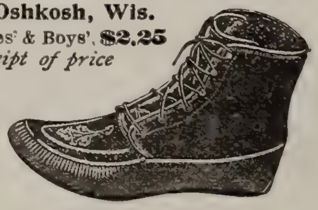

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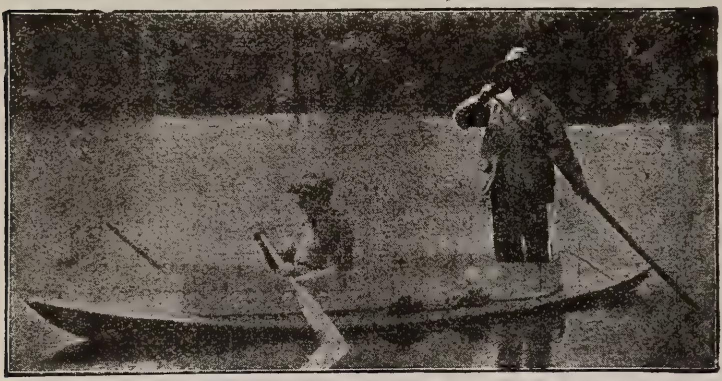

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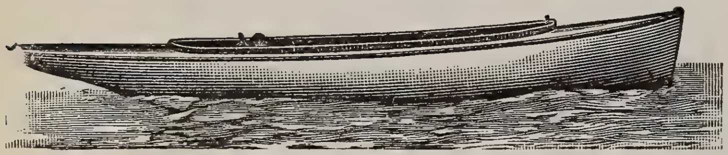

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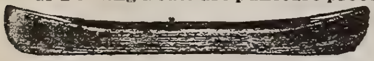

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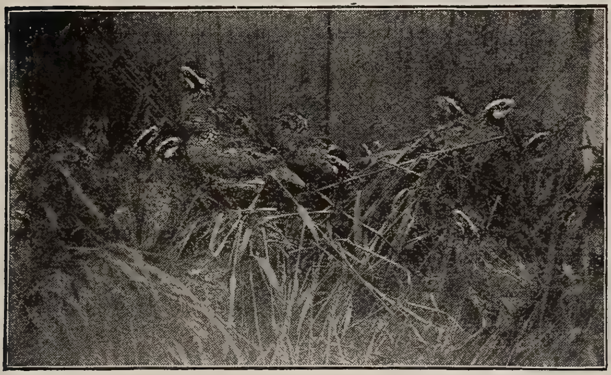

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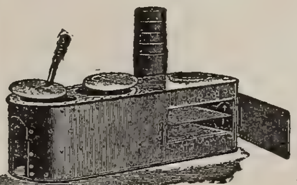

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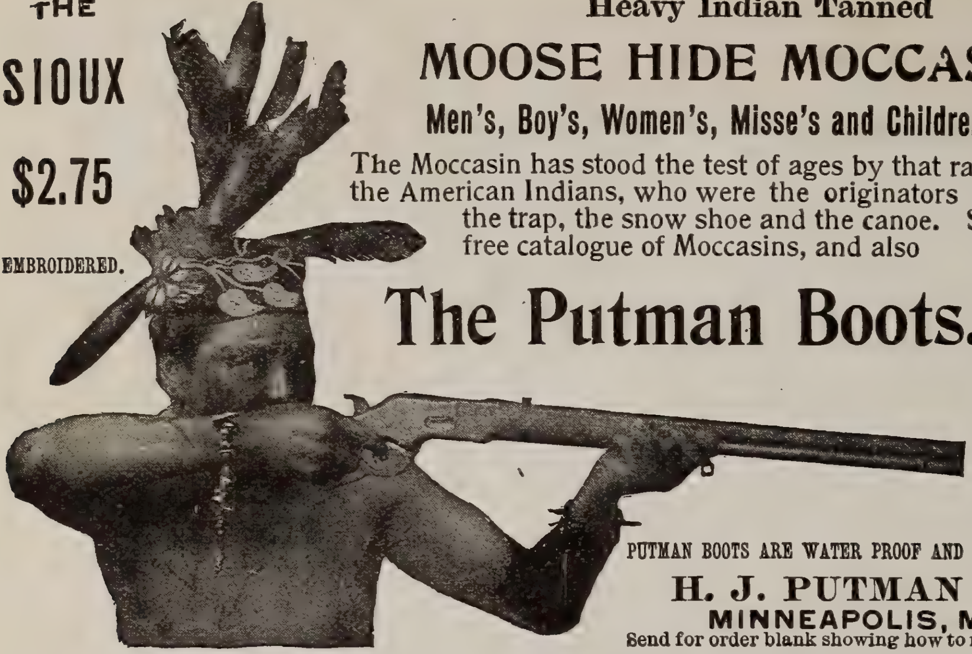

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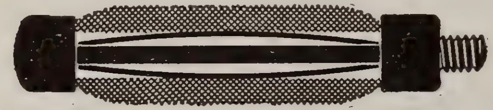

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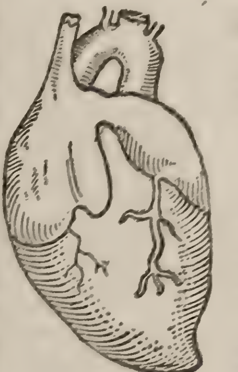
The Lemon Bay Company, Englewood, Florida.

HEART DISEASE

Some Facts Regarding the Rapid Increase of Heart Trouble.

Heart trouble, at least among the Americans, is certainly increasing and while this may be largely due to the excitement and worry of American business life, it is more often the result of weak stomachs, or poor digestion.



Real organic disease is incurable; but not one case in a hundred of heart trouble is organic.

The close relation between heart trouble and poor digestion is because both organs are controlled by the same great nerves, the Sympathic and Pneumogastric.

In another way, also, the heart is affected by the form of poor digestion which causes gas and fermentation from half digested food. There is a feeling of oppression and heaviness in the chest caused by pressure of the distended stomach on the heart and lungs, interfering with their action; hence arises palpitation and short breath.

Poor digestion also poisons the blood, making it thin and watery, which irritates and weakens the heart.

The most sensible treatment for heart trouble is to improve the digestion and to insure the prompt assimilation of food.

This can be done by the regular use after meals of some safe, pleasant and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which may be found at most drug stores, and which contain valuable, harmless, digestive elements in a pleasant convenient form.

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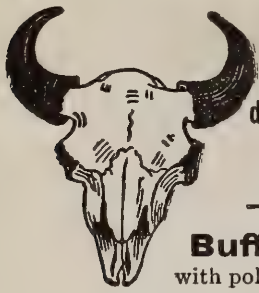
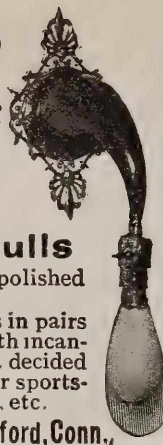

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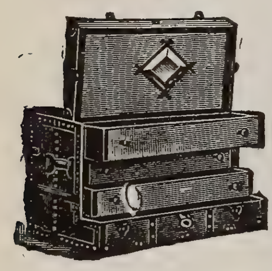

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A HOLIDAY PRESENT THAT WILL
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RECREATION IS THE STUFF.
COSTS ONLY $1.

Game Warden Brewster of Grand Rapids is greatly feared by breakers of the law. A short time ago he arrested 5 men for spearing fish in Gun Lake, a few miles from here. They were taken to Hastings, pleaded guilty, and were each fined $25 and costs. Two brothers named Otis, in default of payment went to jail for 60 days.

Ed. Blossom, Otsego, Mich.

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The Gun Bore Treatment
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"The one with the blond hair?"

"Yes. She looks as if she had something on her mind."

"If she has it's a pity she can't have some of it on the rest of her."—Chicago Times-Herald.

During the February blizzard we carried buckwheat and rye to the woods and fields and fed the birds. Surely it saved many of them from starvation. Quails are more numerous than for years past.

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Assets, . . $25,315,442.46
Liabilities, . 21,209,625.36
Surplus, . . 4,105,817.10

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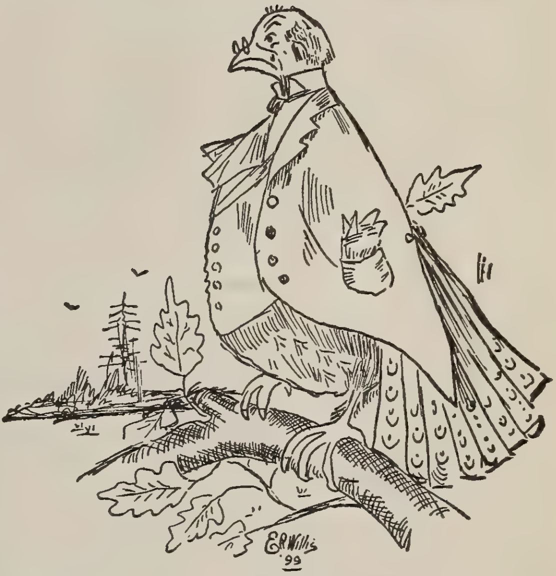
By a new discovery which can be given in tea, coffee or food. It does its work so silently and surely that while the devoted wife, sister or daughter looks on, the drunkard is reclaimed even against his will and without his knowledge or co-operation. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 1010 Glenn Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio, and he will mail enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food and that it will cure the dreaded habit quietly and permanently, also full directions how to use it, books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured and everything needed to aid you in saving those near and dear to you from a life of degradation and ultimate poverty and disgrace.

MISS MARY ROBERTS.

The above is a picture of Miss Mary Roberts, 1018 Golden Gate Ave., San Francisco, Cal., who successfully cured her brother after he had led a drunkard's life for years. She most heartily recommends Golden Specific to every woman and wants to do everything in her power to help others save the drunkard.



THE LAST RUFFED GROUSE.

The last ruffed grouse on earth,
An orphan from his birth,
Has tired of his lonely life,
For he cannot find a wife.

His parents were killed,
When the nest was well filled
With the wee ones, who lived till the fall.
Then the game hogs did slaughter
Every last son and daughter,
But one—and would have killed all.

Here is a list of the principal manufactures of

Spratts Patent Limited

Dog Cakes
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Greyhound Cakes
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Puppy Cakes
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Eye Lotion Tablets
Diarrhoea Cure

Send for Catalogue of Dog and Poultry Foods and Supplies of all kinds to Spratts Patent Limited, 245 East 56th Street, N. Y. (San Francisco Branch, 1385 Valencia Street.)

The government's experiment of stocking Rondeau park, the 5,000-acre reserve in Kent county, with English and Mongolian pheasants, is a success. The birds have wintered well, and are hardy enough to thrive in a Canadian forest. An incubator and brooder for hatching is being erected. The moose and deer in the park are also thriving.

The government is also securing a pair of caribou from Quebec for Algonquin park. Efforts are again being made to secure some capercailzie for the park. They are found in Scandinavia and Scotland. It may be necessary to procure the eggs and hatch them.—Toronto (Ont.) Globe.

"Do you believe in the observance of the golden rule?"

"Yes. I always like to have other people keep it in mind when they are dealing with me."—Chicago Times-Herald.

THE FELLOW WHO'S IT.

The man who seeks, at a single bound,
  To reach the ladder's top,
Is pretty sure to be, we've found,
The one who tumbles to the ground
  Kerflip, kerflam, kerflop.

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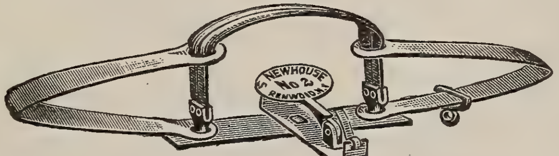

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If Mr. Loveday would go after some of those record breakers he would show more sense than in trying to charge poor sportsmen $10 for the little sport they get. If these $10 and $25 laws can be enforced, of which I have my doubts, the poor man will have to quit shooting and leave it all to the rich. Many a man cannot afford to pay $25, or even $10, every time he takes a gun out of the State.

Ed. M. Loeffler, Keokuk, Iowa.

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C. Barlow, Santa Clara, Cal.

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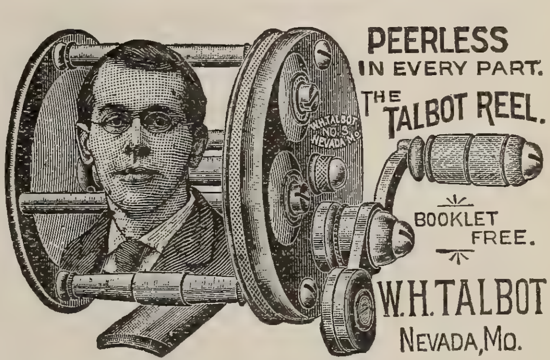
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SEND HIM RECREATION.
IT WILL PLEASE HIM A WHOLE YEAR
AND HE WILL RISE UP AND CALL YOU
BLESSED.
AND IT ONLY COSTS YOU $1.

The game law in this State is proving of great benefit. The settlers about here report more deer than have been seen in many years.

J. C. Webster, Tomahawk, Wis.

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The **Puttee** entirely supersedes leggings and golf stockings, and can be worn over trousers.

The **New Puttee** is made in a **particular shape,** enabling it to fit any leg and to be put on quickly and easily by simply wrapping around. **No buttons.**

The **Spat-Puttee** is made to fit any size boot or shoe.

All wool and water-proofed.

Easily dried or cleansed.

Patent Puttees, $3 per pair
(Without Spats)
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Write for illustrated circular and shade card. Sold at all leading Stores, Outfitters, Tailors, etc., or sent direct on receipt of price by

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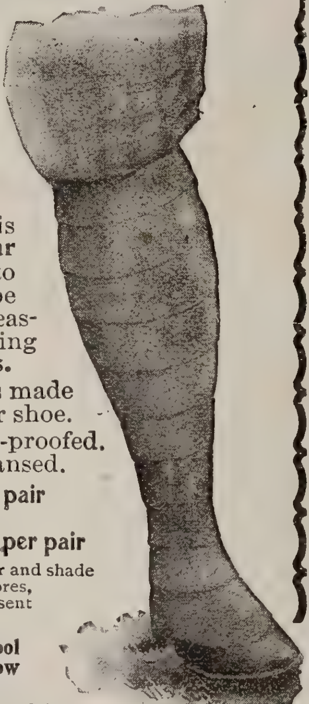
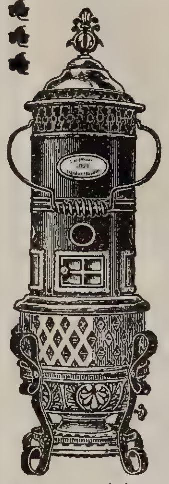


Have You Tried a

Banner Oil Heater

For That Cold Room of Yours?



28-In. High

Odorless : Smokeless

Portable, Easily Carried From Room to Room

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded

When not kept by dealers, will send, freight paid, to any point east of the Rocky Mountains, on receipt of **$5**

The Plume & Atwood Mfg. Co.
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO
Factories .. .. Waterbury and Thomaston, Conn.

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FOR

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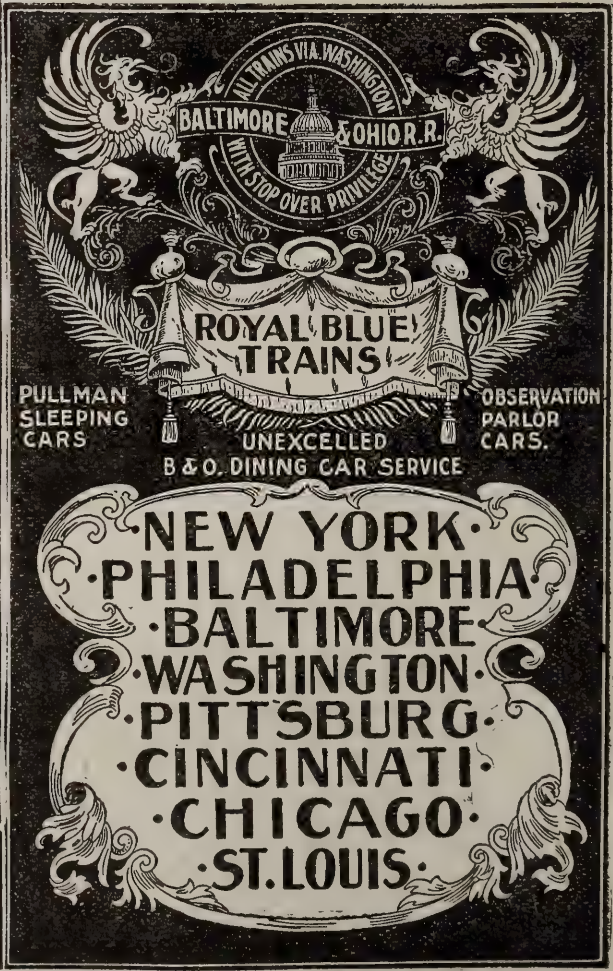
Quickest time across the Continent is made by the New York Central Lines—4 days New York to San Francisco. Particulars from New York Central Ticket Agent.

A booklet on the "Lake Shore Limited" containing also a novel and unique descriptive time table of this wonderful train, will be sent free by addressing George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.



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WITH STOP OVER PRIVILEGE
ROYAL BLUE TRAINS
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"*The Handiest Tool a Sportsman Ever Carried.*"

Large enough to fell a tree, and small enough to sharpen a lead pencil. Our new booklet, "The Story of an Axe," lots of interesting facts about the axe and its use, free for the asking. Made in two styles. : : : : : :

PRICES—Steel and Hard Rubber Handles.

No. 1—11 inches, 18 ounces, . . . $2.50
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No. 3—12 inches, 24 ounces, . . . 2.50

Wooden Handles.

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Gladstone, Mich.

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CHICAGO

Handy Here.

The Colorado game law made last winter has come quickly into contempt. It was made to allow rich men and high-toned clubs to fence in the outlets of canyons in the mountains, driving the game in and slaughtering it at all seasons. The law allows these men to take up the mountain lakes, stock them from public waters and then fish them out at any time.

You can imagine with what contempt the prospectors, miners and ranchmen regard such a law.

Jas. C. Strawn, Monte Vista, Col.

Quails are plentiful here. We had no deep snow and they seem to have wintered well. There will probably be a good many full covies next fall.

H. C. Harvey, Buffalo, Ill.

Duck shooting was poor here last fall. Only a few small, scattering flocks were seen. We had fine shooting, however, on black ducks.

Myron P. Edy, Clarenceville, P. Q.

Make your friend a holiday present that will make him happy a whole year. RECREATION is the stuff. Costs only $1.

STARVING

In the Midst of Plenty.

That's what people with poor digestion are doing every day. They have no appetite or if they do have an appetite and eat what they require it does them no good, because the stomach does not digest it and the fermenting mass of food becomes a source of disease, of headaches, sleeplessness, languor and the thousand and one symptoms of disordered digestion.

...Stuart's...
Dyspepsia Tablets

promptly relieve and cure all forms of indigestion. They have done it in thousands of cases and will do it in yours. The reason is simple. They digest the food whether the stomach works or not and that's the whole secret. For sale by all druggists, 50 cents a package. Address,

F. A. STUART CO., Marshall, Mich.
for free book on stomach troubles.

First Tramp (in the road): "Why don't you go in? The dog's all right. Don't you see him waggin' his tail?"

Second Tramp: "Yes, and he's growlin' at the same time. I dunno which end to believe."—Tit-Bits.

Jaggs: "My wife says she doesn't want any diamonds for Christmas; isn't that strange?"

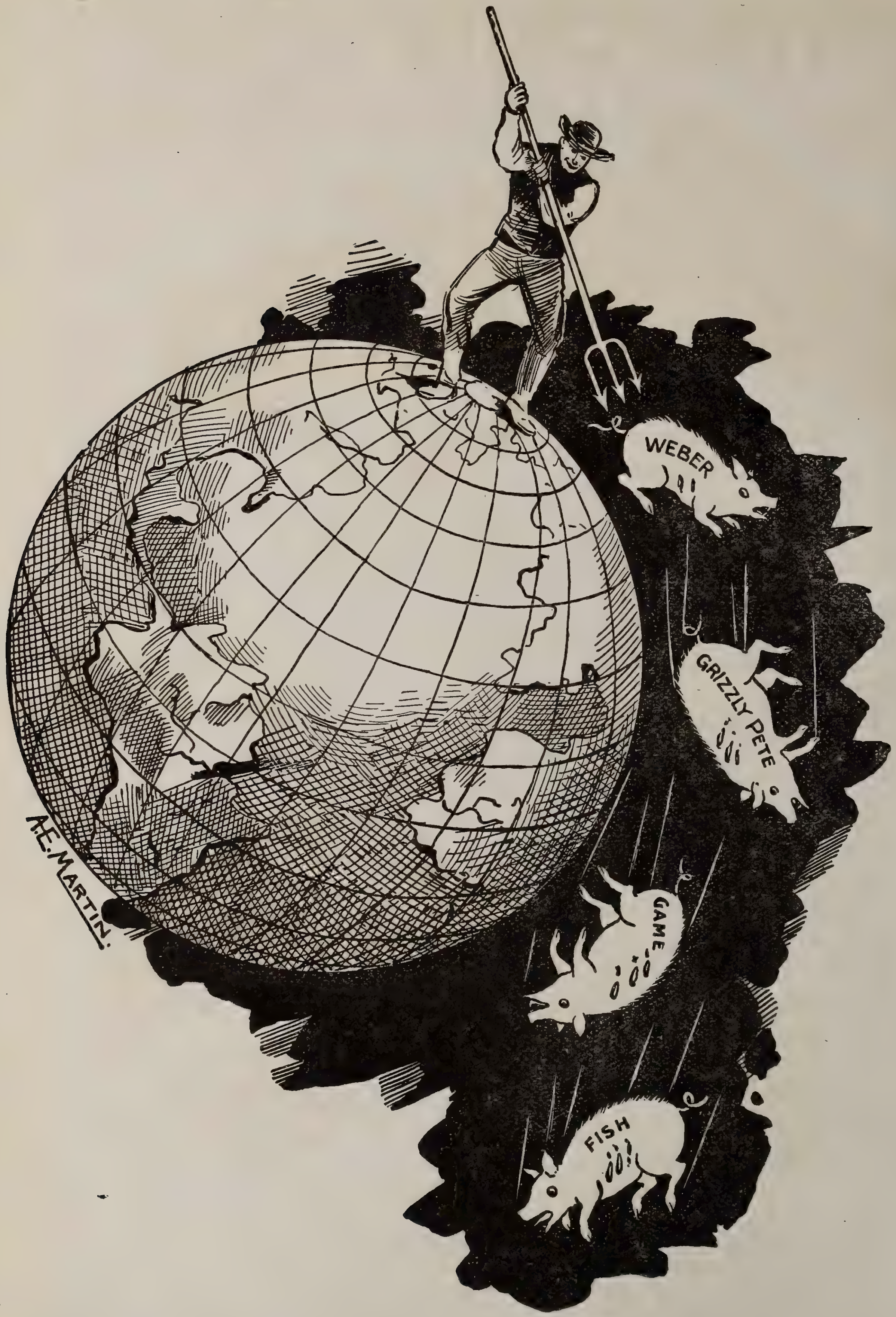
Naggs: "Yes. What reason does she give?"

Jaggs: "Says they call for a lot of other fineries that she can't afford."

Naggs: "Oh, I don't know. I've seen women wear diamonds without much else with them."

It only costs $1 to tickle a man or a boy a whole year. RECREATION does it. $1.

Have you a friend anywhere in the woods, in the mountains or on the farm, who longs for something to read in the long winter evenings, or in the long summer days? Send him RECREATION. It will please him a whole year and he will rise up and call you blessed. And it only costs you $1.


WEBER
GRIZZLY PETE
GAME
FISH
A.E. MARTIN.

We have here brook trout, black bass, pike, etc.; also **ducks, ruffed grouse,** spruce hens, deer, black bear and moose.
F. I. Salter, Duluth, Minn.

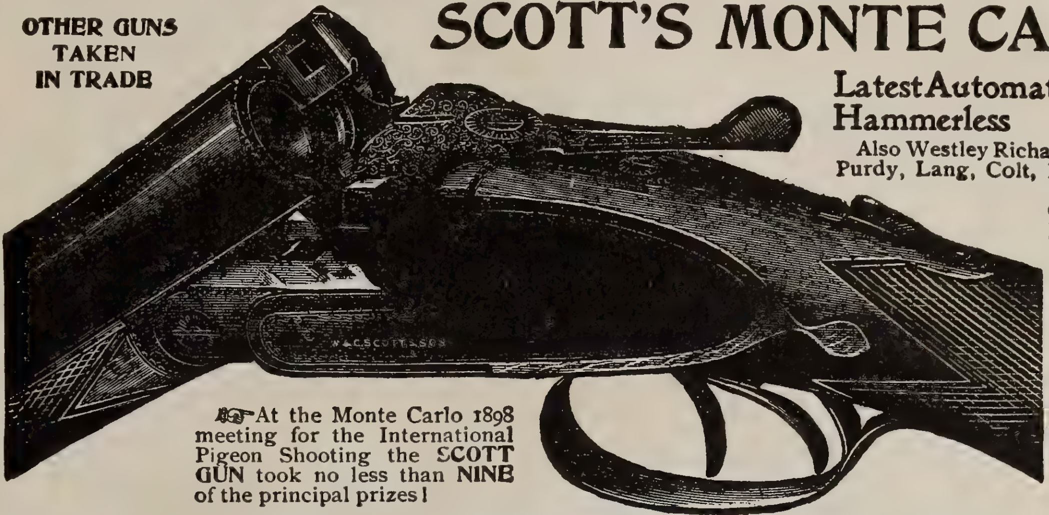
Count me on your side in the battle with the hogs. You will surely win if you keep it up.
A. S. Cordery, Brook Park, Minn.

Fine : Guns

All the Prominent ENGLISH and AMERICAN MAKES

OTHER GUNS TAKEN IN TRADE

SCOTT'S MONTE CARLO



Latest Automatic Ejector Hammerless

Also Westley Richards, Greener, Purdy, Lang, Colt, Parker, L. C. Smith, J. P. Clabrough & Johnstone, etc.

Send for Catalogue and Second-Hand List of Guns

☞At the Monte Carlo 1898 meeting for the International Pigeon Shooting the SCOTT GUN took no less than NINE of the principal prizes!

Also send 10 cents in stamps for our new and beautifully illustrated ART CATALOGUE of fine

Fishing Tackle, Golf Goods

'Also fine **Swedish Leather Jackets**

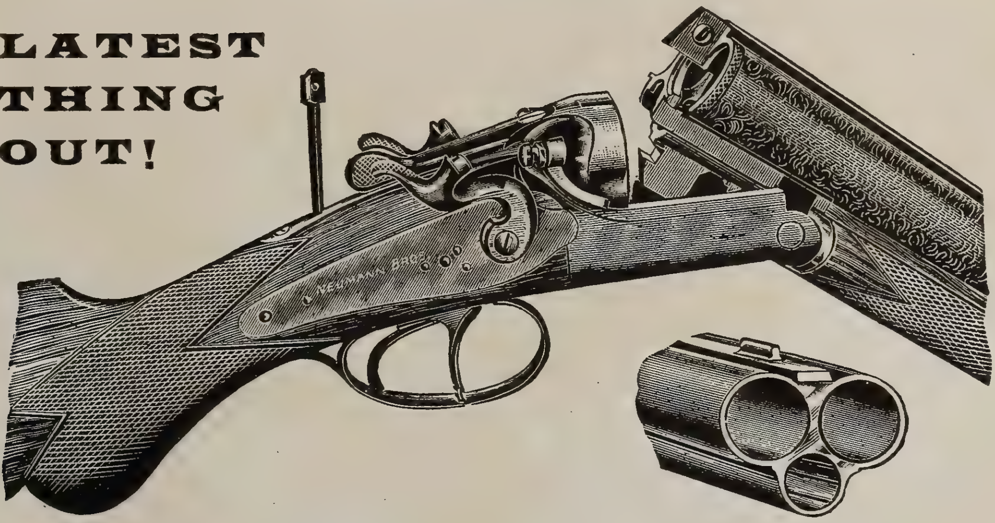
tan color, impervious to cold and wet, finest garment made for any one exposed to weather.

Established 1826 **WM. READ & SONS. 107 Washington St., Boston**

The "Neumann 3 barrel Gun"

with 30/30 calibre Rifle barrel

LATEST THING OUT!



Fine damascus barrels, Shot barrels 12 gauge.
Rifle barrels 30/30, also 38/50.
The 30/30 are adapted for Nitro or Smokeless powder.

These Guns are made in finest manner and quality; are in the Top Lever action, which is an improvement over any other, and also have the Greener style Cross Bolt Extension Rib. Are carefully built to order for an accurate shooting, serviceable weapon, and believed to be superior to anything of the kind yet produced.

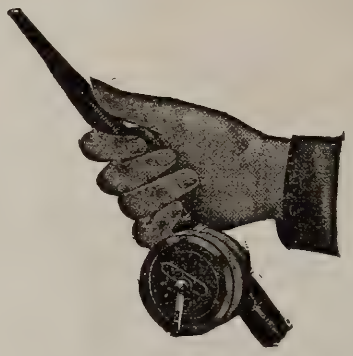
Also Fine Guns, SCOTT, GREENER, Etc. Send for Gun Catalogue.

William Read & Sons,

107 WASHINGTON STREET
BOSTON

A Christmas Suggestion

Nothing would please your sportsman brother, husband, or friend better than one of the AUTOMATIC-COMBINATION FISHING REELS—the '99 edition of the "LITTLE FINGER DOES IT" reel. It combines the Free-running and Automatic (Line-winding) features in one, is instantly interchangeable, and has a key-winding spring. A most appropriate and welcome Christmas gift to any one fond of fishing.



Send for Catalogue, Dept. X.

**Yawman & Erbe
Mfg. Co.**

Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.

If you would "Chuck a Bug."

—or tempt the denizens of the watery depths with minnow or the plebeian worm, you must, forsooth have rod in hand.

There are rods and—rods:

Some are good rods: some are bad rods.

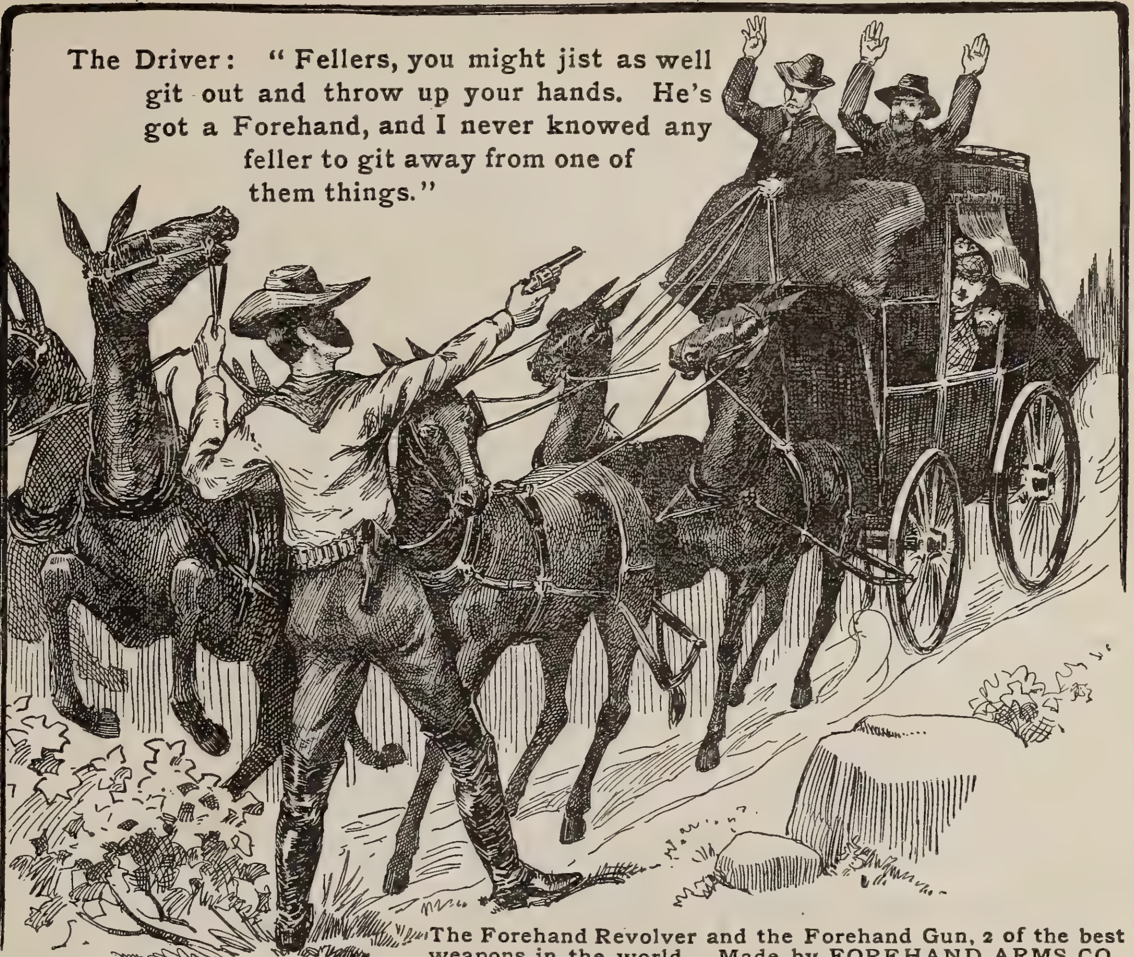
The BRISTOL Steel Fishing Rod is a GOOD rod; and will please you better than any other make. 18 different styles to select from. Prices to suit your pocket book. Send for free Catalogue.

Address,

The Horton Manufacturing Co.

BRISTOL, CONN., U. S. A.

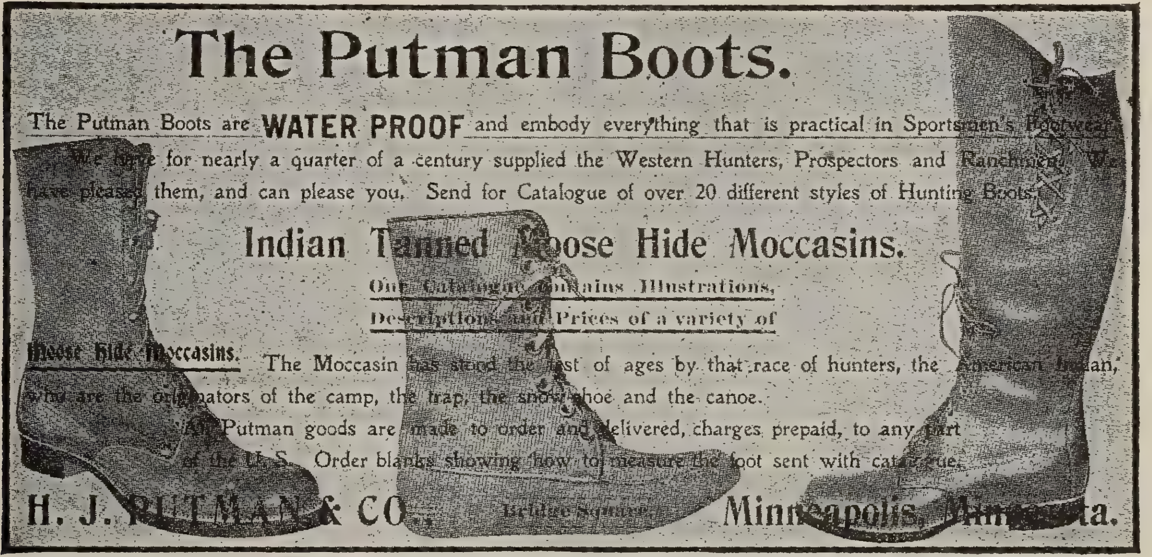
Ask for Cat. "R"



The Driver: "Fellers, you might jist as well git out and throw up your hands. He's got a Forehand, and I never knowed any feller to git away from one of them things."

The Forehand Revolver and the Forehand Gun, 2 of the best weapons in the world. Made by FOREHAND ARMS CO., Worcester, Mass Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

Mention RECREATION.



The Putman Boots.

The Putman Boots are **WATER PROOF** and embody everything that is practical in Sportsmen's Footwear.

We have for nearly a quarter of a century supplied the Western Hunters, Prospectors and Ranchmen. We have pleased them, and can please you. Send for Catalogue of over 20 different styles of Hunting Boots.

Indian Tanned Moose Hide Moccasins.

Our Catalogue Contains Illustrations, Descriptions and Prices of a variety of Moose Hide Moccasins.

The Moccasin has stood the test of ages by that race of hunters, the American Indian, who are the originators of the camp, the trap, the snow shoe and the canoe.

All Putman goods are made to order and delivered, charges prepaid, to any part of the U. S. Order blanks showing how to measure the foot sent with catalogue.

H. J. PUTMAN & CO., Bridge Square, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

In February RECREATION I saw an account of a remarkable shot, "fired at a wounded bird on the ground, when it appeared a rabbit had been killed at the same time." This reminds me of a "double" I made when a youngster, in Westmoreland Co., N. B. I think it a more remarkable shot than the above.

I was with my father in the woodcock covers and though too small to carry a gun, I was allowed to shoot at partridges when I found them in the trees. I was standing on the edge of the cover and marked a woodcock drop about 30 yards from me. I fired and killed the bird. In picking him up I found another about 3 or 4 feet farther on. I had killed 2 woodcock at one shot.

Did you ever hear of a case before where more than one woodcock was killed at a single shot?

J. Willis, Halifax, N. S.

ITHACA GUNS

Self-Compensating, taking up wear at every point.

REINFORCED FRAME.
REINFORCED STOCK.

Barrels double thick at Breech. Guaranteed not to shoot loose with Nitro Powder.

Close, Hard Shooting Guns a specialty.

ITHACA GUN CO.

Prices reduced, and every Gun warranted in the most positive terms. Send for Circular, and ask for special prices.

We guarantee a No. 3 or No. 4 to be worth $25.00 more than any other make at same cost; any customer not finding this true can return the gun.

ITHACA GUN CO., ITHACA, N. Y.

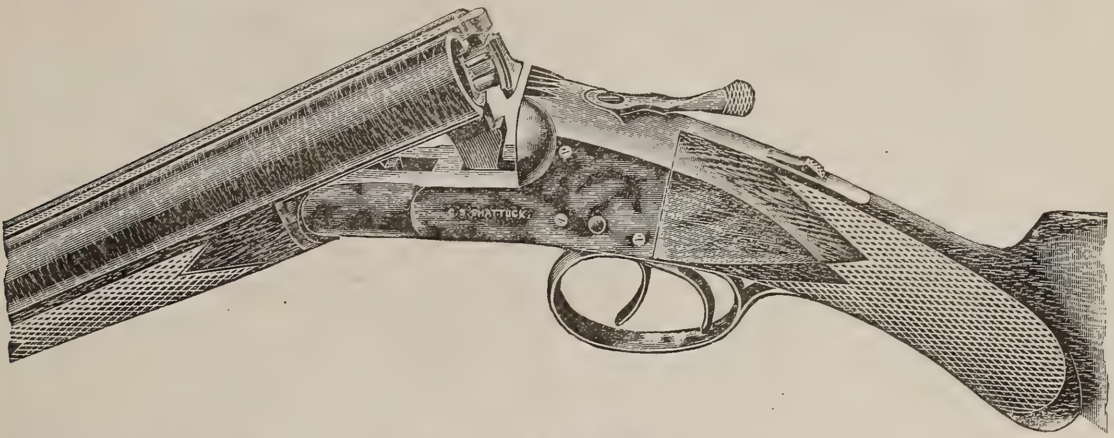
THERE ARE MORE DAVENPORT SINGLE GUNS SOLD THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

They have merit, are well made, and shoot well.
Our single shot gun, with AUTOMATIC EJECTOR, is the most popular gun of this kind on the market.

Send for New Catalogue of Single Guns and Rifles

The W. H. DAVENPORT FIRE ARMS CO., Norwich, Conn.

SHATTUCK HAMMERLESS



THE BEST GUN FOR $25.00 in the Market

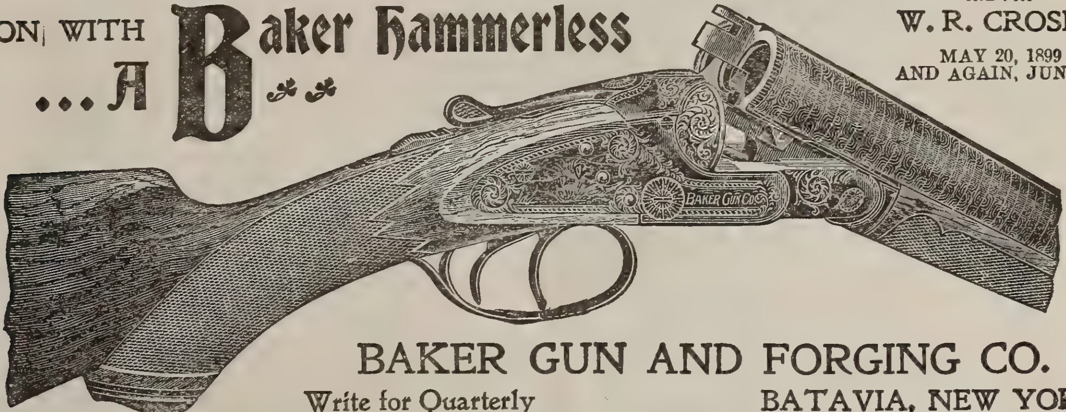
FINE TWIST BARRELS PISTOL GRIP WALNUT STOCK
RUBBER BUTT PLATE CHOKE BORED
ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

BUY SHELLS LOADED WITH GREEN WALSRODE POWDER

SCHOVERLING, DALY & GALES
302-304 Broadway New York

TARGET CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA

WON WITH ...A Baker Hammerless ...BY...
W. R. CROSBY
MAY 20, 1899
AND AGAIN, JUNE [illegible]



BAKER GUN AND FORGING CO.
Write for Quarterly BATAVIA, NEW YORK

OUR $15.50 WONDER

Fancy Engraved, Silver Dog Inlaid, Royal Damascus Finished Barrels.

SEND ONE DOLLAR

Cut this ad. out and send to us, and we will send this gun to you by express C. O. D., SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION.

You can examine it at your express office and if found perfectly satisfactory and the greatest gun value you ever saw, and equal to guns that retail at $25.00, pay the express agent **OUR SPECIAL OFFER PRICE $15.50** and express charges, less the $1.00 sent with order.

GUN IS VERY LATEST STYLE DOUBLE BARREL BREECH LOADER, branded T. BARKER. They are made by one of the best gun makers, fine ROYAL DAMASCUS finished steel barrels, with heavy matted-rib, latest top lever break, low circular hammers below the line of sight, elaborately engraved locks, SOLID SILVER inlaid dog, rebounding bar locks, special extractor, fine walnut stock, full checkered fancy pistol grip, fancy rubber butt plate, fancy checkered patent fore end, strongest double lump action, 12 or 16 guage. Weight, 6¾ to 8¾ pounds. **EVERY GUN GUARANTEED.** Built on the most improved lines, perfect in every detail, carefully targeted, for pattern, range and penetration, and at our $15.50 price a wonder of value.
Write for Free Gun Catalogue. ADDRESS, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.** (Inc.), **CHICAGO**

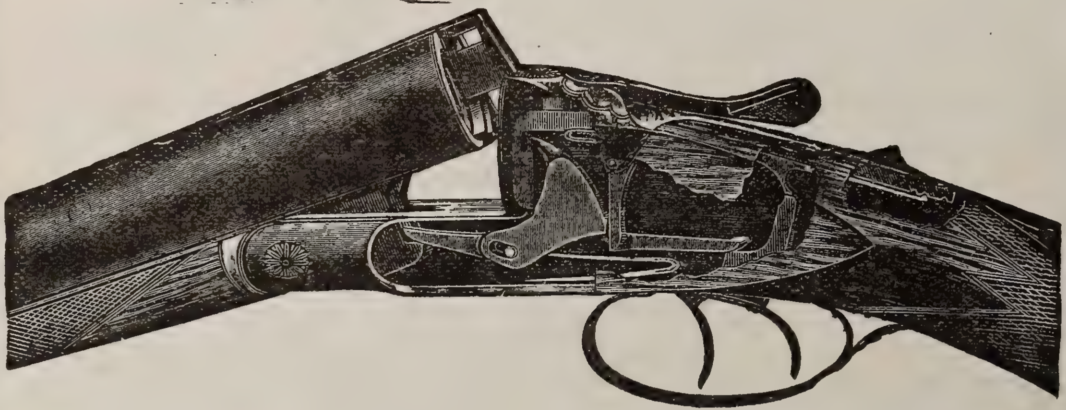
Keep Banging Away!

If you are shooting at the traps and using the

SYRACUSE HAMMERLESS

EJECTOR GUN

you are dropping your birds with great regularity. Buy a Syracuse Gun (made in all grades) and keep banging away. You need never fear anything is going to give out. Just shoot, and, if your gun is pointed right, you will kill your game.



SYRACUSE GUN

Is made from the best material and by the most experienced workmen. It is not an experiment. It has gone through all that long ago. There are three good points about the Syracuse Gun: a simple lock, a strong breech, and an ejector that surpasses anything in its line. Take a chance and see for yourself. Write for catalogue.

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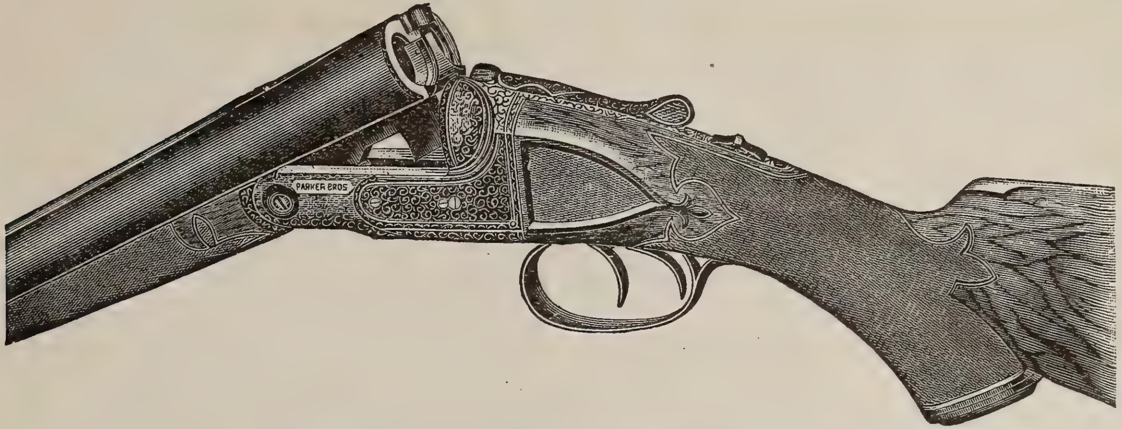
SYRACUSE ARMS CO.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

The "Old Reliable Parker"

Always in Evidence.



At the Chamberlain Cartridge & Target Co.'s Tournament, held in Cleveland, O., June 14th and 15th, 1899, it won First and Second High average in the AMATEUR class, and First High Average in the EXPERT class, with scores as follows: 97.88% in AMATEUR class and 90.4% in EXPERT Class.

Fred Gilbert, **with a Parker Gun,** at Sioux City, Iowa, June 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th, shooting at 910 targets, scored 97.3%.

These records show that the Parker Gun for close, hard shooting, and ability to perform continuous hard work is excelled by none.

Send for Catalogue to **PARKER BROTHERS, Meriden, Conn.**

NEW YORK SALESROOM: 96 Chambers St.

You are not up to date unless you have seen the

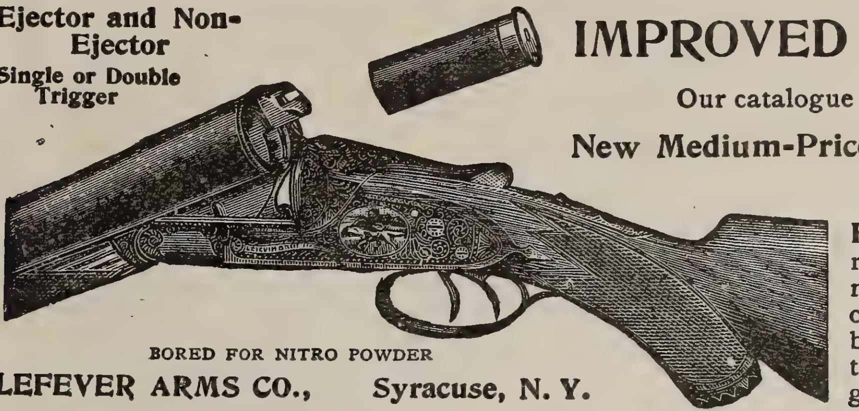
Ejector and Non-Ejector

Single or Double Trigger

IMPROVED LEFEVER

Our catalogue describes our

New Medium-Price Hammerless

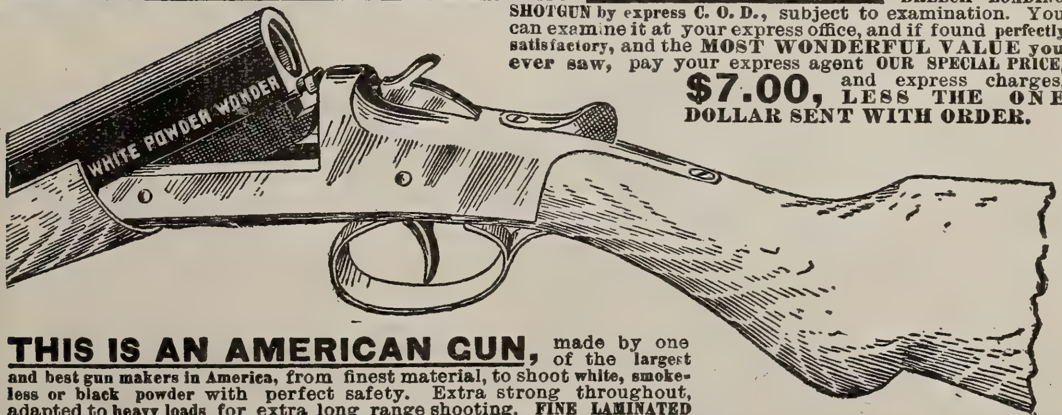


This New Trap and Field Gun meets the requirements of sportsmen who desire a first-class and reliable gun but are not prepared to buy our **higher** grades.

BORED FOR NITRO POWDER

LEFEVER ARMS CO., Syracuse, N. Y.

SEND ONE DOLLAR Cut this ad. out and send to us, and we will send you our **WHITE POWDER WONDER** SINGLE BARREL BREECH LOADING SHOTGUN by express C. O. D., subject to examination. You can examine it at your express office, and if found perfectly satisfactory, and the **MOST WONDERFUL VALUE** you ever saw, pay your express agent OUR SPECIAL PRICE, **$7.00,** and express charges, LESS THE ONE DOLLAR SENT WITH ORDER.



THIS IS AN AMERICAN GUN, made by one of the largest and best gun makers in America, from finest material, to shoot white, smokeless or black powder with perfect safety. Extra strong throughout, adapted to heavy loads for extra long range shooting. FINE LAMINATED STEEL BARRELS, double reinforced, refined steel breech. Barrel fits squarely in the frame and is heavily bolted, making it impossible to become shaky. Barrels are highly finished and beautifully tapered. Top brake, patent extractor, rebounding lock, case hardened lock frame, fancy walnut stock, pistol grip. 12-gauge. Weight, 6¼ to 7 pounds. **EVERY GUN IS COVERED BY A BINDING GUARANTEE.** Every gun tested for target, pattern and penetration. If you do not find it as a shooter the equal of any gun made, regardless of price, you can return it and we will return your money.

OUR BIG GUN CATALOGUE is free. Send for it. Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) CHICAGO.**

WHY DID

Du Pont Smokeless

WIN THE HIGHEST AVERAGE

AT ALL THESE TOURNAMENTS?

?

The Budd-Gilbert Tournament, August 23, 24 and 25, 1899.
Portland (Me) Interstate Tournament, August 9 and 10, 1899.
Providence (R I.) Interstate Tournament, July 19 and 20, 1899.
Denver (Colo) Tournament, July 7-9 1899.
West Virginia Sportsmen's Association Tournament, June 20-22, 1890.
Chamberlain Cartridge Co.'s Tournament, June 13-16, 1899.
Sidell Gun Club Tournament, June 14 and 15,'99
Bellows Falls Interstate Tournament, June 14 and 15, 1899.
Sioux City Tournament, June 6-9, 1899.
New York State Shoot, June 5-10, 1899.
Iowa State Shoot, May 22-26, 1899.
Illinois State Shoot, May 9-13, 1899.

DuPont Smokeless also won more money at the Grand American Handicap of 1899 than all the other powders put together.

?

DO RESULTS PROVE ANYTHING?

Draw Your Own Conclusions

Send for Descriptive Circular

E. I. DuPont de Nemours & Co.
WILMINGTON, DEL.

Mention RECREATION.

TRADE P MARK.

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PETERS
PERFECT
PROJECTILES
PLEASE
PARTICULAR
PEOPLE,
PRODUCING
PROFITABLE
PATRONAGE.

.32 S.&W. LONG

No black powder behind a bullet! On account of its wonderful action in Rifles and Pistols, **King's Semi-Smokeless** has been adopted in all metallic cartridges (excepting smokeless) without advance in price.

THE PETERS CARTRIDGE CO., Cincinnati, O.

Eastern Branch, 80 Chambers Street, New York.
A. L. Peters, Agt., St. Paul, Minn.; Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., Chicago; and best trade everywhere.

TO TAN HIDES WITH THE HAIR ON.

One pound of salt, 1½ pounds of alum, ¾ of a pound of sulphur, ¼ of a pound of arsenic. Put in 4 quarts of water and let it dissolve.

This quantity of solution is enough for several small skins, but more might be required for large ones.

Clean the skin of surplus flesh as nearly as possible, and rub the solution in. Place the skin on the floor. Fold the edges and pour the liquid on. Then roll it up so the liquid will not leak out. Roll the skin in paper and put it in a dark place. Leave it a day or 2; then rub it hard, put it in more liquid and lay it away again. By this time any flesh or sinews will peel off easily. Rub again and put away with more solution inside.

Then hang it up and as it dries rub well and stretch, being careful not to tear. With plenty of rubbing and stretching it will become as soft as silk and white as snow. Skins such as mink, fox, muskrat, etc., will tan in 3 days.

I have tanned deer, coon and small skins to perfection. This process costs next to nothing and certainly does the work better than any I have ever used. I have dipped skins into the solution, but it is hard to get it off the hair when dry.

TRY

L. & R.

SHOTGUN

SMOKELESS

!

This is the powder which is waterproof and which therefore can always be depended on. Wet or dry, hot or cold it is always the same. It never loses its strength no matter how long loaded or where stored. It gives a high velocity with a close and regular pattern while the pressure on the barrel is just the same as with black powder. :: :: ::
We would like to have you send us your name for a catalog. It will interest you. :: ::

LAFLIN & RAND
POWDER CO. ❧ ❧
NEW YORK

IT

IS

THE

BEST

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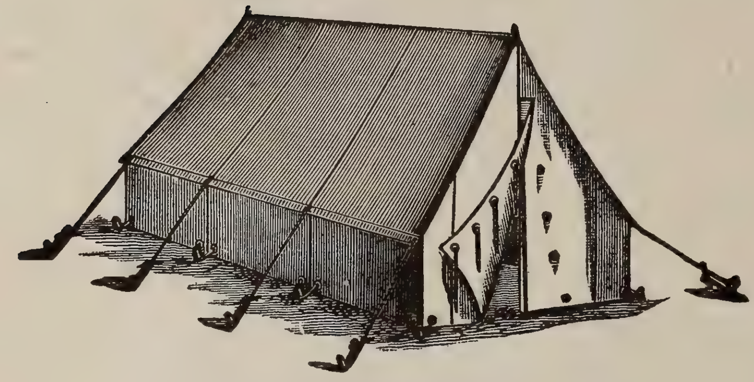
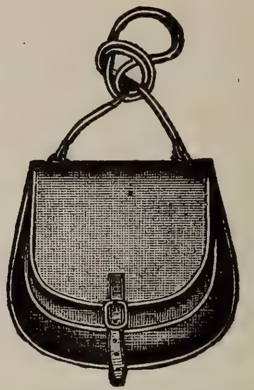
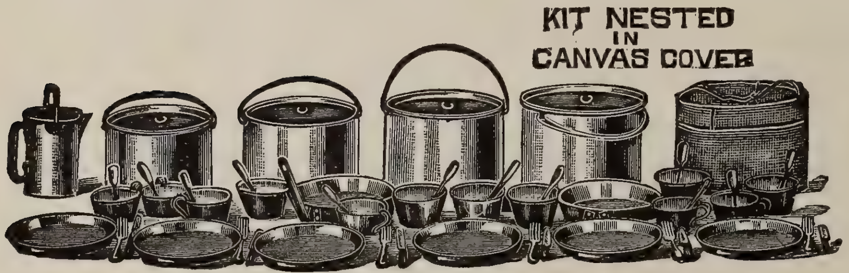
Articles for Sportsmen and Travelers



WATERPROOF TENT



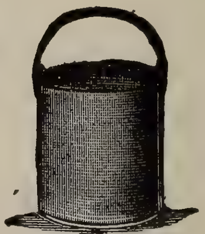
AMMUNITION BAG



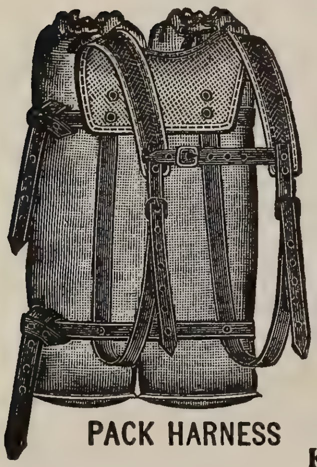
KIT NESTED IN CANVAS COVER

WASH BASIN

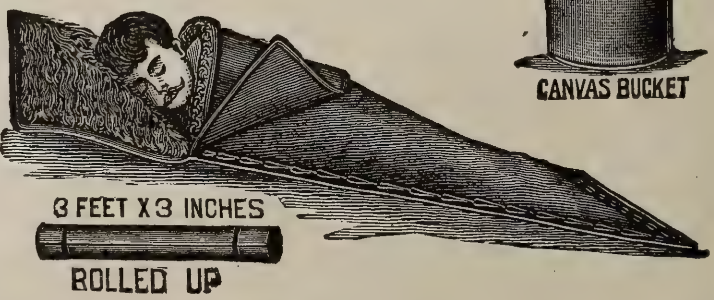
Aluminum Cooking Outfits



CANVAS BUCKET



PACK HARNESS



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KNORRS DRIED VEGETABLES AND SOUP TABLETS

All kinds of Tents, Sleeping Bags, Clothes Bags, Ground Cloths, Covers, Primus Burners and Utensils, Air Mattresses and Cushions, Hair Camp Mattress, Camp Furniture, Camp Stoves. Any Canvas work done to order. Folding Bakers.

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DAVID T. ABERCROMBIE & CO.

36 South Street, NEW YORK

U. M. C. "SMOKELESS" SHELLS

With Nitro Powders
and
The "U. M. C. No. 3"
Primers

Absolute Uniformity
of Load
Insures Accuracy and
Reliability

U.M.C.CO.
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12
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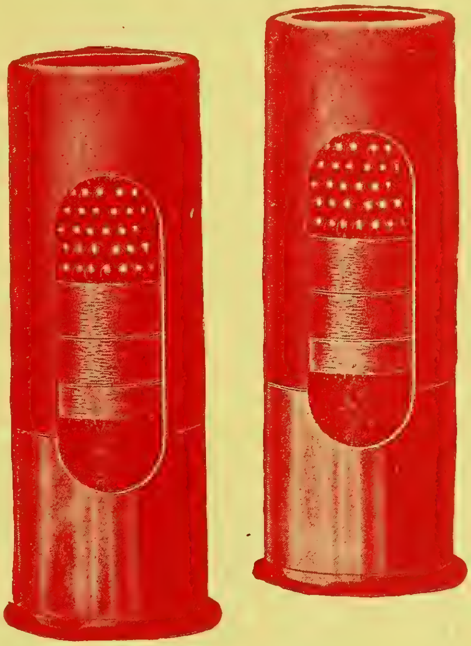

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